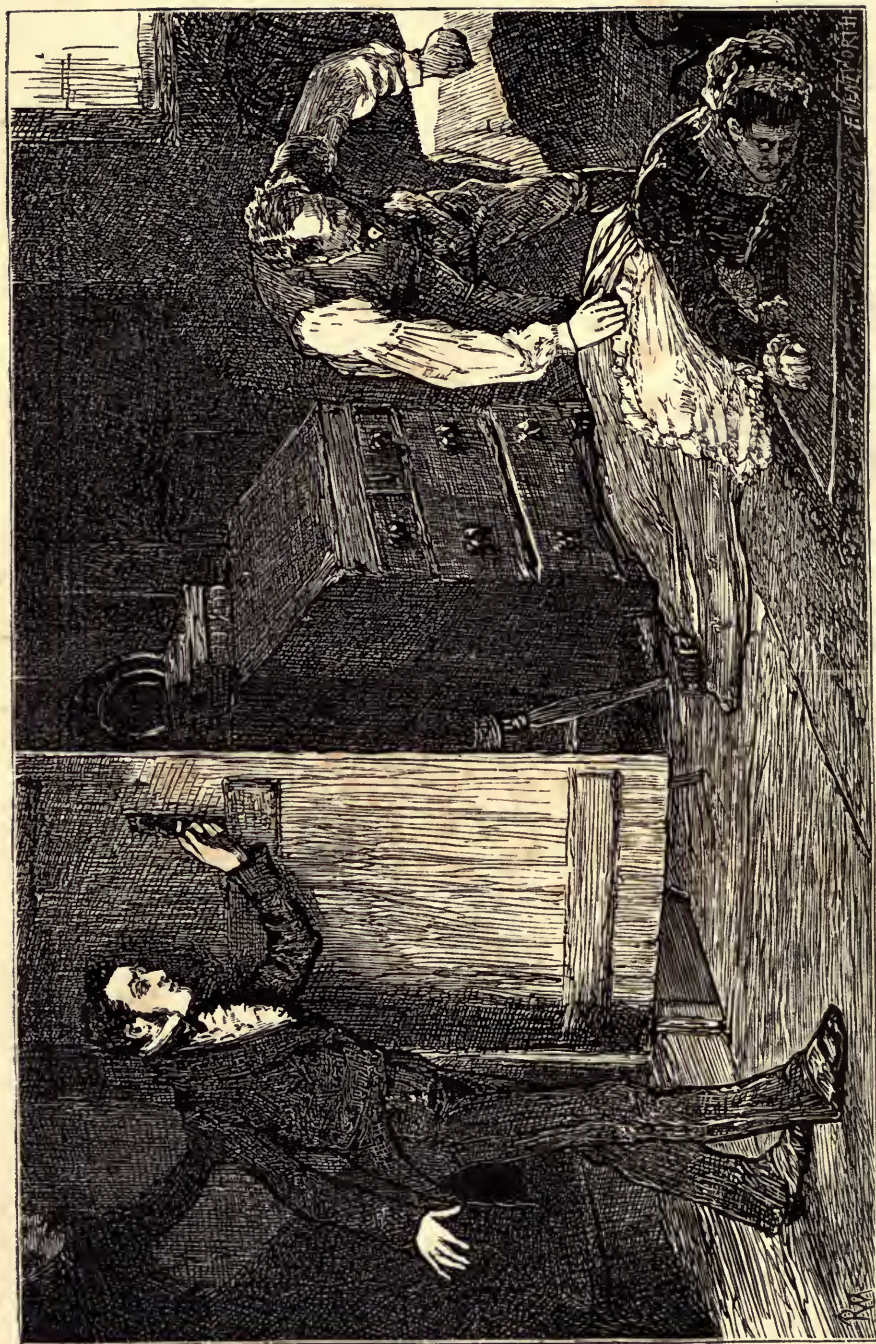






Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

A



Once a Week.]

[August 6, 1870.

"THE OLD PIGEON-FANCIER KNELT DOWN BY THE SIDE OF THE CORPSE."—Page 4.

I

ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES

VOLUME VI.

AUGUST TO DECEMBER, 1870

LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICES,
19, TAVISTOCK STREET, W.C.

LONDON:
SWEETING AND CO., PRINTERS,
DARTLETT'S BUILDINGS, HOLBORN

CONTENTS.

Vol. VI. begins with the number for August 6th, 1876.

	PAGE		PAGE
ONE OF TWO: OR, A LEFT-HANDED BRIDE.		THE MILITIA AT ALDERSHOT	118
By HAIN FRISWELL. Chapters I., to		M. EDMOND ABOUT. (<i>With Portrait</i>)	122
XLIV. 1, 23, 45, 67, 89, 111, 133, 155, 177,		FAMILIAR PLACES	128
199, 221, 243, 265, 287, 309, 331, 353, 375,		SOCIAL GRIEVANCES. No. IV.—OUT-	
397, 419, 441, 463.		DOOR AMUSEMENTS	141
THE MORTIMERS: A NOVEL WITH TWO		IMELDA LAMBERTAZZI	145
HEROES. By the EDITOR. Books		EDITH. (<i>Poem</i>). 163, 206, 251, 302, 316, 339,	
V., and VI. Chapters I. to End. 18, 40, 55,		383, 404, 426, 448, 470.	
81, 126, 148, 171, 190, 215, 234, 259, 277.		PAGANISM IN DEVONSHIRE AND CORN-	
MR. GOLIGHTLY; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF		WALL	166
AN AMIABLE MAN. Chapters I. to VIII., 319,		THE CANONS OF THE COLORADO	184
342, 364, 407, 433, 454, 475.		THE BONAPARTE FAMILY	194
USES OF THE SPECTROSCOPE POPULARLY		THE COUNT VON MOLTKE. (<i>With Por-</i>	
EXPLAINED. Parts I., II., and III.		trait)	209
8, 30, 58		SOCIAL GRIEVANCES. No. V.—MEAT	
THE CAUSES OF THE WAR	12	TEAS	212
CITIES	14	OUR LAST JOURNEY	228
THE MUSICIAN. (<i>Poem</i>)	17	THE SLOWBOROUGH INAUGURATION. (<i>A</i>	
THE PASSION PLAY AT OBERAMMERGAU	35	Reading)	231
THE PROBLEM OF SUFFERING IN FICTION	52	BABY-OAKS	238
INSULÆ FORTUNATÆ. (<i>Poem</i>)	62	OUR ALCOHOLIC DRINKS	253
ON LONGEVITY	75	SOCIAL GRIEVANCES. No. VI.—CRUMPETS	272
SOCIAL GRIEVANCES. No. III.—MUSIC	77	MRS. HARRIS'S LETTERS TO HER SON.	
TABLE TALK. 20, 41, 63, 85, 109, 131, 151, 175,		Parts I. and II.	283, 295
196, 218, 241, 262, 285, 307, 328, 350, 372,		THE LORD OF LORNE AND MAC CALLUM	
395, 418, 437, 460, 479.		MORE	298, 324
DREAMS AND THEIR CAUSES	96	OUR AMATEUR PERFORMANCE	304
A SUCCESSFUL ELOPEMENT	102	THOUGHTS, FACTS, AND FANCIES . 326,	349
PAPERS OF POSTERITY. No. I.—THE		SOCIAL GRIEVANCES. No. VII.—IMPE-	
SUBJECTION OF THE OTHER SEX	105	CUNIOSITY	360

	PAGE		PAGE
DOWN A WELL	371	PAPERS OF POSTERITY. NO. II.—SPORTS	
ATALANTA. (<i>Poem</i>)	372	AND PASTIMES OF OLD ENGLAND	450
THE HOUSE OF BOURBON	387	CHRISTMAS ON SUNDAY, 1870. (<i>Poem</i>)	454
CHILLINGHAM FAIR. (<i>A Reading</i>)	390	MUSIC FOR CHRISTMAS TIME	472
THE USE OF BALLOONS IN WAR. Parts I.		PARIS, DECEMBER, 1870. (<i>Poem</i>)	478
and II.	393, 411	CHRISTMAS DAY AT JAWLEY'S	485
RUSSIA AND THE TREATY OF PARIS	414	THE CHRISTMAS WAITS	488
PLANT NAMES	428	CLEVEDON CHIMES	490
SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO	430	THE CHRISTMAS CAROL	506
		WAITS. (<i>Poem</i>)	506

ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 136.

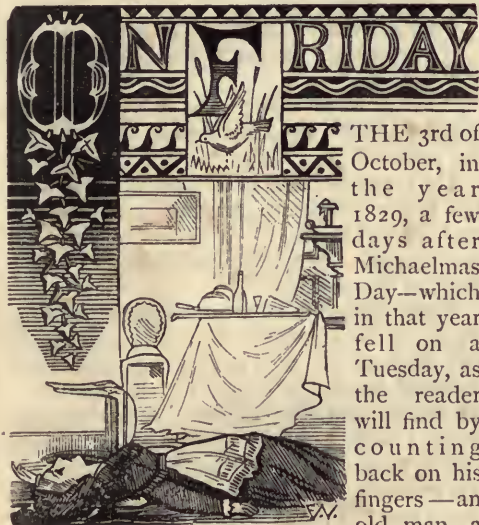
August 6, 1870.

Price 2d.

ONE OF TWO; OR, A LEFT-HANDED BRIDE. BY HAIN FRISWELL.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT WAS FOUND AT ACACIA VILLA, KENSAL-GREEN.



THE 3rd of October, in the year 1829, a few days after Michaelmas Day—which in that year fell on a Tuesday, as the reader will find by counting back on his fingers—an old man, a

tall boy, and three women, took the trouble to walk all the way from Kensal-green—a pretty village not far from London, and not then disfigured by that huge stone-masons' yard, the Cemetery—and to present themselves at the door of the police-office in Marylebone, or, as they called it, "Marrybone-lane."

Having been allowed to enter, and having wondered at the place, which was quite new, as well as the New Police—who had only been put on duty four or five days previously—the spokeswoman of the party endeavoured to tell her tale; when Mr. Inspector—who, in his new blue coat and pewter buttons, looked very like an officer

of his Majesty's land forces—interrupted her, and, pointing to the male person, begged *him* to say what was wanted. Whereon Mr. Jasper Snape, Tailor and Pigeon Fancier, began. This was his narrative:—

For several days the neighbourhood of Kensal-green—that is to say, Jasper Snape himself and his neighbours—had been troubled and exercised by the fact that a certain widow, Mrs. Martin, or, as she was usually called, "Madame," had not been visible to mortal eye. She was Snape's neighbour, and lived in a little house, standing alone in its own garden. She used to admire his, Jasper Snape's, pigeons. He bred pigeons, besides earning his living by tailoring. He had been to her house lately—that is to say, to-day, Friday—with these good people; he had knocked several times; there was no answer. Both windows and doors were shut: the windows by shutters, which were, of course, fastened on the inside. Had knocked at all the shutters. The tall boy had peeped through the keyhole, and even offered to climb up on the roof, and to get down the chimney. It was a low house—not low in a bad meaning, on the contrary, very genteel; but of one storey—so it would have been easy to have carried out the tall boy's proposal; but he, Jasper Snape, had told them that it was "agen the law;" and they had come up all that way for a search warrant.

"Perhaps," said the Inspector, "the woman's gone out on a visit."

Mr. Jasper Snape here smoothed his hair, and pulled at his waistcoat, as if he were about to take a new thread off his neck, and thread his needle again. He recommenced:—

You should understand him, Snape, no; decidedly, no! He knew the value of law, and did not want to trouble it. Madame, that is, the widow, had been seen to go *in*, but *not* to come out. She had been seen,

that is to say, on Michaelmas Day. Her rent was paid: she was a particular person in paying rent. She and Snape inhabited houses belonging to the same landlord; in fact, he paid her rent two or three days before it was due. She then shut her door—after being last seen on Tuesday evening, at about six—and said she should go to bed. He had heard her close her shutters.

The women had seen those shutters closed: the tall boy could corroborate all that had been said.

The Inspector rubbed his chin, flicked his pen, and looked at the charge sheet.

"Why did you come up here? Was there not the proper head-constable up at that place?"

"It was not very far," said Snape, "and the new Act—Bobby Peel's New Police Act—had commenced. The Charleys, very useful men in their time, had gone out, and we wanted new brooms."

Snape, who, being a tailor and keeping pigeons, must needs be a politician and an admirer of Major Cartwright, intimated that, upon the whole, he approved of the Act.

"There was," he said, "a blessed deal too much of Tom and Jerry larking with the old Charleys. An old friend of his, a Charley, had been put into the canal close by, box—*i.e.*, watch-box—and all; and as near as could be drowned—*dead!*"

"You wont have no more of them larks now," said the Inspector, sternly, to Snape.

He was angry that the majesty of the law should be so dealt with; and he was puzzled what to do with the case which Snape and Company had brought him.

Presently, while the tall boy was vainly looking through the rails of the Inspector's desk, a gentlemanly man, about thirty, came in, and passed through to the court. The Inspector, struck with a sudden thought, jumped off his stool and followed him.

"Mr. Boom sits to-day, sir," he said.

"Umph!" said Mr. George Horton, stipendiary magistrate. "I know that, Stevenson; but I want to refer to some cases. Anything new—it all works smoothly?"

"Ye—es," said the Inspector; "very smoothly, sir. But here's a curious case I want to know about, sir."

And he followed the magistrate in the private room, and read over Mr. Jasper Snape's communication. After awhile the young magistrate said that he would not

only grant the warrant, but go with Stevenson—if he could put another inspector on duty. Yes, he would go with the Inspector and a plain-clothesman—whom, indeed, we should now call a detective—and see about the matter.

"Something strikes me that it is a serious matter, Stevenson."

"Yes, sir," said that officer, sharply enough. When the chance of a "case" turned up most "officers" were on the alert, for the honour of the new corps was dear to them. "Here are these people, sir. What am I to do with them?"

"How many?" asked the magistrate.

Stevenson went to the door and counted.

"One, two, three—five, sir," he said.

"Get a cab to the door for you and me, and a hackney coach for the witnesses and the plain-clothesman."

"Yes, sir."

And away the Inspector creaked.

"Stevenson!" shouted Mr. Horton.

"Yes, sir."

"They have come all the way from Kensal-green. Give them some beer; here's the money."

He threw the Inspector half-a-crown, and the latter caught it, murmuring, "My eye and Betty Martin!"—a favourite oath of the period—"recently appointed, arn't he? New to the business!"

Kensal-green was a pretty little village, made all the prettier by the new canal which ran through it and through hundreds of acres of hay-fields round it. It was quiet, perfectly countrified or rural, more so than many a village nowadays which lies near a railway, and celebrated as a health resort. Very small people, who had made very small sums of money, came and lived there, cultivating small patches of ground and humble memories, and living in a state of perfect and Paradisaical innocence, but for the swearing of the bargees who navigated the canal. These fellows were more lively than ever they are now—doing, indeed, a brisker trade as carriers—and quite frightening some of the people out of their tenelements; so that it resulted that all the better houses were built at some distance from the canal. Otherwise, the neighbourhood was bright and pretty enough. At a short distance lay the Edgware-road; and along that the coaches from the North used to run several times a day into the Oxford-road, and thence to Holborn.

The yellow-bodied cab, with the police-magistrate and the Inspector seated side by side under a huge black leather hood, and driven by a driver with a sleeve-waistcoat and a black eye, who sat by their side in a separate box or compartment, soon got to the cross roads on the Green; for the bay mare with the cock-tail in the shafts was a good one, and had been a racer. Upon the Green the cab awaited the hackney coach, which came up with smoking horses; for the yellow-bodied cab, with its tall wheels and light fare, had "cut along pretty sharply," as the Inspector said.

"Now, then, old slow coach!" said the driver with the black eye.

"D'yer want me to break their wind?" said the coachman, angrily.

"You couldn't, if so be you tried; it's done a'ready," returned the other.

During this passage of arms, Snape and Company descended. The tailor, leading the way, and followed by the stipendiary magistrate and police, the tall boy, the women, and a few children, also by the cabman with the black eye, turned to the right hand of the Green, to a little side road, and in a few minutes gained a pretty little box of a villa, which, with all its shutters shut in the broad daylight, looked as if it had gone to sleep. A light ornamental railing ran in front of the house, and dwarf walls divided it from others—one only of which, and that uninhabited, stood beyond it. The little villa had a ground floor and a first floor, and altogether did not number more than six small rooms and a wash-house. Somehow, as the people approached it, they shuddered and felt dull—the very house looked so deserted and so tightly closed.

"Yes," said Jasper Snape; "that's the place—look at it!"

The magistrate, placing a policeman at the little fore-garden gate, and taking the Inspector and Snape with him, knocked with his silver-headed cane at both door and shutters. There was no answer.

"Aye, you may knock," said one of the women to the other. "*You* wont get no answer; *she'll* never open that door agin."

Mr. Horton turned round, and said to the policeman at the door—who was regarded in that rural district almost with awe, as a powerful and antagonistic novelty—"Send for a locksmith."

A young fellow with a rush basket on his shoulders hereon stepped forward. Carefully

dusting the stone doorstep with his white apron, he knelt down, took his rush basket off his shoulders, shook the door, tried to look through the keyhole, and then selecting a fine picklock of much power, placed it in the lock, and was about to open it, when a shout was heard of "The key! the key!" and sure enough, a little boy, breathless and elated with triumph, rushed past the policeman, and put a key, spotted with fresh rust, into the magistrate's hands. As he received it, he glanced at the Inspector with a meaning look. The Inspector drew himself up and gave a low whistle.

"Are you sure this is the key?" said the locksmith, taking out his picklock with some disappointment.

"I'll swear it!" said Jasper Snape, with an eager shudder.

He was right: the door opened easily, and the little party entered. There was an eager movement from the crowd without; the women pressed closer together, the children even dared to push the policeman in their eagerness to get in at the gate.

Mr. Jasper Snape's worst anticipations were too well founded. The very passage, which was small enough, exhibited to the excited senses of the searchers something indicative of the coming revelation. The mat had been kicked up; the kitchen candle, which had burnt itself out in its tin candlestick, had flared and guttered down with a brown-red grease that looked almost like blood. On the left-hand side was the "drawing-room" of the little villa. In it was a desk, broken open, and the drawer wrenched out, bending the thin brass pin which fastened it. Papers were scattered about; and an Indian shawl of some little value, thin and filmy, which had lain in the bottom of a work-box, was thrown on the sofa, the work-box upset on the top of it, and the pocket of the work-box was torn open.

"Whoever he was," said the plain-clothesman, "this cracksman was in a hurry."

In the next room, the door of which faced the other, the same hurry was observed. Some cold meat and an egg were put for some one to eat; a bottle—with the cork out—of brandy stood near it: the brandy was of that dark, mahogany colour, then fashionable; but by its side there was something not then found in small houses, a bottle of claret. The cloth, laid carefully, very white and good, was pulled on one

side towards the door, as if some person had suddenly risen. A napkin and a napkin ring, unused, but with some stains upon it, lay upon the floor. The stains were of blood. The little sideboard had been forced open, but the thief had forgotten to take two or three silver tea spoons, the only plate there.

"He's a rum cracksman," said the detective, "and not a very old hand."

Mr. Brownjohn, who ventured that opinion, *was* an old hand himself, drafted from Bow-street into the New Police, and was celebrated in his way.

Neither Mr. Horton nor the Inspector—both men of more reflection than Brownjohn, who owed his reputation to instinct, or to happy guesses—said anything. Either the owner had been very careless, which might have been the case, or the guilty person had, in an eager search, moved nearly every article.

Through this dining-room a door led into the neat little kitchen, which was merely sufficient to prepare food for an old, or a very young couple in their honeymoon—and, indeed, the little Cockney village was much resorted to by humble young people who had just married.

After looking round the dining-room, the magistrate, closely followed by Jasper Snape, entered the kitchen. The latter no sooner had put his head in the little room, than he gave a cry, and rushed forward.

"There she is!—there! there! Poor Mrs. Martin! Poor Madame!"

The old pigeon fancier knelt down by the side of the corpse, and there, sure enough, the head lying in the cinders, was the body of the Widow Martin. Part of the cap and part of the hair were burnt. Curiously, the water of the kettle had been spilt in the struggle or attack, and had flowed over the body and extinguished the flames. It was probable that the murderer would have been well pleased had the body been burnt, and all evidence of the crime thus destroyed.

"Where has the poor woman been wounded?" said the magistrate.

"In the back, between the shoulders, twice," said the Inspector, turning back the shawl. "A small hole enough the weapon left, but 'tis enough."

"She is quite cold," said Snape, in a whisper, as if he dared not speak aloud.

"Been dead at least three days," said the Inspector; "what blood there is is dry. She

must have bled inwardly. One blow went through the heart. I should think she had not time to cry out 'Oh!'"

"Poor creature!" ejaculated Mr. Horton, in deep pity and disgust. "Could not the villains have robbed the house without murdering her? Pass the word for a doctor. Stevenson, take an inventory of the matters here. Mr. Snape, come with me into the next room; and, while we wait here, tell me who was this woman?"

Mr. Snape followed the magistrate, who sat down in the tumbled and deserted drawing-room. The Inspector passed the word for a doctor; and, in some mysterious way, all the people outside seemed to have been made acquainted with the facts inside. The constable of the village came up and took the place of the policeman at the gate; and that functionary in blue was sent back in the yellow-bodied cab to Homer-street, New-road, for a more efficient aid; for the Inspector looked with a jealous as well as a supercilious eye upon the plain-clothesman, Brownjohn.

"There's no time to lose," said he; "Brownjohn is flummoxed quite. We shall want Old Daylight here."

And so having determined, the cabman in the sleeve-jacket and with a black eye, having seen his blue-coated fare in his swing cabriolet, was despatched to Homer-street at a fast trot.

"Why do you send for Old Daylight?" said the policeman, sulkily. "It's plain enough this aint no professional cracksman. It's some fellow as has been suddenly took. He's got a good start, but I'll have him."

"There's more in it than you think for, Brownjohn," said the Inspector, severely. "Tom Forster's the only man for delicate work like this."

Tom Forster was the proper name of Old Daylight.

The plain-clothesman stood rebuked and sulky; and, in the little kitchen, such was the silence that they heard the clear voice of Mr. Horton ask Snape the question,

"Who was this woman?"

CHAPTER II.

MR. TOM FORSTER PUTS HIMSELF ON THE QUI VIVE.

WHAT Mr. Jasper Snape, tailor and bird fancier, could not tell the magistrate, Mr. Horton managed to pick up from the neighbours, while the yellow-bodied cab

went literally at a swinging trot for Old Daylight; and Inspector Stevenson was at once pleased and delighted with the clear, concise, and efficient way in which the magistrate went through his examinations. Indeed, it was not to be wondered at. Mr. George Horton was a rising barrister of great promise, and many of his friends thought that he was unwise to accept the thousand a-year of the stipendiary magistrateship. But his reason will have to be explained. In the meantime, let us tell the reader who Mrs. Martin was.

In 1827, about two years before this, Madame Martin had arrived at the little village in a hackney coach full of linen and crockery, had driven right up to Acacia Villa—both the acacia, from which it took its name, and the villa were very small—had produced a key, and had entered the house, which had been previously very neatly furnished with the contents of one van. She was a yearly tenant—the landlords at Kensal-green, for their own reasons, preferring their rents paid quarterly, and in advance.

Mrs. Martin was what is called a bony woman, and in youth was certainly bonny too. She was upwards of fifty years old, strong, vigorous, and in full health. She spoke English with a very slight accent, for she was a native of Trouville, near Boulogne, and had been brought up in an English family; but she was altogether French in look, manner, and feeling. She had lived much in the world, and was of that age when a lone woman takes upon herself much of the independence and roughness of man. She walked about the Green, made her purchases, hired her little servant—who came for two days in the week, and never slept in the house—and was beholden to nobody, except to Jasper Snape, who went and paid her rent for her, and whose pigeons she admired. She herself had kept pigeons at a small château in the little valley of Trouville.

With those whom she met she was very free-spoken. She had been a voyage or two, and even farther than from Boulogne to Dover; and she knew something about the sea. In her drawing-room was a handsome Japanese cabinet, a great deal too good for so small a house, but one of those things which seafaring people get hold of and present to those whom they love. She said that her husband, a Boulognese, was dead—he had been lost at sea—and a good

job, too! It was a pity some people ever married. When two young people, who were very fond of each other, settled not far from her, and were seen walking fondly together, she had been heard to say, "Ah! all very well—new brooms! new brooms! Fresh and fair, no doubt. He'll care for her about a year, that's all."

From which he, Jasper Snape, believed that she was not happily married.

Mrs. Martin, called Madame, was looked upon as a rich woman for the Green. She always paid her rent, was generous to her little servant, ate well, slept well, and drank well. It came out that her female neighbours knew how many bottles of brandy she got from the Stanley Arms on the Green; and the Kilburn carrier had driven out of his way to deliver a wooden box full of wine—probably, thought Mr. Horton, a case of claret. Once, even, the canal men had brought something to her; and one of them had been admitted and treated to some brandy and water, which he said was "prime."

"Put that down, Inspector—it's important."

The plain-clothesman pricked his ears.

Mrs. Martin had, it would seem, the best of everything; and, as a rule, was evidently not liked in the neighbourhood by any, save by Jasper Snape. She had said several rude things to the women. To one young girl she hinted that, "With her beautiful face, she would make her fortune in Paris or London;" and women do not love such phrases. Moreover, Mrs. Martin lived, as Dr. Johnson said a gentleman did, "with no visible means of gaining an honest existence;" and she lived better than her neighbours. They were, consequently, jealous; and even her terrible death did not seem to evoke any pity, except in the breasts of Mr. Horton and Jasper Snape. Yet, there she lay, killed in full health and vigour, still as straight and vigorous as a young woman. That keen eye was closed; that bold, hawk-like look for ever blank; that quick, determined step would never march out of that door again. Besides the matter of offence which the immense vigour and *aplomb* of Madame gave, there were many other reasons why she was disliked. She was always sneering at virtue, at romance, at the English, and at the Protestant religion. The parson could make nothing of her. She went, it is supposed, once or twice—on festival days, Easter Sunday, and

Christmas Day—to Spanish-place to mass; but that was all—if that. Her daily habit was to eat and drink a good deal, although she was spare of body and very far from fat; and to retire early, shutting herself closely up, and bolting all her doors and windows. Ill-natured people said that before she went to bed she had taken enough of brown brandy.

At this stage of the evidence—gathered from various people painfully, by question and answer, and bit by bit—the constable at the gate signified that the yellow-bodied cab was in sight; and presently it dashed up, and from it descended the policeman in blue and a quiet little man in brown.

Mr. Thomas Forster—for it was he—stept down carefully from the cab, and walked circumspectly into the garden. He had been found at home, of course; and found, as he would have been at any time, neatly dressed in the fashion of perhaps twenty years previous. A brown spencer covered a brown coat; but both were open, and showed a neat black kerseymere waistcoat, double-breasted, and with flaps; under this, brown pantaloons, tight-fitting to the knee, were terminated in Hessian boots, fashionably made, but with leather tassels tightly sewn to the top, like a bunch of fringe. A thick, white cravat, neatly tied round the old gentleman's neck, completed his costume, if you except a rakish and smart-looking beaver hat, curled at the sides. From his fob, under his waistcoat, hung a gold watch chain, of a copper colour and a heavy flat link, almost as broad as a riband; at the end of this was a somewhat round but excellent silver watch of the best London make, and upon this our friend placed implicit reliance. His hands were covered with good Woodstock gloves, and in them he held an old favourite blackthorn, very polished and nobby at the top. Mr. Tom Forster, in spite of his littleness, looked a substantial person. He was not exactly a gentleman; he looked more like a substantial innkeeper or householder. He was utterly unlike a tradesman of the period, and stood stoutly in his shoes. He was well known to Sir Richard Birnie, and the officers of Bow-street; for in many a celebrated raid had he helped them. Latterly, he had separated himself from the office, having had money left him; but when any great case offered itself, Old Daylight—as they called him, because he was supposed

to let daylight into the darkest cases—was perfectly ready.

He bowed with much respect to the magistrate; for Tom Forster loved and honoured forensic genius, and Mr. George Horton was well known to him as one of the keenest cross-examiners that ever said "My lud;" and then, taking off his gloves, he sat down, the plain-clothesman looking at him with jealousy.

For Mr. Brownjohn—afterwards so celebrated in the annals of our detective police, and who, indeed, died from a wound got in a fray with some desperadoes—had been cruelly hurt by the Inspector. He knew his weight, and had with good cause been highly recommended when "turned over" from the chief office to Marylebone. Give him a clue, and he would follow it out to the last. He had not that clue yet. He would soon have it. Why, he argued, call in Old Daylight? But never mind, it would be a race between them yet; and he would bet twenty to twenty that he was even with Daylight.

Old Daylight's method was altogether different from that of Brownjohn. He was a natural philosopher; and, naturally so, on the inductive principle. He put together piece after piece of evidence; and, when he had amassed a huge heap, he gave a sudden jump. "Great wits jump" was a quotation that he had never heard, but which he had often proved true. Little by little the light given by each fact accumulated, until he saw his way clear, and then nothing could shake him. Many a time he had persisted in the truth of his deduction, though everybody was against him; and many a time he had been right. Hence his great reputation. For delicate cases, neither the celebrated Leadbetter, nor the more celebrated Forrester—who were the heroes of a hundred stories—could compare with Tom Forster.

The Inspector himself was no fool. He had been a constable when the New Police were only dreamt of, and he meant to be an honour to the New Police. He had a prodigious memory for faces. Whenever he looked upon a man for two or three minutes—and he looked upon many—he never forgot him. Something, he said, in the play of the eye was different in every man, and upon the eye he depended; hence he never pretended to recognize or recall dead people more than another man; but a living man he was down on. He, too, hoped

to pick something out of this case; but *his* method was, he saw, scarcely wanted here, and he had made up his mind that the job was for Tom Forster.

Mr. Forster, saluting the magistrate, took off his hat, and showed a bald head, covered at the back and sides with thick iron-gray hair. His eyes were dark hazel, twinkling and merry enough, and very sharp. His back was bent, and his head held forward eagerly. He produced a gold eyeglass, put it to one eye, and perused the magistrate's notes. He did not take a minute to run over them; then he rose, went into the kitchen, and came back again, saying,

"Very good—very good!"

What he said was not applied to the murder, but to the notes. Then, turning to Mr. Horton, he said—

"Your worship has not designated the time when the woman Martin was last seen."

Mr. Horton placed his hand on the paper, and with his finger pointed out that which Old Daylight had overlooked. At the side—covered by his thumb, probably, when he read it—were the figures, "twenty minutes past six in the evening."

"On Michaelmas Day. She must have gone to rest early."

"Her habit," said Mr. Horton.

"You are sure of the time?"

"Exactly. Here is the witness, Smith, who had bought a goose for her dinner, and who went to fetch a little gin from the public house for her husband's digestion. The Stanley Arms is about five minutes' slow walk from this little Acacia Villa. Smith, coming home, saw Mrs. Martin standing at her door, who told her that French brandy—cognac—was better to drink than English gin."

"That depends," said Old Daylight; "both good in their way. Felix Booth can give you gin not to be sneered at. However, that settles the time."

"Mrs. Smith," continued the magistrate, "saw her go in, and heard her lock her door, and then open her windows to pull-to her shutters."

"Did she say anything else—Mrs. Smith?" said Old Daylight.

"That she had a headache, and would go to bed."

"Was there any one seen with her at any time?" asked the magistrate.

The women recollected that, two days

before, a seafaring man, who had appeared to be very much amused by the canal boats, had come up there, and had gone in, and stayed some time. He was gray, very like an Englishman, but might have been a foreigner: he had earrings.

Here Mr. Brownjohn, who was listening, let his eyes gleam a little bit. He saw the kind of man, and had his clue.

"That's the rascal!" thought he.

"Does any one else recollect this man?" asked Mr. Horton.

Here the tall boy was hustled forward. He did. He was a very nice old fellow—quite a foreigner. Perhaps a Dutchman. He had read that Dutchmen were short and stout. Had heard him speak. Asked for the house of "Meestress Mar-ton;" and when he, the tall boy, had shown it him, had given him threepence. The boy had thanked him, and given the money to his mother.

Mr. Horton noted this in his neat abbreviations. Old Daylight rubbed his chin, dissatisfied, and then scratched his eyebrow. The Inspector asked what kind of eyes the man had.

"Fair blue eyes—very good-natured," said the tall boy.

The Inspector turned over all the rogues that he knew with fair blue eyes.

"It's a case," he said, "for the Thames constables."

Mr. Brownjohn came forward, and fixed an awful gaze upon the tall boy.

"Now, you know," said he, with a deferential bow to the magistrate—"you know, my young friend, that we shall get it all out of you."

The boy turned very red.

The policeman went on.

"We shall get it all out of you. We know that something more must have passed. Freshen your memory a bit, Jacob, and speak up to the magistrate."

The boy paused, felt awful, and then looked at Mr. Horton.

"Tell all, my boy," said the gentleman, kindly. "We must know. Did he use any threatening words? Was that all he said and did?"

It was not all. The boy confessed the seafaring man had given him sixpence in halfpence or coppers, not threepence. He had spent half of it in sweetstuff and marbles; and then, cowering like a guilty thing, the tall boy was silent.

All the men, as well as Mr. Horton, saw that the clue broke there.

"It's that sailor chap, for a quid," said Brownjohn to himself.

"Marbles and sweetstuff!" muttered Tom Forster. "Poor human natur'!"

Then he rose, and walked into the kitchen. He had learnt all he could. Now he would begin to work for himself.

"Tisn't that sailor man!" he muttered, as he looked at the body. "Sailors use knives or ropes! Well, well—these things must happen. How to find who did it, and why they—or he—did it? Was it a he?"

All he could be certain of, at present, was that it was *one of two*.

USES OF THE SPECTROSCOPE, POPULARLY EXPLAINED.

PART I.

ALTHOUGH the science of optics has been carefully studied by many of the most distinguished philosophers, from the days of Aristotle and Euclid—who were among the earliest cultivators of the science—down to the present day, or for a period of more than two thousand years, it is only within the present century that the branch of optical science called "spectrum analysis" has been called into existence; further, it is only within the last twelve years that it has really assumed a definite scientific shape.

Within this brief period spectrum analysis has enabled us to discover, not only numerous sources of known elements which before were considered very rare, but four entirely new elements—namely, *cæsium*, *rubidium*, *thallium*, and *indium*. It has also enabled us to discover to a great extent the nature of the elements composing the sun, fixed stars, comets, and *nebulae*.

In the year 1802, Dr. Wollaston, an English philosopher, whilst examining, by means of a glass prism, a beam of sunlight admitted into a dark room through a crevice or slit in the window-shutter one-twentieth of an inch wide, observed some dark lines across the spectrum formed by the prism. When a beam of candlelight was examined by him, a different set of lines appeared; and when he examined the electric light by the prism, he found the spectrum to be separated into several images. "It is, however," he states in the "Philosophical Transactions" for 1802, page 310, "needless to describe minutely appearances which vary according

to the brilliancy of the light, and which I cannot undertake to explain." This was the first discovery of the *lines* in the spectrum, which were treated with indifference by their first discoverer, but which have since, in the hands of others, yielded the most marvellous results.

A glass *prism*, as almost everybody knows, is a triangular piece of glass, such as may be frequently seen attached to lamps and chandeliers. If a beam of sunlight be allowed to fall on one side of this triangular piece of glass, the light will pass through one of the other sides; and if, after it is through, the light be received on a screen, wall, board, or any flat surface placed a few feet—say six or eight, or more—behind the prism, a band of rainbow colours will be seen on the screen, wall, or other surface upon which it may be received. This band of colours is called a *spectrum*, which is composed of the seven colours of the rainbow—namely, red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet—and arranged precisely in the same order as in the rainbow. The spectrum becomes longer and longer, the farther the surface upon which it may be received is removed from the prism. This increase of length is owing to the prism having the power, not only of producing the seven coloured lights from sunlight, but of bending—or *refracting*, as it is more generally called—the blue light much more than the red light. Across the spectrum, dark lines are found to exist at certain distances apart, somewhat like the rounds in a pencil sketch of a common ladder. It is by these we have been enabled to make all the discoveries attributable to spectrum analysis.

The spectral lines are rarely seen with the naked eye: up to a comparatively recent period they had been observed generally by means of a common telescope, which magnified eight or ten times; now they are observed by instruments, specially designed for the purpose, called *spectroscopes*, which are described in this article.

Without knowing of Dr. Wollaston's discovery, M. Fraunhofer, an eminent optician of Munich, Bavaria, discovered, in the year 1814, that throughout the whole length of the solar spectrum it is nearly all covered with dark lines running parallel to each other, and perpendicular to the length of the spectrum. He also ascertained that the lines are altogether independent of the size of the *refracting angle* and material of the

prism. The number of the lines observed by Fraunhofer amounted to about 700, of which he carefully mapped down to a scale of equal parts more than half of the principal of them (354), the map being $15\frac{1}{4}$ inches long.

It may be well to state, for the information of those who may not be acquainted with optical terms, that the *refracting angle* of a prism means the angle formed by any two of the sides through which the light enters and leaves the prism.

On account of their distinctness, and the facility with which they may be found, Fraunhofer distinguished seven of the spectral lines by the seven Roman capital letters, B, C, D, E, F, G, and H. Other lines less prominent were distinguished by other Roman and Italic letters. Of the seven principal spectral lines, B and C are in the red, D is in the orange, E in the green, F in the blue, G in the indigo, and H in the violet. Fraunhofer also examined the spectra formed by the planets and some of the brightest of the fixed stars. The spectral lines of the planets, in so far as he was able to observe, were found to be identical with the lines of the solar spectrum. In the spectrum from the bright light of Sirius, he perceived no lines in the orange and yellow spaces; but in the green there was a very strong line, and two other lines in the blue. They differed in appearance, however, from the lines in the solar and planetary spectra. The star Castor gave a spectrum resembling that of Sirius, the line in the green being in precisely the same position. In the spectrum of Pollux he observed many fine lines. It had the D line—which is characteristic of sodium, the principal constituent of common table salt—in the very same place as that in which it exists in the solar spectrum. In the spectra of the stars Capella, Betelgeux, and Procyon, Fraunhofer also observed the D line, as well as others whose positions he was unable to determine accurately. The *spectral lines* observed by Fraunhofer in the solar spectrum are frequently called *Fraunhofer lines*, from the fact of his being the first person who devoted much attention to them, and mapped them down.

Soon after Fraunhofer's discoveries, a good deal of attention was devoted to the spectra of coloured flames by Sir John Herschel, Sir David Brewster, and Mr. Talbot. Sir John, in a paper published in the "Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh"

for 1822, points out distinctly the service which spectrum analysis is capable of rendering to the chemist, and describes briefly the spectra of chloride of strontium, chloride of potassium, chloride of copper, nitrate of copper, and boracic acid. In the article on "Light," in the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana," 1827, page 455, Sir John states:—"The salts of soda give a copious and purely homogeneous yellow; of potash, a beautiful pale violet." He then describes the colours given by the salts of lime, strontia, lithia, baryta, copper, and iron, and proceeds to say:—"Of all the salts, the muriates succeed best from their volatility. The same colours are exhibited also when any of the salts in question are put (in powder) into the wick of a spirit lamp. The colours thus communicated by the different bases to flame, afford, in many cases, a ready and neat way of detecting extremely minute quantities of them. The pure earths, when violently heated—as has been recently practised by Lieutenant Drummond, by directing on small spheres of them the flames of spirit lamps, urged by oxygen gas—yielded from their surfaces lights of extraordinary splendour, which, when examined by prismatic analysis, are found to possess the peculiar definite rays in excess which characterize the tints of the flames coloured by them; so that there can be no doubt that these tints arise from the molecules of the colouring matter reduced to vapour, and held in a state of violent ignition."

Sir David Brewster describes some interesting experiments made by him with a monochromatic lamp, in the "Edinburgh Transactions" for 1822; and an important experiment was performed by him some time afterwards, which led him to suppose that the spectral lines, or Fraunhofer lines, in the solar spectrum are caused by absorption either in the sun's atmosphere or earth's atmosphere, or in both. This experiment, he states, extends so widely the resources of the practical optician, lies so closely to the root of atomical science, and bears so strongly on the rival theories of light, that it will open up a field of research which will exhaust the labours of philosophers for centuries to come. The following description of the experiment is in Sir David's own words:—"Upon examining with a fine prism of rock salt, with the largest possible refracting angle (nearly 78°), the light of a lamp transmitted through a small thickness

of nitrous acid gas, whose colour was a very pale straw yellow, I was surprised to observe the spectrum crossed with hundreds of lines or bands, far more distinct than those of the solar spectrum. The lines were sharpest and darkest in the violet and blue spaces, fainter in the green, and extremely faint in the yellow and red spaces. Upon increasing, however, the thickness of the gas, the lines grew more and more distinct in the yellow and red spaces, and became broader in the blue and violet, a general absorption advancing from the violet extremity, while a specific absorption was advancing on each side of the fixed lines in the spectrum. It was not easy to obtain a sufficient thickness of gas to develop the lines at the red extremity, but I found that heat produced the same absorptive power as increase of thickness; and, by bringing a tube containing a thickness of half an inch of gas to a high temperature, I was able to render every line and band in the red space distinctly visible." From this experiment and others, Sir David was led to a general principle, which, in that stage of the inquiry, possessed considerable importance. The points of maximum absorption exhibited a distinct coincidence with some of the principal dark lines in the solar spectrum, and thus indicated that these lines marked, as it were, weak points in the spectrum, on which the elements of material bodies, whether they exist in the solar atmosphere or in coloured solids and fluids, exercised a particular influence. These actions, however, were so indefinite that, with the exception of the oxalate of chromium and potash—a salt of most remarkable properties—they never appeared in the form of lines or distinct bands. The light which was left, shaded into the dark spaces; and therefore, notwithstanding the general coincidence which he had observed, he could not identify the phenomena of ordinary absorption with those of the definite actions by which the solar lines are produced.

Having been again induced to institute a diligent comparison between the lines in the solar spectrum and those of the nitrous acid gas spectrum, it did not, he states, require many experiments to prove that there existed between these two classes of phenomena a most remarkable coincidence. In order to afford ocular demonstration of this fact, he formed the solar and the gaseous spectra with light passing through the same aperture; so that the lines in the one stood

opposite those on the other, like the divisions in the vernier and limb of a theodolite, and their coincidence or non-coincidence became a matter of simple observation. Sir David then superposed the two spectra, when they were both formed of solar light; and these exhibited at once the two series of lines, with all their coincidences and all their deviations. Professor Airey, the present English Astronomer Royal, to whom Sir David showed this experiment, remarked that he saw one set of lines through the other. Fraunhofer, in his map of the spectrum, laid down 354 lines; but in a map of the spectrum delineated, by Sir David more than 2,000 lines are laid down. The length of Fraunhofer's spectrum is $15\frac{1}{2}$ inches; the length of Sir David's spectrum, on the same scale, is 17 inches. The length of the general spectrum which the latter mapped is 5 feet 8 inches, and parts of the spectrum to a scale still three times larger.

Sir David, having carried on his observations of the solar spectrum throughout the several seasons of the year, found that during the winter distinct lines and bands appeared in the red and green spaces, which at other seasons wholly disappeared: these lines and bands were produced by the absorptive action of the earth's atmosphere.

Mr. Talbot devoted much attention to the spectrum analysis of coloured flames, and describes some interesting experiments, in an article published in the "Edinburgh Journal of Science" for 1826, and in another article in the "Philosophical Magazine" for 1834. In the latter article, he "hesitates not to say that optical analysis can distinguish the minutest portions of these two substances (lithium and strontium) from each other with as much certainty, if not more, than any other known method." It must, however, be remarked, that both Mr. Talbot and Sir John Herschel published other statements, in the very articles of theirs from which I have quoted, that are somewhat contradictory of their ideas embodied in the quotations.

In a paper, "On the Prismatic Decomposition of the Electric Light," read by Wheatstone before the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held in Dublin in 1835, it was shown:—1st. That the spectrum of the electro-magnetic spark taken from mercury consists of seven definite rays only, sepa-

rated by dark intervals from each other; these visible rays are—two orange lines close together, a bright green line, two bluish-green lines near each other, a very bright purple line, and, lastly, a violet one. The observations were made with a telescope furnished with a measuring apparatus; and, to ensure the appearance of the spark invariably in the same position, an appropriate modification of the electro-magnet was employed. 2nd. The spark taken in the same manner from zinc, cadmium, tin, bismuth, and lead, in the melted state, gives similar results; but the number, position, and colour of the lines varies in each case: the appearances are so different that, by this mode of examination, the metals may be readily distinguished from each other. The spectra of zinc and cadmium are characterized by the presence of a red line in each, which occurs in neither of the other metals.

In a paper by M. Foucault, "On the Prismatic Analysis of the Voltaic Arc," read before the Philomathic Society of Paris, on the 20th of January, 1849, and published in "L'Institut," of February 7th of the same year, he states that "its spectrum is marked, as is known, in its whole extent by a multitude of irregularly grouped luminous lines; but among those must be remarked a double line, situated at the boundary of the yellow and orange. As this double line recalled, by its form and position, the D line of the solar spectrum, I wished to try if it corresponded with it; and, in default of instruments for measuring the angles, I had recourse to a particular process. I caused an image of the sun, formed by a converging lens (popularly called a glass bull's-eye), to fall on the arc itself, which allowed me at the same time to observe the electric and solar spectra superposed. I convinced myself, in this way, that the double bright line of the arc coincides exactly with the double dark line of the solar spectrum."

This process of investigation furnished Foucault with matter for some unexpected observations. It proved to him the extreme transparency of the arc, which occasions only a faint shadow in the solar light, and, when placed in the path of a beam of solar light, absorbs the rays D; so that the line D of solar light is considerably strengthened when the two spectra are exactly superposed. When, on the contrary, they get out one beyond the other, the line D appears darker

than usual in the solar light, and stands out bright in the electric spectrum, which allows one easily to judge of their perfect coincidence. Thus, the voltaic arc presents us with a medium which emits the rays D on its own account, and which at the same time absorbs them when they come from another quarter. To make the experiment in a manner still more decisive, Foucault projected on the arc the reflected image of one of the charcoal points, which, like all *solid* bodies in ignition, gives no lines; and, under these circumstances, the line D appeared as in the solar spectrum.

In the years 1851 and 1855, Masson, in the course of his investigation on electric photometry, examined the spectra produced by various metals which were employed as dischargers to the Leyden jar, and also when heated by the voltaic arc; and gave drawings of the various spectra. Some discrepancies in the spectra of the same metals examined, both by Wheatstone and Masson, were subsequently explained by Angström, who showed that, owing to the intense heat of the electric discharges employed by Masson, he obtained two spectra simultaneously—one due to the metal, the other to the atmosphere itself, which became ignited. Certain lines observed by Masson as common to the spectra of all the metals were really those atmospheric lines. By causing the spark to pass between the same metals, when immersed in various gases, the particular lines due to the metal remained unaltered; whilst the others, due to the gaseous medium, disappeared and were replaced by new lines.

Professor Swan was the first person who endeavoured experimentally to prove whether the almost invariably occurring yellow line may be solely caused by sodium. In his researches in 1856, "On the Spectra of the Flames of Hydro-Carbons," published in the "Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh," vol. xxi., p. 414, he found that the yellow lines of sodium are visible when a solution is employed which does not contain more than $\frac{1}{2,000,000}$ th part of a grain of sodium; thus showing the extreme delicacy of spectrum analysis.

Dr. Plucker, of Bonn, Germany, in 1858-1859, published his investigations relating to the character of the electric light, produced by transmitting the secondary discharge from an induction coil through narrow tubes filled with gases, and subse-

quently exhausted as completely as possible. He found that each exhausted tube gave its own characteristic spectrum; and he measured and mapped with great care the principal lines visible in each.

Valuable as the researches and experiments of Herschel, Brewster, Wheatstone, Foucault, Masson, Swan, Angström, Plucker, and others undoubtedly were, the great discovery of *the law of the spectral lines*, as well as the *proof of the truth of the law*, by simple yet beautiful experiments, was reserved for Professor Kirchhoff, of Heidelberg, Germany, by whom they were announced to the world in the year 1859. Kirchhoff's law of the spectral lines may be briefly stated thus:—If a vapour, rendered incandescent by being raised to a high temperature, emits rays of certain refrangibilities—that is, of certain rainbow colours, or bent in the same degree as the rays of rainbow colours—when exhibited in the spectrum, the same vapour, when at a lower temperature, will have the property of *absorbing* those particular rays, or of replacing them by dark lines in the solar spectrum. Sodium (common table salt is nearly all sodium), for example, when ignited, emits brilliant orange light, which is concentrated into two lines in its spectrum, coincident in position with Fraunhofer's double black line D in the solar spectrum. If through a flame coloured by sodium the more powerful electric light of the charcoal points, or ignited lime, be transmitted, the spectrum due to the stronger source of light is interrupted by a black line coincident with the solar black line D. Kirchhoff and Bunsen also ascertained that certain of the bright lines in the spectra of barium, calcium (lime), lithium, potassium (potash), and strontium, may likewise be reversed.

These facts have been applied by Kirchhoff to the explanation of the Fraunhofer lines, or dark lines in the solar spectrum, in the following manner:—He supposes that, in the luminous atmosphere of the sun, the vapours of various substances are present, each of which would give its characteristic system of bright lines; but behind this incandescent atmosphere, containing metallic and other vapours, is the still more intensely heated solid or liquid nucleus of the sun, which emits a brilliant continuous spectrum, containing rays of all degrees of refrangibility. When the light of this intensely heated nucleus is transmitted through the incandescent atmosphere of the sun, the

bright lines which would be produced by the incandescent atmosphere are reversed; and Fraunhofer's dark lines are only the reversed bright lines which would be visible if the intensely heated nucleus were no longer there.

Before proceeding further in treating of the important discoveries that have been made by means of spectrum analysis since Kirchhoff announced to the world the *general law of the Fraunhofer lines*, we shall, in the second portion of this article, give a description of some of the instruments that have been used for this purpose.

THE CAUSES OF THE WAR.

IN his appeal to the French nation, which, in spite of M. Prevost Paradol's assertion that Bonapartism is dead in France, was on tiptoe to hear and to cheer him, Napoleon III. quoted an axiom from Montesquieu, which is to this effect:—"That he who first draws the sword is not guilty of war, but he who first caused the necessity for the sword to be drawn." The assertion was vehemently cheered: a quotation from so respectable an authority has the same effect upon a people which does not know much of the Bible that a citation from the Scripture would have at Exeter Hall; but, after all, the Emperor of the French has only thrown the first cause farther back. Who, then, first caused the necessity of drawing the sword?

There are two or three answers to this. When old Burton is debating the causes of melancholy, he places as the first, this—(1.) "*God a cause.*" And Wordsworth has told us that "Carnage is God's daughter;" while a prophet has assured us that war is "a sword of His." Undoubtedly, both the great German nation—which will have a war-fire baptism—and the French nation will be deeply punished. France, with an increased debt, when her exchequer is terribly deficient—of one hundred millions per year, at the lowest computation. There will, if the war continues, not be one Frenchman nor Frenchwoman who will not feel the burden of this miserable glory for which they shout so lustily. There will hardly be a German mother or father who will not lament it. But beyond the cause of causes, who is responsible for this terrible affliction? Here are two or three theories:—

1. The French theory: that, since the

consolidation of the German kingdom under William of Prussia—who, be it remembered, at the age of eighteen, and during the life of Napoleon the Great, entered Paris as a conquering prince—the Prussian power has grown so strong that it must be humiliated; that after Sadowa the pre-eminence of France declined; and that then and there the Prussians should have been fairly beaten on a field of battle by a French army, to restore the equilibrium of confidence to the French bosom. Sooner or later France obtains what she desires: she is the arbitress of Europe. When France is satisfied, Europe is at peace. France is not satisfied—has not been, indeed, for four years. Since Sadowa, she has been “terrified” by the enormous armaments of Prussia. There must be war. Prussia has rendered this war necessary. For at least six months, France has waited for a pretext.

2. The second and inferior cause of the war is the pretext. After having tried every court for a constitutional king, the Spaniards very wisely chose a clever, handsome, philosophical man, a Hohenzollern, Prince Leopold, who was quite ready to accept the throne; and, probably, had he been elected by the Cortes—he had the merit, in Spanish eyes, of being a Catholic—would have made an excellent king. But, not only is France very friendly with Queen Isabella—who wisely, and in the very nick of time, abdicated—but the idea of a German prince on her eastern and her south-western frontier as well made her shudder with indignation. She made short work of this pretext. Her feeling against the Hohenzollern kingship is regarded, on the whole, as “natural and justifiable,” and the English are not disposed to quarrel with her, although undoubtedly she has no right to dictate to Spain.

On the 5th of July, the Duke of Gramont was informed of the offer; on the 6th, he made his famous declaration in the Corps Legislatif; on the 8th, he was still without an answer from Prussia; on the 10th, Prince Hohenzollern had, by the advice of his father and to prevent war, withdrawn from his candidature, and M. Ollivier had said all embarrassment was at an end—the affair would end in peace; “the renunciation of the crown by the Prince had put an end to the original cause of the dispute.”

3. Here, then, we rest. The original

cause—*i.e.*, pretext—vanishes; but there remains behind something very serious. (a.) The French nation was roused, the idea of blood filled the air, and the popularity of the Emperor, which had terribly declined—Bonapartism had died out, said Prevost Paradol—suddenly rose. His *claque* cried “Vive l'Empereur,” and it was responded to: the Celtic blood was in a ferment. (b.) Fifty thousand votes in the army had been given against Napoleon; the chances of his son's succession were positively *nil*, unless he could regain the trust of the people. He vacillated; his indecision (*sa mollesse*) had become terrible; war would restore his popularity. (c.) The Pope was on the eve of being declared infallible, yet the best half of the Gallican Church was against the dogma; ten of its archbishops, thirty of its bishops were dissentient; but the whole of the *parti prête*, the village curé, the women, the ignorant and the devout, the Empress, the sailors, and the devout women who pray to *Notre Dame des Victoires*, were on the side of the Pope: so were Isabella, and her riches, her husband, and her son. Prussia was and is a Protestant nation; her progress must be checked. A victorious return; a sensational and glorious abdication; a presenting of the young Prince Imperial covered with glory to the French people—*Dieu protège la France*—a solemn crowning by an Infallible Pope; and who shall dare to dispute his right to the throne? Before this glorious future the Legitimists and Orleanists, the Irreconcilables, the *Rappel* and the *Marseillaise*, the Republicans and the Constitutionals, sink into insignificance. It is a war of races and of peoples; of religion—which is the same thing; of the Celt against the Teuton; of the Chassepôt against the needle gun.

4. The above is undoubtedly, *au fond*, the cause of the war; but, since the declaration of war on July 19th, immediately King William refused to swallow the bitter pill of binding himself never, at any time or in any case, to allow a German and a Hohenzollern to be nominated to any conceivable throne—it nearly went so far as that—a document of an extraordinary character has come to light, which is not disowned at the headquarters of either party. This document coolly proposes that A. and B.—France and Prussia—should combine secretly, in a treaty by sea and land, to rob, murder of course, and despoil their immediate neighbours, the

Kings of Holland and Belgium. The only defence to this draft of a treaty on either side is to shift the blame of originating it on the other. Some say it is Corsican, the others German-French. In our opinion, it originates with the Emperor, and was tentative; as France had that to gain which she wanted, while Prussia wanted time to do what this war has done—*i.e.*, consolidate the empire. The document is that of a pair of pickpockets, to rob—of two murderers, to slay and plunder—innocent and inoffensive people. Wherever it originated, it is simply atrocious. An armed neutrality—a determination to fight to the death—can be the only safeguard with such neighbours.

And at the bottom of this is an unholy greed of territory; stupid inability to properly govern, direct, and develop France; and a wicked ambition, which will certainly, sooner or later, lead to destruction.

CITIES.

“CHANGE of scene is what you need.”

“With all my heart! I have no objection to that prescription; but I prefer taking it here, at my own fireside.”

The doctor stared. I went on—

“Why should I—something of an invalid, little inclined for exertion of any sort, surrounded by home comforts, and, what is more, thoroughly appreciating them—why, I say, should I undergo the worry of packing up, or the fatigue of an ordinary journey, when one moment, one effort of the imagination, will suffice to transport me to any part, already familiar to me, of the habitable globe; and, take it all in all, I have been something of a traveller? Do you recommend a warm climate? What say you to Rome or Naples? I am ready to follow your advice; but it must be here, in this arm chair, in my own study, and by the blaze of the same fire that has seen me swallow your other prescriptions—those little rose or saffron-coloured draughts, which work, of course, such wonders. I will take my change of scene here, also, if you please.”

The doctor, staring still, lingered, hat in hand, to repeat once more before he left me—

“Run over to Paris for a week or two: change is what you need.”

I watched him walk down the garden to the little gate, where his gig stood waiting; I noticed that the doctor buttoned his great

coat across his chest, and that he scowled up at the sky, as the best of people will scowl in the face of an east wind; for the season was spring—in England. What were the poets about that they could sing its praises? Or was the world really young once, and is it young again once in a lifetime to us all? To prosaic people like myself, spring does not suggest the idea of youth, there being a prevailing chill and bitterness about it which are apt to make one feel prematurely old.

The doctor having departed, I prepared at once to obey him. The sky was full of clouds hurrying before the wind; the very sunshine looked cold. Surely, in our variable climate, we English possess one advantage calculated to make us the best travellers in the world—it ought to be hard for any other climate to take our constitutions by surprise—without leaving the shores of this eccentric island, we gradually become acclimatized to them all. Last summer, although it was one of the coldest on record, there were two or three days which must have been good training for the tropics—days when Indian officers complained that they had rarely felt it hotter in Calcutta—a statement probably suggested by the fact that *here* they had no punkahs; and this very morning, although my room is redolent of the scent of violets, gathered but two days ago, there is snow upon the ground, and my fingers stiffen as I hold the pen.

It is worthy of passing remark, too, that foreigners do rarely become reconciled to a long residence in England. The Italian will never cease to mourn for the warmth of his native sun, the Frenchman to sigh for his clearer atmosphere; even our German brothers complain bitterly of our fogs; and as for natives of the tropics, or unfortunate specimens of humanity from the Arctic circle, they simply die. But we English can live anywhere; doubtless, all owing to the sudden changes of temperature to which from infancy we are accustomed. Two days ago, open windows, sunshine, violets; at this moment, a blaze upon the hearth and east wind!

But now for the doctor's prescription. I think I will betake myself to cities, delaying only long enough to fix upon the one whose character best corresponds with my present mood. Every city has an individual character of its own, of which we feel the in-

fluence—a *something* stamping its impress on the outward aspect exactly as the disposition or the predominant passions stamp their likeness on a man's features.

To convey the idea of excitement, there is no city comparable to Paris. She stands alone. Who that knows her cannot see the character of the French people personified, as it were, in their capital? Gay, intoxicating, bewitching, fickle Paris! And is not Florence pleasure? Brussels is a pleasant vision, with her boulevards, her park, her quite sufficiently brilliant society—a vision of a gay, sociable, altogether smiling place; but the colours are to some degree toned down, perhaps, by the Flemish school of painting, or by the sober glories of St. Gudule. The element of religion prevails strongly; the priest, with broad-brimmed beaver, is a constantly recurring figure in the crowd.

But Florence the Beautiful, lying in the enchanting Val d'Arno, nestling amongst the flowers, while the "purple Apennines" stand round guarding her soft beauty, is she not the fitting image of some lovely lady who troubles herself in this work-a-day world no more than do the lilies of the field, whose vocation it is simply to look lovely, to please and be pleased? She is garlanded with flowers, crowned with them, decked out with living jewels. Passing through her flowery suburbs, the eye lingers on the outline of the largest dome in the world—itsself the dome of St. Maria dei Fiore.

I do not for an instant mean to disparage the arts and industries of Florence—this city where Giotto's Campanile points to heaven, and where the gates of the Baptistry of St. John might be "gates of Paradise;" still less would I ignore the *history* of a town where certainly, at one time, every citizen was a politician—the town of the Medici, birthplace of Dante, and whose streets were trodden by Savonarola. But it is always my habit on first visiting a city to take, if possible, from some eminence a bird's-eye view, then wander amongst its streets and squares, and mark what manner of spirit it is of—not what the people are about, or what spirit possesses *them*, but only of what the outward aspect of the place itself is, to my imagination, the embodiment.

Naples contrasts while harmonizing with Florence. Pleasure reigns supreme on the Chiaja, among the orange groves, in the

whole bay over which Vesuvius stands sentinel; but here there is a languid leisure for which the Tuscan capital is too bright; here our lovely lady, reclining on the shore of the tideless sea, is somewhat enervated by her devotion to pleasure: she indulges in a luxury of idleness. Heaven knows, the Neapolitans are energetic enough! exhaustingly so. Their harsh *Che, che*, hurts the ears attuned to the musical *lingua Toscana in bocca Romana*. It is not of the Neapolitans, however, that I am speaking, but of Naples. Naples, as I have seen her from the orange gardens of Sorrento—a fair, sleepy city; a lazy column of smoke ascending from Vesuvius; lazy white sails seeming scarcely to move as they float over the blue bay; idleness brooding over everything, especially over the lazzaroni lying on the shore—*molto macaroni* and very little to do for it, being with them a fixed principle of life.

Apropos of macaroni, I once heard of a schoolroom manual of geography which professed, after describing various countries, to give a description of their inhabitants also. Under the head of "Manners and Customs," the characteristics of the people of Italy were thus summed up: "The Italians eat macaroni and are revengeful!"

All beauty is melancholy, and Genoa is beautiful exceedingly. To me she represents the poetry of sorrow. Through the steep, narrow streets—streets of marble palaces whose glory is departed—the figures of white-veiled women flit. There is a mysterious gloom over the city, as though she herself were also veiled; the harbour is crowded with shipping, through which our little boat with difficulty finds its way to the open water beyond; the sun is setting, but one wonderful rock has gathered all the sunset colours to itself, and stands strangely glowing against the sky. Above the town are hills, stern and rocky: they seem to throw the shadow of a past grief upon the place, and to whisper of trouble yet to come: the sea, answering, murmurs of sorrow also.

The melancholy of Siena, on the other hand, is purely religious. I speak of "my" Siena, not knowing what that of other people may resemble. In mine, the sad rain falls; it is Holy Friday, and the cathedral, inlaid with black marble outside, is hung inside with black also, draped in black. The wondrous pavement, unique in its gray

tints upon pure white, harmonizes with all else to-day; there is no sound but that of the falling rain and the hushed tread of footsteps as the worshippers throng to kiss the great crucifix lying now prone before the altar. The streets are as sombre and silent as the church; in them also there is no sound but the falling rain and the tread of passing feet moving through all the town towards the crucifix. The chief characteristic of the Sienese school of art is deep religious feeling; and the spirit of "my" Siena is religious sorrow: it is as though it were always Holy Friday there, or as though nowhere else could that day be fitly kept.

Yet, strange to say, the Piazza del Campo recalls to my mind—of all places in the world—Frankfort, whose spirit is neither religion nor sorrow, but simply gravity; and this in spite of guide-books and manuals of geography which, from my youth upwards, have informed me that it is "one of the liveliest of the free cities of Germany." "My" Frankfort is not "lively," and nowadays she is no longer free. I can fancy that she regards Prussia and the occurrences of the swift campaign of 1866, not with excitement or rage, but with a grave displeasure. A town whose principal business is banking or jobbing in the funds, how can it be "lively"? Were the Rothschilds merry in the cradle? The band plays in the garden on the river-side, but gravity is there too: on the anxious brows of stock-jobbing men; on the contented faces of their sober wives; on the calculating countenances of many Jews. Very grave is the "old" town, with narrow streets and quaint wooden gables; grave, too, is the town-house, and the thoughts suggested by the in no way remarkable portraits of the emperors which adorn its walls. Francis of Austria fills up the last space. What would they have done if others of the German line had reigned over free Frankfort later? One's thoughts fly to St. Paolo beyond the walls, at Rome, where the portrait of Pius IX. fills up the last space amongst the medallions of the Popes. With Francis of Austria the German line of emperors ceased: there are not wanting those who whisper that with Pius IX. the priest-kings will end—that the temporal power of Rome will not long survive him.

Ulm, too, is grave, but with a softened gravity of her own. Less business-like than

Frankfort, the present does not so entirely monopolize the attention; there is time for a quiet thought of old days when the arts of civilization began to flourish here amongst the worthy burghers, although the nobles in the country round about were scarcely to be called civilized. I was once lost in Ulm. It was by night; the moonbeams were broken into gleaming fragments by the river's current; the stars shone; few people were stirring in the quiet streets, and I fancied that those I did meet—passing hastily along and speaking in low voices to each other as they went—conversed of some deadly feud between two noble houses, or of the Aulic Council, or the latest robbery of rich merchants by lawless barons. Finding myself in the public gardens, empty and silent now, and noticing a group of men engaged in eager talk, while two shadowy figures crossed the open space with rapid steps, methought they spoke of Theurdank, or whispered of the Turks, and dear friends captive among the infidels. I fancied they repeated those words of Ulrich von Hutten, which at one time were whispered over all Germany, "We must fight, not against the Turks, but against the Pope." Two girls, standing on the bridge in the moonlight, pointed across the water, away towards the open country. They shivered. Were they thinking of the *Landsknechten*, and the treatment to be expected at their hands should they venture beyond the gates? I was half sorry to find myself again, which I did, in the modern inn near the railway station; and to awake to the remembrance that this is the nineteenth century, and Ulm as safe and prosaic as any other German town.

Ferrara is regret. Grass grows in her broad streets; her palaces are ruins; her seven miles of wall enclose now only a dwindled population; the people shrink together, crowd towards the centre of the city, and are but thinly scattered on the outskirts. Tasso's *gran donna del Pò* is deserted by her many lovers; fondly she laments her princes of the house of Este. The present is nothing to her; her life is in the past.

To return to Germany. Grand old Heidelberg is also the image of one who has suffered, and whose glory is in the past; but Heidelberg is by no means melancholy—perhaps the sparkling, foaming Neckar has prevented that, and kept her cheerful; moreover, her sufferings were not from de-

sersion, but from good hard blows in the wear and tear of life, from siege and fire; therefore it is that she personifies, not regret, but courage—courage triumphant over misfortune—or the beautiful evening of a stormy day. I think I will go thither. Standing on the castle terrace, one could pass an hour pleasantly enough, pondering of the Thirty Years' War, and how it thrust poor Germany far more than thirty years behind the rest of Europe; and with what plodding patience she has striven to regain her place in the march of nations—the damage being now at last repaired, strength and energy only now recovered. And, standing there, one might watch the dash and sparkle of Neckar down below, and the cloud-shadows chasing each other over the wooded heights, just as they chased each other all those three days when the ferocious Tilly gave up the town to be sacked—nature then, as now, troubling herself not at all for man's anguish, or for such trifles as fire and sword. But it was later than the Thirty Years' War, and at the hands of France, that Heidelberg suffered the worst, and by the French that the castle was finally destroyed—rendered uninhabitable, that is to say—destroyed as a Court Residenz, but left the very pride of castles and paradise of tourists. The inhabitants of the town may be forgiven if they idolize their noble ruin—I wonder whether they do, by the way, or whether they leave it to strangers to appreciate fully the majestic pile, and the beauty of Neckar's banks?

But it is time that I betook myself in good earnest to my prescription; and, perhaps, leisure would suit best with my present idle mood—the perfection of leisure in a gondola at Venice. How can one be hurried at Venice? In the golden evening air, the gay crowd loiters in the Piazza San Marco; people sit idly outside *the* café—world-famed Florian's; the pigeons of St. Mark flutter fearless about our feet; in the streets is heard that indescribable rush and tramp of feet, the sound unbroken by roll of wheel or tread of horses; the gondola glides softly through the canals. It is all full of leisure, dream-like, unreal; the world is forgotten. We—being at Venice—pause in the stir of life, float on the waters of our fate, even as our gondola floats on those of the Grand Canal; we wait, lingering on the Rialto, or the Bridge of Sighs, and there is

no hurry anywhere. Time enough to work when we are once more in the world; here, in the "Dream City," there is leisure. I have said, too, that it is spring; the clouds, scudding across the actually present English sky, vanish; for at Venice in spring the sky is clear and unclouded. The canals are clear, too, and fresh, for the storms of winter have agitated and purified them; flowers bloom in the balconies, and there are, as yet, no mosquitoes. Decidedly, in this fireside travelling, I will betake myself to Venice.

As I arrive at this conclusion, I fancy that I can hear once more the far from brilliant remark so often uttered by a friend who once floated through the canals with me. He could not get over the unwonted silence of the streets, the hushed sound of footsteps in them; at each turn his head was protruded from the gondola, he never wearied of exclaiming—

"Not a carriage to be seen! Upon my word, not a carriage to be seen!"

The novelty never ceased for him. We were there a fortnight, but he said it every day.

THE MUSICIAN.

HE sweeps the strings: the children dance;
In cadence true leap little feet;
And brighter flashes childhood's glance,
And louder echoes laughter sweet.
The maiden's smile, so coyly shrined,
'Neath rosy lip and drooping lid,
Wakes, half revealing what her mind
Deemed idle fancy, safely hid.

He sweeps the strings, and hopeful youth
Looks fearless out on coming years:
There lie the golden days of truth,
Undimmed by cloud of leaden fears.
The dimples, half effaced, renew
The careful mother's wasted cheek:
As autumn leaves, made bright with dew,
A borrowed beauty sometimes seek.

He sweeps the strings; and saddened heart,
Dwells in the strain that brings her peace;
Dreams of the blest who never part,
And bids awhile her sorrows cease.
The priest-lays laws and Rubric down,
And sheathes his text-besprinkled sword;
Already sees the harp and crown,
And hopeful waits the coming Lord.

He sweeps the strings; and at the sound,
The old man by the fireside stirs;
Lifts palsied head to look around,
And, 'mazed, the dear old music hears.
His trembling feet in measure beat;
His thoughts are far behind him cast;
And young tears rise in aged eyes,
And once more lives the golden past.

THE MORTIMERS:

A NOVEL WITH TWO HEROES.

By the EDITOR.

BOOK V.—CHAPTER I.

RETROSPECTIVE AND PROSPECTIVE.

IT was the middle of October, the weather was wet, and under the trees in Madingley Chase the leaves were beginning to fall—earlier this year than was their wont—and to lie in thick ridges on the wet grass. Erle was alone in the large house, for Sir Harold, his sister, and Mabel Despencer were at Worthing, whither they had gone for a short stay with the Reverend Hugh Mildmay and his sick daughter, the fragile Beatrice.

Preparations were being made for their return that evening. A bright wood fire crackled and blazed in each of their chambers, taking the damp and chill out of the air. A substantial meal was laid out in the snug breakfast parlour, a pot of tea for the ladies stood on the bright tiles of the hearth, and the butler and housekeeper were bustling about from place to place, and every now and then listening at the hall door for the sound of the carriages driving up the avenue.

Erle, feeling a slight flutter of doubt and fear at his heart, was reading in his own room, when the noise of wheels grating on the gravel below told him that Sir Harold had returned. He ran down to the door, and assisted the ladies in alighting.

"Well, Mr. Erle," exclaimed Sir Harold, shaking him very heartily by the hand, "how are you? And how has everything gone on since we have been away?"

And Miss Margaret greeted him cordially too, and Mabel in her simple and unaffected way. They were all seated at their supper, when Erle asked the question he wished most to ask. Miss Margaret had told him that Beatrice had returned with them and her father, and had borne the journey as well as could be expected. He had not before ventured to ask if the change had improved her health—if the doctors had said there was room for hope. Now he did so, and the gloom that his question cast upon the face of Sir Harold, the sad expression of Miss Margaret, and the tear that he saw Mabel strive to hide, were answer sufficient.

"I fear, Mr. Erle, there is no hope," said Miss Margaret.

"It will break—her father's—heart," said Sir Harold, with emotion.

Erle was grieved to the heart to hear such bad news; but he had expected no other, and was therefore prepared for the worst. The sorrow he felt was the sorrow of a brother for the loss of a sister—a holy grief. The black shadow sat heavy upon them all. There was no conversation, no pleasant recounting the events of their stay. All was mournful and sad. Miss Margaret and Mabel set the example of retiring, and Sir Harold and Erle soon followed.

One morning, a fortnight afterwards, when Erle, as usual, rode the first thing after breakfast to the parsonage for news of the invalid's state, he saw her father walking among the rose bushes in the garden with his face buried in his hands, and sobbing with terrible, heart-breaking sobs. The blinds were all drawn down, and glittered white in the morning sun. Then Reginald knew that there was one angel less on earth, one more in heaven.

He did not speak to the bereaved father. He had the gentle man's respect for the awful sacredness of that first woe. Mourning himself, he turned his horse's head, and rode gently away towards Madingley. And the blinds at the Chase were drawn down also.

"Oh! dead, is she?" Robert Mortimer said to his wife as they stood in the bay window of the breakfast-room in Grosvenor-square, where Mrs. Mortimer was reading a letter from Mabel. He said it in a dry, cold, uninterested tone.

"Poor Beatrice!" said Mrs. Mortimer, taking her handkerchief out of her pocket. "I quite loved that girl, she was so good. I always thought she would not live long. She looked to me more like an angel than a woman."

"Indeed!" said the Pink Tape official, looking up from his *Morning Post*. "I see both the Belgian minister and Lord G. are staying at the Castle. I suppose from that there is something on the tapis."

"Robert!" said Mrs. Mortimer, reproachfully. Then, walking away, she said to herself, "But my husband never had the slightest heart or feeling."

And the crushed woman retired to her chamber to cry. Honest, womanly, welcome tears for the loss of her young friend,

too soon snatched away from the busy scene of life.

The letters Robert Mortimer was called upon to read were not of the kind calculated to put him into a good temper with himself or the world. Several of them were dunning letters, from creditors larger or smaller, but becoming impatient.

"What is there in life worth living for?" he asked himself, wearily. "Here, for all these years, I have been planning and scheming for myself—for my good-for-nothing, ungrateful vagabond of a son—and all for what? That villain of a Brady knows too much—swaggers about and tries to frighten me. That is a specimen of your faithful, devoted servant. I should like to see him shot—or handed over to my wife's d—d old father, the old money changer," said the usually placid, imperturbable Mr. Robert Mortimer. "I am slow at learning lessons—slow. I used to think better of myself than I do. But I'll have no more confidants among servants as long as I live. To have the skeleton out of your cupboard hung on wires and danced before you every day of your life is a little wearing to your nerves, to say the least of it. Besides, the fun becomes monotonous. I'll get rid of that fellow," said the M.P., suddenly. "Why can't he do like other people's valets—retire on his confounded savings, or keep a public house, or a lodging house, and rob the public instead of me, for a change? He has his price, like everybody else, I suppose; but he's a miser as well as a thief." (Here he gave a dry laugh, which was so quiet it hardly disturbed the silence of the room he sat in.) "His price will be high; but he shall have it—when that boy is married—if he'll take his d—d black face out of this country, and never show it to me again."

He read his letters, leaving one with the Newmarket post-mark on it until last. It was from his son Charles. An unpleasant letter is commonly left until last. Robert Mortimer expected a demand for money, but the letter did not contain one.

"H'm; well, now he can winter in England. I don't know whether I'm glad or sorry they've won. I forgot to look in the sporting column of the *Post* for the news. 'Going to the Chase to see Mabel.' Yes; you shall leave the Chase for Despencer Castle, with Mabel for your wife, as soon as ever matters can be arranged. If Margaret

were a sister like other people's sisters, there need not be a week's delay. But everybody about me behaves in an unnatural way."

There was a tap at the library door. The footman presented a card to his master. "Mr. Moss" was engraved on it.

"I can't see anybody this morning. Say I am very busy."

"Beg your pardon, sir, but the gentleman said his business was very important, and you would be sure to wish to see him."

"Wish to see him!" said Robert, with a sarcastic sneer. "Send Brady here."

"Which Moss is it, Brady? With a brougham or without one?"

"With a brougham. Hawk Moss."

"Show him in," was Mortimer's reply.

The news in Charles Mortimer's letter from Newmarket, where he and Fairholme and a party were staying for the Houghton meeting, was that his Grace's colt Pedagogue had won the Cambridgeshire Stakes there, carrying a great weight for his age, starting at a good price, and landing one of the greatest *coups* of modern times for his owner's party. Seventy thousand pounds, besides the stakes, the Duke had netted by the success of his horse. He could pay his debts, his trainer's bills, live in England through the winter, and be quite himself again. His old guardian's present had turned out trumps indeed, and been the means of rehabilitating his falling fortunes. Since the Malton meeting, luck had been dead against him. Except a few paltry plates and sweepstakes, nothing had fallen to his share. In the Cesarewitch week his finances had fallen to "agony point," and he had gone in for one great stroke to recoup himself. Pedagogue had been tried at Malton, and found good enough to win anything, in any field; and, carrying eight stone ten pounds, had won bravely for his stable.

Johnny Butler's brougham was drawn up on the hill near the winning post. It was neck or nothing for him, as his master had not given him a penny for months. He had not the heart to mount the box, but sat inside awaiting the result. He saw the horses sweep past him; saw the blue hoops and cap of the Duke of Fairholme shoot out from the ruck; saw them carried bravely past the post three lengths in advance of the second horse. The sight was too much for the honest fellow. He sank back in his

brougham, and gave way to his feelings. Tears of joy trickled down his weather-beaten cheeks.

"It has saved me and mine from the Union," he sobbed.

Presently up rode Fairholme on his cob, smiling and victorious, but quite unmoved. His spray of yellow roses decorated his coat, and he had his cigarette in his mouth as usual.

"Well, Johnny, what now? What do you say to this?"

"Thank God, your Grace—we're won!" said Johnny.

The few sad days—sad to our mourning friends, but indifferent to us—we are called upon to pass in this living world, but not of it, were over. The freshly dug grave of Beatrice Mildmay, in the churchyard at Madingley, had been bedewed by the tears of sorrowing relatives and friends. All was now over, and the mourners were trying to console the bereaved father; but, as yet, in the heavy freshness of his sorrow, the task was hopeless.

It was the third day after the funeral, and Erle had walked over from the Chase to lay a white rosebud on the newly made mound under which Beatrice slept. Wrapped in his own sad thoughts, he did not observe, as he laid his pure offering on the earth, that another being was there in the churchyard with him—that another was kneeling beside the grave of the dead girl.

It was not until he had laid his rosebud on the clayey earth, and looked up from the ground, that his eyes met the gaze of Mabel Despencer. It was a sacred spot and time. Neither spoke.

After a long time, they moved silently away in the direction of the Chase together.

From that day, though neither breathed it, they felt they loved each other.

TABLE TALK.

HAPPY is it for Britain that her free shores are washed by the salt waves, and that graybeard old Neptune is the only potentate with whom we can quarrel about questions of frontier. How many thousands of lives and how many millions of pounds have been spent in Europe over this ever-recurring question of the adjustment and rectification of the frontier! How

very various the views of natural boundaries entertained by rival nations! Said Lord Bacon concerning War, in his "Wisdom of the Ancients," Fable VII., that the story of Perseus despatched by Pallas to cut off Medusa's head "seems invented to show the prudent method of choosing, undertaking, and conducting a war; and, accordingly, lays down three useful precepts about it, as if they were the precepts of Pallas." In brief, they are as follows, and their wisdom may be commended to the notice of the present and all future combatants and disturbers of the peace of Europe:—First, "That no prince should be over-solicitous to subdue a neighbouring nation; for the method of enlarging an empire is very different from that of increasing an estate. Regard is justly had to contiguity or adjacency in private lands and possessions; but, in the extending of Empire, the occasion, the facility, and advantages of a war are to be regarded instead of vicinity." Secondly, "The cause of the wars [should] be just and honourable; for this adds alacrity to the soldiers and the people who find the supplies; procures aids, alliances, and numerous other conveniences." Thirdly, "Such kind of wars should be chose as may be brought to a conclusion without pursuing vast and infinite hopes." These are the deductions of Lord Bacon from Ovid's fable of Perseus ("Metam.," book iv.). It is not difficult to apply them to the case of France and Prussia.

THE DEATH OF THE FAMOUS American Admiral Dahlgren is announced in the New York papers as having taken place at Washington, on the 12th ult., in his sixtieth year. During the war with the South, he was constantly occupied in naval duties, and rendered distinguished service to the Federal cause. He was well known in connection with the Dahlgren shell-gun, which rendered great service to the Americans. Had the Admiral lived another ten years—such is the rapid advance we are making in all the implements of destruction—he would have lived to see his gun superseded, and his treatises on warlike operations grow obsolete as an eighteenth century cyclopædia.

IS NAPOLEON III. about to emulate his great Uncle's prowess in the field? It is rather late in life to begin—but fame as a warrior is still before the hero of the *coup*

d'état of the 2nd of December. Of one of our own greatest generals, it was well said that he was—

"In council prudent as in action brave."

That this was true of Marlborough few will venture to suggest a doubt. Can the line be reversed, and applied to the son of the King of Holland? For Napoleon's reputation for prudence in council is secure in the eyes of the major part of the French nation.

THE MAGNIFICENT MILITARY successes of the First Napoleon exhausted even French phrases of panegyric. He was likened at first to the great soldiers of antiquity—to Cyrus the younger of Persia, to Alexander of Greece, and Cæsar of Rome; to Scipio Africanus, and Charlemagne of Gaul. The fame of these warriors furnished parallels for a time; but before the achievements of the hero of Jena, this at length paled, and grew feeble. The worshippers of that god of French idolatry felt—

"None but himself could be his parallel;"

and a zealous French prelate at last, in the height of the fever, wrote simply, "God created Bonaparte, and rested from his labours." It had been well for the peace of Europe if his successor had been content to "rest" on laurels fairly won.

IT IS CURIOUS TO OBSERVE how piety—or, at least, the expression thereof—precedes, if it does not accompany, carnage; and how, after every great battle, if it is not quite clear who has had the worst of it, "*Te Deum laudamus*" is sung by both sides. In the churches of Protestant Prussia, and in those of Catholic France, prayers are offered up for the triumph of the right. Yet both sides can hardly be right, though it is clear they both think they are. In a terrible crisis like the present—in the prospect of a most destructive war between two great civilised and Christian nations—we are reminded of the kindly prayer of a good Irish priest, who, in a great European struggle, while the present century was in its teens, was wont to pray "that it might have a speedy end—one way or the other."

MR. CHARLES REED, M.P. for Hackney, after having given notice of his intention to

move in the House of Commons the following resolution—

"That the employment by the State of upwards of 20,000 persons in the department of the Post Office on the Sabbath day is not justified by any public necessity; and that, in the opinion of this House, it is desirable that the exemption from Sunday labour enjoyed by the letter carriers of London, Edinburgh, Belfast, Glasgow, and 114 other post towns, should be extended to all letter carriers and rural messengers throughout the United Kingdom."

has been compelled to give way to the Government business; and his motion affecting Sunday labour in the Post Office, which stood for July 27th, is postponed to the 5th of August; and even then he may hardly be disposed to press for a division, as the House will probably be a thin one. If Sunday deliveries of letters can be dispensed with in London, it is not unreasonable to argue that they may be done without in other and less considerable places. The letter carriers feel that they have a very substantial grievance—in which opinion we concur, believing that many among them are overworked, and that all are rather under than over paid. Their case has been very well put in verse by one of their own order, whose lines we have been requested to insert in our columns. We will leave the postman to tell his own tale, without adding further comment of our own, beyond heartily wishing Mr. Charles Reed and his clients success in their movement. Mr. Edward Caparn, known as "the Wayside Poet," used, when a rural postman, to walk thirteen miles daily—Sundays included—for wages of ten shillings and sixpence per week. These are his lines on the hardships of the letter carrier's life:—

"Oh, the Postman's is as blessed a life
As any one's, I trow!
If leaping the stile o'er many a mile
Can blessedness bestow.

"If tearing your way through a tangled wood,
Or dragging your limbs through a lawn;
If wading knee-deep through an angry flood,
Or a plough'd field newly sown;

"If sweating big drops 'neath a burning sun,
Or shiv'ring 'mid sleet and snow;
If drench'd to the skin with rain be fun,
And can a joy bestow;

"If toiling away through a weary week
(No six days' work, but seven),
Without one holy hour to seek
A resting-place in Heaven;

"If hearing the bells ring Sabbath chimes,
To bid us all repair
To church (as in the olden times),
And bend the knee in prayer;

"If in these bells he hears a voice—

'To thy delivery!'

God says to every soul, 'Rejoice!'

But, Postman, not to thee.

"Oh, the Postman's is a blessed life!

And, sighing heavily,

'Ah—ah!' he'll say, 'alack-a-day!

Where's Britain's piety?'

"Heigho! I come and go

Through the muck and miry slough.

Heigho! I come and go,

Heavy at heart and weary, oh!

"Heigho—heigho!

Does any one pray for the Postman? No!

No! no! no! no!

Or he would not be robbed of his Sabbaths so!"

SOME WEEKS AGO, Mr. J. M. Bellew introduced to the public a new tragedy, by Mr. W. Marsham Adams, late fellow of New College, Oxford, entitled "Zenobia; or, the Fall of Palmyra." We have had the pleasure of reading this tragedy, and can speak favourably of it. It is a scholar-like work, full of passages of great vigour and beauty, and sparkling throughout with perfect gems of poesy. A singular unity pervades it. The plot of Paul, detailed in the second act, is carefully prepared in the first, and recoils with tremendous force upon his own head in the last. Each character is distinct, though each displays a wide range of passions. The dignified Longinus, the petulant Mæonius, the passionate Zenobia, the despairing Paul, "an outcast from both worlds," the generous but fanatical Heliödorus, preserve their identity through every phase of varying emotion. The incidents are entirely the product of the passions of the characters; and the result is, that the interest continues unflagging down to the very fall of the curtain. "Zenobia" is a specimen of the legitimate drama, admirably conceived and skilfully executed.

A NATIONAL AQUARIUM, similar to the one at Hamburg, is to be opened at Brighton by the 31st of December in the present year. The site of the Aquarium commences at the toll-house of the Chain Pier, and extends to within a few hundred yards of that structure. There is an opening for a collection of this kind in England, and Brighton seems a very proper place for its erection. Professor Owen says—

"An aquarium of adequate extent, well stocked and skilfully managed, is a means of imparting a knowledge of the colours, movements, food, and habits of aquatic animals to spectators who in no

other way could get such knowledge and enjoy so interesting a spectacle of Nature. An aquarium is essential as a means of making the observations and experiments requisite to the advancement of the science or natural history of aquatic, and especially marine, animals; out of which knowledge every analogy justifies the anticipation of an outcome of highly valuable results."

and Drs. Günther and Sclater, of the British Museum, have been consulted as to the best method of constructing and stocking the Aquarium. Doubtless, the directors of the enterprise will not be disappointed in their hope that it will prove an attraction to visitors, in which amusement and instruction will be happily blended. It is, however, plain that to these two good qualities the promoters hope to add a third—namely, profit on the capital they have invested.

APROPOS OF THE SEASIDE, we are not afraid of again calling the attention of the wealthy and benevolent to the claims of the National Lifeboat Institution, whose quarterly journal has been recently issued. During the past year, at a cost of £25,208, a grand total of 1,231 lives have been rescued by the noble exertions of the society's boats on various parts of our coasts. Such results call for no remark from us. Of these brave fellows, a writer in the "Lifeboat," the society's journal, says—

"Brave English hearts!—no page in Britain's story
Shines brighter than the one wherein we see .
Your deeds recorded. While the warrior's glory
Is dimmed by tears and blood, stainless shall be
Your wreath who stake for life your lives against
the sea."

England appreciates at their true value the humane labours of the National Lifeboat Institution.

"THE NAME OF GOD, in 405 Languages," is the title of a curious little work which has just reached us. The subject is an interesting one, especially to those concerned in matters philological; and the list is carefully compiled. Not the least valuable part of it is the preface, which at least shows that the author is possessed of considerable skill as a linguist, and knows how to use it to advantage. Messrs. Trübner and Co. are the publishers, and Mr. W. E. A. Oxon, F.R.S.L., the writer of the book.

An Illustration, printed separately on Toned Paper, is published with the present Weekly Number.

ONCE A WEEK is registered for transmission abroad.

ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 137.

August 13, 1870.

Price 2d.

ONE OF TWO; OR, A LEFT-HANDED BRIDE.

BY HAIN FRISWELL.

CHAPTER III.

CABINET WORK; OR, PIECING TOGETHER.



BROWNJOHN, who had so hurt the tall boy's feelings by eliciting the fact that he had secreted three pence and expended the same in sweet-

stuff, still cast an eye of desire after the evidence of that boy.

"He's an innocent young chuff," said he to himself; "but I warrant he's seen more of that Dutch sailor. Boys like him don't let a seafarin' man alone for nothin'."

So saying, while Mr. Horton was covering his handsome face and forehead with his hands, and thinking how crime could have entered that peaceful little village, Brownjohn stole out, and followed the boy. All that he got from him, after a long time and the promise of another sixpence, was that the Dutchman had got upon one of the barges; but he did not know whether it—the barge—went northward or southward.

"To London, may be," said Brownjohn; "that way"—and he pointed in that direction.

The tall boy couldn't say. He knew the stem from the stern, but didn't know which way the barge went. No, he wasn't a fool, and knew how to read. There were two barges: one lay with her head to London, t'other with her head up the canal. There was a slight bulge in the canal thereabouts, and they lay on the opposite side to the towing path. The Dutchman seemed very friendly with the bargeman, and was laughing when his head disappeared in the little cabin. Thereon the clue, which Brownjohn held so tightly, again broke. He was more and more certain about that Dutchman; but he did not want to go to Birmingham if his prey were hiding in London. Such a fellow as he was would of course go southward, and Brownjohn would have gone southward too, if his wit had "jumped." But no, he never did *that*; he held fast by the clue, and he never found it to fail. Away, therefore, he trotted to the Stanley Arms, and, disguising his purpose, had a long talk with the landlord. He learnt from that gentleman a good deal about Mrs. Martin, who, the landlord thought, had killed herself, and had "tumbled about the things" on purpose to put it upon the Green. The Green would now be in all the London papers. It would be as bad as Mr. Weare's murder by Thurtell, out at Edgeware there, near Mill-hill Farm. Mrs. Martin was a good customer to him, but he did not care for that. She was a designing woman.

"Poor creetur!" said Mr. Brownjohn. "She couldn't have no design in her own death."

Landlord didn't know about that. Women *were* so artful—devilish artful; deep, very deep.

Brownjohn said they were. There was no "understanding of 'em."

Like foxes run to earth in a loamy country, with lots of old banks—there was no digging them out. Hadn't he neat wines,

he should like to know? What did Mrs. Martin want to set an example to the neighbourhood by having cases of wine by the carrier? A bad example was what he couldn't abide—leastways, when it was set by a furriner.

"I'd ha' thought," said Mr. Brownjohn, "that she would have used the canal, now."

He was on to his clue again. Brownjohn was a rare fellow to stick to it, he was. He was not unsuccessful this time, for by little and little he wormed out of the landlord what he wanted; and, with his head up, away went the New Police officer towards Acacia Villa.

In the meantime, Old Daylight had been to work in his own way. Down on his knees in the little kitchen, searching in the grate, raking over the ashes, out in the garden measuring the footsteps found in the little bed under the window, up in the dead woman's bed-room, tasting the brandy, scrutinising the claret, and taking notes of everything—the busy little man worked away like some of the new invented steam engines people were then wondering at.

Mr. Horton, during all this time, had several fits of impatience. The day was wearing away; the yellow-bodied cab would claim a vast amount of money for waiting; and, absorbed as he was in the case, he—Mr. Horton—wanted to put himself in communication with the Home Secretary about this mysterious crime.

However, just as Mr. Brownjohn came in, and was telling the magistrate that he held the clue tighter than ever, Old Daylight entered, looking twenty years younger, and bearing in his hands a little thin drawer, carefully covered with a white pocket handkerchief.

"I'm after him," said Brownjohn. "I'm off now to the Thames police court. I think they have some of the old water dogs about there yet. You shall hear from me in two or three days, sir—it may be from Dover, or from Rochester, or thereaway down the river."

"You're pretty sure, then, Brownjohn?" said the magistrate.

"Sure!—no," answered the detective. "I never holler till I'm out of the wood—other people may. But I'll do my best; and man, woman, or child can't do more. Good-bye. Going to take the cab back, sir?"

"Yes," said Mr. Horton.

"All right, then; I'll foot it across the fields. No time to be lost, I can tell you. Hallo, there!"

Here he ran to the door, and shouted to a carrier's cart, and was seen in a minute to climb up, and seat himself by the driver.

"He's off," said Inspector Stevenson; and here he determined to be generous to an absent friend. "A better man than Sam Brownjohn—in certain points—don't serve his Majesty."

Mr. Tom Forster next, dusting his dirty hands, and rubbing his bald head with a bandanna of fine colours—red, yellow, and green—artfully mixed by the Easterns for the English market.

"Now, Mr. Forster," said the magistrate, "get on with this. We must not waste time."

"Not a moment has been lost," said Mr. Forster, with a certain pride in his voice. "The more haste the less speed. A very pretty case—a very pretty case, indeed! Poor human natur'! I often wonder at her, sir. She's wonderful—wonderful, indeed! But we grow up to her dodges. Poor human natur'!"

As he said the last words, he twitched the handkerchief off the drawer in a very careful manner, as if there were bank notes underneath, and he did not want to flirt them away. There were things that to him, at the moment, were more precious than bank notes—aye, if there were fifty of them, each of fifty pounds value. The little old man loved his profession, and his heart and soul were in it.

"Crime," said he, sententiously—"crime is puzzling; yet we find the ends of the puzzle. It is *not* motiveless. However silly the motive may appear, still, at the bottom of that folly, some faint reason may be found. Poor human natur'! I sometimes doubt whether any single action in life is without a motive!"

The magistrate looked up at the queer little old man, who spoke so wisely, so sadly, and so selfishly, and with a very different intonation from that ordinarily employed by him. Old Daylight, as he said this, had an educated voice. Voices are "educated," if you please, my masters. It was not the Bow-street runner, it was the philosopher who was speaking.

"And what was the motive of this crime?" asked the magistrate.

"Not money," said Tom Forster, "with

a dead certainty; though that's at the bottom of most crimes. Here are a few details. This murder was committed at about half-past nine o'clock on the evening of Tuesday, the 29th September—that is, last month."

"Why so?"

"Because candles were lighted, and supper was spread. It was dark, and yet not too dark, because the man who stepped in the garden ground outside had carefully avoided the flowers."

"It was a man, then," said Mr. Horton.

"Certainly, and a gentleman."

The magistrate started.

"Here," continued Old Daylight, "is the exact size of his shoe or boot. It is the left boot. Here is that of his right boot. You see, they are lefts and rights, not the old-fashioned straights, as I wear mine."

Mr. Forster was quite right. Rights and lefts, well known at the time of the Crusaders and down to George II.'s time, had somehow disappeared from English shoes until some ten years previously, and old-fashioned people wore old-fashioned shoes.

"Why exactly half-past nine?"

"Because it rained a little at that hour—and yet the shoes of the man were dusty, as we see by the carpet in the dining-room. The poor woman knew the man very well, for she was not quite dressed—or, rather, had begun to undress when she heard his knock—first at the door, and then at both shutters."

"How's that?" asked Mr. Horton.

"I have proofs," said the old man, quietly but severely. "She had pulled an old shawl over her shoulders, and had left off suddenly when winding-up her old French alarum; for somehow the pendulum was stopped, and it points to the hour. Her stays are unlaced—"

The Inspector looked with triumph at the magistrate, as much as to say, "You see how Old Daylight can work."

Mr. Horton looked up with a very satisfied glance.

"—But although in this hurry, she was glad to welcome this young gentleman."

"Was he her lover?"

"I don't know. She got him her best to welcome him—brandy and claret. Common people don't drink claret. She let him smoke in her parlour, and a very fine Havannah the man smoked."

Here Old Daylight took up the butt-end

of a cigar, and shook a few more grains of dust from it.

"You see," said he, "that the young man—active, and strong, and well made, I take it—was possibly in the army, certainly of a high class. He wore moustaches, which no one under an officer or a baronet indulges in; because—"

"Because why?" said the Inspector, hurriedly. "Aint you going too fast, Daddy Daylight?"

Tom Forster looked at the police officer with ineffable scorn, and continued—

"Because the cigar is not bitten nor wetted by the lips, but has been cut in a transverse way, and has been pressed into probably a silver pipe or tube, such as they use in Spain. The young gentleman has, therefore, probably travelled on the Continent. He's young and active, for he fences; thus he has been able to commit this crime with a broken foil. He is most likely a pupil of Jackson, and boxes, for round one end of the foil has been wrapped the wash leather and some little—very little—remains of horsehair of an old boxing glove."

"By jingo!" cried the Inspector.

"Your circumstantial evidence looks well at present," said Mr. Horton. "Wait till a barrister pulls it to pieces."

"Oh, that's not all," said Daddy Daylight, very quietly. "He was young and active, as I said; for, without opening the gate, he leaped the garden wall, and, clearing four feet of grass on the other side, came down in the centre bed. The footmarks correspond with the others, but are more deeply impressed. He had been abroad, since the Widow Martin had hurried to cook him an omelet—a dish for which here we don't much care. There are the broken eggs, the pan, and the beaten-up yolks on the dresser. As she bent over the pan, he sprang hurriedly from the dining-room through the door, and stabbed her in the back. She fell, but not without some struggle. Half turning round, she caught him by the glove, but caught short at him. He wore thin gloves—opera gloves—probably put on to prevent his hands being soiled by blood; for here, caught by her long nail, is a fragment of gray, thin kid leather, scratched and torn off the glove. This also proves that the murderer was no common man."

The magistrate was delighted with the businesslike manner of Old Daylight.

"Pray go on," he said.

"There is little more. Now comes the motive—and this, too, points to our previous assertion that the assassin was well born and bred."

"His breeding has come to a bad end," said Inspector Stevenson.

"Alas!" murmured Old Daylight, "what can we say? Do what we will, our best-laid schemes, as Bobby Burns has said, 'gang aft a-gey.' A wonderful nation the Scots, sir—a wonderful nation. Very different from the Irish, although that's a clever people, sir. I do wish they would not murder so, sir. What with Captain Rock and the Peep o' Day Boys, I don't know what to think of them. We've given them Emancipation—aint that enough?"

"Enough!—wait till you give them separation," answered Mr. Horton.

"They wont be satisfied then. But let us go on. The motive, I have said, is not money. We might guess that from the fact of the young man being a gentleman; but here is proof. Mrs. Martin's pocket was unrifled. Here is her purse; here are also some notes found in her drawers—although, from counting the spoons and forks, *some* are gone. But that's a mere blind: they will be found near here, I fancy. But there is yet more proof. The grate is full of ashes of papers. Some of these are letters, and are written on thicker paper than the others; and may, perhaps, be legal documents. But here is a proof. Look upon that fragment. In a little whiter line than the surrounding paper, you will find the words, '*dear Lord!*'"

Mr. Horton started.

"Can we find any more evidence like this?" he asked.

"Unfortunately, no," answered the Bow-street runner. "That stupid fellow, who is so fond of a personal clue, has no mind for intricacies, and has put the kettle on the fireplace, and crushed all the ashes of the letters. However, we have enough. Let me sum up. The murder was committed by a young, active man, dressed in a top coat, light town boots, a beaver hat—if the round mark where the dust is removed from the top of the Japanese cabinet is to be trusted—light dress kid gloves, as if he had come from the theatre. This man is a gentleman who has travelled abroad—probably in Spain—is a good fencer, and belongs to some noble family. He is not

much more than thirty—nor, perhaps, much less—for, for a novice, I must say he *is* a cool hand. Now, then, for our search. We have the basis of it already. The Inspector—whom we will leave here with the constable—knows my ways, and will bring me word to-morrow as to whether such a man was seen. Coach, waggon, carter, even barge might have brought him."

As he said this, the detective packed up his shreds of evidence very carefully, and gave them into the hands of Mr. Horton.

"You will call for me to-morrow, Mr. Stevenson."

"At Homer-street?" asked the Inspector.

"No, at Queen Anne-street, if you please. You will find me there with an old friend, whose advice is worth something."

"Are you going back to town, Mr. Forster?" asked Mr. Horton. "Will you share my cab? I want to have a few words with you."

"At your service, sir," said Old Daylight, with deferential respect. "Allow me a moment or so to refresh myself."

He pointed to his dirty hands, and hurried away. A half-dozen moments passed, and the old detective walked out into the garden, quite ready to join Mr. Horton.

In a few minutes the yellow-bodied cab and its black-eyed driver were swinging back to town at a sharp trot, the driver sitting in his little separate seat next to Mr. Forster, and popping his head round every minute, with an ardent desire to talk to him. But Old Daylight was in close confab with the magistrate, and the driver was disappointed.

"Well, they've got down two bloodhounds of the law agin that job already. I wonder whether they'll scent him out. Brownjohn's off one way—Old Daylight is on another. Woa-a, mare!" here he flicked his horse, which shied a little in the glare of the setting sun. "Country air and a good feed has given her no end of pluck. If they wasn't so busy, they'd be half afraid of a wheel coming off; but there they are—talk, talk, talk. A gentleman can't get a word in edgeways."

And so Sam Smiles—the black-eyed, sleeve-waistcoated driver as he was—went on with his grumble. Soon he deposited the magistrate at his door in Wimpole-street, and was paid—for Mr. Tom Forster got down as well, and trotted off to his home. And there, out in the country, in

the quiet little cockney Acacia Villa, with the cold starlight twinkling down through the uncurtained window, lay the dead body of Madame Martin, under the eternal Heavens.

But Murder will speak out, "with most marvellous organ," even though it has no tongue. Two good men and true were after the murderer. One held a clue; the other had an inductive process of his own. Were either of them on the track?

Let us bury the woman, and hide the crime. Why haunt the bodies of the dead with prying curiosity? Inspector Stevenson, let us add, took the proper steps. The coroner for Middlesex sat upon the body next day, with a sapient jury, and returned a verdict of "*Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown*;" for, in spite of the evidence of the Inspector and others, the foreman would insist that more than one was engaged in the perpetration of the dark deed.

CHAPTER IV.

INTRODUCES MR. EDGAR WADE.

WHEN the cock-tailed mare was rattling the magistrate and Mr. Tom Forster up to London at the rate of ten miles an hour, although the cabman could get no word of our old friend, Mr. Horton had him all to himself;—and was not sorry for it.

"You've had some curious experiences," said the magistrate; "and," he added, with real admiration, "you must know something of mankind, and of literature too."

"You are very good to say so," said Old Daylight. "Mine is a varied experience, and a bitter one. I was once a silversmith and watchmaker, and had a capital business; but somehow or other I was not happy. I wanted to marry, but I could not, for my old father and mother came and quartered themselves on me, and totally prevented *that*. I couldn't marry when they were with me, and I couldn't have the heart to send them away. Well, the consequence was, I and my pretty one waited and waited, till she died. I wished the old couple anywhere—in heaven, for what I cared."

Mr. Horton was astonished at the old man's heartlessness.

"Poor old people!" he said. "I dare say they were not very well off."

"That's the plague of it," said Old Daylight. "The old woman died first, and the old man died soon afterwards; and, to my

utter astonishment, I, who had starved myself almost to keep them and make them comfortable, found that the old dad had left me about five hundred a-year—an old brute!"

"What! for leaving you his fortune? You *are* eccentric."

"Not for that only," said the old man, sadly, "but for wasting my youth. When he died I was thirty-eight or so. My love was dead. I had lost all generous enthusiasm, all hope. I gave up business, funded my money, and should have died of melancholy, save that I took to a hobby, and that was thief-catching and crime-watching. When I was a silversmith I never had a week pass but some constable was inquiring at my shop after a thief, or bringing me a stolen spoon to identify through its engraved crest; or else some thief or another would make a plant on me to rob me. I saw how clumsily the matter was done, and I began to read about crime. I found that almost all thief-takers, from Jonathan Wild downwards, were fools."

"He had a great reputation," said Mr. Horton.

"Yes, he had; but he got it by a dodge," said Old Daylight. "He used to put some poor wretch up to commit a robbery, and others to watch him. He was then down upon them, and people wondered. Ah! you don't know how little cleverness there is in the world. It's beat out thin, like gold leaf, sir—a very little goes a far way. In the course of my reading—criminal trials, the State trials, loads of law books, and other matters—I got interested in crime; and reading in the newspapers one day of a very puzzling one, I put myself on the scent, by the aid of a friendly runner—I can see his red waistcoat and blue coat now—and brought the criminal before Sir Richard Birnie, while some fellows in the constabulary were dreaming about the matter. That gained me a good deal of applause, and gave me a new lease of life. Old Foxey—that was the celebrated Leadbetter, sir—was nearly dead with jealousy; but I must do him the justice to say that he was the first to own that it was a very neat job—very neat, indeed. Afterwards I got attached to the office in certain cases. I was a privileged person. I never take money for my work, and spend a good deal on it; but then it gives me occupation and life, sir—life."

"You live in a fashionable quarter, Mr. Forster. Did I not hear you say Queen Anne-street?"

"Yes, I bought a house cheap there, sir; and I was lucky enough to find a very pearl of a lodger, or rather two. Mr. Edgar Wade, sir, will, sir, I hope, some day be King's Counsel, sir, and write K.C. after his name. He's rising, sir—rising; and he's a mere baby—only thirty, sir; and that, as you know, is a baby at law."

"Ours is, indeed, a very slow profession," said the magistrate—"slow to rise in; but it offers great rewards."

"Very great, indeed. It's one that I could have loved," said the old man. "To have been a limb of the law would have been my delight. . . Poor human nature, she must have something to tickle her fancy."

"Are we on the right track, now, about this Madame Martin?" asked Mr. Horton, after a pause.

"I don't know. Why, here we are at Vere-street; we shall soon be at your door. There may be something in that Dutch sailor. He may have been the pilot-fish to the shark; but we will see to-morrow. I will go home and sleep upon it."

And away the old boy trotted, when the cab stopped, after Mr. Horton assuring him that he would be at his (Mr. Forster's) disposal at any hour of the day or night, in reference to this case.

Mr. Horton paid the cab, and went home, thinking of the dead woman. Mr. Sam Smiles, the cabman, drove to a public-house, where he met with a reporter of some newspaper, and a few choice spirits, to whom he retailed his adventures; and told them, moreover, that the magistrate and all the police officers had taken him (Sam Smiles) into their confidence, and that he had put them on to the scent—which, however, he was wise enough to decline to point out.

"I gave Muster Barnett, the literary gent here, the office as I drove up this morning," said Sam, triumphantly; "and I dare say he's known what to do with it."

"Prétty well," said Barnett Slammers, a dissipated-looking man of letters—and of very low letters too. "The *Evening Meal*, sir, will tell you the tale; and a very pretty little story I have made of it. Here it is."

"And as nice a little paragraph as I have ever seen turned out, Slammy, my boy," hiccupped another reporter. "Your health, Barnett."

Here one of the choice spirits of the parlour read out—

"Horrible murder! This morning, the peaceful and rural neighbourhood of Kensal-green was thrown into the utmost state of consternation and alarm by the heart-rending discovery of the successful perpetration of a cruel and diabolical murder on the body of a beautiful female in the meridian rays of existence. Awakened to the utmost vigilance by a watchful though unpaid guardian of the public peace—"

"That's you, Sammy," interpolated Mr. Slammer.

"The active and intelligent member—"

"That's a happy com—com—combination, Barnett," hiccupped the other reporter. "That'll live, Slammers. 'Active and intelligent!' Dash my buttons! Shakspeare could not have done better."

"Active and intelligent members of the New Police Force," continued the reader, "were immediately on the spot. Inspector Stevenson"—for by this title our readers will recollect the new head-constable will be known—"proceeded thither, to peaceful and rural Kensal-green, with his myrmidons—"

"What's that?" said Sam, the cabman. "Gaiters, or something to eat?"

"Classics, by jingo!" cried the admirer of Mr. Slammers. "Dash it! what a neat way he has. Byronic, sir—by gad, sir, quite Byronic!"

"And there found the victim of this unparalleled and outrageous brutality lying in her disrupted home, soaking in her gore. Acacia Villa, the name of the house, will henceforth become celebrated in that ghastly and crimson-stained record, the annals of crime. It was ascertained that the name of the victim is Estelle Martin, a lady of modest but of sufficient means, and of French extraction, if not of French birth. We have despatched an efficient and highly intelligent reporter to the spot, notwithstanding the distance; and we hope to-morrow to put our readers in full possession of the latest particulars of this extraordinary crime, which promises to equal in interest that of the Red Barn. The victims, it is curious to observe, have both the same surname. Estelle Martin, however, was of

mature age, though still in fullest vigour, while Maria was but young. The present victim had her head nearly severed from her body."

"Come, now, that's wonderful," said Sam; "and all out of about five words as I told him; but, as far as I hears, she was stabbed in the back."

"What matters, Barnett—what matters? The woman was dead—that's enough."

"Quite enough," said the literary gentleman.

And taking out his duplicating paper, now and then called flimsy, he headed the paper, "The Kensal-green Tragedy.—Further and astounding particulars!" And having called for brandy and water for Samuel Smiles, and a glassful of the same mahogany-coloured fluid for himself, he sat down to listen for particulars from the driver of the yellow-bodied cab.

In the meantime, Daylight had reached his home; and entered, after knocking a peculiar and well-known knock. He was answered by his cook and housekeeper, a portly and inquisitive person, who received him with, "Where have you been, sir, all day long?" in a tone which plainly proved that she was not in the best of tempers; for dinner had been spoiled, and that was not an unusual thing with Mr. Tom Forster. For in his own house, and in that alone, he had a very bad name. A secret is a secret, whether good or bad, and breeds suspicion; and the owner and landlord of No. 73, Queen Anne-street, not choosing to let his people know his peculiar profession, had the most dire rumours afloat as to his doings. Why was he so mysteriously absent, sometimes, for days together? What took him on those sudden journeys? Why did he sometimes pack up a mysterious portmanteau and disappear? The reader may, perhaps, guess; but the housekeeper had very grave suspicions, and would not have stayed in the house but for the very excellent wages which the old gentleman paid.

"Is Mr. Edgar Wade come home from chambers?" asked Forster, suddenly. "I was detained in the country, and could not get home. Get me some tea, and be quick."

There was that about his tone that rendered the woman silent and respectful.

"Yes, sir; Mr. Wade has come home, and was asking for you. Mr. Wade is but middling, sir—not very well."

"God bless me! I'm sorry for that. Bring tea at once."

The old gentleman was as hungry as a hunter.

"If you have any cold meat, bring it too," he said.

And he entered the back dining-room—a handsome apartment, with a capital fire, and surrounded by books. There, sinking into a chair, the old fellow divested himself of his Hessian boots, and fell musing over the events of the day. The tea and cold meat came, and were despatched; and then, with his head still full of the complicated inductions of the case, Old Daylight sent his compliments to Mr. Edgar Wade, and said that he would wait on him. But, indeed, with the housekeeper, his favourite lodger, and the only one Mr. Forster much cared for in the world—save, indeed, his mother, Mrs. Wade—entered, and, after having shaken the old gentleman's hand warmly, he sat down. He had in his hand the evening paper—the *Meal*—and a packet of letters, neatly tied with red tape.

Mr. Edgar Wade was a handsome, aristocratic-looking man, well-dressed, with a black coat, a roll collar of velvet, a deep black satin stock, and his hair worn *à la Brutus*—that is, cut short over his well-formed head—showing, however, a fine, white forehead, massive, broad, and high. The rest of the face was in keeping: the eyes brilliant, and rather deep-set, which gave them a penetrating glance; the mouth very fine, and closely shut; the lips somewhat thin, but of good colour; the chin full of firmness. He was compactly built, and about the middle height; but looked tall, being spare and muscular. His face bore lines of study, and his whole manner was that of a self-possessed gentleman of a noble profession, in which he had already made a mark. Mr. Forster, who knew him for a most industrious and hard worker, and an excellent son, had, indeed, left him all his property in his will, and had long looked upon him as his own. He was, however, too occupied with his new case to see how poorly and how pale the barrister looked. But when he sat down, and the light fell upon his face, he noticed it.

"Good gracious, Edgar!" he said, "what is the matter? You have been working too hard of late."

"Perhaps so, sir," said Edgar; "however, I have enough to make me. Here is my

dear mother fallen suddenly into a most terrible and distressing illness, from which I fear she will never recover."

Mr. Tom Forster, who had nourished, as we have said, a secret passion for the lady, jumped up from his seat with a bound.

"Nothing so serious as that, my dear boy, I hope."

Edgar shook his head sadly, and passed his white hand over his forehead.

"Yes, indeed," he said, with a sad smile, which touched the old man to the heart; "she is my only relation—is the only one whom I have ever known; the only one who ever loved me, at least."

"Your father, then, is dead, long ago?" said Old Daylight, interrogatively;—and the word brought back the dead woman he had seen. "Dead!" he murmured. "Dead enough! Will anything bring back the dead?"

"Would to God something could!" said the barrister, with an earnestness that brought Tom Forster back from his wanderings. "No; *he* is not dead, and she nearly is. Look here! you see this paper?"

Here he held out the *Evening Meal*, with his finger on a marked paragraph.

"My mother was quite well till this evening. As she was reading the paper I always bring home for her, her eye fell upon that paragraph."

And sure enough Mr. Edgar Wade's, finger pointed out the very paragraph which had been received with such warm applause in

the little circle ornamented by Mr. Samuel Smiles, cabman!

Much as Mr. Forster admired the press, he had been seldom so much astonished at its quickness as he was then. How men could get the type together and printed, let alone putting it into such wonderful English, was to him a matter of mystery. But all his wonder was absorbed in the more wonderful fact that the murder at Kensal-green should have an effect—and so sad an effect—upon the peaceful house of Mr. Thomas Forster, who, with his brain full of his own inductive process, was about unravelling the mystery. Mrs. Wade must, of course, have known something about that woman. Here, then, was a clue that Mr. Brownjohn would have given his ears for!

The old man's eyes wandered over the paragraph, and his mind noted, in its own quiet way, the error at the end; but all that the philosophic detective could ask was, "Did your mother know her, then?"

"Know her! know the Widow Martin! of course she did. She was intimately connected with her; and she no sooner read of her dreadful death, than, with a scream, she fell in a fit. I rushed to her, and found her hand convulsively clasped upon that paragraph. Then I knew the cause."

"Knew the cause!" stammered Old Daylight, more and more puzzled; "knew the cause?"

"Of course I did. Madame Martin was my nurse!"

USES OF THE SPECTROSCOPE, POPULARLY EXPLAINED.

PART II.

THE instruments necessary for the study of the science of spectrum analysis are called spectroscopes, and are differently constructed, according to the purposes for which they are intended to be used.

Fig. 1 represents a small direct-vision spectroscope three inches long, and seven-tenths of an inch in diameter. This neat little instrument, formed in the shape of a small telescope, shows



FIG. 1.

many of the Fraunhofer lines in the spectrum, the bright lines of metals and gases, and the absorption bands in coloured gases, crystals, and liquids. The eye-piece is towards the left in the cut or figure; the slit through which the light is admitted may be seen at the end of the figure to the

right; the prism is arranged in the interior of the instrument; and the cap or cover for the slit is

situated, ~ will be seen, below the spectroscope.

Fig. 2 (p. 31) shows another form of the spectroscope, which has a prism of extremely

dense glass on the top of the stand. The circle is divided into degrees, &c., and reads with a vernier, like a theodolite or surveyor's transit, by means of which the positions of the spectral lines can be accurately determined. The slit at the end of the left tube is furnished with a reflecting prism, which enables the

observer to examine and compare two spectra in the field of view at the same time. With slight modifications, indirect-vision spectroscopes can be used for determining the *refractive* and *dispersive* powers of solids and liquids.

How to use the spectroscope.—Screw the telescope to the left (in Fig. 2), carrying the knife-edges or slit into the upright ring fixed on to the divided circle, and the other telescope to the right, into the ring attached to the movable index. Now place any common bright light exactly in front of the slit in the left tube; and, while looking through the telescope on the movable index (having first unscrewed the clamping screw under the circle), turn the telescope with the index round the circle until the spectrum is visible.

To obtain the bright lines in the spectrum of any substance.—Remove the bright flame in front of the slit, and substitute in its place the flame of a common spirit-lamp, or, better still, a gas jet known as Bunsen's burner. Take a piece of platinum wire, about the size of a fine sewing needle, bend the end into a small loop about the eighth of an inch in diameter; fuse a small bead of the substance or salt to be experimented on into the loop; and, attaching it to any sort of light stand or support, bring the bead into the mantle of the flame, a little below the level of the knife-edges or slit. If the flame be opposite to the slit, on looking

through the eye-piece of the telescope the fixed lines due to the substance will be plainly visible. When minute quantities

have to be examined, the substance should be dissolved, and a drop of the solution, instead of a solid bead, be used on the platinum wire. It was by

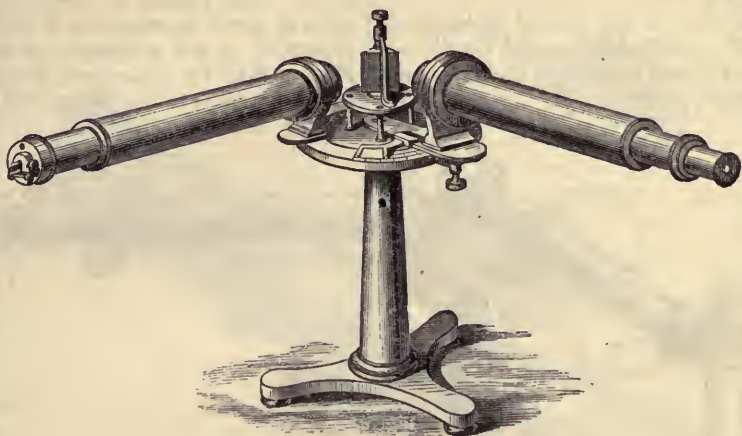


FIG. 2.

this method that Swan found the lines of sodium visible when he employed a solution which did not contain more than $\frac{1}{2,500,000}$ th part of a grain of sodium.

To view Fraunhofer's lines in the solar spectrum.—Turn the slit towards the sun, or a white cloud, and make the slit very narrow by turning the screw at the side near it. In every instance the focus of the telescope should be adjusted in the ordinary way, by sliding the eye-piece or draw-tube until it suits the observer's sight and distinct vision is obtained. It should be borne in mind that lines at various parts of the spectrum require a different adjustment in focusing the telescope.

The small prism turning on a joint in front of the slit is for the purpose of showing two spectra at the same time. To do this it must be brought in front of the slit. Then one flame should be placed so that its light is *reflected* by the small prism through the slit and along the middle of the telescope; the other flame should be placed directly in front of the slit. On looking through the telescope, as before described, the spectra due to the two flames will be seen one above the other.

When the slit is turned towards a bright cloud, and the light of any substance be so placed that it will be reflected by the small prism through the telescope, the spectrum of any substance may be seen and compared at the same time with the solar spec-

trum. In this manner, Kirchhoff determined the presence of the lines of the greater number of the elements which are believed to exist in the sun.

The following is the method employed in prismatically analyzing organic bodies:—

Place a very dilute solution of the substance in a test-tube, which fix in the small clip

attached to a ring that slips on in front of the slit (see Fig. 3). Upon bringing any bright light in front of the tube, on looking thro' the telescope, if properly

adjusted, a bright spectrum will be seen, interrupted by dark bands, called absorption bands, due to the substance in solution. A simple and very interesting experiment of this kind can be made with dilute solutions

of madder, port wine, and blood. In these dilute solutions, no difference can be detected by

the unassisted eye; but, on submitting them in the manner just described to the test of spectrum analysis, very different appearances will be presented. The absorption bands may, however, be more conveniently examined and accurately investigated by means of the micro-spectroscope shown in Fig. 5.

In order to map out any spectrum, place the eye-piece having cross-wires in the telescope, with the cross in the direction of an x. Then move the telescope so that the point where the wires cross comes successively in contact with the various lines, noting the readings on the graduated circle for each line. From these readings, by means of

any scale of equal parts, a map may be easily constructed. In Fig. 3 there are, as may be seen, two prisms on the top of the stand. The prisms are composed of flint-glass of great density, which produce great dispersion of the spectrum, or lengthen it. For, it may be remarked, the greater the refracting angle of the prism, and the denser

the glass of which it is composed, the longer is the spectrum formed by it; or, in other words, the greater is the dispersion.

And if

two or more prisms be used the dispersion will be still further increased, provided the prisms be suitably arranged. The observing telescope in this spectroscope is furnished with two eye-pieces—rack motion

to telescope, and tangent-screw motion to the vernier. The D lines are widely

separated by this spectroscope. In Fig. 4, a direct-vision star spectroscope is represented in section. In the movable end, or the eye-piece, five prisms are arranged, two of which are composed of one kind of glass, and three of another, with their refracting angles in opposite directions; by means of which we get a direct view of the object whose spectrum we wish to examine.

This modification of the spectroscope has been but recently adopted, and is of great practical utility in connection with astronomical researches and microscopical examinations.

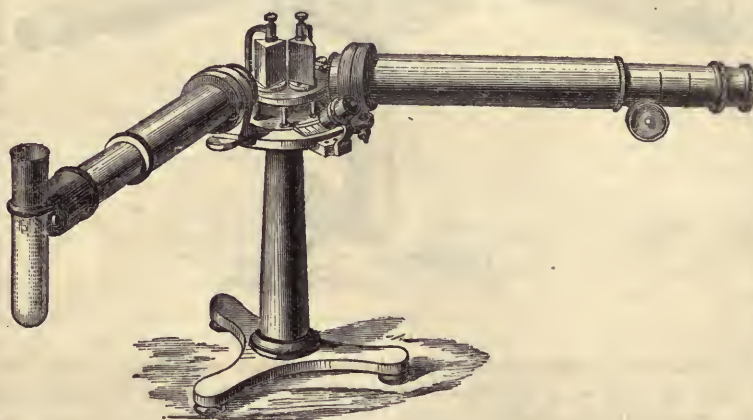


FIG. 3.

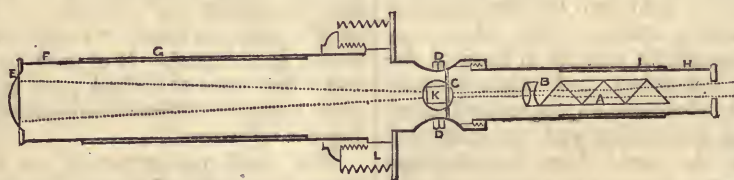


FIG. 4.

Fig. 5 represents a micro-spectroscope—that is, the microscope and spectroscope combined in one instrument. The spectro-

scopic arrangement of direct-vision prisms, similar to that in the star spectroscope (Fig. 4), is applied to the eye-piece of the microscope. This instrument is applicable to opaque objects, without preparation; and by its means two spectra may be compared

at the same time, with one lamp. The spectrum of the smallest object, or a particular portion of any object, can be readily obtained with it.

As a brass tube carrying the compound direct-vision prism, *battery*, or *train* of prisms, as it was sometimes indifferently called; B, a mill-headed screw to adjust the focus; C, a mill-headed screw to open or shut the slit vertically; H is another screw at right angles to C, to regulate the slit horizontally; D D, an apparatus for holding a small tube, that the spectrum given by its contents may be compared with that from any other object on the stage; E, a screw which opens and shuts a slit to admit the quantity of light required to form the second

spectrum. Light entering near E, strikes against a right-angled prism inside the tube near E, and is reflected through the com-

pound train of prisms. The position of the field lens of the eye-piece is shown at F; G is a tube made to fit the microscope to which the spectroscope is applied.

In using this instrument, insert G like an eye-piece in the microscope tube, taking care

that the slit at the top of the eye-piece is in the same direction as the slit below the prism. Screw on the microscope the object-glass required, and place the object

whose spectrum is to be viewed on the stage. Illuminate with stage-mirror—I, if transparent; with mirror, Lieberkuhn, and dark well, if opaque; or by side-reflector,

bull's-eye, &c. Remove A, and open the slit by means of the milled-head, H, at right angles to D D. When the slit is sufficiently open, the rest of the apparatus acts like an ordinary eye-piece, and any object can be focused in the usual way. Having focused the object, replace A, and gradually close the slit till a good spectrum is obtained. The spectrum will be much improved, how-

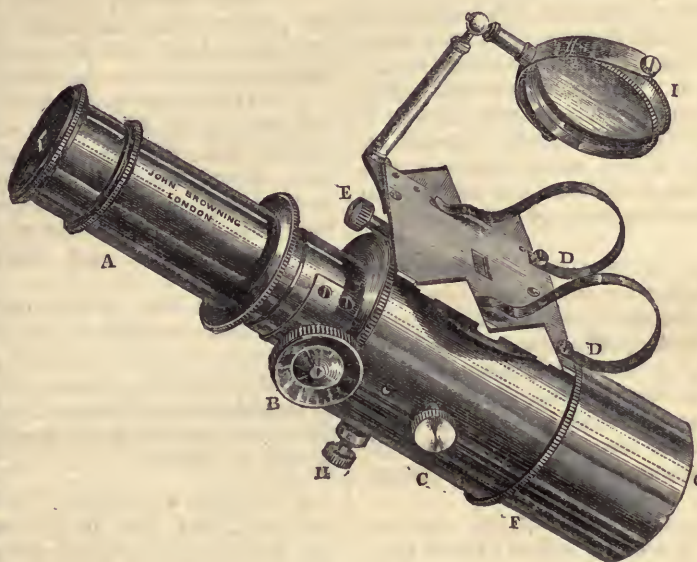


FIG. 5.

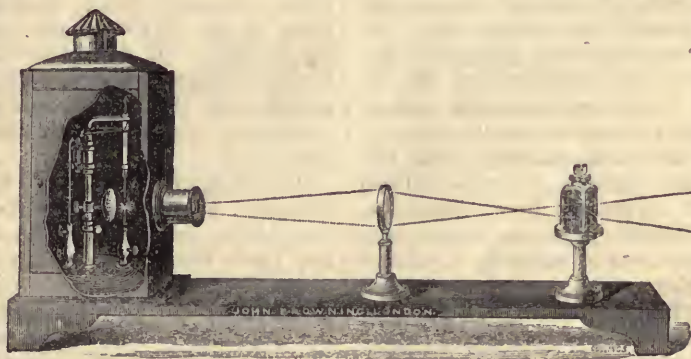


FIG. 6.

ever, by throwing the object a little out of focus.

Every part of the spectrum differs a little from adjacent parts in refrangibility, and delicate bands or lines can only be brought out by accurately focusing their own parts of the spectrum. This can be done by the milled-head, *b*. Disappointment will occur in any attempt at delicate investigation if this direction is not carefully attended to. When spectra of very small objects are to be viewed, powers of from half an inch to one-twentieth of an inch, or higher, may be used.

Fig. 6 (p. 33) represents an automatic electric lamp adapted for projecting the spectra of metals, or the absorption bands of liquids on a screen, for lecturing purposes in schools and colleges, or for public lectures. In addition to the electric lamp, which is somewhat similar to the magic lantern, the figure shows a mounted focusing lens, and a hollow prism containing bisulphide of carbon, mounted on a stand.

Having illustrated some of the most useful forms of direct and indirect vision spectroscopes, and described the methods of using them, let us return to the consideration of the spectral lines. We may, however, mention here that the instruments used are manufactured by Mr. John Browning, of the Minories, London.

Kirchhoff, who discovered, as already stated, the *general law* explanatory of the Fraunhofer lines, concludes, from his observations, that in the atmosphere of the sun the vapours of sodium, potassium, magnesium, calcium, chromium, iron, nickel, copper, barium, zinc, and, probably, cobalt and manganese, are present; but that lithium and silver are not present there. Angström, an eminent Swedish physicist, besides confirming the discoveries made by Kirchhoff in the atmosphere of the sun, has discovered that hydrogen and aluminium, and, probably, strontium, are present there. It may be asked, How can these things be determined? By comparing simultaneously the solar spectrum with one of the spectra of the terrestrial elements, and by seeking out the bright lines in the spectrum of the terrestrial element corresponding in position with the dark lines in the solar spectrum. An objection may be urged against the conclusions drawn from this mode of investigation. The cause of the *D*-line, for instance, in the solar spectrum, may exist in

the earth's atmosphere. Kirchhoff, in his brilliant memoir, thus disposes of this objection:—

1. "The necessary quantity of sodium in the gaseous form can hardly be present in our atmosphere, and the gaseous form is necessary to produce the effect in question.

2. "If the line *D* depended on our atmosphere, it would become more strongly marked when the sun approached the horizon. I have, however, never observed any such change in the distinctness of these lines; though, in the case of some of the neighbouring lines, such changes are very conspicuous.

3. "If the line *D* were not caused by the physical constitution of the sun itself, it would exist in the spectra of all the fixed stars of sufficient brightness; but, according to Fraunhofer and Brewster, it is wanting in the spectra of some of the fixed stars, though present in others."

The precise coincidence of the sodium lines with the *D* lines of the solar spectrum may be most satisfactorily proved by suffering the sun's rays to fall on the slit of the spectroscope through a sodium flame. The effect of the flame is exhibited in the increased distinctness, darkness, and breadth of the *D* lines. What has been stated concerning sodium is equally true of every other substance which, when placed in a flame of any sort, produces bright lines in its spectrum. If these lines coincide with the dark lines of the solar spectrum, the presence in the sun's atmosphere of the substances which produce them must be concluded.

The foregoing views of Kirchhoff are strongly confirmed by Angström, who, with true philosophic modesty, states that, "as the gases which immediately envelop the photosphere must be at a very high temperature we are fully justified in applying the principle that these gases *absorb just the same kinds of light which they emit in a state of glowing heat*. Accordingly, by seeking out the bright lines in the spectra of different metals which have corresponding dark lines in the solar spectrum, we can, with considerable probability, determine what metals in gaseous form enter into the composition of the solar envelope. I say 'only with considerable probability;' for, from the circumstance of two lines coinciding in both the spectra of the sun and of a

given metal, it by no means follows as a necessary consequence that this substance is to be found in the sun; because, on account of the enormous number of dark lines in the sun's spectrum, such coincidence may be accidental: nevertheless, the probability of such an assumption increases in proportion to the number of such coincident lines and their phenomenal peculiarities."

Between the Fraunhofer lines D and F of the solar spectrum, Kirchhoff found no less than sixty lines having their corresponding lines in the spectrum of iron. Had chance alone governed the distribution of these sixty lines, the odds are more than 1,000,000,000,000,000,000 to 1 against all the sixty bright iron lines having fallen into coincidence with dark lines of the solar spectrum; or, stating the case otherwise, there are more than a trillion modes in which the sixty bright iron lines might be distributed among the dark lines, as regards coincidence and non-coincidence. Of these, the very mode which occurs—that of perfect coincidence—is that which would occur were there iron in the sun's atmosphere. We can scarcely doubt, then, that there was something more than chance in the matter; and the conclusion is irresistible that there is iron in the sun's atmosphere. It is proved, as Kirchhoff says, "with as great a degree of certainty as we can attain to any question of physical science."

It has been found that, of the principal Fraunhofer lines in the solar spectrum, B belongs to potassium; with regard to C, there is some difference among spectroscopists—the majority regard it as belonging to hydrogen. It must, however, be observed that, according to some careful experiments by M. Janssen, a distinguished French spectroscopist, C is caused by the absorptive action of the aqueous vapour in the earth's atmosphere; D belongs to sodium; b (a group of lines near E, towards F) belongs to magnesium. There seems to be some difference of opinion with regard to F: the majority say it belongs to hydrogen; according to Angström, it belongs to strontium; G belongs to iron, and H to calcium (lime). According to Mr. Huggins and Dr. Miller, E belongs to iron; whilst, according to the researches of Messrs. Johnson and Allen, published in the thirty-fifth volume of "Silliman's Journal," E belongs to cesium. These discrepancies will, doubtless, soon be reconciled.

Aluminium is especially characterised by two strong lines lying between the H lines of the solar spectrum, and there corresponding to two dark lines.

The manganese spectrum contains thirteen lines between F and G, corresponding to lines in the solar spectrum.

By comparing simultaneously each spectrum of the elements with the solar spectrum, and observing their coincident lines, the several terrestrial substances have been discovered in the sun.

The spectra of the fixed stars.—Among the most distinguished observers of the spectra of the fixed stars are Father Secchi, of Rome, and Mr. Huggins, of London. The views of the former, as contained in a paper read before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at the meeting held in Norwich in 1868, will be given in the concluding part of this article.

THE PASSION PLAY AT OBERAMMERGAU.

BY HENRY BLACKBURN,

AUTHOR OF "THE PASSION PLAY IN BAVARIA."

INTO the cool shade of the ateliers in the "Gabelsbergen-strasse," in Munich, a curious rumour had penetrated, and one that created no small stir in our artistic community. We heard that, at the little mountain village of Oberammergau, about fifty miles south-west of Munich, the peasants were performing every Sunday a religious play, in a large open-air theatre erected by themselves, at which about six thousand persons were generally present; and that, although produced entirely by local artists, the acting was better than anything to be seen on the modern stage. Travellers returned to Munich with such apparently exaggerated accounts of this drama, and of the acting of Joseph Mair as "Der Christus," that our curiosity was raised to the highest pitch; and a party of seven of us immediately arranged to start for the mountains.

We leave Munich at 6.30 a.m. on Friday morning, the 17th of June, and take the railway to Weilheim, on the west side of the Lake of Starnberg, which we reach in about two hours and a half. At Weilheim we are already amongst the mountains, and as we jolt along in the "stellwagen"—a long country waggon, without springs, covered with an awning, in which there are two rows

of seats *vis-à-vis*, for about thirty people—we gain occasional glimpses of the peaks of the Bavarian highlands, that are still far off.

In the middle of the day, we halt for rest at Murnau, a small market town on the old road between Munich and Innspruck; and about five in the afternoon we arrive, with several other vehicles of the same uncomfortable and picturesque description, at the village of Oberammergau. During the last five miles of the route we have passed through a dark mountain gorge, and ascended a hill almost too steep for carriages; and we have passed on our right hand, nestling among the trees, the great, dark dome of the Benedictine monastery of Ettal; but we are on a special mission to Oberammergau, and have no time to give to the old pictures by Tyrolese artists, nor to the ceiling by Knoller, nor to the excellent beer which is brewed at the monastery.

Oberammergau is beautifully situated in a broad valley, sheltered and almost overhung by mountains; a pleasant trout stream (the Ammer) flows through the village, and there are wide green pastures on every side.

The houses are well built, each standing on its own garden ground; the people, who are principally wood-carvers, are quiet and simple in their habits; and, as we enter Oberammergau this evening, and see the villagers returning from the fields, and hear the rustic greetings from one to another as they pass to their quiet *châlets*—some leading sheep and goats from the upper pastures—it is difficult to imagine that this can be the home of histrionic art, and that by any possibility six thousand people will collect together here next Sunday.

We present a letter of introduction to Madame George Lang, the widow of one of the principal people in Oberammergau, and soon obtain most comfortable quarters. Our hostess—who has also obtained places for us in the theatre—tells us that the crowd will be so great that a second performance will be needed on the Monday to accommodate those who have come long distances to see the play.

But where is the theatre? Where are the performers? And where, in this little scattered village, can eight thousand people lay their heads?

“We make up twelve hundred beds for strangers; and for the rest who arrive at

night they can sleep well on sacks in the *stellwagens*,” is the answer to our inquiry. And we learn, too, that hundreds of the peasants will arrive at Oberammergau in the course of the night, and leave again the same evening.

Early in the morning we stroll outside the village and find the “theatre,” a large wooden building, with seats for about six thousand people, nearly all open to the sky. The stage, which occupies the entire width of the theatre, is also uncovered, and is still wet with the rain that has fallen during the night. The only covered portions are the principal seats for the audience at the back, and the inner stage where the *tableaux vivans* are shown.

We spend the greater part of the day here, making drawings of the theatre and of the mountains beyond, which we can see above the boarding on either side. There is nothing to disturb us, or any one to be seen, but a few peasants who stroll in to secure places for the next day, and one or two carpenters who are repairing the stage. One of these, we learned afterwards, was Joseph of Arimathea; and the quiet working-man who came into the theatre with some friends, and looked over our shoulder whilst we were at work, was no less a personage than Joseph Mair, who, in the representation to-morrow, would personate the Christ.

It is now Saturday evening at Oberammergau: the vesper bells are clamouring from the church tower, and the crowd is coming at last. On every road and pathway, and down every mountain side, the people come streaming in, and down the valley, as far as the eye can see, a long line of *stellwagens* is toiling up the hill. The village church is crowded with peasant women in their dark stuff dresses and white handkerchiefs tied round the head; and here and there the grey costume and Tyrolese feathered cap of the men are conspicuous.

These people stand in the churchyard overlooking the road, and say their prayers for a moment as they pass. Of such a crowd who flock in during the last few hours of the day, and almost overwhelm the little village, it is difficult to give any idea in these pages; and how they disperse and disappear for the night is as extraordinary as the perfect order and method with which everything is done.

But they have come upon a serious errand, and are all of one mind.

"For once all men seem one way drawn—
See nothing else, hear nothing."

The whole ceremony, and the occasion of it, are so unique, that we must say a few words before describing the event of the morrow. Once in ten years, in accordance with a religious vow, the peasants of Oberammergau and the neighbourhood give a dramatic representation of the Passion of Christ.

Fifty years ago these plays were common in Bavaria, but they have long been forbidden by the clergy as "unworthy of an enlightened age;" and, with one or two unimportant exceptions—as in the case of Brixlegg, in the Tyrol—are now only to be witnessed at Oberammergau. There are in all nearly five hundred people engaged in the Passions-Spiel, which lasts, with a short interval, from eight in the morning until half-past four in the afternoon. No one is allowed to take part in the performance who is not a native of Oberammergau. The text of the drama has been revised by Herr Daisenberger; the music is arranged by the village schoolmaster; the scenery is painted by local artists; and the actors, one and all, are working-men of the village. They are all brought up to act from childhood, and rehearse industriously throughout the winter months.

The play, which represents events in the life of Christ from his entry into Jerusalem to his crucifixion and resurrection, is taken entirely from the New Testament history, and is illustrated with prophetic tableaux from the Old Testament, which are shown from the inner stage between the scenes. There is also a "chorus of angels"—on the plan of the old Greek theatres—that come upon the stage at intervals, and recite or sing words addressed to the audience, pointing the moral of the play. It is this chorus, with their mournful voices, that gives in the latter scenes a touching aspect to the drama, and fixes the attention of the audience throughout the day.

At five o'clock on Sunday morning the whole village is up and stirring. Masses have been held at the church every half hour since daybreak; and by seven nearly every one is crowding to the theatre. As we look out of our cottage window, we can distinguish many of the performers walking

with their costumes on their arms, and little children carrying palm branches for the first great scene of the Entry into Jerusalem. There is the ass, with its rich covering, led by a poor old man who is to personate Barabbas; and, following them, a crowd of Pharisees and high priests with curiously shaped mitres; and walking quietly after them, in neat peasants' attire, the two daughters of Tobias Flunger (Pilate). The younger and shorter of the two will presently personate the Maria, and the elder (the beautiful Josepha) will take a principal part in the chorus. They are all so quiet, modest, and unassuming in manner, that it is difficult to realize that they are the actors; and it is almost startling to find that the man who has taken so much trouble to obtain seats for us in the theatre, and who has paid us several little attentions during our visit, is Judas Iscariot. Through his good offices we have reserved places, and are not obliged to go to the theatre at seven, as the majority of the vast audience have done. When we enter, at a quarter to eight, the sun is shining brightly on the vast stage, and on the heads of five thousand people. There is very little noise for such a crowd; and we can hear the birds singing and the wind rustling amongst the trees. At eight o'clock a gun fires in the village, and the play begins. The orchestra, consisting of twenty-four performers, with several good violins, commence an overture; and the chorus, twenty-one in number—nine men and twelve women—come filing slowly in, and take up their position in line in front of the stage. They are clad in bright classic robes, with white tunics and wreaths on their heads—the men shaven, with long hair over their shoulders, scarce distinguishable from the women. Foremost and tallest of the women is Josepha Flunger, who takes the leading contralto part. The leader of the chorus first recites a prologue; they then slowly retire on either side, and the curtain of the central stage is drawn up. After a tableau representing Adam and Eve expelled from Paradise, we see, winding down the streets of Jerusalem, a multitude of people in Oriental costume, singing and waving palm branches in the air. Gradually, they crowd upon the immense open stage, the voices becoming louder and the enthusiasm greater every moment; when, in the midst of the throng, the Christ appears, slowly riding down the street, followed closely by his

Apostles, and hemmed in on all sides by an eager, excited crowd, shouting hosannas to the Son of David, throwing garments on the ground, and singing songs of welcome. The stillness of the audience at this moment was wonderful; and every eye was turned to the grand figure of Joseph Mair (the Christ) as he slowly dismounted from the ass and came into the midst of the crowd. It was as if the finest picture of the Saviour that had ever been painted by the early Italian masters was moving before us; the noble figure; the sad, worn, dignified face; the dark, flowing hair parted in the middle; the purple robe falling in the most perfect folds; the sandalled feet—all copied with strict fidelity, and, apparently, without thought or care in the achievement. The apostles who follow could be easily distinguished by their costume one from the other. There was Peter, in a blue robe and yellow mantle, with bare feet; John, in a red costume (after the picture by Zurbaran); and Judas, orange and yellow—all copied from the old masters—every fold of drapery being familiar to the eye as represented on canvas. The Jewish crowd had a more Oriental and picturesque colouring, and the variety of costume and attitude in this scene formed a picture of the most effective kind. The number of persons on the stage must have been nearly three hundred; but there was not one of that number who reminded the audience that they were witnessing a mimic scene.

After three scenes, representing the Journey to Bethany, Christ taking leave of His Mother, and the Temptation of Judas—all accompanied by prophetic tableaux and the explanatory chorus—comes the scene of the Last Supper, from the celebrated fresco by Leonardo da Vinci. We see Christ and his Apostles seated at the table, and the bread and wine administered separately to each. This, and the Washing the Disciples' Feet, is performed with the utmost solemnity, the chorus (invisible) singing a hymn.

After three more tableaux—one of which represents Samson overpowered by the Philistines—we witness the Agony in the Garden, the Betrayal by a Kiss; and, finally, Christ deserted by his Disciples, bound by the soldiers, and led away.

Thus ends the first half of the play (in which there are fourteen scenes and eleven tableaux), which has lasted without intermission for three hours and a half, without a single hitch or sign of hesitation on the

part of any of the performers, great or small. It is half-past eleven, and the chorus, who have stood bareheaded in the sun nearly all this time, must have need of rest. The audience disperse quietly, many of them to dine in the neighbouring fields or in the waggons that line the roadside. We have just time for a hasty repast and to return to our seats by half-past twelve, when a gun is fired again, and the second part of the play begins, consisting of twenty scenes and fourteen tableaux.

Again the chorus come filing slowly in, and sing the sad refrain which sounds so mournfully through the trees. The wind has risen, and their robes are tossed into wide horizontal folds, and the dark tresses of the beautiful Josepha Flunger are flying in the wind.

The second part opens with a striking tableau, showing Ahab and Jehoshaphat seated on thrones, surrounded by their court, and before them Micaiah, the prophet of the Lord—a tableau typical, as the chorus explains, of the sufferings of Christ, so soon to follow. The curtain falls; the chorus retire again, and immediately there enters a crowd of people bringing Christ before Annas, who appears on a balcony of his house. It is impossible to describe the exciting nature of this scene, or the natural manner in which every child, even, in the Jewish crowd acted his part. In this scene, where Christ is brought before Pilate, there must have been more than two hundred people on the stage; but there was no confusion anywhere. And it was here, and in the two or three succeeding scenes of the drama, that the acting of Joseph Mair was most admirable and striking: his attitude in the midst of the mocking crowd; his appeal to Annas, answered by a blow from one of the soldiers, brought tears to the eyes of the audience; and there was a silence at this point literally broken by sobs.

But, not to dwell upon each scene, nothing in the whole play seemed to excite the audience more than Judas, in his orange and yellow robes, flitting about the stage, clutching at his bag, which held the "price of blood;" until, able to bear the strain no longer, he rushes into the midst of the council, and, throwing down the bag of silver, with a wild shriek of despair flies from the city. The tragic effect of this scene—to those even who could look upon it as upon an ordinary drama—was fearful; and

in the following one, where we see him in the last act of desperation, unloosing his girdle, and climbing a tree as the curtain falls, one or two of the spectators fainted.

In the next scene Jesus is brought before Pilate, and afterwards before Herod; but the most striking scene is where Pilate delivers Jesus to the multitude and releases Barabbas. This was acted with great ability by Tobias Flunger as Pilate; and, as a picture, was most effective. The grand figure of the Christ standing before his accusers, the crowd clamouring for his death—the same crowd, the same little children, who, but a short time since, sang hosannas in his honour, and spread palm branches in his path, now shouted and screamed for his blood.

But the great scene of all is, of course, the Crucifixion. Before the curtain draws up, the chorus enter, clad in black cloaks, with black wreaths and crosses on their foreheads. They address the audience, and sing in a mournful strain, broken only by the sobs of the people, and the sound of hammering on the cross. When the curtain is raised we see the Christ, already fixed on the cross, lying on the ground; and on either side the two thieves hanging, bound with cords. They slowly raise the central figure into its position, which reaches to the top of the stage; the crowd falls back, and the most perfect picture of the Crucifixion is before us. It matters not to the spectator *how* the beautiful form of the Christ is suspended—though the means are no secret—so that every limb should fall into the most perfect lines; it is enough for us to record generally that every detail of Gospel history is brought painfully before us; we see the suffering figure, the torn and bleeding hands, and the bruised head with the crown of thorns. Everything is carried out to the letter, even to the piercing of the side, and the breaking of the legs of the thieves. The soldiers on the ground tear up Christ's garments, and throw dice to cast lots for his vesture. Every incident is depicted with terrible reality; and when the end comes, when the Saviour utters the final words, "It is finished," and when darkness ensues, and a crash of thunder follows—the more startling from the silence of the spectators—and a messenger comes rushing in to say that "the veil of the temple is rent in twain," the climax of tragedy is reached.

We cannot speak in detail of "the Burial,"

"the Resurrection," and the "Ascension" into heaven, because they come to the spectator as an anti-climax, and are weak in comparison with what has gone before. The only event worth recording after the great scene is the beautiful Hallelujah chorus at the end, and this is heard to greater advantage from the fields outside the theatre.

And what, it will be asked, was the general effect upon the peasant part of the audience, upon the comparatively poor and uneducated people who had come from all parts of Germany, travelling day and night in open waggons—which formed their lodging at night as well as conveyance by day—to witness the Passions-spiel. The effect was solemn, impressive, and undoubtedly good. There was no misbehaviour or disturbance amongst this immense number of people; and there was no applause or loud expression of approval until the conclusion. The majority sat silently in the burning sun through the long day, reading lessons that they never would have learned by ear, and receiving impressions never to be forgotten in this world. But it had at no time in the day the aspect of a religious ceremony—as it has been sometimes described. It was more the attitude of people in a gallery of pictures of sacred history—they were more or less impressed, but under no particular restraint of conduct.

The ordinary travellers and tourists who are flocking to Oberammergau will, of course, contemplate this wonderful play with very mixed feelings; but, as may be gathered from the foregoing account, there is nothing to shock the most sensitive religious instincts, and nothing to justify clergymen in England in denouncing the Passions-spiel from the pulpit, as some have already thought it their duty to do. There are some realistic parts of the play, such as the Crucifixion scene, and the breaking of the bones of the two thieves on the cross, which some women had better not see; and one or two of the tableaux—such as that of Jonah and the Whale—are undoubtedly ludicrous, though not more ludicrous than many stained glass windows in English churches; but the general effect upon the minds of those who have witnessed this year's performance is best expressed in the words of a late writer, who says:—"I have never seen so affecting a spectacle, or one more calculated to draw out the best and purest feelings of the heart."

THE MORTIMERS:

A NOVEL WITH TWO HEROES.

By the EDITOR.

BOOK V.—CHAPTER II.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

THOSE of our readers who are interested in following the fortunes of Reginald Erle will recollect that, on the evening of the first day of the Malton meeting, Campbell and Erle retired to a secluded spot among the firs that skirt Malton Downs on the Madingley side, and, having seated themselves, entered into a conversation concerning matters of the highest importance to our hero. The result of that deliberation was, that Campbell wrote down in his memorandum-book the address of Reginald's early instructor and firm friend, the Jesuit, Lavelle. And, the time being at length arrived when Lavelle and Campbell were both in London together, they had had various meetings and conferences together at the residence of the former, close to the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, which was in the neighbourhood of Bartholomew-square.

It was on the last of these occasions, and just before Campbell was leaving London to resume his duties at Cambridge, that they were able mutually to congratulate each other upon the results at which they had arrived. The work of helping Erle to solve the mystery hanging about his birth had been divided between the two—the wily Father and the shrewd Scotchman. Campbell, who had an intimate knowledge of the history and ramifications of the Mortimer family for generations back, had undertaken to satisfy both himself and Lavelle that the suspicions and conjectures raised in his mind by various circumstances that had come to his knowledge, had a foundation in truth, or were unworthy of further consideration.

On the other hand, Lavelle, who had known our hero from his earliest infancy, and was perfectly acquainted with all the circumstances connected with his birth and nurture, undertook to hunt for evidence from all the sources whence it was likely to be obtainable. Besides, it was manifest that Dr. Gasc, in any case, must be a most important witness to the truth or fallacy of the theories respecting Reginald Erle's right to take a certain honourable position in society, which the circumstances of which

his two friends were cognizant had led them to build up in his behalf.

Lavelle was naturally a sanguine and hopeful man, and predisposed to jump at conclusions on very slender evidence. But his fine penetration into the motives that actuate humanity served him in good stead, and often supplied the place of inductive reasoning. The Jesuit seemed to arrive at the truth by intuition; so rapid was his analysis, and so correct were most of his conclusions.

Campbell, on the contrary, proceeded step by step, with all a Scotchman's proverbial caution. He admitted nothing, believed nothing, hoped nothing, until it had been submitted to and borne the test of a searching inquiry. With two men of such great natural sagacity, with the power of investigation at their command, and on the right track to begin with, it is not to be wondered at that Erle's case made rapid advancement; and that at the end of a few weeks they were in a position to make an important announcement to him, had they judged it prudent and well to do so.

But, like good generals, whether in the camp or the senate, they waited to complete their preparations, to place every point in their case beyond the reach of their adversaries' shafts before they made any aggressive movement. Campbell well knew the man they would have to deal with, in fighting with Robert Mortimer. He expected that the member for Malton, whose interests would be at stake directly Erle's friends made a progressive step, would contest every inch of ground, and hesitate at nothing in the defence of his position. Therefore, the Jesuit and the Scotchman waited to complete their armament before they opened the campaign they must fight to the death. And, therefore, they counselled Erle to be patient; but the position in which he was placed began to grow intolerably irksome to him. He had, as yet—so quietly and secretly had the movements of his friends in his behalf been conducted—no suspicion of the nature of the issue to be contested.

A letter of his lay spread out on the table at Lavelle's lodging. Campbell and the Father were seated on either side of the fireplace. It was easy to see, from the expression of their faces, that they were highly pleased at the result of their inquiries.

"Poor fellow," said Campbell, "his situation at the Chase is by no means a pleasant

one for a man of honourable feeling to occupy."

"Some of these days we shall hear that he has evacuated the fortress, I expect," said Lavelle.

"No—not without notice first," replied Campbell. "He will not desert his post, however disagreeable it may be to him to remain at it."

"I do not feel so sure of that. He did not give you much notice of his intention to leave Tudor."

"On the contrary, sir," replied Campbell, smiling; "he did give me all the notice he could. He distinctly said to me in my own rooms that he could not stay at Tudor another day, or see one of his old companions again."

"Then I was mistaken. At least, he gave me no notice; for the first thing we heard of him was after he had been ill of a fever for five or six days, on his road to London; and the Doctor—as I well recollect—rushed off post-haste to be with him. I think Dr. Gasc would, at any time, march off to the end of the world for him."

"I was with him, too," said Campbell; "and was, consequently, a witness of the Doctor's devotion."

"We are to have the dear old Achille back in London again, soon, in his old house in Bartholomew-square."

"So you informed me," observed the Scotchman. "I hope he may live for many years to enjoy his old place of abode."

"Where he will be happier than anywhere else in the world," said Lavelle; "for Achille is a 'bundle of habits,' if ever man was; and he is much attached to his queer old house."

"His affairs have turned out better than he at first expected?"

"Very much," returned the Father. "And now, if we succeed in raising his adopted son to fortune and 'his ain,' Achille de Gasc will be the happiest man in England."

"Or out of it?" said Campbell, laughing. The Jesuit nodded assent.

"Erle feels," said Lavelle, looking up from the letter, "apart from this other cause of embarrassment in remaining at the Chase, that he ought not to stay a day longer, now he has found out his love for the young lady—who, by your description, is surpassingly beautiful. Is he not right? He cannot love her?"

"Who says he cannot love her?"

"My meaning is clear. I mean that, under present circumstances—"

"Precisely, he may love her—may love Mabel Despencer," said Campbell, interrupting; "but must not tell his love."

"That he would never do by look or sign. His honour is too bright for him to try to win the affection of a woman he is accidentally brought into contact with—who is another's."

"I have seen enough to be sure that Mabel Despencer is in love with Erle. No word will pass between them, of course; they will avoid each other as much as possible. But it is clear for all that, to me. But here," Campbell added, "I never knew a man in a hopeless plight, when either money or a woman was not at the bottom of it."

"There is truth in that, my friend," responded the Jesuit with a sigh.

"However," Campbell continued, "I will write to him, and beg him to wait patiently the course of events. He knows our hopes, though he is ignorant of the evidence on which they are based."

"Quite so; and it is for us to consider next when and how to commence our proceedings."

"One step will be for me to announce to Sir Harold the impossibility of Charles Mortimer becoming the husband of Mabel. In whatever way we view the case, having regard to the Scotch law, he is already married."

"What effect will that have upon the family?" asked the Jesuit.

"Sir Harold will bear it with calmness. He has lost all regard for Charles, I believe. Miss Margaret, his sister, will be very much grieved, I expect. And her brother Robert, Mr. Charles's father, would be ready to shoot his son, if he had the pluck to do it."

"But we must not begin with that step."

"No," replied Campbell, whose eyes were bright with the confidence of success. "Our first movement in the campaign must be directed against the stronghold of Robert Mortimer, and you must make it."

"I am ready," was Lavelle's answer.

TABLE TALK.

THE *Figaro*, quoting our advertisement, pretends to a good-natured astonishment at the fact that the earliest and hardiest

plant of all the Christmas annuals has made its appearance, and that it is to be called, "Magic Leaves." But, as the paragraph shows, Christmas fruits must be planted at Midsummer, and our announcement is not a whit too early. For "Magic Leaves"—made so by wit, good sense, and good-humour—abound wherever an editor has the sense to secure contributors who have the genius to write well and honestly. The *Figaro* itself—compared with lower, foolish, and vicious prints—is, in its vivacity and good sense, a magic leaf; and, as such, we are glad to welcome it.

A WRITER, however, in *Figaro's* columns, in trying to prove Charles Reade wrong, only shows that *he* has not read so much as the author he finds fault with—no uncommon case with critics. He pardons, says this critic, Mr. Reade's "invention of the word, *Englished*." He might as well pardon him for executing Lady Jane Grey, for the crime (?) is none of his. It is a good word, used by Lord Shaftesbury (author of "Characteristics"), by Addison, and by Otway.

"Lucretius *English'd*, 'twas a work might shake
The power of English verse to undertake:
Thus all men thought, but you are born, we find,
To outdo the expectations of mankind."—

wrote that fine dramatist, in his letter to Creech. Lucretius was *Englished* by Creech, Virgil *Englished* by Dryden, and "The Visions of Quevedo" *Englished* by Sir Roger L'Estrange. As Otway died in 1685, Mr. Reade must have invented the word a hundred and fifty years before he was born, or nearly two hundred years before he dramatized "Free Labor," or *Englished* the "Robust Invalid."

IF WE WANTED to bring Mr. Reade to book—which we by no means desire to do, except to make him write as fine a novel as "Foul Play," which appeared in these pages—we should speak to him about his way of spelling "labor." *Laborare, labor*, are Latin words; but we derive from Norman French, and thus get *honour* instead of *honor*, *labour* vice *labor*. To spell in the Latin and not English way is American, say the critics. Is it? Bacon uses *labor*, *honor*, and Jeremy Taylor *valor*; and Milton the same words in the same letters. These schoolmen used Latinized words, and if we tried to bring a scholar to book we might pull too many

books down upon our own heads. A good writer, we may depend, has a reason even for his crotchets.

THAT MOST CHARMING PAINTER of *genre* pictures, M. Meissonnier, who makes his works as bright and as true as little realities seem through an opera glass, has gone to the wars to "make history," and to adorn the Tuileries with French triumphs. But this is forecasting the event. Xerxes brought a block of marble to celebrate his victory over the Greeks: after Marathon and Salamis, the *Græculi esurientes* had the extreme pleasure of reading the memento of their own victories on the Persian marble.

GUSTAVE DORE has lent his pencil also to the task of supporting and invigorating his countrymen in their struggle. His contribution is a large illustration of De Musset's "Rhine Song," and the line—

"Où le père a passé, passera bien l'enfant."

The ghosts of the famous Old Guard salute the young soldiers of France, who rush onwards to claim the borders of the Rhine! Very pretty; very poetical. But—well, there is a verse of Thackeray's which might be illustrated also, as a warning:—

"Though more than half the world was his,
He died without a rood his own;
And borrowed from his enemies
Six feet of ground to rest upon!"

From the Old Napoleon to the New, this would be as interesting as De Musset's illustrated "fillip," from the Old Guard to the New.

POOR MR. GEORGE HODDER, who, though guilty of a very silly book, will be remembered as a humble friend of Thackeray, as the butt of some of Jerrold's bitter sarcasms, as one of those whose little aid went to establish *Punch*, and as a small thread in a knot of brilliant Bohemians, died at Richmond on Sunday, August 31. It will be remembered that the poor gentleman was thrown off a coach, driven by a friend, in return from a convivial party at Richmond. After six weeks—a long agony—the poor fellow died. He was a man of a gentle heart and a gentle mind; and we fervently hope that that peace which a working reporter and a writer who never lifts his head above the crowd does *not* find on earth,

G. H. may find in heaven. His last—we believe his only—book brought him a terrible dressing—pepper, salt, and vinegar—from the *Saturday*; and in thinking of him one recalls Goldsmith's lines on Ned Purdon:—

"Here lies poor Ned Purdon (from misery freed),
Who long was a bookseller's hack;
He led such a d—nable life in this world,
That I don't think he'll wish to come back."

"THE SUPERIOR ANIMAL" is the title of a weak and spiteful—are not all spiteful things weak?—satire on man, just out. It is written by a manly woman or womanly man, we can't say which. But the fun of the thing is this, woman claims to be the superior animal. If she be so, *she* is satirized; if man is so, the satire only proves what it attempts to deny and disprove. Who is the superior animal—a he-male or a she-male? as they say in America. "Which ever you please, my little dears; you pays your money and you has your choice." Only, if you be a man, don't buy "The Superior Animal;" if a woman, don't buy him.

IN THEIR ISSUE OF Wednesday, August 3rd, both *Punch* and *Judv* publish a cartoon founded upon the same idea, and having precisely the same title. Most of our readers, no doubt, will have seen the figure of the typical John Bull, in each of these comic papers, weighing the claims of France and Prussia, and coming to the conclusion that it is "Six of one and half a dozen of the other." We have often wondered that such a coincidence in the cartoons of the comic papers does not occur more frequently, as editor and draughtsman have but a limited range of subjects weekly to choose from. That this similarity does so infrequently happen, is another illustration of the rareness of precisely the same idea striking two minds simultaneously.

TRULY LIGHT SHINES FORTH in most unexpected quarters. *The Armourer*—"a warning voice for perilous times, and for the defence of God's truth against man's impostures, whether in divinity, science, or political and social economy"—comes to us from Swindon, in Wiltshire. The name of the editor and proprietor—we copy the announcement in *The Armourer*—is "John Hampden, Esq." The name is a very good one; though the Swindon editor, unlike his

brave namesake a couple of centuries ago, is making a stand, not so much against political grievances as the belief that the earth is round. The greater portion of the paper—which is very well printed—is devoted to the advocacy of the views of an individual whom we recollect, under the style and title of "Parallax," giving lectures in country towns for the last fifteen or sixteen years, or possibly longer; and, after his lecture, holding a discussion with the parson or the schoolmaster, as the case might be. *The Armourer* appears to be the organ of the views of this gentleman and a select party. It says:—"Whenever the truth shall be known, the sun, moon, and most distant stars will be found in close proximity to our earth—that the earth itself rests upon that hell which the Word of God declares to be 'bottomless'—that the 'heavenly bodies,' as they are termed, are nothing but luminous gases, for if they were aught else they could not float about in mid air." To this remarkable statement we may add the following regarding the distance of the sun from the earth:—"When the sun's altitude—taken direct with a clinometer, and without making allowance for 'dip' or refraction—is at London 61°, it is at the same moment at Brighton 64°. Here, then, we have all the required elements—a base line of fifty statute miles: an angle at the north end of 61°, and at the south end of 64°. By 'construction,' it will be found that the lower edge of the sun, above the earth to which it is vertical, is less than eight hundred statute miles!" After these discoveries, we may not reasonably express surprise when we are told in another place that "it is no use disguising the fact that we hold our country in the most supreme contempt." In a pre-eminently scientific age, is it not a curious illustration of the combativeness inherent in the Anglo-Saxon mind, that such a paper as *The Armourer* should appear; and of the stupidity properly belonging to the same, that this very radical little print should find readers?

AUGUST THE 4TH AND OYSTERS have long been associated in the memories of the lovers of the delicious bivalve. Seven or eight years ago, when oysters were sold at a reasonable price, stalls stationed at the corner of every street drove a thriving trade on the first day of the season. But now little remains of the glories of the 4th of

August for the oyster-eater, except the melancholy recollection of how different things used to be, and the customary demands of little ragged children, holding in their hands the silver-lined shell of the oyster, and calling for halfpence. Walking on that day through the Whitefriars purlieus of the Temple, towards the Thames Embankment, I was accosted in this way by troops of dirty urchins a dozen times at least: "Please, sir, it only comes once a-year, sir." This custom is familiar to every Londoner. Does it extend to other parts of England, or is it purely local? Verily, oysters will only be eaten once a-year by any but the rich, if the price continues to rise. Now, the consumption of a couple of dozen of natives is not unlike sitting down to a pile of threepenny bits, and swallowing them one at a time. Wending my way through the Temple-gardens—which are considerably enlarged by a slice from the Thames Embankment—where, by the kindness of the benchers, troops of wretched London children were disporting themselves with great glee on the smooth grass-plot, I went, as of old, to the celebrated oyster shop in Maiden-lane. But the glory of the place was gone. With the scarcity of oysters, the celebration of the first day of the season had grown into disuse. There were no natives to be had. As a substitute, I partook of some "Essex" oysters at eighteen-pence a dozen; but I could not help being mindful of the days when we used to buy three dozen of the best natives for that sum. May the succulent bivalves soon be cheaper!

ONE WOULD HAVE THOUGHT that we were reading a bit of folk-lore when we perused the evidence of Mr. Menzies, Deputy-Surveyor of Windsor Forest, at the inquest on the body of the young man who was killed on Sunday, July 10, by the bough of an elm tree falling upon him, as he lay asleep on the grass. Mr. Menzies' statement relative to elm trees was very curious, and, we imagine, must be classed among those "things which are not generally known." He said that he saw the limb itself, and the place where it fell from. The branch was a living one, and had fallen about forty feet. He might state that elm trees, such as those in the Long Walk, were the most dangerous they had. The tree itself was in perfect health as looked at from the outside. Dur-

ing great heat and great drought branches of elm trees were exceedingly liable to fall without the slightest notice or warning—and green branches much more so than dead ones—even in the calmest weather. In consideration of the great drought and the known danger, his attention had been specially called by Prince Christian, the Ranger, and General Seymour, the Deputy-Ranger, to the trees on the Long Walk. It seems very strange, and is, certainly, a curious fact, that those arms of elms that appear to be the strongest and most vigorous, should, in seasons of heat and drought, be more liable to fall off than the dead branches. This should be noted by Mr. Leo H. Grindon, for the next edition of his very interesting book, "The Trees of Old England," in which he has not mentioned the above circumstance. Above all, it should be borne in mind by our pic-nic parties this summer, and by all who would wish to lie "under the shadows of the leafy elms." That tree has always been largely used for coffins; and it should now be remembered that it may, in other ways, be connected with death.

IN THE RAGING CONFLICT of opinion among the *cognoscenti* concerning the merits of two-years-old racing, the case of Reindeer should be instanced by Sir Joseph Hawley's opponents. Reindeer, probably the oldest animal in training, is the property of a very honest sportsman, Mr. Savile. He won two races at Brighton last week in capital style, winning easily from his field. Old Reindeer has been eleven years in training; so "premature racing" cannot be said to have hurt him. Indeed, the old horse seems ever-green, and, apparently, takes quite a delight in upsetting Sir Joseph's theories. But possibly Sir Joseph Hawley would say the exception proves the rule; and we are not disinclined to agree with him.

The New Volume of ONCE A WEEK, price 6s., is now ready. Order of any Bookseller in the United Kingdom.

Rejected MSS. will be returned to the authors, if stamps for that purpose are sent.

The Editor will only be responsible for their being safely re-posted to the addresses given.

Every MS. must have the name and address of the author legibly written on the first page.

The authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

ONCE A WEEK is registered for transmission abroad.

ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 138.

August 20, 1870.

Price 2d.

ONE OF TWO; OR, A LEFT-HANDED BRIDE. BY HAIN FRISWELL.

CHAPTER V.

EDGAR WADE SEEKS AN ADVISER.



AS was sagely said in the last chapter, is a secret; and, whether it be good or bad, is often a trouble to the owner, even if he wishes to conceal it for the most honourable purposes.

So it was with Old Forster. Events had succeeded themselves at such a rate during that eventful day, that, as he followed Edgar Wade up his own handsome stone staircase, he had need of undergoing a process—not unknown to him—of mentally shaking and pulling himself together.

"Hallo!" said he to himself, "I had nearly let the cat out of the bag! 'Why is this old fellow so interested in this particular murder?' my boy will ask; for, although he is as innocent as a lamb, he is a barrister, and sharp—dev'lish sharp!"

All persons have a belief, which you shall not tear from them with hot iron pincers, that their own barrister, and particular lawyer, or physician, know a great deal more

than any one else's barrister, lawyer, or physician. It is a portion of our conceit. Let us borrow Old Daylight's expression as we for a moment pause over it, and exclaim, "Poor human nature!"

But, sharp as Mr. Edgar Wade was, he was so absorbed in his own misfortune and his mother's sickness that he never gave one thought to Daylight's agitation, and it is therefore to be presumed that he did not notice it. Old Forster hugged himself for his lucky escape, for he loved his hobby as much as he loved his secretly adopted son; and he feared that if his occupation as detective were found out, Edward Wade would at once cut him.

"A high-spirited young chap like that," said Forster, "wouldn't go to consort with an old thief-taking, crime-tracking, murder-marking individual like myself! Not a bit. The wonder is as he's never found it out. But he's a tip-top barrister, he is—none of your Old Bailey prowlers. If he has anything to do with crime, it's the forging of a duke's will, or the running away of a baronet's wife with a young and spirited marquis—that's the game for him! High game, indeed! None of your low, vulgar murders."

But, after all, crime is a vulgar matter—and so the more reflective Daylight thought as he sat down in Edgar Wade's easy chair, and glanced round the barrister's room. Edgar, in the meantime, let down the flap of an antique cabinet, and, placing the light near him, arranged his letters properly, and then prepared to speak.

The room was well and substantially furnished, but still was the room of a student; although vases of flowers, and one or two feminine nick-nacks seemed, to the ordinary mind, to betray a woman's hand. But no woman had helped Edgar. His mind was feminine, delicate, fond of luxury and pretty adornments; while it was, on the other hand, vigorous and full of life. But there was more of the student than the man of the

world in the room. Two or three fine mezzotints of judges were framed and adorned the room; but there were none of Messrs. Fores' celebrated pugilistic encounters, or portraits of celebrated fighters or wrestlers, or even of Captain Barclay walking his world-famed match; nor even those capital caricatures of the beaux of the day, which have descended to our time; nor of the capital hunting or stage-coach adventures then published by Halken. Nor were there any boxing-gloves, single-sticks, and crossed foils in that room, as the observant eye of the old detective did not fail to note. Near one window stood Edgar's standing desk, which he had brought from Cambridge with him; above it was a copper-plate of his old college, St. Blazius; and on the side-shelf of the desk were recent editions of Coke and Blackstone, and the celebrated law-book, "Sugden on Vendors," from which it is to be presumed Mr. Edgar had been taking notes.

Mr. Tom Forster sat down with some degree of relief, and looked round him. Suddenly he called out—

"But Mrs. Wade, Edgar—if she is ill or worse—"

"If Mrs. Wade rings," said Edgar, in a cold, dry tone, "she will be attended to. The nurse will go and see her."

Nurse! Had he left her to a nurse, and he such an affectionate fellow? Well, trouble had turned *his* head, strong as it was, and young as he was. Poor human nature!

"Now, look here," said Old Forster, bursting all over with suppressed filial affection—for whatever irritation he felt for the deceased Forster *père* who, instead of enjoying himself like a rational being, had kept his money a secret, and made his son work like a slave, Daylight had a tender heart, full of real reverence for old people, and none the less because he was old and grey-headed himself—"Now, look here, Edgar, you're put out, you know you are. Keep your temper, my boy. Why call your dear mother—and a better lady never trod neat's leather—Mrs. Wade? Why not, as always, mother?"

"Why?" answered Edgar, still coldly. "Why?"

"Look here—"

Mr. Forster was again about to reply, but the barrister stopped him.

"Why, my dear old friend—and here I confess I must plead to you as my

old friend—*because Mrs. Wade is not my mother!*"

"Poor human—!"

The old Bow-street officer did not finish his phrase; as he felt a fly might have knocked him down with an extension of one of its hind legs! He recovered himself, however.

"Now, look here," he began again, "you're a clever fellow, Edgar—a devilish clever fellow; but you work too hard, as they say in the slang dictionary"—(Forster was about to apologise for his too frequent use of the vulgar tongue, which he picked up in his work, and he put his fault on the slang dictionary)—"you're off your head, you are; you don't know what you say. *Not your mother!*"

Old Daylight rubbed his hands as if he had said something utterly impossible to refute—as that the earth goes round the sun, or two and two make four.

"It's impossible," he added.

The barrister merely looked at him with a quiet, sad, pitying expression.

"It is impossible," he said; "but, nevertheless, it is true."

After this a fly might, after knocking Old Daylight down, have trampled him to pieces. Here were the two people whom he most admired in the world rejecting each other. Here was a pattern son throwing his mother to the winds. As for Forster, he could *not* believe it. His inductive process might have failed—the British constitution have broken up—the world itself have come to an end, sooner. For Old Forster loved strongly where he did love; and never loved without respect.

But somehow, beyond this terrible new revelation, inextricably connected with it, arose the ghastly phantom of Estelle Martin, with its gaunt, thin figure, and its clasped hands.

"Go on, Edgar, go on. I must only listen," was all he could say.

"Was there anybody ever so troubled as I am?" said the barrister, fiercely. "Heaven seems to have a spite against me—against me only."

He said this fiercely, as if he were very angry with Heaven.

"Against me more than against any one else," he repeated. "Heaven knows how I loved that woman—how, from the first time I could work, I sacrificed for her my energy, my talent, and my youth. I knew there

was some dark story of wrong, that I could never see my father; and so I loved her more. I constituted myself my unknown father's judge. I blamed him for his desertion, his cruelty; in everything I was on my mother's side, and she—she from my very babyhood, betrayed me; she covered me with kisses, like those of Judas; her very love for me was hypocrisy; her seeming devotion to me was a cunning lie."

The young man walked up and down his room, and fanned his forehead with the papers he held, as if burning with heat.

Old Daylight looked at him with astonishment. But it is worth while noting, in the study of the man, that his inductive process had already commenced, and that he was already in some way connecting all this with Madame Martin.

"And why was this?" continued Edgar Wade—"why was a poor little baby, a child at its most defenceless time, thus a prey to the cunning of that most cunning of all things—a wicked woman who is a mother?"

"He knows the world, he does," whispered Tom Forster to himself.

"Because"—here the barrister checked himself, and spoke deliberately, as if pleading before a jury; while, as if to mark every word he said with a due weight, he paused where most emphatic—"because, by that overloading me with so much care and love, making me the object of so much seeming fondness, she could sooner rob me and deceive others—deceive others for her own sake—rob me for the sake of her child of shame—rob me, ME of a noble name, of well-descended ancestors, of an immense fortune."

"'Tis she," muttered Old Daylight. "I see it now; the links draw closer and closer."

The barrister had reached his climax, and sat down overwhelmed by being the victim of so much treachery, of so deep a plot.

Then Old Daylight, after due reflection, began to speak.

"My dear Edgar, look here—I can see pretty clearly what you mean"—then he checked himself, thinking, no doubt, that he must not say too much—"but are you sure of this? The charge is a grave one, the accusation most terrible; but to have carried this scheme out is to suppose Mrs. Wade the heroine of a villainous romance—

to presume that she had a coolness and an audacity we rarely find in women. She must have been helped in her wickedness—had accomplices, friends—perhaps her husband."

"Her husband!" said Edgar, bitterly. "No. I took all for granted as it was. I did not suppose her a widow, if you did."

Edgar Wade knew very well the meaning of a *bar sinister*!

The barrister's face turned almost scarlet with shame, and then grew livid and pale.

"Heaven help you, Edgar," said Old Daylight, calmly, "if you were the victim of such a plot! Your youth embittered thus!"

"But it is no longer so," said the barrister. "Retribution begins to work. We will instal ourselves in our true seat. We will be no longer the victims of these miserable plotters."

The old philosopher sat and reflected; and his eye, microscopic in its observations, ran over the apartment, mechanically taking an inventory. He could not help that. There, for instance, thrown down on the drawing-room table, with the black kid gloves tossed by its side, was the barrister's well-worn hat; there—but the hat was enough. That, somehow, put Forster in mind of outdoor work, and his own business. He knew he was the very man to help Edgar at this moment; but how to do it without revealing his precious hobby?

"My dear boy," he began, "it seems to me that we are wasting time. You asked me up here, it seems, to consult with me. Well, I, perhaps, can advise you as well as any man; at any rate, I am entirely devoted to you. Now, look here. You have told me a wonderful story. A woman whom I thought an angel has turned out just the reverse. Poor human nature! But let that pass. You are a lawyer, and know what law is. How have you learned all this? Where are your proofs?"

The decided, business-like tone of the old man rather startled the barrister, who, till then, had thought him a pre-occupied, pottering old boy, with no very great amount of mind; and who had only consulted him because he had no one else to consult. But he was ready with his answer.

"I know what law is. I have known this secret for three weeks. I don't act suddenly. I have moral and important proofs—proofs so strong, so undeniable,

that, with one or two words from a living witness, no jury in the world would hesitate a moment. But that word she will never speak. The Widow Martin has been sacrificed to keep me still where I am."

"I see it all," muttered Old Daylight.

"I know that she would have spoken that word. I have seen her when she left her chapel. She promised me that she would tell all; but now I am at the mercy of the world. My father will deny me. Mrs. Wade will disown her deeds: she would even with the rope round her neck."

Old Forster shuddered. That neck, which he could have thought fit to wear a chain of the purest gold, a carcanet of rubies, to be touched by the vile fingers of the hangman! And she *was* his mother, Edgar's mother—at least, he thought her so.

"She would deny all," continued the barrister, "I am quite sure. I have proofs; but this unhappy crime has struck me down, and turned those proofs into unrealities. One stroke of a razor across a woman's throat, and farewell all my hopes."

"It wasn't a razor!" said Old Daylight, hastily.

Luckily, the barrister did not notice him, or his secret was very nigh out. Then hurrying to cover up the little hole from which it might have escaped, he cried—

"Explain to me, my dear Edgar, this terrible mystery." ("I see it all," thought the old fox). "Sometimes, you know, old heads are better than young ones. Perhaps I can advise you."

Mr. Edgar Wade cast a look upon Old Daylight, which, but for its utter vacuity and helplessness, would have been somewhat rude; for it certainly had in it no particular warmth of trust or confidence. Then he walked up and down the room as if uncertain; then he went to his cabinet, and sitting down, fell into a brown study.

Forster fidgeted terribly, for he was on thorns to begin his inductive process in aid of the young fellow whom he loved best in all the world. He rubbed one worsted stocking against the other; pulled up one slipper after the other; looked at his never-failing watch; counted his huge bunch of seals; and, finally, commenced—

"My dear Edgar, you were about to say—"

The barrister held up his hand as if for silence.

"Yes," he said, "I will tell you all; any

confidant, in a matter like this, is better than none."

"Complimentary," thought Forster; "but oh! if he could but tell what I know about it!"

"You see," said Edgar, "that, as a gentleman and a man of honour, I was at first somewhat to blame in my method of finding this out. Three weeks ago I came home and found Mrs. Wade, whom I then thought my mother, out on a visit. I wanted some title-deeds in which had occurred certain amusing things which, to amuse my dear mother—as I then thought her—I had shown her. I could not find them, and I went into the room Mrs. Wade occupies, and to her desk, thinking that she had referred to them. The desk was open, and there I found these papers; and my eye fell upon the words, 'My darling Eugenie.' The name was my mother's; the writing, I felt sure, was my father's. I determined to read them."

"You did wrong, young man," said Old Forster, severely.

"I know I did, and I have been severely punished. Even in my trouble and shame I was happy till then; but now—but now, it seems as if the firm earth was sinking under me, and I had no foothold and no helping hand to be stretched out to help me."

The young man—so bold, so brave, so cold, so hard and manly—covered his face with his thin, white hands; and Forster thought that he saw tears trickling through the fingers. He himself was moved; he forgot his inductive philosophy, and blew his nose violently with his red bandanna: it was not to conceal his emotion, it was his manner of weeping. The awful sound brought Edgar Wade to himself. Taking up a bundle of papers, duly arranged, he threw them to Old Daylight, saying—

"Here are the letters—read them."

CHAPTER VI.

LOVE LETTERS WRITE FOR OTHER EYES THAN
THINE!

OLD FORSTER took the letters, but with a delicate repugnance. Tradesman as he had been, and crime-tracker as he was, he had, at the bottom of his heart, a fund of goodness and delicacy which many gentlemen want.

"You had better read them to me, Edgar, my boy," he said. "My eyes are

not very good. But, pardon me, let me look at the writing."

The letters were well preserved, and docketed; written on large quarto letter paper, in a delicate, cultivated hand. The ink was faded, and the paper yellow with age.

"You are quite right, Mr. Forster," said Edgar, touched with his delicacy. "I will read them. You see how they commence: they are always pretty nearly the same. Sometimes 'dear' gives place to 'beloved'; but these are minutiae, which do not concern the case in point."

"MY DEAR EUGENIE—How I wish I were again in France with you, my sweet one! But, alas! it will never be."

"Mrs. Wade was Eugenie. Was she French?" asked Old Daylight. "I had never observed that."

"No," answered Edgar, "her accent was perfect. Most Frenchmen never learn English, but some French ladies speak it as well as we do. Eugenie Autra was the daughter of a good family, which had been reduced, and kept a *pension* in Paris, at which English young ladies of the highest families were brought up. The wars with England scattered these boarders, and reduced the family from riches almost to poverty, so I have since found; but not before my father, an English nobleman, visiting his little sister, had seen and fallen in love with Eugenie."

"Good," murmured Old Daylight. "Let that flea stick by the wall—that will account for something."

Everything, indeed, accounted for something in the old philosopher's inductive process.

Edgar continued reading.

"Your letter made my sad heart joyful. So you forgive me all! Alas! I am more unhappy than you; but *noblesse oblige*. You do not know my *entourage*—my father my family—they are people to be known and to be dreaded. I am married indeed, and against my will. The vows I registered in Heaven were for you, my Eugenie; and these we solemnized, in those happy days in Prussia, by a marriage ceremony made for nobles and kings. But this my tyrant father, and more tyrant social laws of England, of that society that I so much despise, will not acknowledge. I have been, as

you know, forced into marriage. I could almost hate the pale-faced girl—the English miss—who, with a large fortune tied to her unfortunate self, has been only too glad to bear my name. She is my wife, according to English law; but you, Eugenie, are my wife before Heaven—my Left-handed Bride—and the left hand is nearest the heart."

"That may be French reasoning, but it won't satisfy English law," said Forster, wiping his gold eyeglass.

"It is enough that it was written to a Frenchwoman who believed its sophistry," said Edgar, drily. "Here is another letter. I will only read the portions which concern us, and you will see that the plot unfolds."

"And am I a father, dearest Eugenie? Have I a son by the woman, *the wife*"—the word is underlined—"I love best of all the world—her living image? Oh, that I had wings to fly to her, and kiss her, and embrace her in her sorrow. Oh, my darling—my darling! Alas! to overwhelm me with misfortune, with sorrow, with regret, my English lady has also brought me a son! How I turn with repugnance from this, my lawful heir, to the child of my soul-wife, of my Eugenie! How I shudder with anxiety, with regret, with remorse, with sorrow, when I look forward to the future of those two poor children! Ah, Eugenie—if I dared—"

"Poor helpless babes! By St. George, by St. Bridget, by the very pump at Aldgate!" cried Old Daylight, "the plot begins to unfold. Poor human nature!—forced into a corner, she does anything and everything! What is the date of that letter?"

"Upon my word, Mr. Forster, you are singularly acute," said the barrister, turning on the old fellow a searching look.

"You see, I—I am particular about dates," said the inductive philosopher, with an awkward excuse.

But the younger man seemed at once to have forgotten what he said, for he turned to the post mark, and said—

"This is from Mayence, December, 1798. You see," said he to Old Daylight, in an explanatory way, "the importance of this letter. My father is forced to marry when he has already given away his heart to Mademoiselle Eugenie Autra. He adores this woman. It is the old, old story, which arises from our restless passions and follies. The man adores his mistress, and detests

his wife. They both become mothers at about the same time, and the love that he bears severally to the mothers he carries to the account of the children. He is madly fond of my brother—he hates me.”

“Yes, he hates you,” said the inductive philosopher, with a pleased look. The story was being fitted together before his old eyes like a puzzle-map by which they teach children geography.

“He hates me,” said the barrister, touching himself on the chest with his white finger, and speaking bitterly. “He hates me, against all laws, both human and divine.”

“How curious it is,” thought Old Daylight. “Here’s a man of thirty quite indignant at the wrongs of an infant—which, as an infant, he neither knew nor felt. But there—what shall we say?—poor human nature!”

“The last letter,” continued the barrister, “which I read ends with a dash, as if it gave vent to a half-interrupted thought. Upon that thought lies half my troubles—or let us say all. To that thought, the Widow Martin—”

“I see—I see,” said the old man, impatiently. “Come, let us have some more extracts, if they do not pain you.”

He was anxious to unravel the mystery. He knew the end, but yet he wanted confirmation of his suspicions.

Edgar continued.

“All the immediately subsequent letters bear traces of the intense fondness of my father for this child—my half-brother—this—”

“Hush!” said Old Daylight. “At least, the poor child was guiltless.”

“Poor fellow! my heart bleeds for him,” returned the barrister; “but not less for my helpless self. Here is one dated about three months afterwards.”

“‘I am always thinking, my Eugenie, of the future of my son—of *our* son. He is my only care. Ah, how I wish that the power of the nobility was as strong as it was of old in this country.’”

“This is dated from Normandy. It would seem that my mother was of delicate health; or, for purposes of his own, my father had taken her confined abroad.”

“I quite see it. Capitally conceived,” said Old Daylight, cracking his fingers in delight. “Very prettily done.” Then he

checked himself, and called himself “an old fool” behind his silk bandanna.

“‘This son, my Eugenie,’” Edgar continued, “‘will be like us both. From his mother he will inherit those *beaux yeux*, so full of vivacity—that fine complexion, that wit, that cleverness. From his father, ancient blood, pride, valour, and independence; the sentiment of grand old races, which descends, with good lineage, as the coldness and purity of the mountain stream runs down into the valleys.’”

As he read this, the young man held himself up boldly, as if he too, and from a more legitimate source, could claim those qualities.

Forster was delighted to think that his secretly adopted son and heir was the lawful descendant of such a nobleman.

“‘But what will be his future? God, my Eugenie, must give to this poor child all that can deck the offspring of so pure, so strong a love as ours; while the *protected* little one—he who is born to the purple, and is safely nourished under the ægis of our English law, may be—is indeed to me a monster.’”

“*I am that monster!*” cried the barrister, with the hard voice of suppressed anger. Then he continued.

“‘Eugenie—Eugenie—will you not have mercy on your child and his father? Will you not? I conjure you by your faith, in which you will do no sin that is not pardonable, enter into my little arrangements. All is ready. My lady is now at Rouen, and has a Norman nurse. My valet, a Swiss fellow, is as faithful as a dog—as dumb, too—and as secret as the grave.’”

“‘My lady!’” muttered the old philosopher. “Pray go on, sir. Go on, Edgar, my boy; it is interesting!”

“This passionate appeal,” said the barrister, “seems to have been the final one. Eugenie—or Mrs. Wade, as she called herself in England—seems to have yielded to the entreaties of my father; for the next letter, dated a week later, is very explicit.”

“‘My valet, Gustave, of whom I have spoken, will give you this. He is a Swiss, and speaks German, French, and English, equally badly; but you can understand him, and, what is more, you can trust him. He

will bring with him a young Boulognese girl, a fisher wife, and her baby, who is about the age of your own. This young woman will be a ready implement to all we want; and only requires to be paid well, to be fed well, and to dress well, and she will do anything, as most of the lower class women will."

"Dash his aristocratic impudence!" said Old Daylight. "Poor human nature!"

"Your child will come to Normandy, where so many French children are brought up, where his rival is peacefully sucking his Norman milk; and then an accident, or a storm, or *something of that sort*—for fortune helps the bold—will make the two nurses take shelter in the same auberge—in the same room.

"There will be a quarrel among the people—there always is when people drink well, and Gustave shall manage that—and in that quarrel and fright the children will be changed."

"A good plot! a very neat plot, my lord," said Forster, cracking his fingers.

Edgar continued—

"Gustave and the young woman, whose name is Estelle Martin, and who is the lawful wife, dear soul, of an intelligent animal who provides us with fish on this coast—"

"Ah! my faith! that fellow Brownjohn has something in his clue," said Old Daylight to himself, with a feeling of chagrin; then he comforted himself with the remembrance—"No; it is broken, for Madame Martin was a widow."

These thoughts did not interrupt Edgar, who read on—

"Gustave and the nurse will furnish you with clothes exactly the same in material and pattern as those worn by Monsieur. They purchase these things at warehouses; and every rag, every stitch will be the same, and marked the same, each alike with the coronet which, one day, your boy—*our* boy—will wear with such pride. That, my Eugenie, will be your reward for acting so nobly!"

"Nobly!" thought Forster. "Well, there are two ways of looking at everything."

"And you will console yourself with the thought that your offspring—the dearest

part of you—will be often in my arms, always in my heart, and covered with my kisses. As to the other, I know your truth and goodness. You will cherish him as your own. You will again and again, every day, my Eugenie, prove to me how you love me. Do not think of the guilt of this: it deceives no one, it can hurt no one. The heir to the estates and name I bear is my child, of my dearest and best blood—and your blood is better than the puddle of a shopkeeper, although he has enriched himself, as did my respected English father-in-law. The Autras were Knights of Aquitaine. The two nations so often at war will be joined in our issue, who shall, one day, sit in our English House of Peers. Heaven, if we succeed in so many difficult paths, and in such unforeseen circumstances, will smile on our endeavour and bless our deed."

"He knows how to plead with a woman, that fellow there," said Daylight, pointing to the letter. "By St. Bridget, St. Botolph, and the Bank of England, he is clever."

Then, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, he said—

"Unhappy man, he makes Heaven an accomplice of his crime."

Edgar shuddered, as if cold.

"You see," he continued, "the woman seems to have rejected the idea at first; and then, miserable creature, to have yielded."

"Softly, softly!" said Old Forster. "It appears to me that your father was much more to blame than your mother—beg pardon, than Madame Wade."

"Yes," said Edgar, with a violent gesture. "Yes; men are, in the incipient circumstances of crime, more guilty than women. It is for men to propose, for women to reject. He, the Earl of Chesterton—"

"The Earl of Chesterton!" cried Forster. "What! that tip-top swell, who holds his head so high?"

"The very same," said the young man, with a certain pride. "The Earl of Chesterton has thought out and laid the lines of all this plot. But, then, he has something to excuse him; and it is curious that I feel no hatred towards him. He has his excuse—intense love for this woman, intense love for his child, a passion which he could not control. All the love that he felt he has shown; and, at least, he has not, like this

miserable creature, deceived me for thirty years. Moreover, he has been cruelly punished."

"Punished! How so?" said Old Daylight. "I saw him at Ascot with the Royal party; he looked at a distance as well as you—young and well looking—with his son, Lord Wimpole."

"I am Lord Wimpole," said Edgar, proudly. "You, at least, should believe so."

"I do," returned Old Daylight, hastily. "But how has the Earl been punished?"

"I will tell you. Here are one or two more extracts:—

"DEAREST EUGENIE—All went well. The nurses met. There was a storm, or a threatened one; they took refuge in a cabaret. Your nurse's husband was there, and pretended—or, egad, I think the fellow *was*—jealous of Gustave. At any rate, there was a desperate quarrel, and in the row the babies were successfully changed. Our nurse went into hysterics, and knew nothing about the matter; neither knows the fisherman Martin anything, for he was very fairly drunk. The secret rests, then, with Gustave, Estelle Martin, and our two selves. Providence has aided us; let us thank God for His goodness. Now, dearest, I shall be happy—as happy as I can be without you. From time to time you shall have news of your—of *our* son."

"Now, what do you say?" asked Edgar Wade, triumphantly.

"Upon my soul, upon my affidavit," cried Old Daylight, in triumph, "you are *NOT* the son of Mrs. Wade!"

Edgar grasped his hand warmly.

"Now," said he, "listen. Now comes the punishment. The letters continue for years, and from the Earl always as fondly. There is much news of my rival, who is growing, we are told, a fine fellow. He hunts, he fishes, he shoots; while I am for ever at eternal books. But at last the letters are interrupted. Then come some of reproach.

"Alas! Eugenie, alas! at last I know all. I herewith send you a deed of settlement, which will make you rich; would that it would make you happy. A friend of your own nation—cruel as friends are—has told me all. You have been watched; *the visits of the officer?*'—underlined—'have

been noted; and, alas! I have seen him enter your house. I have now no more doubts. You, for whom I have pawned my very soul—you, whose faith I would have sworn to—you, whom I loved above all—you have deceived me. I have been guilty for nothing. I am assured that you have deceived me for nothing. We part for ever. I will receive no letters from you. The grave has, as it were, closed over our love, leaving me with the poisoned arrow of this doubt—Is this child, for whom I have sacrificed so much, my own?"

THE PROBLEM OF SUFFERING IN FICTION.

FICTION, beginning with the story, gradually developed into the novel. At first, as in the early Greek romances, it attempted to create interest by vividness of narration, and by startling incidents. Fiction died, in the general over-turn of everything, and was only born again in the thirteenth century, when it began on the old plan of incident. Gradually, men began to see that its higher uses were to portray life as it is, and to show the springs of men's actions under the various and complex influences of human society. Art proceeds upwards from the simplest forms; and, surely, of all artistic efforts that of novel writing is the highest. For it is far harder to set down in words life in its entirety than it is to paint the shifting shadows on a hill-side. The painter takes one moment and one view. The novelist, from his standpoint, even if he shows only one phase of life—that with which he is at the time the most familiar—has yet to do with both the seen and the unseen. And whereas, in the old storyteller, the puppets of his story showed as the only living beings in the whole world, the modern novelist, by skilful suggestion, by by-play, and by subsidiary action, manages to introduce into his book that *atmosphere* of the outer world which is needed to complete the illusion. And—for no man can write anything worth the reading, save from his own experience—he introduces the opinions which he has formed on the conduct of the world, and uses them not only to direct the reader's attention to the great circles of life supposed to be whirling round the imaginary men and women of his history, but also to answer social problems, and to give his own views on social difficulties.

Of these problems, the most important, because it strikes us the most often, and is the fountain of tears and the cause of sympathy, we may call the problem of suffering; not why it exists—a question which Man Friday asked at the outset of his education, and which he does not appear to have been encouraged to repeat—but what are its sources, and how far it may be alleviated? Questions which admit, and have received, various answers from philosophers, novelists, and statesmen.

Let us here consider the theories implied, rather than stated, in a few of our leading novelists.

Thackeray, if I read him rightly, discarding altogether the old-fashioned notions of villains and the sorrows they cause, seems to have been governed by a great ruling idea. His business was to teach the world—not directly, as no novelist should, but indirectly—the lesson that every man is his own villain; that is, that all real suffering is self-inflicted, save that which consists in seeing others suffer. Thus, Clive Newcome, who marries Rosey; Barnes, who leads a life of consistent selfishness; the Rev. Mr. Honeyman, extravagant and luxurious: these bring on their heads their own punishment. The happy man is the Colonel. He neither sins nor does he suffer. The storms of life beat over his brave old head; and, in his poverty-stricken age, he is as calm and as happy, but for his son, as in his prosperous manhood.

Thackeray's villains—chiefly selfish men of the lowest type, such as Sir Francis Clavering; Talbot Twysden, Jos Sedley, and Lord Steyne—do not seriously affect the rest of the actors: they are sensual, mean, and vain. But Pendennis, Dobbin, and even Rawdon Crawley, are not greatly injured by them. For Thackeray's characters make their own happiness and misery: they come to grief as a natural consequence of folly; they fall in the world because they have fallen into evil courses; they lose their power of getting out of a hole only when they lose their self-respect; and the sufferings inflicted by others pass away and are forgotten, like the last toothache. "God," preaches this moralist, "gives to every man the choice of being happy or miserable. We sometimes hurt ourselves by pure ignorance, just as when a blind man runs against a wall; we may even ruin ourselves, all with the most virtuous intentions, by not knowing

the laws of the physical, political, or social world.

"But, after all, this is not real suffering; and the good man, like the brave old Colonel, rises independent of external circumstances. There is no real suffering but that from moral causes."

This is the lesson that I learn from Thackeray. In all the pictures presented in his books, care, anxiety, and trouble dog the steps of the selfish and the vicious. There are but few men good; there are consequently but few men happy. Why trouble the canvas with more than their due proportion? Esmond, the great Colonel, J. J. Ridley, and a very few more, are all that he gives us. The others are struggling against the consequences of former follies, or anticipating the consequences of present follies.

Take next Victor Hugo—a coarser though a more powerful artist. He lets us see very early what is his solution of the problem. It is to be found in the single word that was cut deep into the wall of the old cathedral, *ἀνάγκη*—necessity. We are born into a world the conditions of which are as iron chains which rivet us where we would not stay; or as goads, which drive us whither we would not go; or as circled walls, which we cannot pass. Driven to her wretched end by a destiny which she cannot escape, the poor helpless Esmeralda appeals wonderingly to an iron sky, whence comes no help, to learn why such things are; or a Valjean vainly contends, with the might of a Hercules, against the necessity that hugs him with a thousand arms.

Necessity is king. Suffering and sorrow are stimulants to mankind—not to change their king, for this they cannot do, but to divert the line of march of his chariot, so that the innocent, at least, may sometimes, not always, escape the wheels of this relentless Juggernaut.

George Eliot, on the other hand, seems inclined to dwell on the spectacle of a strong man suffering from the follies of the weak; or a higher nature compelled to endure perpetual torture from enforced contact with a lower: Adam Bede, for example, the upright, great-hearted man, who flings away the strength of his nature on a worthless, beautiful toy; and Maggie Tulliver, full of lofty thoughts, thrown back upon herself for lack of a single soul to share her day-dreams, and tormented between her ideas of duty

and her revolt against the narrow brain, the vexatious self-confidence, and the fatiguing ways of her brother Tom. The follies of the foolish, thinks the writer, in her intellectual contempt of the Philistine, cause the sorrows of the world. The strong, wise man, whose purpose is high and good, could he walk alone, or could he find a companion like himself, might enjoy all the happiness that his nature is capable of. Not to be able to walk alone, not to find the companion—this is the cause of his misery. Adam marries Dinah, and is happy. In her receptive nature his own great thoughts fall like seeds to grow and bear fruit. Poor Maggie, for want of a nature which can meet hers, eats out her heart in a solitude peopled by men and women. These are puppets to her; she is not of them; and were it not for that providential drowning, we tremble to think what might have become of her.

It is more difficult to get at Lord Lytton's ideas. There is this peculiarity in all his novels—that the *man* does not appear in them. This gives them, in spite of the extraordinary brilliancy which makes him in some respects the first of English novelists, a certain hardness—not harshness: this would be to accuse his artistic power—a hardness which springs, it may be, from some deficiency in the faculty of sympathy. Perhaps he has never mixed enough with the class whose pleasures have to be bought by hard work; perhaps in early life he was too studious. However that may be, he has failed to acquire that fellow-feeling with other men which throws colour and warmth over the books of many a lesser writer. He has never learned the art of drawing tears from the eyes of his readers.

After a perusal of the whole of Lord Lytton's books, you may remember to have sometimes laughed; but you will not have once dropped a tear.

He, too, however, has touched on the question. Suffering, he would say, is either an education or a punishment. Sometimes, but rarely, it may be both. His characters—never oscillating, as men in the weakness of their wills constantly do—steadily go up or down. The career of Randal Leslie is certain from the beginning. He might have got success and money. Not the less would he have become selfish, calculating, and unscrupulous. He suffers late. It is his punishment. Leonard, suffering early, is

educated by endurance and pain. Lord Lytton seems less than any other great novelist to have *felt* the miseries of mankind.

I refrain from Balzac and George Sand, because, at the mention of their names, so much crowds into the mind which must be said, that a dozen numbers of *ONCE A WEEK* would not suffice.

Suffering, then, according to Thackeray, only comes upon those who deserve it, either from ignorance, or folly, or vice. According to Victor Hugo, it is the inevitable lot of the world; the great laws of religion, society, and politics, ruthlessly crushing all that come in their way. Lord Lytton teaches how strong natures are nourished and weak ones punished by suffering; and George Eliot shows that the unavoidable alliance of good and bad, weak and strong, entails misery upon both, which the good and strong feel the most acutely.

One writer remains—no longer, alas! a living writer. Charles Dickens takes, in reality, the old good apprentice and idle apprentice theory. All his good boys come to good ends. Fatness awaits them, with good eating and drinking. His bad boys come to hunger, leanness, and disrepute. Sampson and Sally Brass prowl about Claremarket in the evenings, picking up offal. I saw them there myself only last night. Pecksniff, out at elbows and unkempt, haunts low public-houses, where he gets drunk. Bumble is paying the penalty of an ill-considered alliance. Quilp, it is true, and Montague Tigg came to a lurid sort of end.

Where a Juvenal would lash himself into fury, the kindly nature of Charles Dickens only laughs. Men and women, in his eyes, are not in possibility sheer monsters. Even Sikes yearns for companionship. Sairey Gamp and Betsy Prig have a certain possibility of good points; and the beadle is human.

If there be any prevailing theory at all in the mind of this most genial of writers, it surely is that people get what they deserve; that the simple pleasures which can be had for little ought to content those who have but little; that sorrow follows transgression; and that there is no real suffering where there has been no wrong. It is a kindly lesson—the most practical if not the most profound. And it serves fitly to close this little paper.

THE MORTIMERS :

A NOVEL WITH TWO HEROES.

By the EDITOR.

BOOK V.—CHAPTER III.

PREPARATION.

"YES, Aunt Margaret," said Mabel to that lady, as they were sitting together in their own room; "but somehow I have often felt that if my father had left me to myself it would have been better for me—for us all."

"How, Mabel, dear?" said the kind-hearted, unsuspicious old lady, looking up, and letting her tating fall at her feet.

Mabel stooped to pick it up, blushing and hesitating slightly.

"Why, you know, Aunt Margaret—you won't be angry with me now—?"

"Certainly not, my dear child."

Who could be angry? Not the most jealous duenna in the world. Mabel had entwined her arms round Miss Margaret's neck, and imprinted on her forehead a kiss—a kiss of love and daughter-like confidence and affection.

"Well, then," Mabel continued, "in some way, I can't explain it, you know, aunt; but being tied together from our childhood, as it were—Charlie and I—has, I think, put upon us a feeling of restraint, a sort of—"

"Mabel, my dear child, what *do* you mean?" exclaimed Miss Margaret, throwing up an inquiring glance at Mabel's tall figure.

"Now, aunty, dear—you said you would not be angry," said Mabel, with ever so little of reproach in her tone.

"I am not in the least angry, my love. I am sure I do not look so," continued the old lady, smoothing her ruffled plumage; "now do I?"

Mabel kissed Miss Margaret's forehead again.

"And you won't be the least angry; and you promise to be patient, and hear all a silly girl has to say?"

Miss Margaret smiled, and nodded assent.

"Then I will go on," said Mabel. "I was saying, I thought if my dear old father had only left Charlie and me to ourselves, we should have loved each other all the better, in a natural sort of way, you know."

"But, my dear girl," Miss Margaret began—

"Now, aunty, dear, you know you promised to be patient with me," cried Mabel,

interrupting Miss Margaret; "and all I have said is that I wish we had been left to ourselves, to do just as we liked."

"Good gracious, Mabel! you are not going to say you do not love my poor boy? You will break his heart," exclaimed the old lady, forgetting her promise of patience.

"No, Aunt Margaret, I do not say so, indeed. I have always loved Charlie like a—like a brother, from my earliest years, I am sure; and now—"

"You will soon learn to love him as he deserves, my dear Mabel. He will be the best, the kindest husband in the three kingdoms. I know he loves you more than all the world—as, indeed, he should; for you are the best of girls. It is only natural you should feel a little nervous and apprehensive at the change you are about to make. But all will be well, and you will be the happiest wife in the county. There, my dear," said Miss Margaret, kissing Mabel, after the manner of women when there is any business of mysterious importance under discussion.

"Still, I wish the wedding could be put off for a while," urged Mabel.

"But we have settled all about it now, my dear. It's only weak to vacillate now. And think of Charlie—poor boy—how anxious he is that the wedding should take place without any more delay on our part."

And the worthy lady thought to herself, but did not say, how angry her brother Robert would be if the approaching union of his son with Mabel were delayed. The fact was, that with both Robert Mortimer and his son the marriage was a matter of the direst necessity. For the son it meant a large sum in ready cash, and the enjoyment of estates having a rent-roll of at least fifteen thousand a-year. For the father, the power of drawing largely on his brother directly all was settled to their mutual satisfaction. So both for father and son the union was a necessity.

"The greatest mistake a man can make, the gravest fault he can have in this world, is to want money," soliloquized the official of the Pink Tape Office. "What a fool I was ever to entangle myself in the meshes of the money-lenders. Fool! A clever man who can live on nothing; and I have been living on nothing, and prospects, all my life. I am eaten up by usurers and thieves. But Harold shall know all, and clear me, as soon as this marriage is an

accomplished fact. I dare not tell the truth before."

It might have happened that Sir Everard Despencer had not done a wise thing when he expressed the hope that Mabel, his daughter, would marry the heir of the Mortimers. As it turned out, he had done wisely in laying that injunction upon his only child.

"I have something to tell you that will please you very much, Mabel," said Miss Margaret, continuing their conversation. "My brother Harold has at last consented to submit to the operation on his eyes the doctors counsel. He will go to London for the express purpose, and I shall accompany him. I hope that before your wedding-day comes he will be able to see as well as ever he did in his life."

"I hope so," murmured Mabel, faintly.

"The doctors say it is a simple and usually successful operation, and we have nothing to fear for the result," continued Miss Margaret.

"I hope they will not hurt poor Uncle Harold dreadfully," said Mabel.

"I fear that it will be a painful affair," said Miss Margaret; "and I hope that Uncle Harold will let himself be put under the influence of chloroform. But I am afraid he will not; he says he will not. He has the nerve and courage of a hero, and will bear any pain. It is not that, he fears. And if he can bear the pain, I can bear to witness the operation," said the old lady, bravely. "I shall be with him all the time."

The preparations for the wedding were being made at Madingley Chase on a scale of becoming magnificence. Both before and after that talk we have recorded at the beginning of this chapter, Miss Margaret and her fair charge had been closeted together for hours at a time, discussing the mysteries necessary to the completion of the paraphernalia of a *trousseau*—the silks, satins, furbelows, and finery that were absolutely indispensable on such an occasion.

"You seem unwell to-day, Mabel," said Miss Margaret at one of these councils.

"No, Aunt Margaret; quite well. That is, perhaps I have a slight headache to-day. I think I have."

"Try some smelling salts. You do not

take that interest that I had expected," continued Miss Margaret, as Mabel listlessly applied the pungent salts to her nostrils, "in all that we are engaged upon. I know when I was your age, my dear, if it had been my fortune to find such a husband as you have had found for you—I don't regret that it was not," the elder lady said, with a smile, and placing her hands caressingly on Mabel's knees—"but, if it had been, I should have been in the greatest possible state of excitement about the dresses, and choice of the bridesmaids, and everything connected with the happy event."

"I think," said Mabel, in a low tone, "that I am not in spirits to-day, aunt."

"You expected a letter from Charlie," said Miss Margaret, rallying Mabel playfully. "But you never seem in good spirits now, my love," she added.

"Do I not, aunty? Oh, yes! I think my spirits are as good as usual. Your own are always so good, and you are always so cheerful, and bright, and happy, you hardly understand my feelings."

"I sympathize with your feelings, my dear child. But you are not about to take a hazardous step, and marry a man comparatively strange to us all. We know Charlie—dear boy—so well; we have known him, all of us, from his childhood; and we love him for his gentleness and goodness of heart. I have always loved him—indeed, both of you—as well as ever I could have loved my own children."

Mabel kissed the dear old lady. And it was the easiest way to put an end to her misgivings. They changed the subject, and talked of the people to be invited to the wedding; of the dresses of bridesmaids, and the beautiful lockets the bridegroom was to give them all.

Yet the conversation flagged—as it must ever do when, out of two persons, only one is disposed to take any interest therein. Mabel Despencer assented to all that Miss Margaret proposed in the weighty matter of who should be invited and who should not; whether Blanche or Edith Barrenacre would make the better bridesmaid, or if they should venture upon inviting them both. To all this, and to kindred topics brought on to the carpet by the kind old lady, Mabel turned in some sort a deaf ear. She heard, but was not interested; assented to every proposal with indifference; and gave no help to Miss Margaret

in her labours—inasmuch as she originated nothing for herself—hardly made a suggestion or expressed a wish.

Her mind was occupied with agitating thoughts, and her bosom swayed by conflicting emotions. Should she tell the truth? Should she say she did not love Charles Mortimer one jot or tittle, above feeling a kindly regard for him? Tell whom she loved her maiden shame forbade. Distress Miss Margaret by telling her she did not love Charles—on whom the old lady had doted for years, whom she thought as nearly perfection as could be? Her kind heart shrank from its duty. She hesitated to strike the blow, and crush the gentle, loving woman who was planning for her happiness, doing all things for her—for him—by her side now.

But in her own fluttering breast a resolution was taken—and Mabel Despencer was not of the stuff which changes with each changing thought. She had resolved that in spite of her father's wish, in spite of their long betrothal, in spite of the wishes of all her friends, her own duty was simple. It was for Sir Everard Despencer's daughter not to marry a man she did not love.

But, though plain enough, the course before her was painful, and filled her with gloomy apprehension. What would Sir Harold think of it? Would he excuse her? What would Miss Margaret do? Mrs. Robert? The pale, sallow official of the Pink Tape Department? Mabel saw why he wanted her married, saw why his son made their union a matter of necessity. She was most troubled on Miss Margaret's account.

"Dear, good, angel aunt, how can I distress you?" she sobbed on her pillow that night. And, as the moon shone in the curtains of her window, Mabel thought of the quiet churchyard, bathed in the moonbeams, where Beatrice, her dear friend and companion, lay at rest—thought of Beatrice, and bedewed her pillow with her tears.

"She is a white robed angel—happy, happy!"

On a certain evening in that week, at a few minutes before seven o'clock, a stout, portly man, dressed in a suit of black, was lingering about the courts of the Outer Temple. He was evidently becoming somewhat impatient, as he more than once, with

considerable exertion, pulled out a large watch from the fob in his trousers, and looked at it under the lamp in Fountain Court. He stood looking at the fountain, at the light of the lamps falling upon it, listening to the ceaseless plash of the water, and thinking of Oliver Goldsmith, when a stout arm was linked in his own. The stout man looked up, startled—surprised in his eighteenth century reverie. It was Erle who had taken his arm.

"Oh, here you are," said Mr. Campbell—for, as our readers have probably already discovered, the stout gentleman was he—"you Outer Templars take your time over your dinner."

"A few minutes over the hour, as a rule; but this was grand night."

"When you are indulged with extra dishes, and regaled with more of the benchers' wine than is good for you, I believe."

Erle laughed at Campbell's pleasantry.

"But," continued Campbell, "you fellows of these honourable societies, Inns of Court, are mightily inhospitable people. Why could you not have asked me to dine with you instead of keeping me here waiting about in the cool shades of these dingy old courts?"

"You know we cannot. Besides, the appointment was your own."

"Well, I repeat my remark—and I should like to do it within hearing of all the benchers—that you are unworthy of your predecessors. They were hospitable, you are not."

"You shall come when I am called," said Erle, who had left the Chase for the purpose of eating three dinners at the Outer Temple in that Michaelmas Term; and so mounting three steps more on his way to the bar.

"Come along, then," said Campbell.

"I was thinking, when you came up, of poor Goldie and the great Doctor, and some of the glorious associations connected with this spot. But let us turn away. The real truth of the matter is, I had business near here myself; and therefore I made the appointment with you here. I thought your dinner would have been over a quarter of an hour earlier, at the least."

"You see, as I am only here for three days, I am obliged to wait until grace has been said."

"Come, then, let us take a cab and drive to my lodgings," said Campbell. "To-mor-

row, I have decided upon calling in Grosvenor-square."

"Upon Mr. Robert Mortimer?"

"Certainly. We will call there together."

USES OF THE SPECTROSCOPE, POPULARLY EXPLAINED.

PART III.

IN the paper on the spectra of the fixed stars, read at Norwich, in 1868, before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Father Secchi states:—

"The principal result and conclusions at which I have arrived are these:—

"1st. All the stars, in relation to their spectra, can be divided into four groups, for each of which the type of spectrum is quite different. The first type, represented by the star Sirius, and Vega, or α Lyrae, and by all the white stars. The spectra of all these stars consist of an almost uniform prismatic series of colours, interrupted only by four very strong black lines. Of these black lines, the one in the red is coincident with the solar line c of Fraunhofer; another in the blue coincides with the line r; the other two are also in the sun's spectrum, but they have no prominent place. These lines all belong to hydrogen gas; and the coincidence of these four black lines with those of the gas has been already proved by careful experiments by Mr. Huggins, and also lately by myself. Mr. Huggins, however, finds a little difference in the spectrum of Sirius, for which we may account in another way. Stars of the first type are very numerous, and embrace almost half of the visible stars of the heavens.

"The second type is that of the yellow stars, as Capella, Pollux, Arcturus, Aldebaran, &c. These stars have a spectrum exactly like that of our sun—that is, distinguished by very fine and numerous lines. These stars give occasionally a continuous spectrum, when the state of the atmosphere is not good; but, in general, the lines may be distinguished very easily. A fuller description is unnecessary, since the spectrum of the sun is very well known. The only thing which deserves particular attention is, that in this class occasionally the magnesium lines are very strong, so as to produce very strong bands, and the iron lines in the green are in some very distinct. These stars can be

distinguished even without a prism, by the difference of colour—a rich yellow—which contrasts strongly with the first type. Stars of this second type are very numerous, and embrace almost the other half of the stars.

"The third and very remarkable type is that of orange or reddish stars. These have as a prototype the stars α Herculis, α Orionis, Antares, σ Ceti, β Pegasi. The spectra of these stars show a row of columns, at least eight in number, which are formed by strong luminous bands alternating with darker ones, so arranged as to represent, apparently, a series of round pillars, closely resembling a colonnade. α Herculis is exceedingly remarkable in this respect; the other stars are more or less clearly divided into pillars; but it is quite impossible to describe the beauty of the appearance which is visible in a telescope on a fine night."

All the pillars are generally resolved more or less completely in different stars into smaller and finer lines, very sharp and clear. In these stars he discovered sodium, magnesium, and hydrogen.

The fourth type is not less remarkable, being stars of a red colour, some of which are very small, and none of them exceeding the sixth magnitude. The spectrum of this type consists of three large bands of light, which alternate with dark spaces so distributed as to have the most luminous side towards the violet.

Father Secchi does not attempt to fix the nature of the substances composing this type, as he had not made a sufficient number of comparative measurements; but he states that we are authorized in supposing these stars to be still in a different condition from others, perhaps partly in the gaseous state, or, at least, surrounded by a very large atmosphere, different certainly from the others.

The most striking object for its singularity which he met in the examination of the heavens, is a star in Cassiopeiæ, in the spectrum of which he observed the lines of hydrogen in a luminous state, exactly the reverse of the dark lines of the stars of the first type. We have, therefore, he says, without doubt, a grand fact, the fundamental distinction between the stars according to a small number of types. This opens a field for very many important cosmological speculations.

Mr. Huggins, F.R.S., and Dr. W. A.

Miller, Vice-President of the Royal Society of London, have conjointly devoted much attention to the investigation of the spectra of the terrestrial elements, fixed stars, comets, and nebulae. In the star Aldebaran, the light of which is of a pale red, on comparing its spectrum with the spectra of sixteen of the terrestrial elements, they found, in the spectrum of the star, lines corresponding to lines in nine out of the sixteen elements. The elements which they found in the star are sodium, magnesium, hydrogen, calcium, iron, bismuth, tellurium, antimony, and mercury. Seven other elements were compared with the star, viz., nitrogen, cobalt, tin, lead, cadmium, lithium, and barium; but no coincidence was observed in any of these. As there are sixty-four terrestrial elements altogether now known, of course it is possible that, if the spectra of the remaining number had been compared with the spectrum of the star Aldebaran, other coincidences of the spectral lines would have been observed.

On comparing the spectrum of the star α Orionis with the spectra of the sixteen elementary bodies just mentioned, coincidences were observed in five—viz., sodium, magnesium, calcium, iron, and bismuth. In the spectra of α Orionis and β Pegasi, which closely resemble each other, the lines corresponding to those of hydrogen were wanting. The absence of the hydrogen lines is very remarkable, inasmuch as they are highly characteristic of the solar spectrum, and the spectra of by far the larger number of the fixed stars to which the observations of Huggins and Miller have extended. "We hardly venture," they state, "to suggest that the planets which may surround these suns (α Orionis, and β Pegasi) probably resemble them in not possessing the important element hydrogen. To what forms of life could such planets be adapted? Worlds without water! A power of imagination like that possessed by Dante would be needed to people such planets with living creatures."

Since the spectroscope came into use there have not been many opportunities of observing the spectra of comets. M. Donati, of Florence, found that the spectrum of a comet visible in the year 1864 consisted of bright lines. In the year 1866, Mr. Huggins examined the spectrum of a faint comet. This spectrum was composed of two spectra—one of which was a faint continuous spectrum of the coma, indicating that it was

visible by the reflected light of the sun; the other of the nucleus, showing that it was self-luminous. The comet of 1867 was also very faint, and gave a compound spectrum similar to that of the comet of 1866.

During the summer of 1868, two comets appeared, rather brighter than the former; one of which was called Brorsen's comet, the other a comet discovered by Winnecke. The spectra of these two comets consisted of three bright bands, in similar, but not identical, parts of the spectrum. The first band occurs about half-way from D to E of the solar spectrum; the second begins near δ , and extends nearly to F; the third band presents itself between F and G.

Mr. Huggins and Dr. Miller jointly compared the spectra of these comets with the spectrum of olefiant gas (chiefly composed of carbon), and found that in every particular of refrangibility and relative intensity the spectra of the two comets were similar to that of carbon.

Whilst Huggins and Miller were making this discovery, an independent discovery of the same kind had been made by Father Secchi at Rome, and communicated by him to the French Academy.

Regarding the spectra of the nebulae, it may be observed that, from the time these heavenly bodies were first discovered, mankind have wondered at them, and were curious to know their constitution and habits. A doubt existed whether many of them were really gaseous substances, as their name and general appearance indicated, or whether they were simply clusters of stars seen at too great a distance to be resolved by the most powerful telescopes. By means of Lord Rosse's telescope, about half of the nebulae that give a continuous spectrum have been resolved into separate stars, while about one-third more are probably resolvable. In a paper by Mr. Huggins, in the "Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London" for the year 1868, it is stated that up to that time he had determined satisfactorily the general character of the spectra of about seventy nebulae, which form but a part of a much larger list he had examined; but, in the case of many of these, their light was found too feeble for satisfactory analysis. Of the seventy nebulae, about one-third give a spectrum of bright lines, indicating that they are of gaseous composition. All the differences observed between the spectra of the gaseous

nebulae may be regarded as modifications only of the typical spectrum. So far as the nebulae have been examined, the brightest of the three lines—which agrees in position in the spectrum with the brightest of the lines in the spectrum nitrogen—is present in all the nebulae which give a spectrum indicative of gaseity. As nitrogen is one of the constituent elements of the earth's atmosphere, and of many kinds of food which we daily use, it is an interesting fact to know that in the far-off gaseous nebulae the same substance exists.

Father Secchi examined the spectra of several nebulae, and found in many of them the Fraunhofer line *F*, corresponding to a line of hydrogen; and he states that a difficulty arose in his mind on the subject. He asked himself, "How can it be that, while hydrogen gas has so fine and rich a spectrum, we do not see in the spectrum of the nebulae anything except the single line?" In order to satisfy himself on this question, he undertook a kind of photometrical measurement of the intensity of luminosity of the different lines which constitute the spectrum of hydrogen; the result of which was that, in diminishing the light by an absorbing screen and simple reflections, we could reduce the spectrum to the single line *F*, as we see it in the nebulae. Even hydrogen, burning at the ordinary temperature, has not given any line but this after reflection. This difficulty is, therefore, completely removed, he states; being only a question of intensity of light. Hence it appears that hydrogen, which is one of the principal elements of water and of most terrestrial substances, exists in the remote nebulae.

With regard to the nature of variable stars—that is, stars which burst out with sudden brilliancy, and then as suddenly wane—a sort of flash-in-the-pan of the distant heavens. One of these variable stars was observed on the 12th of May, 1866, by Mr. John Birmingham, of Tuam, in the constellation of the Crown. Mr. Birmingham communicated the fact to Mr. Huggins, who examined this remarkable object with the spectroscope. The spectrum of this heavenly flash-in-the-pan differed from that of any other celestial object which Mr. Huggins and Dr. Miller had examined. In fact, it formed a compound spectrum, or, rather, two spectra superposed—one of which was formed of four bright lines, some of which correspond to hydrogen; the other

was like that formed by the sun. The character of the spectrum of this star, taken in connection with its sudden outburst in brightness, and its rapid decline, suggested the startling speculation that, in consequence of some vast convulsion taking place, the star became suddenly wrapped in the intense flames of burning hydrogen.

Mr. Airey, the Astronomer Royal, observed this remarkable star on the night of the 17th of May, 1866, and determined its right ascension to be $15^h 53^m 56^s.08$, and north polar distance $63^\circ 41' 53''$; agreeing, he states, precisely in position with a small star of the 9.5 magnitude, numbered 2765 in Argelander's catalogue. In a period of a little more than a week it increased in brilliancy equal to that of the third magnitude, and declined as rapidly to its normal condition between the ninth and tenth magnitudes.

For about thirty years previous to 1868, the red prominences observed during total eclipses of the sun led to much speculation. The scientific world had been divided in opinion as to whether the prominences or protuberances, as they are indifferently called, belonged to the sun, the moon, or were caused by refraction, &c. During the total eclipse of the sun which occurred on the 18th of August, 1868, these different opinions were completely reconciled, and for ever set at rest, by means of the spectroscope. It was ascertained that the prominences chiefly consist of hydrogen gas in a state of intense ignition. Some of these flaming prominences attain an enormous height above the general surface of the sun. Sir John Herschel states, in his "Treatise on Astronomy" (edition of 1869), that one prominence reached the amazing height of forty-eight thousand miles above the sun's general surface.

Several expeditions were sent to different places along the line of totality of the eclipse to take observations. One of the French expeditions was in charge of M. Janssen, who fixed his place of observation at Guntoor, India. M. Janssen was provided with excellent spectroscopic apparatus, and, to his honour, made excellent use of it. In his communication to the French Academy, he sums up his observations of the phenomena in the following words:—

1. "That the luminous prominences observed during total eclipses belong uncontestedly to the circum-solar regions.

2. "That these bodies are formed of incandescent hydrogen, and that this gas predominates, if it does not form the exclusive composition of them.

3. "That these circum-solar bodies are the seat of movements of which no terrestrial phenomena can give any idea—masses of matter, of which the volume is several hundred times greater than that of the earth, being displaced and completely changing their form in the space of a few minutes."

On the 18th of August, 1868, whilst M. Janssen was observing the sun's prominences, it occurred to him that the prominences might be observed at all times the sun is visible, without an eclipse being necessary. This idea presented itself to him on account of the spectral lines of the prominences being bright, and in contrast with the dark lines in the spectrum of the main solar body. During the night of the 18th, the method and means of carrying out this idea were clearly arranged in his mind. The next morning the sun rose very brightly; he placed the slit of the spectroscope in part on the solar disc, and in part on the prominences: the slit, therefore, gave two spectra—that of the sun, and that of the prominences. In the afternoon he examined the same part examined in the morning, and found that great changes had taken place in the distribution of the matter of the prominences.

On the morning of the 20th of October, 1868, Mr. Norman Lockyer, of London, found that he could observe the spectrum of the prominences at any time the sun was visible. This idea had occurred to him two years previously; but, owing to the imperfection of the spectroscope which he used, he had been unable to realize his idea until the date mentioned. A day or two before the 20th, he had received a new and more perfect spectroscope, which enabled him to make the discovery also, without knowing at the time that M. Janssen had two months previously discovered the same thing.

A communication from Mr. Lockyer, sent through Mr. De la Rue, announcing the discovery to the French Academy, reached that body a few minutes before M. Janssen's letter from India announced to the Academy the same discovery.

This remarkable double discovery opens up a field of investigation destined to yield a rich harvest to the husbandman in solar physics.

Turning now from the discoveries made in the heavenly bodies during the last few years to those made in terrestrial substances, the discoveries made in the latter by the spectroscope are scarcely less calculated to excite our astonishment than those in the former.

Bunsen, an eminent German chemist, whilst examining by the spectroscope in 1860, the residue of the mother-liquor from the Dürkheim Spring, saw two blue lines in its spectrum, and also two red lines, which he had never seen before, although he had carefully mapped the spectra of all the known elements. The observation of these lines induced him to make a minute chemical examination of the water which furnished them—in fact, he evaporated more than forty tons of the water—and found two new metals, which he called *cæsium* and *rubidium*; the first named from "*cæsius*," "sky-coloured," in allusion to the two characteristic blue lines in its spectrum; the second, from "*rubidus*," signifying "dark red," in allusion to the two red lines in its spectrum. It would have been almost impossible to ascertain their existence in the water in the minute proportion in which they occur—about three grains of chloride of *cæsium*, and rather less than four grains of chloride of rubidium to every ton of water—but for the method of spectrum analysis. Since these elements were discovered, they have been found in various countries combined with several different substances.

Another new metallic element, called thallium, was discovered, in 1861, by Mr. Wm. Crookes, whilst examining with the spectroscope the seleniferous deposit from the sulphuric acid manufactory at Tilkerode, in the Hartz Mountains. A portion of the deposit, introduced into a blue gas-flame, gave abundant evidence of selenium; but, as the alternate bright and dark bands due to this element became fainter, and he had been expecting the somewhat similar but closer bands of tellurium, suddenly a *bright green line* flashed into view, and as quickly disappeared. An isolated green line in this portion of the spectrum was new to him, although he had become intimately acquainted with the appearance of most of the spectra of the elements. After numerous experiments, he concluded that the green line in the spectrum was caused by a new element.

The delicacy of the test of spectrum

analysis for this new element, called *thallium*—from a Greek word, which signifies a “budding twig,” in allusion to the bright green line in its spectrum—is so great, that in a solution of sulphate of thallium, containing only $\frac{1}{8,000,000}$ th part of a grain, the bright green line was detected.

In 1862, M. Lamy discovered thallium in large quantities in Belgian pyrites, without being aware, he states, of Mr. Crookes’ previous discovery. Since then it has been found in various places, in combination with different substances, and is now pretty extensively used in the arts, particularly in fireworks.

The new element *indium*—so called in allusion to two lines in its spectrum, one in the blue, the other in the indigo—was discovered, in 1864, by two German professors, Reich and Richter, in zinc works in the Hartz Mountains. This discovery was also made by means of spectrum analysis. Indium is a white, malleable metal, the specific gravity of which is 7.36, and is easily fused.

Of the many useful purposes to which the spectroscope has been already applied, not the least important is that of its application to the manufacture of Bessemer steel. In about twenty-five minutes, five tons of iron, containing a surplus quantity of carbon, are converted into steel. The great point to be determined in the process is to ascertain the precise moment when all the carbon is burnt out of the iron. If the process should be continued after the carbon has been all burned out, the whole five tons are spoiled. The only way of determining this critical moment, before the spectroscope came into use, had been the appearance of the flame above the retort, as it appeared to the eye of a man employed to watch it. This method led to the spoiling of a large quantity of steel. Instead of watching the flame with the naked eye, Professor Lielegg uses the spectroscope to observe the flame at the Bessemer works of the Austrian Southern Railway at Gratz. The spectrum peculiar to the Bessemer flame, which becomes visible at the beginning of the boiling period, and attains its maximum distinctness during the first half of the refining period, is—without regarding the lines produced by the potassium, sodium, and lithium in ignition in the flame—simply the spectrum of burning carbonic oxide. This spectrum contains four groups of lines, the positions of which were accurately determined. About

five minutes before the final moment, certain lines appear in the blue space of the spectrum; shortly afterwards a very bright and sharply defined line appears in the violet. As soon as these lines *disappear*, the critical moment has been reached when all the carbon is burnt out.

From the preceding sketch of the marvellous results that have followed the discovery of the Fraunhofer lines in the spectrum, it will be seen that, by its means, four new terrestrial elements have been discovered, and also many terrestrial elements have been discovered in the sun, fixed stars, comets, and nebulae.

By means of the telescope, man has been already enabled to trace the handiwork of the Creator in the diurnal and orbital motions of the various bodies in the solar system; to arrive at a correct knowledge of the universal law of gravitation by which these motions are regulated; to measure the distances of the sun and planets from the earth and from each other; to determine their weights, as in a balance; and even to find the distances, and ascertain the weights, of many of the fixed stars. By the acquisition of this knowledge, man has been enabled to understand and appreciate the truth announced by the Royal Psalmist:—“The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork.” And if man, by means of the telescope, has been enabled to arrive at this stage of knowledge, may we not reasonably hope that, by means of the spectroscope, he will be able to determine the constituent elements of all the heavenly bodies which send us light, heat, or actinic rays, and the mutual action and reaction of these elements on each other, as well as the—as yet—mysterious molecular relations of the elements of our earth? The spectrum thus becomes a species of illuminated ladder, with one end on the earth the other in heaven, along the lines, bands, or rounds of which bright ideas are descending and ascending, conveying to us telegrams from the remotest stars and nebulae, and assuring us that “the statutes of the Lord are just, sought out in all His ways.”

INSULÆ FORTUNATÆ.

THEY cease from labour: care and toil,
The changing chance of changing day,
The battle roar around the spoil,
Are things that have been—passed away.

They cease from labour: peace and rest,
 A summer sky that always smiles,
 An endless song, an endless feast,
 Await them in the Blessed Isles.

There long to rest them; there to walk
 In careless round where fancy leads;
 There, lapped in rich content, to talk
 Of prowess old, and famous deeds.

Still the moon's circles wax and wane,
 And still the morning follows night—
 As when, o'er Ilion's breezy plain,
 The daily dawn brought daily fight.

The feathered palms, long shadowed, wave
 Above the forest, tall and proud:
 So, some to slay and some to save,
 They towered once above the crowd.

There rest the heroes—while the years,
 Uncounted and unheeded, roll;
 There tell, untiring, how the spears
 Flew thick, dividing corpse from soul.

There live—there die; nor pray for more
 Than not to lose these memories sweet;
 Nor look for news from any shore,
 Nor other pleasure hope to meet.

There live—there rest; but sometimes sit
 When tiny ripples crisp the sand;
 When curlews call, and seagulls flit,
 And sea-salt breezes fan the land—

With faces Eastward: there lay Troy;
 There Ida reared her rugged hills;
 There war brought death, and war brought joy,
 Beside those tiny sister rills.

They sit lamenting. "Isle of Heaven,
 What hast thou half so sweet as life?
 What Western breeze was ever given,
 So warm as breath of maid and wife?"

We lie and talk of things that were,
 When life was young and blood was strong.
 "T was better, better there than here:
 But time was brief—and this is long."

So whisper, mournful, while the line
 Of rolling breakers mocks their grief;
 And, inland, moans the tropic pine;
 And far off gleams the angry reef.

TABLE TALK.

"**L**OUIS, VA FAIRE TON DEVOIR." With these words the Empress Eugénie sent forth her only child to the "baptism of fire." The duty was soon done. The affections of the woman and the mother, in a few short days, overcame the feelings of the Empress-Regent; and this was natural. Is not a son above power, and honour, and glory in the heart of his mother? How applicable are Lord Bacon's words: "They that are the first raisers of their houses are most indulgent towards their children, be-

holding them as the continuance, not only of their kind, but of their work." Is "their work" fated to be continued or not? If the war were undertaken to make the throne of Louis safe in days to come, could his mother see his young life endangered by his theatrical part now? No. And, accordingly, we hear from Paris that "at the late Ministerial Council, which lasted from midnight until half-past six in the morning, her Majesty's one idea was, it is said, to get the boy placed out of danger. An express train was accordingly despatched from Paris on Sunday to bring him back." Every English mother would, under similar circumstances, have acted in the same way. The Empress's instinct was natural and true.

THE PARAGRAPH in our "Table Talk" (p. 42), in which we quoted Thackeray's verses on Napoleon the Great, was almost prophetic. As we write, there are rumours of a demand for the abdication of the Emperor of the French and a revolution in Paris; and a telegram has demanded the Emperor's immediate return to that city. His answer has the flavour of an old Greek epigram: "Yes," he rejoins, "I will return—either a conqueror or a corpse!" Alas! that, through his own act, he should deem either condition a necessity!

"BRAG IS A VERY good dog, but Holdfast is a better." The homely proverb will be remembered with advantage by those who look over the French papers of a week since. "*La Vie Parisienne*," admirably illustrated by Marcelin, was an especial sinner in that way of brag. French soldiers are pictured as dividing German spoil in their dreams. Alas! 'tis all a dream now. One friend cries "Good-bye" to a soldier; "when will the triumphal entry be?" "Eh bien!" says the captain; "*preparez toujours vos lampions*" ("you had better get ready your illuminations"). Horse soldiers who travel between Paris and Berlin will undertake any commission for the King of Prussia; and there are worse hints in such words of adieu as "*Bonne chance pour vous, et bien des choses à ces dames là-bas.*" The ladies "down there-away" are the conquered women of Berlin!

THE AUTHOR of "The Bible in Spain," one of the most entrancing books ever

written, Mr. George Borrow, gave a very spirited account of the behaviour of the English newspaper correspondent—who is quite unlike Jefferson Brick, pictured by Mr. Dickens, who made war while manipulating the scissors and using the paste-pot safely in an office. On the contrary, the correspondent hears the crack of the rifle and the discordant splutter of the mitrailleuse, and shares all the dangers of the campaign. Two French men of the pen are seriously wounded; and M. Edmond About, correspondent of the *Soir*, is—at present—among the missing. We hope that, before this reaches the “reader’s eye,” M. About will be safely at Paris, photographing the stirring scenes there enacted; or at Berlin, comfortably housed and well treated by the generous Germans, who can appreciate his wit, fluency, and admirable style. The English correspondents have had to leave for Paris.

WE HAVE THIS from Paris. After the storm, a coquette says to her lover, with the continual “*Mon Dieu!*”—“Goodness gracious, Alphonse, how frightened I am of lightning!” “And no wonder,” cries Alphonse. “It is attracted by iron, and you have a heart of steel!”

THE RELATIVE BEAUTY OF THE sexes is said to differ considerably in different countries. French travellers in England have reported that, as a rule, Englishmen are better-looking specimens of the human race divine, than English women. To this opinion our gallantry forbids us to defer. We, however, will state also that these impartial French observers have said that a beautiful English girl is the most lovely and lovable creature among created beings. In this opinion we at once and unreservedly express our entire concurrence. But of the relations between male and female beauty in other countries we can speak more freely. Under the sunny skies of Southern Italy fine figures are much more common among the male than among the female sex. In Northern Italy this is less remarkable. In France this state of things is reversed. There, handsome women are, to handsome men, as one to six or eight. Among the snows and frosts of Russia, too, both in regard to feature and figure, the men are handsomer than the women. Why is this? Is it not because in judging of female

beauty our canons of criticism are much more strict than those we apply to the lords of creation?

THE UNSETTLED WEATHER of the past weeks was only to be expected as the natural result of an unusually dry season. The month of July, however, was only a very little deficient in rainfall. Estimating the rainfall of the whole country for that month, the measurement shows 2·0 inches, or about half an inch below the average amount. The year has been remarkably dry, as everybody knows. From January to July, inclusive, the total rainfall measured at Greenwich has only been 7·3 inches. The average of the corresponding period taken for fifty-four years gives 13½ inches. From this it will be seen that we have had, up to the end of July, only half as much rain as we might reasonably have expected. The dry weather has had an influence upon the prices of provender—especially hay; but it will be remembered that in 1868—a very dry year up to the month of August—the grass grew during nearly the whole of an exceptionally mild and open winter. A very dry first half of the year does not always mean dearth and high prices. There is every prospect of a plentiful harvest of corn.

TO THESE NOTES ABOUT the weather we may append a version of the legend of St. Swithin which may be new to many of our readers. It is as follows: The old adage says, “If it rains on St. Swithin’s Day there will be rain more or less for forty succeeding days.” Now, St. Swithin, who was Bishop of Winchester, died in the year of Our Lord 865, and was canonized by the Pope in due course. The good bishop had the singular wish to be buried without, in the churchyard, rather than in the minster of the cathedral, which was the customary place of interment of the bishops. The worthy monks, however, after his canonization, thinking that it was disgraceful that the bones of a saint should be suffered to lie in the open churchyard, resolved to remove the body of the bishop into the choir of his cathedral church without further delay. Accordingly, this was to have been done on a certain 16th of July. So great, however, was the downpour of rain on that day, and for forty days succeeding it, that the monks became convinced that their de-

sign was blasphemous and heretical, and they gave it up. A chapel was erected over the grave of the bishop instead, and many miracles were wrought thereat; and for a good round thousand years since, whenever it has rained on the anniversary of the monks' resolution to move the canonized bones of the saint, it has rained, more or less, for forty successive days afterwards. And to the contrary of this the memory of man runneth not.

A CORRESPONDENT: One pre-eminently British characteristic is for ever breaking out on the slightest provocation in the world—namely, our Philistine folly of cutting our names, or scrawling doggerel verses, on every surface we can leave our mark upon. From the "Bill Stumps his mark," that so puzzled the Pickwick Club, to the autograph of my Lord Catchimwhocan, who scrawls his aristocratic name in Shakspeare's house at Stratford, on one of the days he can't hunt with the Warwickshire on account of the frost, the passion attacks all grades of society. On the sober leads of the Bodleian, in the Alcove at Weston Underwood, on the cathedral roof, in the bathing-machine, Young England out for a holiday takes up his pen and writes. From Llandudno bathing-machines we cull these flowers of poesy:—

"Alas! alas! for the last time,
These old sea-beaten steps I climb.
To-morrow I shall be whisked away
Far from Llandudno's lovely bay;
Its pebbly beach and silver strand,
Its promenade and pleasant band;
Its pretty girls—no flattery this—
Their laughing chat, perhaps a kiss."

Evidently this gentleman has escaped unscathed from the "laughing chat" of the "pretty girls." But another appears—if we may judge from the style of his effusion—to have been less fortunate. He writes—

"Farewell, Llandudno; ne'er shall I
Forget thee, though I say good-bye.
The pretty girls so often met,
So oft admired, I can't forget;
The sunny cliffs where we have strayed,
The evening "muster on parade."
And ah! those eyes, almost divine,
Which shone their love-light into mine—
Farewell, again farewell; and yet
You know I never can forget."

Visitors to the seaside, be warned in time!

IT IS VERY ODD that some Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, of a thoughtful

turn, has not been moved to point out, among the minor uses of war, the immense development it gives to the study of geography. Perhaps, wrapped in the contemplation of those distant climes where the Caspian sea ebbs and flows with its mysterious tides, or—

"Where the gentle cassowary,
Near the town of Timbuctoo,
Eats the roving missionary,
Coat, and hat, and hymn book too."

he ignores the lamentable ignorance that prevails even in the more rudimentary branches of the science. But let us consider what knowledge we have gained in the last fifteen years alone. Formerly, it was as much as we could do to draw a map of Rome, or the ancient fortifications of Syracuse. We might, perhaps, have illustrated the campaigns of the Peloponnesian War; but those of Napoleon were a closed book to us. See what we know now. The Black, Baltic, and Mediterranean Seas are objects of mere familiarity to us. The map of India is deprived of the old halo with which popular ignorance surrounded it. We know China, Abyssinia, Italy, Sleswig-Holstein, Mexico, New Zealand, the United States, and Paraguay. And we are now in a fair way to learn the intricacies of the frontier, at least, of France and Prussia. This the Special Correspondent has done for us. If knowledge is indeed power, what ought we to do for him in return?

AS I HAVE successfully pursued my own studies in this science by the aid of the Special Correspondent, I do not see why he should not be introduced into schools. And, in an age of educational projects, I beg to submit this, as a bran-new one, to a discerning British public. Let us discard the old text-books of geography, out of which we learned so little, but which were the cause—and are, doubtless, still—of so many impositions. Let the boys be instructed to take in the daily papers, and bring them to school. Let them write letters after the style of the Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*—an uncommonly lively fellow, in spite of all that is said about him—or in that of the *Times* correspondent: just as we used to write Latin in the styles of Cicero and Tacitus. Let them follow the Special on the field of battle, and work out the campaign with maps and flags. The study, at least, will be a practical one. It

might be taken up in the afternoon, in those hours following dinner when the boys are full of pudding, and Euclid is next to impossible.

ONE MORE SUGGESTION. Schools have all got choirs and singing masters. Why not—following the plan of Mr. Albert Smith—set the news of the day to music? We need not be fettered, as he was, by a single tune. Indeed, it would be better to introduce variety; and, as a delicate tribute of admiration, such old tunes could be employed as “The *Standard Bearer*,” “Hail! smiling *Morn-ing Post*,” “Beautiful *Star*”—that is too late, unfortunately—or “The good old *Times*.” There are, too, no limits at all to the refrains and imitations possible to an ingenious mind. Thus, instead of—

“Oh, give me the sweet shady side of Pall-mall,”
we may read—

“Oh, give me for twopence my evening *Pall Mall*.”

Or, again, a beautiful three-part song—

“Tell me, shepherds, have you seen
My *Globe* boy pass this way?”

Or perhaps something of this kind—

“The splendour falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits, old in story;
The *Special* takes note of the lakes,
And wreathes the cataracts in glory.
Cry, boys, your paper—set the *Echo* flying;
Cry, boys, and answer *Echo*, never dying.”

MR. W. J. THOMS is bringing out a work on alleged centenarians, in which the views on this subject of the late Sir G. C. Lewis will be accepted. We would ask Mr. Thoms if he is acquainted with a scarce volume, published at Salisbury in 1799, and written by James Easton, a bookseller of that town, entitled “Human Longevity; an Interesting Account of nearly Two Thousand Persons who attained the Age of a Century and upwards; with Anecdotes of the most Remarkable.” It is an octavo volume, and many of its examples are adduced from Wiltshire and the surrounding counties.

THE DEATH IS RECORDED of Mr. Charles Sloman, who bore the title of “the only English Improvisatore,” and who was the author of “The Maid of Judah,” and very many other songs. He may be mentioned here in connection with literature. A very graphic description of this singer and his

peculiar talents is given in “Sketches of Cantabs,” under the heading, “The Cantab who is fond of London Life” (pp. 62-68). The improvised song that he is there reported to have sung is a very good sample of his best performance. The book just mentioned was supposed to be written by “John Smith, of Smith Hall, Gent.” The real author, we may say, was Mr. John Delaware Lewis, of Trinity College, Cambridge. But a more noticeable mention of Mr. Sloman is that by Thackeray, in the very first chapter of “The Newcomes,” where we are introduced to “the Cave of Harmony” (Evans’s), and “young Nadab, the Improvisatore;” with whom, and with whose personal rhymes, good Colonel Newcome was so vastly pleased, that he pressed the singer to “come and dine with me to-morrow at six. Colonel Newcome, if you please, Nerot’s Hotel, Clifford-street. I am always proud to make the acquaintance of men of genius—and you are one, or my name is not Newcome.” “Sir, you do me honour,” says Mr. Nadab, pulling up his shirt collars; “and perhaps the day will come when the world will do me justice!” The day has come. We may not scruple to follow the lead of Colonel Newcome, and to confess that there was “genius” in Charles Sloman, the Improvisatore.

OUR PRINTER LAST WEEK made us speak of Marathon and Salarius. We know of no such battle, but wrote Salamis, which is pretty well known. As a rule, compositors are so good and clever, that we cannot blame them, and take the error upon ourselves; though we protest that our MS. is not like that of a certain statesman, who never could read what he had written till he had had it set up in type.

NOTICE.—After the 15th day of September next, ONCE A WEEK will be published at the New Premises, 19, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

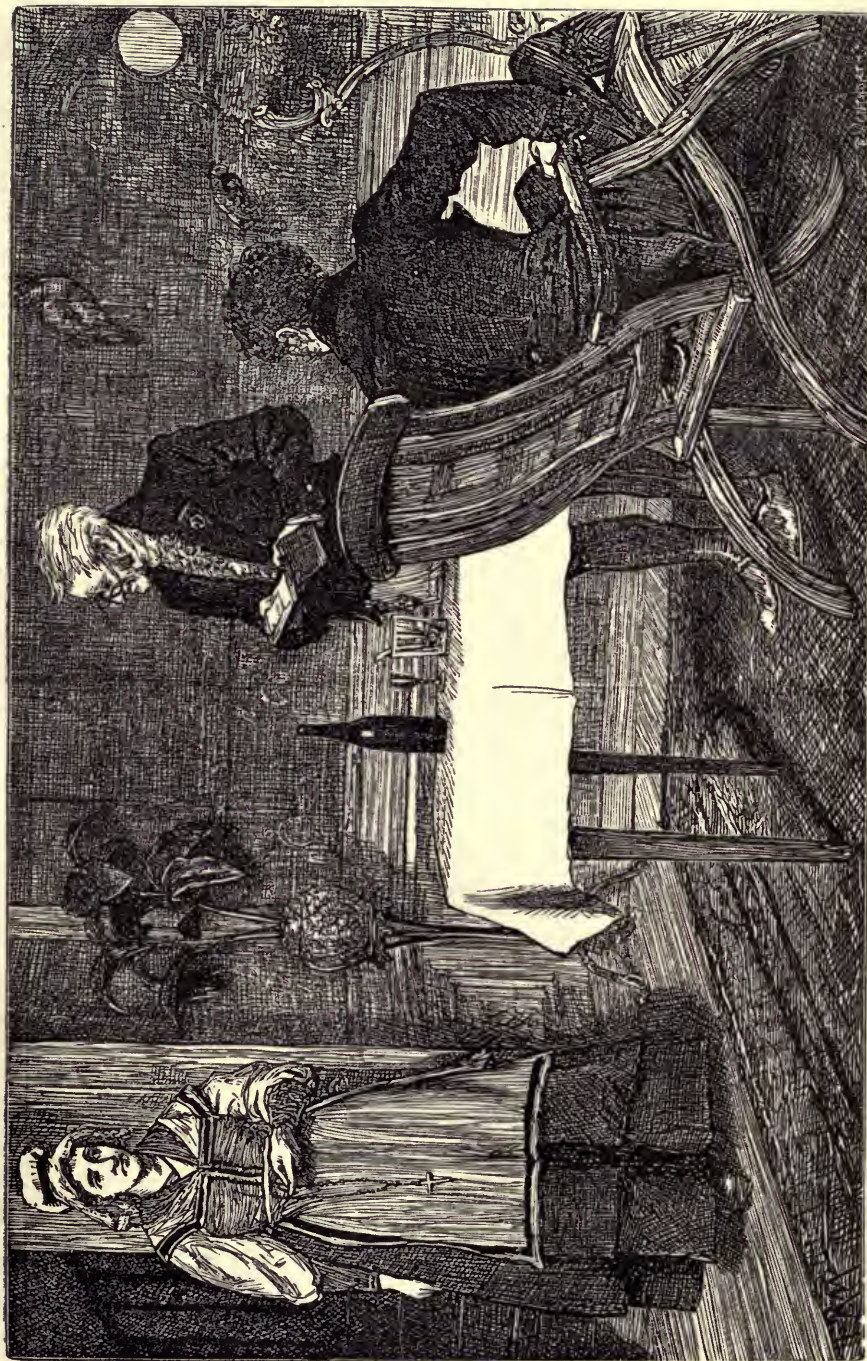
The New Volume of ONCE A WEEK, price 6s., is now ready. Order of any Bookseller in the United Kingdom.

Rejected MSS. will be returned to the authors, if stamps for that purpose are sent.

The Editor will only be responsible for their being safely re-posted to the addresses given.

Every MS. must have the name and address of the author legibly written on the first page.

ONCE A WEEK is registered for transmission abroad.



Once a Week.]

[August 27, 1870.

"TELL MY SON, EDGAR WADE, THAT *HIS MOTHER* WISHES TO SEE HIM."—Page 68.

ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 139.

August 27, 1870.

Price 2d.

ONE OF TWO; OR, A LEFT-HANDED BRIDE. BY HAIN FRISWELL.

CHAPTER VII.

"BROTHERS IN BLOOD, BUT WIDE-DIVORCED
IN SOUL."



FORSTER, called Daylight—who, being an inductive philosopher, understood complications as well as most men—laid his head upon his two hands, and rocked backwards and forwards, muttering to himself his favourite phrase, "Poor human nature," several times.

Then he began to think that, considering all things, man was an unhappy animal; that when he meddled with he generally muddled matters; and that no more proper or more intense punishment to Philip Stanfield, the proud Earl of Chesterton, could have been found than that which, after all his plots and deceptions, left him uncertain of his son—nay, uncertain if indeed the ancestral blood that he so much talked of flowed in the veins of him who would wear the coronet of Chesterton.

"Oh," said Mr. Tom Forster, as he thought over all this—

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive."

But he was not making rhymes: he was merely quoting the literary baronet Sir Walter Scott's poem of "Marmion," which was at the time very popular.

The more Old Daylight thought over the matter, the more sure he felt of his inductive process. Poor Edgar Wade, overcome with conflicting emotions, was silent. Old Forster put his hand kindly on his shoulder, and said to him—

"Edgar, my boy, if every one else in the world should desert you, I never will. I have no doubt of your story. I will do all that patient research can do to prove it true. There are means to do so you little think of. But now we had better go to bed. I will wait on you to-morrow morning, and we will then consult how to proceed."

"I am not tired," said Edgar; yet saying the words most wearily. "I am at the end of my tether. What am I to do? Estelle Martin is dead—dead; and her secret is with her, and will be buried with her in the grave. Poor woman, it was too heavy for her, and she would have confessed. It tormented her. But there!" cried the barrister, impatiently, "what can you do against luck? Some common, money-seeking ruffian, for the sake of a few pounds, breaks into the house and murders my chief witness. Fortune is against me."

"Money-seeking scoundrel," repeated Forster, emphasizing the word "money." "Are you sure of that, Edgar?"

The question made the barrister start. His eyes glared for a moment, with a meaning look, upon the old man.

"Do you mean—" he cried. "But no, the suggestion is too horrible. No, that cannot be, as I well know. Perhaps," he said, suddenly, "I may yet have hopes. Estelle must have had some letters and papers—perhaps some deeds even, executed by my father. We must search the house."

Alas! Old Forster too well knew that the

poor woman had not left a scrap of paper. All her writings had disappeared as entirely as those of Mr. William Shakspeare, poet and dramatist, of glorious memory, whose works he, the amateur detective, was very fond of reading.

"Papers," he muttered to himself. "No, there is not a drawer that I have not ransacked, nor a cupboard that I have not looked into. I even ripped up the cover of a capital horsehair mattress. *That* is what the murderer of Madame Martin was after. *He* found the papers, and burnt them in the kitchen grate over the head of the dead woman. I am as right as a trivet. *That* is the way when one takes to the profession scientifically. There is no guess-work with me."

"There may be some hope there," added he aloud, like an old hypocrite as he was, when he well knew there was none. "Have you no other hopes?"

"Except in appealing to the Earl himself, none. After all, he was not so bad. He settled on me, it would seem, a handsome income. I was well educated, as you know. Mdlle. Eugenie Autra would come over to England. She settled at Richmond, near London; and I was sent to Rugby. I remember a fine, noble-looking man, to whom the head master paid great deference—"

"Clergymen, as a rule, are such tuft-hunting fellows," interpolated Daylight.

"This gentleman said he was a friend of my father's. He was, indeed, his best friend and worst enemy: he was himself."

"I should just like to see some of his writing, to compare it with that of the Earl. I have no doubt it is the same."

"You shall see," said Edgar. "I have ascertained that. The Earl is a gentleman of the old school, and with him *noblesse oblige*. Like the great Duke of Wellington, our present Prime Minister—long may he live!—he answers every letter sent to him. Here is one received in answer to a scientific friend of mine, Dr. Richards, upon some trifling question. The Earl, you know, is President of the Antiquarian Society."

Here Edgar produced a courteous reply, commencing "The Earl of Chesterton presents his compts. to Doctor Richards, and . . ." It was written in the stiff, formal, and complimentary manner required by ordinary politeness; but there was quite sufficient in it to identify the handwriting.

But, somehow, Daylight did not seem to recognize *that* fact.

"I wish you would let me take these two writings and compare them downstairs. I have a magnifier down there, and my eyes are bad," urged the cunning old fellow.

"Very good, only return them to me," said the barrister, carelessly tossing over the papers to Old Forster. "They may be of no use now."

But old Tom Forster, who knew better, carefully selected one of the least important letters, and put it, with that of the Earl, in a vast black leather pocket-book, which he always carried with him. He had hardly done so, when a light knock at the door was heard, and a nurse entering softly, as if she still trod the sick chamber, told Edgar Wade that his mother was somewhat better, and wished to speak to him.

"Ask her," said Tom Forster, in a whisper, "what was the actual message of the sick person?"

Edgar did so.

"The words were," said the nurse, who was young and intelligent, and who wore a rosary hanging from the band of her dress, being probably a Roman Catholic—"the words were, 'Tell my son, Edgar Wade, that *his mother* wishes to see him. He must not disobey *her* commands.'"

"You see," whispered Edgar, with a mournful smile, "that what I said was true. She will keep the game up to the last. She has a lucid interval after her shock, and the first thing she does is to send for me with such a message. Well, I'll go. We must carry on the comedy, or tragedy—which is it, Mr. Forster?—for some time longer. Would it were ended!"

And the young barrister, with the air of a martyr, arose and left the room.

Left to himself, Old Daylight indulged in extraordinary gestures. He cracked all his finger-joints one after the other; he gave a low whistle from the popular opera of "Marsaniello;" he looked at his documents; and, finally, he ran downstairs and ordered his housekeeper to bring up brandy and water to Mr. Wade's rooms; and produced, for her to take up, some admirable *eau de vie de Cognac*, which had *not* that dark mahogany colour which was then generally to be observed.

"All goes well," said he, as he walked noiselessly upstairs. "If that barrister-magistrate be what I think he is, he will

have somebody lodged safely in one of his Majesty's gaols before the week's out. Give me the inductive process, and a little luck—such as I have had *here*—and a fig for getting on the scent, as Old Brownjohn does. Scent! What is the scent? It as often fails a man as it does a dog. Moreover, a man is not a dog—he is a superior animal."

As he said this he entered the room, and presently the brandy was brought, and he took the liberty to brew himself a very stiff glass, and mix one for Edgar. He had need of alcohol to refresh and give a stimulus to his somewhat tired faculties. It soon had its effect, and Forster was ready to work away for his adopted son till daylight. That gentleman soon entered.

"I have taken the liberty, my boy," said Forster, "to order up my brandy and some hot water. Take this and a biscuit. It will do us both good."

Mr. Wade's answer was, to his intense astonishment, to empty the tumbler at a draught.

"You are right," said he; "I feel better now. I wanted *that*."

"How is Mrs. Wade?" asked Forster.

"As bad and as mad as ever. If she be not mad, she will become so. She overwhelmed me with reproaches. She called me 'an atrocious ruffian,' and treated me as if I were positively a murderer."

"You should send for a doctor at once."

"I have done so. My friend, Dr. Richards, will be here presently."

There was silence for some time. Then Old Daylight broke it.

"The more I think of your affairs, my dear boy, the more I am puzzled"—the old rogue was not puzzled at all—"the more I am in doubt, were I in your place, what measures I should take."

"My poor old friend," said Edgar, with a compassionate patronage, "you are quite right. There is such a combination of circumstances, so terrible a conspiracy, that it would puzzle wiser heads than yours, and utterly confound men of greater experience."

A sly smile played for an instant about Old Daylight's lips as he listened.

"Now let us presume that this Mrs. Wade dies, or becomes insane—both of which chances are on the cards—another link of the chain is broken—another witness, from whose unwilling lips an examining barrister could extort a good deal, escapes me."

"But there is the valet, Gustave," suggested Forster.

"He is dead long ago. He died like a true Swiss. He was paid well, and he kept the secret to the last—to the grave, and beyond it."

"And the husband of the Widow Martin—his testimony might be worth something—what of him?"

"The same story that might be told of so many brave fellows. A stormy night—a dark, frowning, iron-bound coast, as that of Normandy is—an angry sea, and the Père Martin and his little boat lost for ever. At least, so said his wife."

"Then there's no hope there," said Old Daylight. "Well, we must look out for other help—self-help, that's best."

"I've tried *that*," said Edgar, eagerly. "When the bold, open way is open to me, you will not find me flinch. I determined to see the Earl, my father. Robbed, betrayed, left alone to perish, as it were, in this great city, I had yet grown to strength. I would use that strength. I would stand face to face with my cruel taskmaster."

"Bravo!" cried Old Daylight. "And so you went to see the Right Honourable Philip Plumer Stanfield, Earl of Chesterton, Viscount Wimpole, Baron Edgeware, and a Baronet. Bravo! give him all his titles. You were a match for the old aristocrat."

The barrister paid no attention to the old man, but continued—

"I did not take this resolution suddenly. The more I thought of the interview, the more undecided I was. Could so weak a person as I overthrow a great lord in single combat?"

"David slew Goliath with a pebble," cried the old man, testily. "Fear not, and God will help you."

"Would he forego his troublesome guilt of thirty years? Had he not chosen his part, and determined which side to take? Would he not laugh me to scorn, chase me from his doors, and prosecute me as a forger? These were considerations. He knew the old brag in English law: that it is the shield of the poor and the breastplate of the rich. I tell you, it is the poor man's oppressor and the toy of the rich. Moved from court to court, maddened with delay after delay, rendered furious by trick after trick, in endeavouring to gain my patrimony, I might at last have died in a mad-house!"

Here the young fellow paused, and poured out a little brandy, which he drank.

"But at last you decided?" said Old Daylight, with whom there was nothing like sticking to the point.

"After a fortnight or three weeks—for so long have I known this—of agony, of doubt and suspense, yes. One morning, after a night of torture, in which sleep brought no relief, but only sad and doleful dreams, I determined to go."

"Soh!" grunted the old *ci-devant* silver-smith and watchmaker, "*that* is well."

"You know his house, I dare say. It is heavy and old, but one of the most aristocratic houses in London. It stands back in its own courtyard, and is of Grecian architecture, built of squared stone. Inside, it is a model of comfort and elegance. There is nothing there that you could wish away, nothing away that you could wish were present. A huge porter opened the little gate in the large coach gates when I rang, and filled up the space with his red waistcoat and crested buttons, so as not to let me see within. To my question, he answered, with some surliness, that my Lord was not within—he was on the Continent. Fool that I was! I might have known that so great a man would have his whereabouts in the *Court Circular* and *Morning Post*; but I had forgotten that. However, I was determined to see some one.

"Is no one else within?" I demanded.

"I spoke haughtily, and with some fierceness. The man was astonished.

"Yes; the Viscount was at home. Perhaps Lord Wimpole would do as well as his father."

"I will see him," I said; and I strode past the porter into the courtyard.

"A covered portico runs up on each side to the house, and in these porticoes are, I presume, the offices. The house—built by Kent or Chambers in old times—is a good specimen of bastard Grecian or Paladian architecture. A paved way runs from the lodge gate to the door, which is reached by a noble flight of steps. The porter, pulling a bell which communicated with the house, directed me to the chief entrance, which was opened as I approached."

"Chut! these aristocrats—what care they take lest the vulgar crew should intrude on them!" cried Old Daylight. "Well, when you are a gentleman, there's nothing like letting the world know that you are so."

"The footman who opened the door told me superciliously that my Lord was engaged, and had left one or two names only on the slate, to the owners of which he was to be at home.

"You know," said the fellow, with a drawl imitated from his betters—"you know he isn't at home to everybody." And the fellow looked at me as if he would take my measure.

"He will be at home to me," said I.

"Ah! if I could have told him all, how the rascal would have started. The proud tone in which I spoke seemed to settle my friend. He took my card, read over the address, 'Mr. Edgar Wade, Garden-court, Middle Temple,' and, as if satisfied, creaked upstairs till met by a groom of the chambers, who, looking down at me, ordered me to be shown upstairs, and then went his way. The room into which I was shown was adorned with portraits of the race of Stanfield. It was a proud and a distinguished race, distinguished not only for its mere bravery, but for its wit, its knowledge, its boldness in withstanding kings or in aiding them. More than once it had intermarried with the royal race—than which it, indeed, proudly claimed to be better born. Oh! I know well what my ancestry is. I have studied Dodd and Edmondson since I found out this grand secret."

The young man rose, and strode almost fiercely and impatiently up and down his room.

"Well," said Daylight to himself, "pride is a plant of uncommon quick growth in the bosom of man. Poor human nature!"

"My black dress and fashionable costume seemed to have some effect upon this last valet, for he was very attentive.

"My Lord, he said, would see me at once—would I walk into his morning room? but my Lord begged that I would not detain him long, as he had an appointment of some moment. 'And,' said the fellow, as I thought, with an easy lie, 'I know that the carriage will be waiting for him in ten minutes.'

"All, indeed, was done like clockwork—so I afterwards heard—in the house of Chesterton. The horses were kept harnessed, the carriages ready, the dinners, the breakfasts, the first appearance of my Lord Viscount, or the Earl himself, was to the minute. Great noblemen, the Earl was wont to repeat, must submit to little details. I meditated on the slavery of such

a state as I followed the fellow into the armoury."

"And yet he would so gladly submit to it himself," thought Old Daylight. "Poor hum—" but he checked himself, fanning his forehead, in his excitement, with his bandanna.

"I never saw so many arms in my life. The Viscount was curious in swords, and they were arranged in the different centuries to which they belonged. Indian, Chinese, Hindoo tulwars, and Japanese swords—sharp as a razor, and ready to cut a Christian in two—hung, with the weapons of the Crusaders, the long rapier of Elizabeth's days, or the rough cavalry sabre of Cromwell's Ironsides, marked with the genuine 'O.C.' The young fellow seemed to have a passion for steel. Here, on a rack, were some curious daggers, here some German foils with the true Solingen blades—"

"Foils!" said Old Daylight, with a start. "You said foils?"

"Yes. Why did you start?"

"Oh, it's only this corn, confound it!" said the old man, stooping down and pressing his slipper.

"There were pistols, too—beauties! Indeed, everything was good. In the midst was a genealogical tree, where from the loins of Ranulphus de Castraville, in the days of the Heptarchy, the proud race of the Chestertons sprang—a race of nobles when the Conqueror was but a successful freebooter. I was looking at this when my other self, the Viscount, entered. He looked wonderfully well that day. He was dressed in a velvet morning coat, light, well-made shoes, and loose trousers—not the very tight pantaloons, tight as we now wear. He was dressed for ease, and it well became him. I think I see him now—beautiful, radiant with health, good-nature, sweetness—looking ten years younger than I did. *He* had not thought, and read, and written, and felt as I did. His heart had never throbbed with shame, with pride, with ambition, as mine had; nor had beaten so wildly that I have put my hand upon it, as a musician does upon his harp, to deaden and to stop its vibrations. He had a grand and noble air, was about my height, very lightly built, and very smooth, supple, and joyous. Why, indeed, should he not be so? He had neither worked, suffered, nor struggled.

"You're looking at our 'tree,'" he said.

"That is a piece of the governor's folly. I am always obliged to apologize for it to strangers—and you are one, Mr. Edgar Wade. By the way, I think I remember your name at the bar."

"His soft, kind voice disarmed me. I had turned to him fiercely, as if I could have said, 'Out! base-born, out! Give me my rights, and strip away those fine feathers you have stolen.' But his courteous, well-bred looks; his address as to an equal; his kindness and honest intention, as he professed that if he could he would serve me—though I know 'tis but a fashion of their courtly breed—disarmed me; and I repented of my purpose. My head fell on my chest, my arms were uplifted as if to embrace him, my lips moved, and my heart spoke: 'Would that this trial would pass away—would that I could clasp you to my heart, oh, Philip! oh, my brother!'"

CHAPTER VIII.

"IN CAMPS OPPOSED, FALSE SHAME AND CONSCIENCE STAND."

"**PHILIP** DESSÈUX STANFIELD, Esq., commonly, and by courtesy, styled the Viscount Wimpole—" continued the barrister.

"Stop!" cried the old man, blowing his nose with violence, and thereby indulging his method of crying. "Stop a bit. I'll mix again, and a little for you."

Then he muttered to himself, "What a noble heart this young man has! I was right when I put his name in my will. And those people to keep him out of his rights, and by such means, too! There it is, my boy. A pailful of this would not hurt you; it's your brown sugar bedevilments that kill the brandy."

Mr. Wade was nothing loath. He refreshed himself, and Old Daylight did so as well; then, nestling down in his chair, he prepared to listen comfortably.

"Philip," resumed the barrister, dropping for a minute his bitter tone, "seemed touched at my movements. They were but dumb motions, so they must have been eloquent with grief; for he said—

"'You have something to communicate to me, sir. What is it?'"

"'Something so serious,' I answered, 'that I will not tell it here. You have several doors. Somebody might listen.'"

"'Will it take long?' asked he. 'Frankly, I tell you, about this time I am permitted

to visit my future bride, Miss Winnifred Vaughan, and—'

"Here I at once told the Viscount that I must, at least, have the whole of an hour to speak to him. 'And,' I added, 'what I have to say is of the utmost importance both to you and to your father, the Earl. These letters,' said I, 'are of his writing.'

"The young fellow looked at the important bundle of letters with some anxiety; and, after pausing as if in thought, rang the bell, and ordered the carriage to wait for an hour. Then, leading the way into his own little study, he carefully closed the door; and placing an easy chair near the fire—for we were nearing October, and it was cold—he motioned me to sit down.

"The room, which was comfort itself—or, indeed, I may call it luxury—looked out on the ancient garden of Chesterton House; and, although suffering from the smoke of London, the garden was well kept up, and it was a pretty place. I noticed that if I fell—for I was about to play the bold game—"

"Brave boy!" cried Old Forster.

"And he might throw me out of window—I should assuredly break my neck; for, although we were on the first floor, the ground round the basement had been deeply removed; and, to say the truth, the state rooms at Chesterton House are lofty. Lord Wimpole was somewhat about my height, as I said, and very active; and, truly, what I was about to say to him was enough to stir any one's choler. I sat but a moment, and then I arose—

"'I hope, my Lord,' said I, giving him his courtesy title, 'that you will not proceed to any extremes upon what I am about to say to you.'

"He looked at me with extreme surprise, somewhat puzzled.

"'My mission,' I continued, 'is a very painful one—very painful indeed. Nothing that you can do or say now can affect it. It has passed into the regions of history. Therefore, let not what I shall say move you to—'

"'My dear sir,' interrupted he, with a good-natured and somewhat proud look upon his manly, upturned face—for his surprise had given way, and his feelings had rallied—'what can you or any one say to my father's son that—'

"'Exactly. You have cut the difficulty. Learn, sir, that you are *not* the legitimate

son of the Earl of Chesterton.' I kept my eyes fixed upon his as I said this, and saw a gleam of fury shoot from them, and expected him to spring at my throat. Then the gleam died down, and a pallor gradually crept up on his face as I continued: 'And these letters that I have here will prove what I say. The real heir still lives; and sent by him, I come here. In these writings you will—'

"'Give them to me,' said he, in a voice short, sharp, and painfully altered by emotion.

"I did so at once."

"Phew! and a fire burning in his room, right before him!" cried the old criminal philosopher.

"Ah!" said his companion, "Lord Wimpole is a gentleman; besides"—and this the wicked Old Daylight thought was much more to the purpose—"I stood between him and the grate, and my eye was fixed on his.

"'Before you begin,' I cried, 'let me save you unnecessary pain.'

"'You are too good, sir,' said he with a bow, and with bitter irony.

"'At any rate,' I said, 'I have some right to be an executioner—no right to be a butcher. These hundred and twenty letters would simply kill you, without doing you any good. Please read only those passages that I have marked in blue ink.' For," said Edgar, "I took the same trouble for him that I did for you. I shortened his punishment by letting him read only those things that were of importance. Oh! I can assure you, my old friend, that was enough. My eyes, fixed upon his face, watched his smallest movements. I told you how well he looked when I first saw him. In less than ten minutes you would have fancied him a convalescent from a fever hospital. Taking his white silk pocket-handkerchief, he put it first to his mouth, then in it—biting the thick folds of silk in his agony; but he let no word escape him. Thick drops of sweat, drops of agony, gathered on his forehead; his hands trembled; his lips turned white; his very hair, which was crisp and curled when he came to welcome me, seemed to grow weak and lank before me."

"Poor devil!" said the old man.

"Yes," cried Edgar, as if to forestall his pity, "I pitied him—I, even I, who had been so much injured. But he showed marvellous pluck—a bitter and a costly bravery. Had he uttered one word I should

have flung my arms round his neck and cried, 'Philip, are you not my brother? Let us forget all. Remain where you are. I have been injured to toil and strife. I can endure difficulty and privation. Let us only recognize, know, and love each other!'"

Worn by his emotions, the barrister walked up and down his room, taking the stage much as Mr. Kean, the great tragedian of the day, did when he cried out, in "Richard the Third"—

— "Shadows to-night
Have wrought more terror on the soul of Richard—"

Old Daylight watched his adopted son with delight.

"Go on, go on, my boy," he murmured. And then, to himself, he said, "But his wonderful generosity will make a fool of him."

"But then," continued Edgar, "a very black and guilty reflection—so I take it—made me pause. I have been educated into caution; and as I was about to play the generous fool, and burn the letters myself, something whispered, 'Those letters once burnt, what becomes of your evidence? Lord Wimpole might turn round and laugh at you.'"

"Ah," said Forster, drawing a long breath, and somewhat relieved, "there *is* that reflection to be made. The boy is all right," he cogitated. "Now this is what I call a man—a brain to reflect, a heart to feel, a hand to execute. Dash my old wig!" said he to himself, in a state of great triumph, "this is the man for my money; just like myself when I was a boy. But where are your young men now?" (Here the old gentleman gave a vacant look round the apartment, as much as to say that the young men at present did not exist, and that nature had been remiss in furnishing that article.) "Why, dash my wig! they are all Tom and Jerrying, knocking down old Charlies, and cheyving the New Police when they see 'em. Oh, they can chaff a cabman, fight a ticket porter, or get into the Fleet Prison. But for young men—bah!"

Edgar had paused while the old man's rapid thoughts were regretting the good old times of his youth; and the barrister had fixed his eyes on dreamy vacancy, as if debating whether the generous pathway he had pointed out would not have been the best to have trodden. Then he suddenly went on, speaking more rapidly than before.

"At last the reading of those letters was

finished, and Philip Stanfield, with haughty determination and an immense struggle—which, in spite of his pride, I could see—arose and put the letters in my hand. He did this frankly, even with a certain boldness.

"If," he said—and he emphasized the word—*if* these letters were written by my father, then, sir, your suggestion is just: I am not the son of the Countess of Chesterton. Have you any other proofs?"

"I was startled at his asking for more. 'I have compared the writing,' I answered, 'and it *is* that of your father. Proofs are in this house. You have the valet Gustave—a confidential servant, no doubt—he has not left you.'

"Gustave," said the young nobleman, 'died years ago. Your sneer is quite right, sir—he was a confidential servant to the end. My father was with him when he died. What secrets he had he carried with him, even beyond the grave.'

"Just what you said," interrupted Old Forster. "Ah, if we could only get on the other side of *that*, what secrets we should know!"

"Then," said I, 'the only other witness is the old nurse, Estelle Martin. I have ascertained from the papers of Madame Wade that she lives at Kensal-green.'

"Eh!" cried the old Bow-street amateur, opening his eyes somewhat wider, and rising as he looked at Edgar. "What said he to *that*?"

"Not much," replied the barrister, carelessly, while old Forster, playing with his red bandanna, watched him with interest. "Not much. His face fell a little, and he owned freely that he knew the name.

"It is a woman whom I have seen," he said. 'She lives at a little house called Acacia Villa. I have been there with my father,' he continued, slowly, as if the words were wrung from him; 'and I have seen him pay money to her. He told me that her husband had done him good service.'

"There, then," I cried, triumphantly—'there, then, is a coincidence which you must, at least, say is strange. I claim that woman as my witness.'

"Phew!" whistled Forster. "And what did my Lord say to *that*? You had him in a cleft stick *there*."

"He did not answer for some time," continued Edgar; "and then, after patting the ground for some time with his foot, he

looked up suddenly into my face, and rising, stood opposite me.

"'Tell me,' he said—looking on me as does an artist who takes your portrait—'tell me this one thing: do you, *Mr. Edgar Wade*'—the name he emphasized—'do you know the true and lawful son of the Earl of Chesterton?'

"'I do,' I answered, too much moved to conceal anything. 'I do know him, and I—*am he!*'"

"The young man's head fell upon his breast, and he trembled; but it was only for a moment.

"'I do not doubt it,' he said; 'I have had a presentiment of something of the sort for some moments.' Then he took my hand, and, in an almost inarticulate voice, murmured, 'My brother, I am satisfied that it should be so.'"

"'Noble words,' ejaculated Old Daylight, 'noble words, no doubt. But what of words? What were his actions?'

"'Spare him,' said Edgar, in a tone of reproach; 'he was and is to be pitied. He has fallen from his high estate. The little things that he despised have become dear to him; those which he thought luxuries have grown into necessities. Brought up amidst delicacies, which his soft soul has yet to be weaned from, the prospect before him is dreadful. He knows the truth. Comprehend, Mr. Forster, the poor man's struggle—who cannot keep his position but with a guilty knowledge. The Nemesis has, indeed, come upon the house of Chesterton. And he, Philip, my brother, is more to be pitied than I.'"

"My dear Edgar—my Lord, I shall call you, for you are a lord," babbled Old Forster, full of feeling, and delighted with the goodness the barrister had exhibited—"I quite comprehend it all. I know the struggle. I, you see—I have read a good deal—Dash my wig! I shall let it all out." (This was said aside.)—"and I know how a man's soul is shaken when he is suddenly brought face to face with a strong temptation."

"'Temptation?'" asked the barrister, as if Old Forster was wandering from the point.

"Yes, temptation. You see, he might wish to get you off your guard and to burn those letters."

"Oh, no! He behaved like one of a noble house, poor fellow, although on the wrong side. You see, he has as much

blood of the Chestertons in his veins as I have."

"How blindly this generous young man excuses him!" thought Forster. "But there, that was to have been foreseen by the true inductive process. Given a fellow of such generous, noble ideas—"

"At last," continued Edgar, "for I must end my story, and we must get to bed—at last, after a long, long silence—in which I was torn by different emotions, and in which I watched the autumn leaves fall in the London garden outside: they fall early here—the young Lord arose, and drawing himself up, said—"

"'Mr. Edgar Wade—for so you are called, *at present*'—the words stuck in his throat a bit—'you must excuse me if I ask time to consider what to do. Ten years, or even five years ago, I should have at once admitted your rights, and should have retired to some far-off settlement, or to the New World, there to have built up a name for myself, and in that New World to have forgotten the sorrows of the Old. But now I am of mature age; and age, if it makes us wiser, makes us less generous. And even though I be like one struck with a thunderbolt from a clear sky, but yet by some miracle alive, I must reflect, and I must consult the Earl, my father. Nay, there is one dearer yet to consult—one whom the exigencies of society will tear away from me—one more precious to me than this fortune which you will take, dearer than life itself. But that is beside the question. Give me leave to say that I feel my position deeply; but also that I feel for you. The Earl will come from the Continent in eight or nine days. I will tell him all. You shall see him. And, if all this is—as I suspect it is—true, then justice shall be done you. Pray, sir, make no mistake. My word has been as good as my bond hitherto, and shall be yet. Here are your letters; keep them carefully. They have cost me all, but—pray, sir, leave me. I will send for you in eight or ten days. I can say no more. I wish to be alone.'"

"And that was all?" asked Forster.

"All!" cried the barrister. "Could any one have said more? Was it not noble?"

"My dear boy," said Old Tom Forster, rising, and taking his brandy bottle, previous to saying good-night, "it was more than noble, it was superhuman—but take care of those letters."

And, with another yawn and a caution, he hobbled off, muttering to himself, "Yes, he was right—justice shall be done him, justice—justice to both!"

ON LONGEVITY.

MR. RAY LANKESTER, one of the most promising of our younger generation of naturalists, has published an Oxford prize essay on longevity, which merits the attention of those of our readers who take an interest in subjects of this nature. The title of his work is "On Comparative Longevity in Man and the Lower Animals." Our knowledge regarding the duration of life in the lower animals is very imperfect. While the male rotifers or wheel-animalcules never reach the age of twenty-four hours, an actinia or sea-anemone with which we are personally acquainted is now spending its forty-third year in a Scottish aquarium; a carp, aged 150 years, and apparently lively and active, was seen by Buffon; a pike, aged 267 years, was taken in Swabia, in 1496, which weighed 350 lbs., and was 19 feet long, with a ring attached to it bearing an inscription indicating that it was put into the lake, in which it was caught, in 1230. Some of the sacred crocodiles of India have been known since the Conquest. Mr. Thomas Bell, the well-known zoologist, has described a tortoise that he supposes to be 200 years old. Parrots have been known to reach the age of 120 years; and there is reason to believe that the elephant and the whale can reach the respective ages of 150 and 300 years. With regard to our more common domesticated animals, it may be stated that the horse and ass, under favourable conditions, live from 20 to 25 years, and may reach 40; while the mule is longer-lived than either of its parents. The ox lives for 15 or 20 years; the pig, 20 years; the sheep and goat, 12 years; the dog, 10 or 12 years (one dog is, however, known to have lived 34 years); the cat, 9 or 10 years (but Mr. Danby informs the author that he had a cat which died at the age of 18 years, after having for some years been unable to move, except slowly); and the rabbit, 7 or 8 years. With regard to man, the author finds that Fuegians and other degraded savages are short-lived, seldom exceeding the age of 45, being killed and eaten in some cases at that age by their children; and that the

average age at death of Englishmen who have reached the age of 50 is 75.5 years.

From an elaborate series of tables, he shows that, in civilized communities, the longevity of females is higher than that of males—the contrast being greater in the English peoerage than in any other group; that agricultural labourers belonging to friendly societies exceed in longevity what is termed the "healthy English life;" that men living in towns—especially bakers and clerks—are relatively short-lived; that the expenditure of mental labour in its highest forms is antagonistic to longevity; that sovereigns, dying natural deaths, are short-lived; and that the apparently higher longevity of England, as contrasted with other western European states, is probably due to a somewhat higher development.

To the cases recorded by Mr. Lankester of abnormal longevity in man—in which the age of 100 years has been proved to have been reached or exceeded—we may add the following instances, without, however, pledging ourselves to their accuracy:—

Mr. John Fitz, æt. 108, was born in 1762, and served during the war of the revolution. On February 10 of the present year, the privilege of the floor of the House of Congress was granted to this aged gentleman, at the request of Mr. Banks; and Mr. Fitz occupied a front seat in the House. He is stated to have conversed in a lively manner with several of the parties.

Captain Lahrbash, æt. 104, was born in London, according to his own statement, on March 9, 1766, and entered the British army on October 17, 1789. Particulars of his military career, which extended over twenty-nine years, are given in a letter in the *Standard* of March 24, from the New York correspondent, who describes a dinner given to celebrate his birthday. It is worthy of record that he is a confirmed opium-eater, and can take half a pint of laudanum with as little effect as the same quantity of *vin ordinaire*.

Mr. John May's case is thus described in the *Western Morning News* for March 29:—"Mr. John May, æt. 101, who resides at Compton, near Plymouth, dined with Mr. R. Hicks, at Hartley Lodge, last Friday, in commemoration of his 101st birthday. It has been Mr. Hicks's custom for the past three years to send his carriage for May on the anniversary of his birthday,

and fetch him to dinner. May was born on the 25th of March, 1769; entered the Devonport Dockyard in 1781; was apprenticed there in 1784; was superannuated as foreman of shipwrights at the age of 60 years; and has thus been in receipt of a pension for upwards of forty years. He is in full possession of all his faculties, except that lately he has become a little deaf. His pension is £58 per year."

A correspondent of the *Athens* (Ohio) *Journal* writes:—"In my travels through West Virginia, I came in contact with an interesting family living in Cabell County, the head of which is 105 years old; his wife is 103. They have had fourteen children, twelve of whom are still living; the eldest being 83 and the youngest 46. They have 108 grandchildren, and, as far as known, 209 great-grandchildren; making in all 331 descendants. The old people are in good health, and bid fair to see another generation. The old gentleman's mother died in 1865, at the age of 125. They have descendants in every State of the Union, except Texas."

In the Registrar-General's weekly report of the last week of April (published in the *Times*), there is the case of a woman, aged 103 years, who died at Hammersmith.

The French scientific journal, *Cosmos*, in the 2nd volume for 1868, gives the following cases:—

In the number for July 4th is the case Madame Blu, then living, lively, and in good health; born on the 15th June, 1768, and therefore nearly 102.

In the number for August 1 are recorded the cases of Madame de la Roûre, who died at the age of 101; and that of her sister, who only survived her a few hours, and was nearly 100. The same number also records the death of Madame Baymé, who had recently died in her 100th year; and the death of M. Pollet, of Vitré, who would have been a centenarian if he had lived a few days longer. Moreover, in the village of Pohon, near Spa, there is (or was at the date of publication) a man, in vigorous health, aged 116 years, married in 1771. His eldest son was born in that year, and is, consequently, all but a centenarian.

The same journal, for August 8, contains a notice of a woman named Duport, aged 104, then in the hospital at Namur for a

slight accident. She was reported as in the full possession of her faculties, and very fond of singing. And the number for August 29 contained the case of a woman, named M'Lean, a native of Skye, who was born in 1751, and was then living in a village near Kenyon, in Ireland. The authority quoted for this case is vague, being "Journaux Anglais."

The number for October 17 contains the case of a Hungarian, aged 115, who has the appearance of a well-preserved sexagenarian, and is still able to ascend the mountains in the district.

The same journal, in the number for August 7, 1869, contains the following curious paragraphs on "The Various Habits of Centenarians:—"

"Annibal Camaux, who died aged 121, and who figures in a picture of Horace Vernet's, was a hard drinker and a great eater. The surgeon, Polotiman, who died at 140, and who the evening before his death operated with great success for cancer, got drunk every night. The peasant woman Obst, who died at 155, and who worked in the fields till the last, took two glasses of brandy daily. Hence it might be inferred that drinking prolonged life. But, on the other hand, Eleanor Spicer, who lived to be 121; Grandet, who lived to be 126; and Jane Effingham, who died at 144, never tasted spirituous liquors.

"Denis Guignard, who died at 123, resided in a limestone cavern. Drahakemberg, who lived to be 146, was taken in his youth by corsairs, and for fifteen years endured all the hardships of captivity. Jean Laffitte, who died at 136, from his earliest youth bathed two or three times a-week, and preserved this habit throughout life. Jean Causeur, who died at 137, lived on the produce of his dairy. Jean d'Outegro, who died at 146, lived on maize and cabbage. Thomas Parr, who died at 152, lived on bread, old cheese, milk, whey, and small beer. Lastly, Pierre Lorton, who died, as it is said, at 185, lived solely on vegetables."

Since the publication of Mr. Lankester's essay (which is dated December 18, 1869), there have been several notices of centenarians recorded in the *Times*. In its number for April 14, it mentions the case of old Meyer, who is now alive and well at Natal, aged 117 years; four days later it records the death of Sarah Pay in the 104th year of

her age. On May 20, it mentions the case of Samuel Collins, aged 102 last March, who is still alive and active; and on June 25, it records the death of Jacob William Luning at the age of 103 years, one month, and four days. This gentleman, at the age of 32, insured his life in the Equitable Office, and his heir will receive more than six times the sum originally insured. With this, which is, perhaps, one of the best authenticated cases of extreme longevity on record, we finish our list of centenarians; and, in concluding this article, cordially recommend Mr. Lankester's volume to all who take an interest in biological studies.

SOCIAL GRIEVANCES.—No. III.

MUSIC.

O MUSIC—as Madame Roland said of Liberty—what crimes are committed in thy name! Of Miss Quacke's high C, down to the infernal organ grinder's "*Di quella pira*"—what sequel? Misery, and even death. What curses must have been registered against the tortured victims of German bands, *pifferari*, and the like! But, sir, did you ever hear an organ played by steam power? Ha! ha! I did last year, at Dartmouth regatta. The maddening thought still courses through my brain. With a horrible iteration did that instrument grind away to the tune of the prayer from "*Moïse*," from ten in the morning till midnight. My friend heaved his anchor—I am not quite sure that that is the right nautical expression, but I mean the yacht sailed—and we took refuge in Torquay. As the shades of evening were falling, and we were sitting down to dinner, eyeing with delight the turtle that had been sent from London to meet us, suddenly we heard those majestic strains—Pum-pum, pum-pum, pum, pum, pum, &c. The men were summoned from the shore, and we fled; but it was hardly before we got out of the bay that we got out of range.

Then, sir, in the town of Whatsitsname-on-the-Sea, where I am at present residing, we have a band, a town band—which, indeed, has suggested the immediate discussion of the grievance under consideration—and which sometimes puts on uniform, and marches at the head of our artillery volunteers, the brave defenders of our coast. At the beginning of the season, when the sergeant came round to collect subscrip-

tions, I offered half-a-crown to help to make a noise, and a sovereign if he promised the band would never play within two miles of my house. But he assured me that an entirely new repertory had been placed at their disposal by their gallant Captain De Boots, and that none but the highest class music would be permitted. He succeeded in drawing me of five shillings, and tried very hard for a sovereign—but did not succeed. I went the first night it played on the pier, and I don't think the following programme justified the sergeant's promises. I quote the original document:—

"The Band of the Norsouth Dampshire Artillery Volunteers will play the following selection, from three till five, under the direction of Mr. Batton, late Bandmaster to her Majesty's Onetieth Regiment:

Overture	Macredi.
Pot-pourri, "Tunes of the Times"	Batton.
Valse, "Kappenisateitun"	Gung'l.
Duet, "Ah! let us die together"	Verdi.
Quadrille, "British Navy"	Jullien.
Chorus, "Chough and Crow," and "Hallelujah"	Arranged by Batton.
Solo, Cornet, "Pilgrim of Love"	Puffjowl.
Selection, "Bohemian Girl"	Balfie.
"God save the Queen."	

The above requires a little explanation. I was myself taken in at first, as the most intelligent reader would be, with the two or three apparent novelties in the above. First of all, the Overture—which I imagined had some reference to an eminent tragedian—turned out to be a misprint for "*Tancredi*." The "*Tunes of the Times*" (*ohimè*) were the choicest refuse of the music halls, and were enough to make one shout "*No Pot-pourri*." The Valse I could not make out at all, nor trace its name to any German words I am acquainted with. It may have been another misprint. I had promised myself a rich treat with the Duet of Verdi, which I had never heard—that I knew of—and of whose music I am passionately fond; but it turned out to be a very old friend. I suppose the Bandmaster thought "*Ah! let us die together*" a correct translation of—

"Ah! che la morte ognora,
E tarda nel venir."

The "*Hallelujah Chorus*" and "*Chough and Crow*," mingled together, produced a decidedly novel effect. But the worst remains behind. Let me confess—it may relieve my mind. Sir, since that evening, my feelings towards the man who plays the big

drum—an otherwise perfectly innocent and respectable member of society—have been of the deadliest character. Although I know I should be hanged, I should like to make away with him. There is a horrible fascination about the man. When he is employed on his instrument—which, to do him justice, I am bound to say he does not spare, and does his duty by—I walk round and round him, meditating the best methods of taking his life during his performance. Oh, my revenge would be nothing unless it was taken at the very moment he was about to produce his hideous Bomb! Shall I snatch the sticks from his hands, and play the necessary passages on his head instead of the drum, until he falls? Or shall a dagger, neatly inserted beneath his ribs at the moment his arm is poised in air, arrest it for ever, when about to descend and cause me a new anguish?

Did the gentle reader ever notice the features of a performer on the big drum—the consciousness they bear of his knowledge that he is considered a nuisance, and that his instrument is not beloved. I can understand his being useful when marching; but what is his use in accompanying a waltz, for instance? And mark you! He won't deprive his public of a single beat, and the whacks come down on the parchment as regularly as the blacksmith's hammer on the anvil. I wonder how one learns, and who teaches that redoubtable instrument.

But it is rather with the music of society that we have to do. I have the *entrée* to several houses where music of all sorts takes place. I will take you with me. You will probably be horribly bored, but you will increase your knowledge. The practice of music as a fashionable pastime has marvelously increased of late years. There are, of course, distinguished amateurs who work for the love of the art: the Wandering Minstrels, for instance—though I am sorry they have done away with the gentle oyster at their admirable *réunions*. I always found the excellent music at their concerts predispose me for the consumption of that tender mollusc; and I don't think I abused their hospitality. Again, the Moray Minstrels are admirable performers; and any one who has seen "Les Deux Aveugles," or "Cox and Box," performed by Messrs. —but I am not an American editor, and will mention no names, as I heard them for the first time in a private house; but the

public may remember a performance at the Adelphi, a few years back, in which they took part. We have to do with the humbugs and impostors who drag down the tuneful Muse to their vile purposes. Let me disclose a few of them as we walk along.

Now, suppose I, who address you—an obscure but "superior" person—am making, by writing novels and plays, £40,000 a-year—which, I am told, is an exceedingly common practice; though, mind, I don't say that I do—and out of that sum I only spend £500; it stands to reason that, in a few years, I shall have amassed a very pretty fortune. I burn to emerge from my obscurity; and, as I already belong to the aristocracy of wealth, I wish to spend my money in forming an acquaintance with the aristocracy of birth. Nothing is more easy. I leave my humble lodgings, cut my editors, snub my publishers, patronize my less fortunate brethren, and take a magnificent mansion in Tyburnia or Kensingtonia, at the back of which I build a music hall. No! I don't like "music hall." It has a twang of the Alhambra and the Oxford about it. Help me to a good designation, Mr. Editor. Hall of Harmony is equally objectionable. Temple of Polyhymnia has a grand sound; but we will be modest, like the Muse herself, and call it simply the music-room. Now, having built it, all I have to do is to fill it with the objects of my ambition. I get hold of a lady of quality and fashion. Don't be surprised—it is not so difficult as you imagine! They often advertise in the *Times* for snobs like —ahem! Well, never mind, I do get her. I tell her that I wish to join that circle for which I feel my talents and parts eminently fit me. I should like to plunge at once into the vortex—I believe that is the word—and with that view, and in order to *faire mes preuves*, I propose to sacrifice to Polyhymnia on a scale of magnificence never before attempted by a private individual. Dear me! it is very provoking that I cannot catch the fashionable way of putting it! That last sentence savours of its "twenty thousand additional lamps" in a provoking manner. But let it pass. Her ladyship thoroughly enters into my programme, and undertakes to issue the invitations in consideration of my promise not to ask any of my own friends, and—but that only concerns her and myself. All I have then to do is to secure the services of Patti and

Co., which is only a question of money, and consult with the *chef* at the Albion, or get Chevel from Paris. To such an occasion no English pastrycook would be equal. The fête is magnificent, and an enormous success. I don't know anybody; and those I address stare at me, as who should say, "Who the devil are you?" Lady Launchington has all the credit, and looks exceedingly handsome: her somewhat robust contour contrasting well with a splendid set of diamonds, which she evidently does not wear except on great occasions, as I overhear one of her friends say to her—

"What lovely diamonds, my dear! I never knew you possessed any half as lovely."

"I seldom bring them out," her ladyship answers, with perfect self-possession.

However, there I am, *lançé*; and I emerge from obscurity to find myself enrolled in the glorious pages of the *Morning Post* and *Court Journal*. I give two or three of these concerts a year, sometimes for charitable purposes, but always for my own glorification; I am asked to all the balls, routs, but to very few dinners of the season—but for that matter I don't care, as I can dine much better at home.

Again, music is a cheap and easy medium for showing off, swaggering, giving oneself airs, raising a cold to the dignity and importance of a dissected limb, and many other methods for laying oneself out as an object of consequence. The musical amateur has a great advantage over the amateur actor. The former is certain of what he can do, he can gauge his powers to the Nth, and knows whether he really is worth listening to or not. He can scarcely fail; and therefore at amateur concerts—I mean, of course, only those of the first class—you will almost always enjoy an excellent performance. An amateur tenor has a success in the world which a Lord Chancellor might envy. There's that confounded little impostor "Do" Dehazy, who frequents all the best houses in town, simply because he's got a voice like a mouse, and squeaks out to his own accompaniment—

"Thereth a bower of rotheth by Bendemeerth thream,
And the nightingale thingth round it all the day long."

He gives a sort of inflection to "nightingale," which makes you think that he wishes you to believe that he is that bird, and that

he is in a bower of roses—as, indeed, the rascal is, with all those pretty girls admiring him. And, upon my honour, I don't believe he knows any other song but that—at least, I never heard him sing any other, and everybody in the room has to press him before he will consent to sit down and sing that.

"Omni bus hoc vitium est cantoribus, inter amicos
Ut nunquam inducant animum cantare rogati,
Injussi nunquam desistant."—*Hor.*, Sat. i., 3.

"All singers have this failing: asked to sing,
Their minds to do so they can never bring;
But leave them to themselves, and all night long
They'll go on boring you to death with song."
Theodore Martin's Translation.

But here we are. I may as well tell you beforehand that our hostess is one of the most odious, pretentious, conceited humbugs—

"Ah, my dear Mrs. Scraggleton, delighted to see you. Permit me to present a friend of mine, a real *fanatico per la musica*"—she hasn't the slightest idea what that means—"who has heard of your celebrated *soirées*, and was so anxious to assist at one, that I have taken the liberty of bringing him with me. Mr. Voyse, Mrs. Scraggleton."

"Oh, I am so glad. I have so often heard of Mr. Voyse. I hope you don't object to the severely classical. We have no frivolous music here. Culture, all culture, as that funny* (?) man, Mr. Arnold, says. But won't you take seats? Herr Zumpht is going to sing a song Wagner composed expressly for him. Such a treat!"

And away she goes, with a simper on her face, making a noise with her mouth something between a very small cough and the miou of a cat, intended to be patronizing and coy at the same time.

Good! Let us sit here. We can talk at our ease, and hear anything that is worth listening to. Who is Mrs. Scraggleton? Well, it is difficult to say. She is one of those women who are continually rising to the surface of society, only to be thrust back again by their own demerits. Her husband, whom no one ever sees, is always away—making a railway from Astrachan to Timbuctoo, or salmon breeding on the Nile, or mending a pyramid, or something of that sort. At least, she says so; though I shouldn't be surprised if he was engaged at this moment on no greater work than colouring a pipe in the smoking-room of some fifth-rate club in a dingy street off the Strand.

* A fact.

She is an ambitious woman, and wanted to make for herself a place in society, and a reputation as a patroness of the arts—*quand même*. The question was, which of them? The stage was abhorrent to her high moral qualities. Painting was expensive, as in decency she would be obliged to make a collection of the works of the modern masters whom she intended to patronize; besides, she had the sense to know that her tricks and humbug would speedily be discovered and laughed at by those gentlemen. Music she pitched upon as being more economical, and as likely to suit her views. She therefore took lessons of my dear old friend, Madame Tuzzi-Puzzi, a lady who was not only one of the most distinguished professors of the art, but whose salons on Saturday night, after the opera, were the *rendezvous* for the high priests of fashion and art.

I need not tell you that our hostess has no more voice than a raven with a cold; but she got the *entrée* to those salons, which was the chief thing she desired. Fifteen years ago she was not a bad-looking woman—on a big scale, as you see—good black eyes, and a good skin. It is a pity she does not conceal that collar-bone a little more, which is so prominent that it looks like a fortification with a redan at each end of it. There's Zumpht singing that horrible song, a series of discords that make your ear ache: no air, sentiment, or any meaning in it whatever. Yet you will hear them all applaud vehemently after it is over; and say it's lovely, precious, sweetly inspired, and so forth. They don't understand what it's all about; but, with them, music is like the poet's sonnet in "Gil Blas"—"C'est l'obscurité qui en fait tout le mérite."

You remarked the epithets I said would be bestowed on the song after it was over. Now look at the company. You are right. You never see anything like it except at the Monday Pops, or the May meetings at Exeter Hall. Look at their head-dresses. Look at their dry, sour faces—suggestive of cant, crumpets, coffee, and "singing of anthems." By the way, you'd get nothing else to eat or drink here. Don't be alarmed, I have ordered supper at the Talma for half-past eleven. You don't suppose I brought you here to make a martyr of you, without endeavouring to make you realize something of a martyr's bliss afterwards. If it wasn't for the "severely classical," they

wouldn't be here. If you were to sit down and sing an Italian barcarolle, you would flutter them as a pike does a shoal of gudgeons. This is what Mrs. Scraggleton has come to at last. She made the running with the Italians as long as she could, but she couldn't stay. She sang the great duet from "Anna Bolena" with little Gazzaladra, the tenor from Milan, on the night of her *début* at La Tuzzi-Puzzi's, and the audience were in agonies. Gazzaladra tore his hair in despair, and rushed from the room swearing musical oaths. She made a fiasco the most complete, and Tuzzi implored her to leave off singing and take to the piano. She did, and you will presently hear those long, bony fingers rattling over the keys playing a *fugue* from Sebastian Bach, if I am cruel enough to keep you here. I will, though, if you will promise, after it's over, to go and ask her if it's one of the Christy Minstrels' songs set by Brinley Richards.

There, it is over! Oh! there's our great English composer, Mr. Librett. The Scraggleton invites him here under the guise of friendship, and gets him to play and sing two or three of his songs, for which, at a concert, he would ask ten guineas. For my part, I prefer his simple melodies to all the Bachs in the world. How a man of Librett's genius can lend himself to Mrs. Scraggleton's impostures, and submit to be patronized by an ill-bred, ignorant woman, I can't conceive. For, my son, lay this to your heart: whenever you see a woman discoursing the common art jargon, and pretending to point out beauties in a picture gallery; whenever you see a woman with a little case of books by her side containing Plato, Aristotle, Comte, Faraday, or what not, who says they are her favourite authors—whenever you hear a woman say she never goes to the opera unless they play Mozart, or Gluck, or Cimarosa, or Beethoven—then, my son, avoid that woman. Take my word for it, she is an impostor, who has not the common sense to perceive that everybody knows that she is an impostor, and laughs at her behind her back. She is as ignorant of the subjects she pretends to make her special study as she is of good breeding; and will discuss with you the red sandstones of the Triassic period, and eat her peas with her knife at the same time, and with the same equanimity. Come! let us say good-night—the negus is approaching, and better fare awaits us.

THE MORTIMERS: A NOVEL WITH TWO HEROES.

By the EDITOR.

BOOK V.—CHAPTER IV.

CAMPBELL DECLARES WAR.

THE face of Mr. Robert Mortimer had become blacker than the black rain-charged clouds of the November day, when his servant announced that Mr. Campbell and Erle had called to see him, and were waiting his pleasure in the dining-room of his house in Grosvenor-square. The visage of the member for Malton grew black with suspicion—but not before the servant: it was when he was alone in his study.

"Oh, Mr. Campbell!" he said. "I will see him in one minute. Be good enough to say so."

This he said in his usual calm, almost imperturbable, manner to the servant. As soon as the door of his study was shut, standing before his fire, the diplomatist communed with himself after this fashion.

"What new move is this? Campbell—but why the other? Does the old Scotchman suspect anything? Can it be that he has discovered anything? Has that scoundrel Brady sold himself—and me—to the enemy?"

Thoughts and suspicions rapidly crossed his mind. Now he was a prey to cruel doubts; now the visit of the two gentlemen seemed only natural, and quite in the ordinary course of things.

"What is there to wonder at?" he asked. "Campbell was Erle's friend at Cambridge, my boy's tutor, my brother's friend. He comes to pay me a visit out of common politeness, during his stay in town. Erle is my brother's secretary—servant. They are staying together, perhaps; so he comes too. And he is my son's friend—old college friend. Of course such friendships last: my own did, so long as I chose to keep them up. But they come together. Is there mischief in it?"

All this time, Campbell and Erle were waiting patiently in the room into which they had been shown, and thinking the official of the Pink Tape Office was engaged on affairs of state—public business which demanded his first attention. Still Robert Mortimer lingered in his study, reluctant to face his visitors until he had fully made up his mind as to the import and purport of

their errand. It was the conjunction he did not like when the servant announced their names. Campbell or Erle alone had meant nothing; together, much.

On the whole, after balancing in his mind the probabilities of the case, he was inclined to think that the errand of his visitors had no ulterior object, but was suggested by ordinary civility and respect for him; and that the accident of Campbell being in town at the same time as Erle would account for their calling together. In this mood—having first adjusted his cravat, and tied it in its usual stiff folds—the member for Malton went towards the room into which Campbell and Erle had been shown.

"Mr. Mortimer is engaged this morning, I think, upon some business or another," said Erle.

"Possibly," said Campbell, who was better acquainted with the Pink Tape official's habit of smoothing his ruffled plumage before he made any appearance in public.

"He must get through a great amount of work every day; as, whenever I have seen him, he has always appeared to be very busy indeed."

"He has worked hard all his life," said Campbell; "but not always for the right objects. His mind is ceaselessly active; and so, it may justly be said, are his fingers."

"You mean he is constantly writing, I suppose. Whenever he comes down to the Chase, he brings with him a ministerial portfolio of papers—"

"Books, blotting paper, quills, and all the paraphernalia of Pink Taper," Mr. Campbell remarked, interrupting Erle; "which he arranges neatly and in due order in his room, and is every day engaged upon; thereby making a laudable effort to impress everybody at the Chase, from Sir Harold, his brother, down to the youngest of the footmen, with the belief that Mr. Robert Mortimer, M.P. for the ancient and loyal borough of Malton, is a personage of vastly greater importance—than he really is. The man is all over a sham."

"Campbell!" cried Erle, in a remonstrating tone.

"It may seem hard to speak thus of a man in his own house. But what I tell you is true, and the truth concerns you. One day you will think ten times worse of Robert Mortimer than I do. Me he has never in-

jured—you he has; and there is nothing like a feeling of personal wrong to give dislike a fillip, and make it hate."

"I hope I shall never do more than dislike Sir Harold's brother. I do that cordially enough now, Heaven knows!"

"Hush! I hear steps," said Campbell.

The door opened at that instant, and the master of the house—without wrinkle or ruffle in his pale face, without a speck of dust on his clothes or crease in his shirt collar—presented himself. He was that morning as he always appeared—before the world—methodical, precise, careful in his dress, and wearing a look that was intended to proclaim to all the world—"My mind is at ease—my conscience, at least, is not a trouble to me."

"Oh, Mr. Campbell—Mr. Erle," he said, with his blandest and most refreshing smile. "We had heard from my sister that you were in London. Mr. Erle came up to eat his dinners—as I believe it is termed. Yes. So very pleased to see you. We quite expected you would call. Charles is out, Mr. Erle. He is so busy just now, making the necessary arrangements for the approaching happy event, that he is very often out. But we expect him back soon. And you will remain to luncheon, Mr. Campbell?"

"Why, no—I hardly think we shall have time to accept an invitation to lunch to-day, Mr. Mortimer."

"Why not? Pray stay. Let Mr. Erle and my boy have a day together—one of the last of their bachelor days, that is certain—that they can spend together by themselves, I mean. Of course, *if* Mr. Erle is at the Chase, he will see Charlie down there again before the—the event we are all so much looking forward to."

"When is it to take place, Mr. Mortimer—if the matter is not as yet a secret?"

"Well, Mr. Campbell, the day is not absolutely fixed; but we expect that, in about a month from this time, all will be finally arranged."

"You mean the wedding will have taken place?"

"Not precisely that, Mr. Campbell," said Robert Mortimer, blandly. "We may not have advanced quite so far as that, but we hope to be within a day or two of the ceremony."

Erle sat fixedly looking at a fine oil painting hanging on the wall opposite him. It was a Dutch *genre* picture—an exquisite

little gem by some master, Reginald could plainly see: a Teniers or Gerard Dow, perhaps. As he sat, the background—apparently leaves, climbing up the front of a house—was lost in shadow. At an open window, a Dutch girl of the better class hung down her head to receive her lover's last embrace. Romeo stood on tiptoe to reach Juliet's cheek. One question that presented itself to Erle's mind was, "How would Romeo in the picture have listened to the story of his love's approaching marriage to another?" He did not succeed in solving the query. His attention was arrested by a remark of Mr. Mortimer's addressed to him.

"The London air hardly seems to suit you, Mr. Erle," said he, "although you have only been here three days."

"Two days," said Reginald.

"Two days," repeated Mr. Mortimer. "You hardly look so well as you did at the Chase. You find Madingley agree with you very well, I know."

"Was there any covert meaning?" thought Campbell.

"I do like Madingley Chase very much."

"He has found it a desirable place to live at, in all ways."

There was a marked accent on the word live. In his turn Robert Mortimer asked himself—

"Is there any covert meaning?"

A man less highly drilled in all diplomatic arts of dissimulation would have started perhaps. "Live at!" The words to Mortimer, with his conscience, were a little—ever so little—ominous. He turned the phrase over in his mind, but there was no awkward pause in the conversation. He proceeded:—

"You and Charles were chums—that was the word in my time—at college."

Erle assented, with caution.

"We still use the word 'chum,' to mean friend, Mr. Mortimer."

"Close friend, honest. The meaning of the word has never been perverted through being slang," said Campbell, looking steadily across at Robert Mortimer opposite him. "It is curious to observe how words acquire a bad meaning not their own. But 'chum' is honest—honest friend; and there's a world of wealth in honest friendship, as you know, Mr. Mortimer."

"I wish I could get you to say you would stay to luncheon. There is no study which, as an old Etonian, I take more interest in than the derivation of words, the changes in their

meanings, the fashion which makes them obsolete, and so forth; and"—here he made a most courteous inclination of his head—"there is no one whom I can talk with to more advantage on this subject than Mr. Campbell."

"What was the shrewd old Scotchman's business here?" Robert Mortimer asked himself over and over again.

There was a truce to the sparring between the two leaders.

"Since I cannot prevail upon you to stay to luncheon with us, pray let me offer you a glass of wine."

"Thank you," said Erle.

"Yes, with pleasure," said Campbell.

So Robert Mortimer pulled the bell at his hand, and wine and biscuits were speedily brought. The service in the Mortimer mansion in Grosvenor-square, though not willing, was quick. There was no delay in answering the bell when, in the servant's hall, the little wire pendulum was seen swinging over the drab panel with "Mr. Mortimer" on it.

Brady was the only personage among the domestics of sufficient importance to delay his attendance when the summons for him sounded. In consequence, he was the admiration of the servants' hall; for, as it was not infrequently said there, "The master have got a temper of his own."

"This," said their host, "is some capital Madeira. You know what good Madeira is, Mr. Campbell. Both at Tudor and at Madingley there is wine of a sort now, I am sorry to say, becoming rare."

"Capital!" said Campbell, as he drank some of the wine.

"You know where this came from."

"The Chase?"

"Exactly. My brother is my wine merchant, my banker, my horse-dealer. I am not afraid of saying it. I like to let Harold's goodness be known."

"You have a sincere pleasure in paying a just tribute to generosity, I am sure," said Campbell.

"If one can't speak well of one's brother it is a pity indeed."

"And such a brother!"

"Harold is a good fellow," said Mortimer, warmly. "I hope his operation will be a success, and that he will be able to see again as well as ever he did in his life."

"I most sincerely hope so too."

"And I," said Erle.

"But," their host continued, "Harold gets older."

"We all get older, Mr. Mortimer," said Campbell. "But I certainly notice no change in Sir Harold's appearance of late. He altered very much, I thought, when his sight so rapidly grew worse; but of late I have remarked no change. Have you, Erle?" said Mr. Campbell, turning to his young friend.

"No. I have not noticed any change in Sir Harold. I think, just now, he is very well indeed."

"Ah!" said Robert Mortimer, "I should hardly expect Mr. Erle to remark the change, as he is there constantly with my brother; but we, who see him only occasionally, all notice it."

"It is a question of nicety of observation, perhaps," said Campbell, dryly. "Affection sees with eagle eye."

"I do feel the truest affection for Harold, Mr. Campbell. You, as an old and trusted friend of the family, well know it."

"You have for many years had only one brother, Mr. Mortimer. Your brother Reginald—"

Now Robert Mortimer started; but instantly overcame his emotion of surprise or alarm. Erle noticed the startled look—the scarce perceptible effort by which it was suppressed.

Campbell quietly proceeded—

"Your brother Reginald, who died in Paris, and who was your own age—"

"A year older. You forget, Mr. Campbell," said Robert Mortimer.

"I was not speaking by the card," said Campbell. "I knew he was older; for, had he lived, he would have succeeded your brother in the baronetcy."

"Yes," said Mortimer, affecting supreme carelessness, "if he had outlived Harold. I am sure I think—and I may add, hope sincerely—that I shall never have any title other than plain Mister."

"'Right honourable,' then, let us hope," said Campbell, with that stress upon the latter word which young Mark Antony lay upon it in William Shakspeare's play of "Julius Cæsar."

"My rise in the diplomatic world has been slow, perhaps. I am not altogether satisfied with my career. Perhaps I am what people call a disappointed man. But I never hoped for a title, Mr. Campbell."

He said this sadly, and with something of the air of a martyr to his own modesty.

"I always expected that my brother Harold's stronger constitution, and healthier and less wearying life, would outlast my younger."

"Yes," said Campbell.

"I expected always to see my eldest son the baronet."

"*Not always!*" said Campbell, very quietly, but very emphatically. "You forget your brother Reginald."

There was no apprehensive start now from Robert Mortimer at the mention of his brother's name. He was prepared. Now he did not ask himself if there were a covert meaning. He saw it all. It was too plain. The attack had begun. That was why Campbell and Erle had called together. Was there treachery? Had the one possessor of half his secret betrayed his knowledge of it? Had the man who had grown rich in his service, whom he had refused nothing, of whom he had been for years in dreadful doubt, at last turned upon him? It was too terrible—if it were true!

These thoughts floated across the mind of Robert Mortimer in a scarcely appreciable space of time. A bold man in danger thinks fast. Mortimer did so. His nerves were braced as he saw himself standing on the brink of the precipice. His life-long drilling of himself had not been in vain. He was collected and calm. But so was his adversary. There was no advantage to be taken in that quarter. He looked at Erle as he adroitly turned the stream of conversation into another channel.

"He knows nothing yet," thought Mortimer. "I see it in his face. He is not yet in the diabolical plot to ruin me. I wish I were Prime Minister!"

Why the official of the great Pink Tape Office—that twists and twines its strings round all of us—wished to be Prime Minister of England will be seen.

"You will see Mrs. Mortimer before you leave, Mr. Campbell? She wishes particularly to see you, I know. Mr. Erle, you will excuse my not asking you to go up to Mrs. Mortimer's room. She is not well to-day, and I dare say we shall find her lying on the couch. She particularly desired me to take Mr. Campbell up if he called."

Mr. Campbell was obliged to assent. Mortimer led the way to his wife's boudoir. It left Erle open to the fire of the enemy.

Campbell felt that; but had complete confidence in his old pupil's discretion. Their eyes met as he left the room. Campbell's glance expressed confidence, and Erle felt its effect.

He had hardly crossed over to inspect the picture of the Dutch Romeo and Juliet on the opposite wall, when Mr. Mortimer returned.

"I have left our friend, Mr. Campbell, with Mrs. Mortimer," he said. "They are sure to chat together for some few minutes. You are reading for the bar, Mr. Erle?"

"Yes—in my ninth term," Erle replied.

"Do you think the bar the *best* profession you could have chosen, Mr. Erle?"

"I always felt an inclination to be a barrister," said Erle. "Dr.—that is, I was intended for physic, I believe."

"You actually began the horrid business of hospitals, and all that?"

"Yes, I did."

"Charles told me so. And you thought you preferred to be a barrister?"

"Certainly."

"A wig and gown! Pretty toys! How many men play with them! How few get business enough to keep them decently, or rise high enough in their profession to satisfy the most moderate ambition!"

"That is true," said Erle. "Yet the average income of barristers is greater than the average income of medical men."

"I believe so," replied Mr. Mortimer. "But then, you see, everybody wants a physician."

"At some time."

"At some time—just so. We need the good Samaritan to pour oil and wine into our wounds. Still, I should never have chosen the bar for a profession, if I had been you, Mr. Erle. The prizes are great; the chances of success, it is said, small. Why not be a diplomatist? Why not enter the service of the Crown?"

It was not easy for Erle to say. It had never occurred to him before.

"I have no influence, no opportunity. In fact, I never thought of the matter before."

"You are mistaken, my dear sir." Robert Mortimer looked hard to see if the hand of Judas were suspected there. He was reassured. "All old friends of my son are my friends."

Erle said nothing, but waited to hear what proposal was about to be made.

"You understand me?"

"Why, I may seem stupid, Mr. Mortimer, but I do not."

"Why, all of us esteem highly the services you have rendered to my brother; and, most of all, he does so himself. We feel that the position of a secretary is not the one we should desire to see you always in. We wish to help you to the utmost of our power. It is my brother Harold's particular wish that something should be done."

"Sir Harold is very good," Erle murmured.

"Your chance at the bar, of course, is good. But how many young men of brilliant talents miss the mark! In the diplomatic service abroad, now—"

"Ah," thought Mr. Mortimer, "here is that cursed Scotchman coming downstairs. I hear his heavy boots."

"This, of course, is entirely between ourselves, Mr. Erle. I should wish nothing to be known of it until you have decided."

As they left the house the official of the Pink Tape Department wished in his heart that Erle was at the bottom of the sea. If Mr. Robert Mortimer had been Prime Minister, and this country had happened to possess a diplomatic agency in the most anthropophagous of the Cannibal Islands, to that settlement, with all honour, he would have despatched Reginald Erle, Esq., *Chargé d'Affaires* on the part of her Britannic Majesty.

"Well," said Campbell, when they were in the square, "this is quite a relief. What did he say after he got me out of the room?"

"I am under an injunction of silence."

"Quite so. But I know without your telling me. You are not to go back to Madingley for long."

"We have spent an hour on our call," said Erle, looking at his watch.

"Yes," replied Campbell. "We called with two objects, and we have effected both. We called to frighten and to warn him. He knows now what to expect from us. You observed that they have a new footman. He was at Madingley, I think."

"He was," said Erle. "They often change their servants—except one."

The two friends exchanged a meaning glance.

"Brady," said Campbell. "You have heard it whispered, I dare say, what Mr. Brady's special business is?"

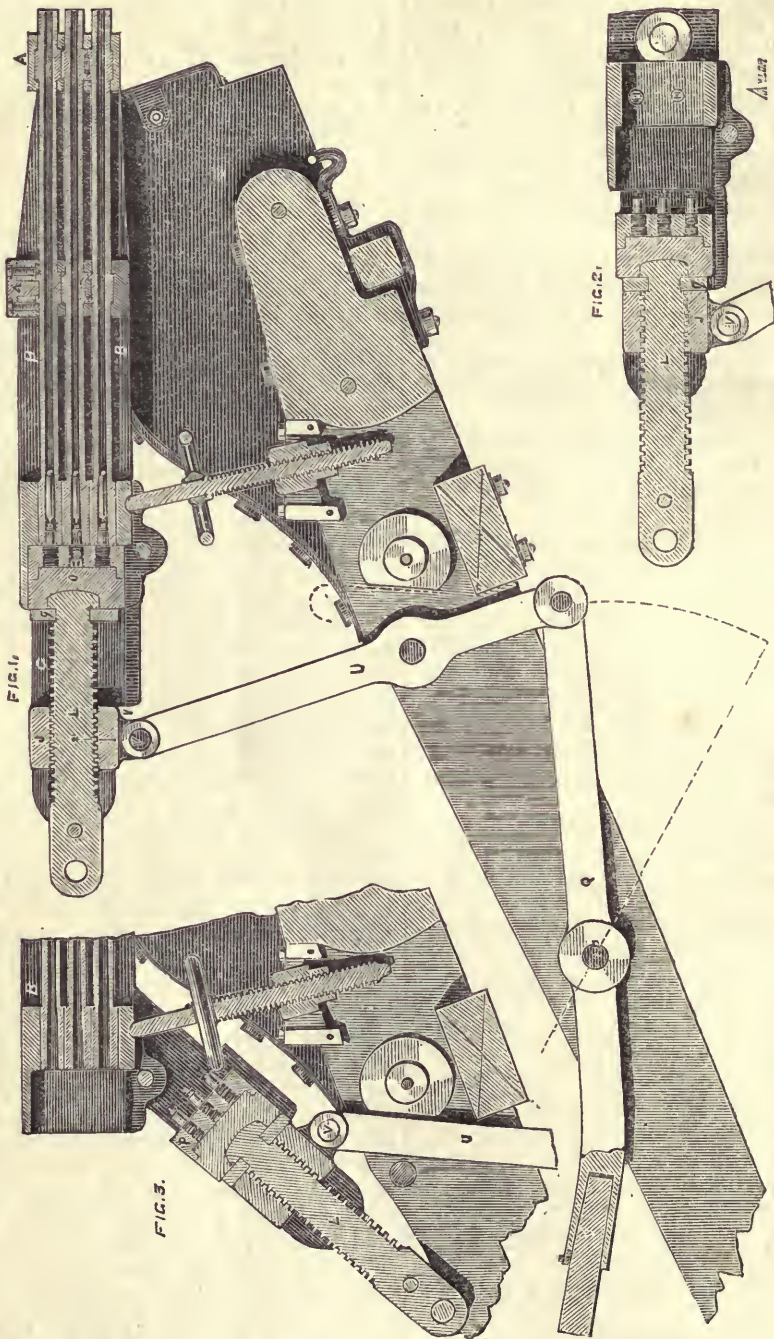
"I have," said Erle.

"It is no secret," continued Campbell; "though I have never mentioned it before. I seldom do so—not for his own sake, but for the honour of an old family he disgraces. Robert Mortimer is a klepto—"

"Maniac!" said Erle, finishing Campbell's sentence for him.

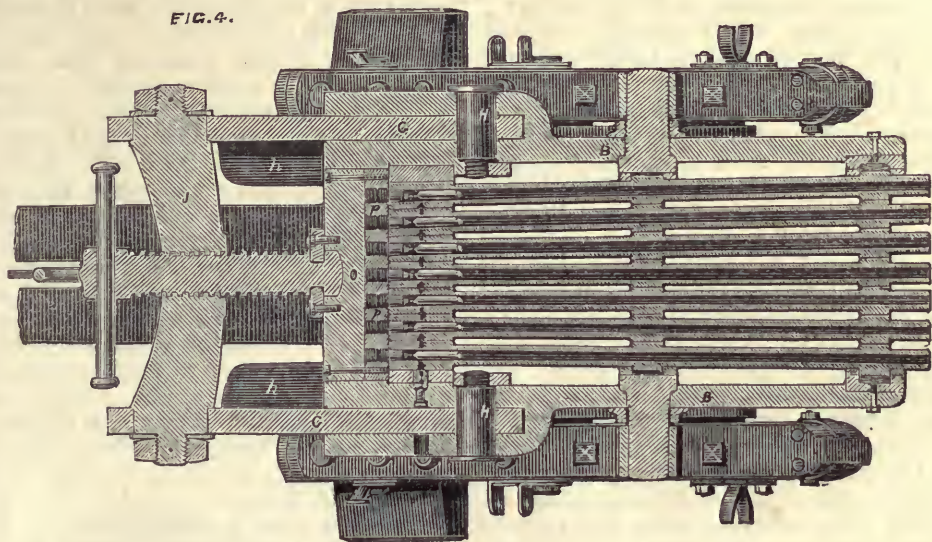
TABLE TALK.

THE MITRAILLEUSE IS SO CONSTANTLY spoken of in all accounts from the seat of war, that we think it probable that most of our readers will thank us for presenting them with an accurate description of this gigantic machine for destroying life. Before the war broke out, the French were ignorant that their opponents were likewise in possession of the mitrailleuse, and were, in consequence, disagreeably surprised. The mitrailleuses of the Prussians are constructed upon a similar principle to those in use in the French army. The inventor of the mitrailleuse is M. Jules Manceaux, a gentleman who had already made himself known by various improvements in firearms. M. Manceaux patented a mitrailleuse in 1867; but the one at present in use is an improvement upon his earlier invention. As we remarked in "Table Talk" (p. 568, vol. v.), the mitrailleuse is somewhat similar to the infernal machine of Fieschi; and its principle will be readily understood from the accompanying engravings. Fig. 1 is a sectional elevation of the weapon and carriage; fig. 2 is a section of the breech end; fig. 3 is a section of the breech end, with the block or closer drawn down, leaving the barrels free to be loaded; and fig. 4 is a sectional plan with the cartridges in the barrels and the closer screwed tight. A reference to fig. 1 will show that the mitrailleuse is a compound gun, composed of a series of barrels, which are fitted between plates, A A, that stretch across from one side to the other, so as to firmly unite the two side plates, B B, upon which the trunnions are formed for supporting the mitrailleuse upon a carriage, so that it can be moved from place to place and employed in field operations. These plates are centred upon pins, which are kept in position without working loose by means of tappets acting upon the nuts on their ends. The breech-closer plates, C, extend a distance beyond the rear end of the barrels, and have



THE MITRAILLEUSE.—Page 85.

FIG. 4.



SECTION OF THE MITRAILLEUSE.

near their ends long holes, which serve to hold secure a transverse bar, *j*. The lower end of the link, *u*, is pinned to a lever, *q*; so that the closer, when released from the barrels, can be raised and lowered upon their joint pins, *h* *h*, which are fitted in the side plates, *b* *b*. The front of the closer or breech block, *o*, has a face-plate, *p*, secured thereto. This plate is provided with a series of holes corresponding to the number of barrels fitted in the frames upon the carriage. The inner ends of the pins rest upon a disc of horn or other yielding material, so that when the explosion takes place the force of the recoil is diminished. Under the rear of the breech end of the barrels is attached one end of an elevating screw, by which the depression or elevation of the barrels is governed. The lower end of the screw works in a block or socket on the carriage. The drawing back of the breech-closer is regulated by the hand lever, *q*. When the barrels are filled or loaded with cartridges, and the breech-closer brought in contact with the rear of the barrels by means of the lever handle, the fire can be communicated by means of a percussion cap or fuse or quickfire at one side of the barrel-framing, which fire is instantly forced through a hole, and impinges against the cartridge case with sufficient impulse to break it and explode the powder therein. The explosion in the barrel causes fire to

be driven through another hole, which leads from the first barrel to the second, and this causes the second charge to be fired in the same manner as the first, and from the second to the third barrel in succession, until the whole of the barrels on that level have been discharged. The fire then passes up to a second series of barrels, placed above the lower series in succession; and, in a similar manner, to a third series of barrels. Thus, it will be seen that all *M. Manceaux's* ingenuity has been able to effect is to give to one man the power of firing, at the same instant, a number of guns. In a word, *M. Manceaux* has multiplied the number of guns available in warfare by ten. A hundred soldiers may now fire from a thousand barrels at the same moment.

THE LORDS of the Committee of Council on Education having, by a minute dated the 3rd day of January, 1868, offered prizes—viz., one sum of £50, three sums of £40, five sums of £30, ten sums of £20, and twenty sums of £10—to the head masters of the Schools of Art in the United Kingdom, in which the general amount of work, considered with reference to the number of students under instruction, should be found, after the examinations, to be most satisfactory, and having had the results of the recent examinations laid before them, have awarded the sum of £720 in prizes to

masters and mistresses of Schools of Art in different parts of the country. We congratulate the "educational Lords" upon this wise step. Our people are deficient in art training. They have both natural genius and good taste, which only require development to enable them to compete on equal terms in all fine art manufactures with the skilled artisans of the Continent. We venture to predict the effect of an extended art education will be readily perceived in the productions sent by our own countrymen to the next great Industrial Exhibition. No good result can be arrived at without cultivation, and we hope the "Lords" will not stop with the masters and mistresses, but give further encouragement to the pupils.

UPON MR. DICKENS'S library door, as on that of many a man of letters, are dummy books with burlesque titles; but none of them very funny nor witty. Perhaps the best were certain volumes labelled "The History of the Middling Ages," and "Hansard's (Parliamentary Debates) Guide to Refreshing Sleep." But these are not half so rich as Hood's "Curs(e)ory Remarks on Swearing," "Lamb's Tails," and an "Able History of the Wanderings of Cane." At Gadshill-place were also to be seen dozens of Leech's wonderful little sketches from "Punch," pasted upon screens, and affording to any one who looked at them infinite amusement, as well as a proof of the appreciation in which Dickens held our best and most graceful caricaturist.

"I KNOWS THE WALLEY O' PEACE AND QUIETNESS," was the remark of the broken-winded performer on the cracked clarionet, in "Seymour's Sketches," when he refused to "move on" under a shilling—contemptuously turning up his nose at the sixpence proffered by the pampered menial of a great house. And there is not an organ-grinder in London tramping an aristocratic round who is not equally well "aware o' the walley o' peace and quietness." Has Mr. Babbage given his mission up as hopeless? Are we to have no deliverer from street music and street cries? We commend the subject to some young member of the House who wishes to earn the gratitude of all the dwellers in respectable London.

BUT, IF STREET MUSIC is still to be permitted, an attempt has at last been made to

construct a noiseless road. In Holborn, within a short distance of the new Viaduct, the Val de Travers Company have completed a piece of road composed of a kind of asphalté paved way. It is perfectly smooth, apparently durable as solid granite, and comparatively noiseless. The greatest boon that any man could confer upon the metropolis would be quiet roads. The traffic in Holborn is very great, and, the old pitching being worn out, it has been entirely relaid. The Val de Travers Company have only been commissioned to execute a small part of the work, but the experiment is on a sufficiently large scale to test their system thoroughly. It was a curious sight to see the insular contempt of our own Philistine navvies for the French labourers, in their familiar blue cotton suits, putting down "snuff" and then "a ironing of it." The Englishmen were pounding away at the granite blocks with which London streets are paved. The "furriners" were evidently very ridiculous in their eyes; but we hope their road will wear well. If it does it will speedily be applied to every granite pitched thoroughfare in London.

A CORRESPONDENT: To the interesting article on the "Fessen Penny" let me add that the Lincolnshire yokels call the statute fairs, not "statty," but "stattas." "Are yow going to Louth stattas i'th'a morning?" is the mode of putting the question common among the Lincolnshire labourers.

"SIR," SAID DR. JOHNSON, "it is, I suppose, with Greek as it is with lace—a man gets as much as he can of it." In the present day, we should be inclined to add to the Doctor's dictum, "unless he be the proprietor of a newspaper or a magazine." We pay an extra eighteenpence for one word of Greek when, occasionally, it adorns our pages; though five or six coming together are, we are bound in fairness to admit, "done at the same price." Compositors have some queer rules; and we think that, among other things, the Greek code or tariff of the trade requires revision.

An Illustration, printed separately on Toned Paper, is published with the present Weekly Number.

NOTICE.—After the 15th day of September next, ONCE A WEEK will be published at the New Premises, 19, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

ONCE A WEEK

23

NEW SERIES.

No. 140.

September 3, 1870.

Price 2d.

ONE OF TWO; OR, A LEFT-HANDED BRIDE. BY HAIN FRISWELL.

CHAPTER IX.

LADY GUERNSEY'S PROTEGÉE, AND HOW SHE
CAME BY HER.

INDUCTIVE philosopher went to bed very much pleased with himself: all the more so because, having upon some pretence returned to Edgar's room, and by delicate processes of investigation found that the young man wanted money, he had boldly almost forced upon him

some five hundred pounds as a loan, pretending that he did not care to have so much loose money in the house. The success of this little venture tickled him immensely; and the clever way in which he overcame the delicate scruples of Edgar was, in Old Forster's opinion, a perfect triumph of tact.

"You see," he said to himself, "barristers are always poor till they begin to rise. Egad, they are as thin and lank as a bagpipe before it is inflated. But once blow them up—once let them make a noise in the world; and hey! presto!—everything is open to them. And what a wonderful fellow it is! I always thought there was something noble about him. Dash my wig, blood will out! And then as to the other—"

Here Old Daylight, as he tucked himself up in bed, with his silk bandanna tied neatly

round his head, with a formidable knot on his forehead, chuckled and crowed over his inductive process; and, muttering something very contemptuous about Brownjohn and his clue, tried to sleep.

It was several hours, however, before he fell asleep; and then, even then, the dreams of the old man haunted and disturbed him, chased him all the night, and made him start and cry, as if he were struggling with the real murderer, whom they were bringing to condign punishment. For in those happy days, when London was not the big wen it is now, and Queen Anne-street, in the haying time, smelt of the hay from Regent's Park—then but a wilderness of fields—there was not the slightest doubt about hanging a murderer. The innocent Old Daylight, *alias* Tom Forster, absolutely thought that he was doing man and God service in tracking crime, and in bringing a villain to justice.

Let Tom Forster sleep in his comfortable bed—struggling with uncomfortable dreams, in which Mr. Samuel Brownjohn, police officer, always gets the victory over him, and laughs him to scorn—while we visit Mr. George Horton, barrister, and police magistrate. He, too, is asleep, in his house in Wimpole-street; he, too, is dreaming, and curiously, not of the crime of the day, but of love.

Crime he well knew—having studied more deeply even than Tom Forster, and having, at a certain period of his life, been impelled to commit some great and daring villainy, and then to destroy himself. The temptation and its result—a result full of honour to him—made him more lenient in his judgments, a sadder and a wiser man, and one well fitted indeed for the post he held.

Mr. Horton's colleague, Mr. Boom, one of those rough and ready barristers, are more like country justices than the magistrates—one who was not very learn-

in the law, but acute, sharp, full of knowledge of life, and a certain sort of good-nature.

At the St. Marylebone police court, therefore, people got two different sorts of law "turned on," as the excellent Inspector Stevenson said, but both good in their way. For chaffing a saucy cabman, dealing with a beau who was found drunk and disorderly, or a gallant young officer, or medical student, who had been out Tom and Jerry fashion, no one so clever as Mr. Boom. His days were observed and reported in the *Morning Chronicle*, and were almost as amusing as the fictitious "Mornings at Bow-street," a popular series of sketches which were founded, perhaps, upon them. But having humiliated the prisoner, and punished him in court, Mr. Boom did not punish him in prison. If he gave the culprits "talkee, talkee," as the nigger said, he did not give them "floggee, floggee," too; and on the whole they were well satisfied, and public justice done. Mr. Boom did not care for a great or an abstruse case. When such came up he would, by remand or otherwise, shift them to his more intellectual colleague, and enjoy his ease and dignity at his comfortable little box near Epsom.

Mr. Boom, it need not be said, was a popular man about Marylebone. Even the rogues, with that innate respect for justice and English law which they have, rather liked the good-humoured magistrate. He talked to them in their own language—in his leisure hours he was editing and adding to an edition of "Grove's Slang Dictionary"—and gave them the exact term they guessed. Sometimes they would set their wits against his, and hope, by letting him gain an easy victory, to flatter his "wutchup." But he was quite up to that dodge. He was very good-natured. He looked upon crime as an eccentricity incidental to "poor human nature," and was very lenient with it in the young.

Mr. Horton, on the other hand, took a very much higher view of his duties, and was very severe with the young, and much more lenient with those who had previously fallen. He knew what a terrible mesh sin spreads; how easily one was entangled; how hard it was for one who had fallen to get upright. And yet the acute brain of the good man was not employed upon law, but upon the study of his life—crime, but not love. Shakspeare—so wise, so sound,

so true to nature—is not always right: the lawyer does not always dream of fees, nor the soldier of cutting throats, "of carbonadoes and big Spanish oaths;" but the Queen Mab of dreams sometimes leads one into the Court of Venus and her loves.

And yet the magistrate's dreams were very sad, and rehearsed only a past history, which was shortly as follows, and intimately connected with this true narration. He had been, he was, deeply, almost inextricably, in love with a young lady most people of good taste would fall in love with too.

A barrister of good family, and, although only thirty—marvellous to relate—in a remarkably good practice, Mr. Horton, a scion of the Hortons of Shropshire, who were baronets in King James's time, and had furnished a long list of knights in the times of the Plantagenets, went of course into excellent society. Amongst the houses that he visited was one in Green-street, Park-lane, which willingly he never would have entered but for one thing, and that one thing took him there every night. And that was Winnifred Vaughan.

The house was a pinched-up, pretty little house—quite a town box; but large enough for a female bachelor, as old Lady Guernsey called herself. She was, in fact, the dowager countess of a happily deceased and poor earl—of a Scotch family, though not of a Scotch title—who was as proud as the Countess herself, and almost as disagreeable. His wife, however, in power, in temper, and in selfish and odious qualities, surpassed him; and being conquered, the poor man very wisely died. As the Countess was by no means rich, only fairly good-looking, and very unfairly disagreeable, she did *not* marry again—of which she made a great virtue—and, in consequence, remained Marguerite, Countess of Guernsey. Sweet and excellent woman! from how much suffering did she free at least one poor man by her enforced resolution!

She was the daughter of a poor English duke, who had, from some of those disgraceful intrigues of the Stuarts which have covered the shields of our nobility with so many stains, the blood of the Stuarts in his veins. He quartered the royal arms of Charles II., and Lord Guernsey quartered the lymphads of Argyle, and boasted of the blood of the Campbells: so that between the two there was a very fair amount of ancestral pride. And woe be to the forget-

ful little woman who dared to walk out of the room before the Countess of Guernsey, if she were not a Marchioness or a Duchess. Lady Guernsey would, indeed, if she could have followed her own bent, have taken the *pas* of any one, save a Princess of the blood royal: next to her was, in her own opinion, her rank of precedence.

Unhappily for the world, as she thought, there was no offspring; and the childless woman sank into a dowager, and had all the bitter feelings dowagers have. Friends passed her by and welcomed the much prettier, nicer, and younger Countess—the real Countess, as the tradesmen called her—the wife of a younger and altogether better brother, who had the audacity not only to succeed to the title, but to give the cold shoulder—in that thoroughly efficient way which your true aristocrat can give—to his sister-in-law. Henceforth there was a deadly feud; and as the present descendant of the Campbells who wore the coronet was wise enough to repair his poor estate by marrying a very pretty, gentle, and rich English girl, with nearly half a million of money, and generous enough to love and honour his wife as his greatest benefactress, it need not be said that the feud amounted to a vendetta. The young Lady Guernsey, whose name was seen in the lists of so many assemblies—and, also, let it be said, of so many charities—was generally spoken of in Green-street as “that woman,” the “upstart,” the “haymaker’s daughter.” The last title, an ingenious invention of the Countess Marguerite’s, was derived from the fact that Mr. Evelyn, the father of the heiress—an old English gentleman and farmer—had his head screwed on the right way, as the Surrey Evelyns, as a rule, have; and during the wars with Napoleon undertook the contract of supplying the troops with hay. Having money at command, he bought hay largely in the South of England, stored, shipped, and delivered it; and not only had a very useful and healthy occupation, but made a very large fortune, which his daughter inherited, along with his handsome English face, shrewd sense, and straightforward manner.

The haymaker’s daughter was a great favourite with Winnifred Vaughan—“Who was no relation at all to her, thank God!” said the Dowager—but who had the inestimable benefit of having the blood of the Stuarts, Tudors, and Plantagenets flowing

in her veins. She, too, lived in Green-street, near the Park; she, too, enjoyed—no, hardly enjoyed, gentle as she was—the society of Marguerite, Countess of Guernsey, and the high society she invited; for she, Winnifred Vaughan, was the niece of Lady Guernsey.

For Mrs. Vaughan—or, more respectfully, to give her her courtesy title, the Lady Letitia Vaughan—who had married a poor clergyman out of pure love, was a duke’s daughter, and own sister to the proud Countess. They were just as different as sisters can be. Mrs. Lettice Vaughan, as she preferred to be called, had somehow scraped up all the modesty, retirement, and humility of the Duke’s family, and was fool enough to be wonderfully contented and happy in a little parsonage—the very smallest of the poor Duke’s many livings: for he sold his presentations and his game, and really could not afford to give them away, even to his silly daughter. Yes, wonderfully happy there in the North of England, among mountains and lakes, a simple population, one or two poor poets, some very old, simple gentry and poor women who soon learned to love her very dearly—Mrs. Vaughan passed her peaceful life. It was not a very long one. She was faithful over her one talent, the delight and sole sustaining power of her husband—a deep student, but a man weak of health and over-worked in brain—and was so good on earth that she was early called away; and in this way.

Mrs. Vaughan had one or two children, but they did not live, and then one which did; and this baby, which was christened Winnifred—“an honoured Saxon name,” said Mr. Vaughan—was the delight of both mother and father. But the mother was stricken—probably, from some fall or blow—with cancer in the breast; and to everybody except poor Mr. Vaughan her end was marked out. The poor fellow never lost hope; and, indeed, would not part with it any more than a shipwrecked sailor would part with a mast that he swam on. Moreover, the clergyman had strong faith in God’s goodness, and was untutored enough in sorrow—for since he married he had known none—to believe that so cruel a blow could be given for his good.

And so, one night, when little Winnifred was asleep in her little North-country cradle by the vicar’s side—for he loved the child

as intensely as he loved the mother—his wife woke him suddenly. The cancer—that wonderful vegetable of blood and flesh which strikes so deep a root in human soil—had done its work, and Mrs. Vaughan felt that her time was come; and that concealment, even from him, would be of no use—nay, if longer indulged in, would be cruelty.

"Edward!" she whispered, as the poor vicar, awakened from the dream of some college triumph, sat up with wide, staring eyes, and looked at his wife in the dim morning light, which was only strong enough to aid the light of the night-light—"Edward, raise Winnifred, and place her in my arms; but first put your arm beneath me, and kiss me, my darling—a last, long, long kiss!"

The poor vicar did as he was told; and felt his soul, as it were, go out of him in that long, pure kiss he pressed upon his wife's lips. Then, mechanically almost, he placed the little child in its mother's arms—the little thing awoke without a cry, but with a smile—and placing his arms round both, held up his head in a mute and stupid defiance of God's power; as if his muttered prayer could have shielded his love from the sword of the Angel which was about to fall. There was something so dumbly heroic in the act of the faithful minister, that the dying wife, as she kissed the big round tears which fell slowly down his cheeks, almost forgot her cheerfulness, and that strange, holy smile she wore upon her lips; and which the little silent, wondering, and observant child had caught.

"My own dear," she said, "I never loved you till now; and yet your love has grown so great that it seems to fill up all my life. My dear Edward, I can't say don't grieve—that is impossible with your great love; but be hopeful—be hopeful. Live, my dear, for little Winny, our darling. Live for her, and never grieve for me; for I shall only be waiting for you two. I go a little while—only a little while—before you, and you will follow. And, Edward, dear, am I not a happy woman? I set out to the happy land—the better land of our dear Lord, whom you love so well—from the convoy of two loving hearts—from angels here on earth to angels *there* in Heaven!"

And then, rising for a moment, she stretched forward with her child in her arms, and great, wide eyes of reverence and love, as if she offered that little girl as some pro-

pitatory offering. Then, with a start and sigh, she fell back dead.

The little child was silent, and crouched nearer to its mother; but the father's head fell as suddenly as his wife's, with one great cry of sudden anguish, as of a stricken child. Then, as if recovering his memory, his lips mechanically endeavoured to utter a prayer; and the familiar words, "Our Father," were heard; but were changed suddenly to, "Oh, God! oh, Father, God in Heaven! why hast thou stricken me as thou hast done?"

This exclamation—which some people may think wicked—was almost all that escaped the poor parson. He grew silent, feeble, and even wandered at the funeral, and talked about the "light of his life;" when, as everybody proved to demonstration, a parson ought to have another light. And, indeed, Parson Vaughan had; but after that cruel blow he grew more fearful of Providence, less hopeful, and less trustful. And, indeed, in six years—after he had taught Winnifred Vaughan Latin, some Greek and Italian, and a great deal of fine theological English—he died outright; having been half dead ever since his wife changed this life for a better. And when the parson and his wife lay side by side in the little Cumberland churchyard, their closed eyes turned to the eternal heavens, the orphan girl—straight, tall, and stalwart; reserved, yet gay; full of life, yet staid; simple, yet wise; a mountain ash in strength, grace, and suppleness, and beauty—was adopted by "that cranky old girl"—as one of the circle called her—the Countess of Guernsey.

"What an excellent thing for Winnifred Vaughan!" said the world; and of course the world was in the right.

CHAPTER X.

DEALINGS WITH THE "ARGUS" NEWSPAPER.

LADY GUERNSEY gained a good deal of applause amongst her immediate friends by her adoption of Winnifred Vaughan; and it is not improbable that this kind of reward was not unpleasant to her ladyship. She was a thorough old worldling, and discounted the reward charitable people look for in the next world by taking as much comfort, applause, glory, and credit to herself as she could in this. If we were not charitable, we might hint that there are others not unlike her.

At the time we write of—in the March pre-

vious to the murder of Estelle Martin, which, as the reader will remember, took place on the 29th of September, 1829—Mr. George Horton, who was not then appointed magistrate for Marylebone, was a frequent visitor to Green-street, and came there ostensibly with the purpose of playing a rubber of whist with the dowager Countess.

But it happened that Winnifred Vaughan was the usual companion of that excellent woman. She was cheaper than one of those hired ladies, who seem somehow to be always amiable in the way and out of place, however amiable they may be. She was more willing and more clever; and though so observant that she saw pretty well through Lady Guernsey's motives, yet she was so generous that she pieced out with sweet charity what that old lady wanted—which was a good deal.

Miss Winnifred Vaughan was very beautiful, very accomplished—which really count for nothing in her circle—very well born, and very poor, which count for a good deal. She had many admirers, but none entirely fitted to her. They who were eager to marry were a great deal too poor; and they who were excellently well fitted with estates, titles, and money, were inclined to look around them before they selected their—partners for life. And even then they looked for money.

"Egad!" said the richest duke in the kingdom—"egad! those millowner fellows are getting so powerful that we must put money to money to be equal to them."

And the young fellows were evidently impregnated with this idea, and moved about in splendid selfishness, leaving Winnifred Vaughan, and a dozen other such amiable creatures, waiting in the sickness of hope deferred.

That is, the world supposed that they *were* so kept; and the world composed of dowagers did not hesitate to blame the selfishness of the young men. But, as the young men cared nothing about the dowagers, the effect was by no means astounding.

One young nobleman, indeed—and the very pick of all the "matches" upon which the voracious dowagers were, by the verdict of the veracious world, supposed to have set their hearts—set his heart upon Winnifred Vaughan, and would have offered her his hand; but it was whispered—and it is astonishing how thoroughly in high life everybody understands everybody else's motives

—that Lord Chesterton had told Lord Wimpole that if he married the niece of old Guernsey, "he would cut off the entail, or go on the turf." Certain it was that, at the time we write of, Winnifred Vaughan was nearly twenty years old, unmarried, and unvisited by Lord Wimpole.

Lady Guernsey, whose house was not very crowded by the aristocracy—that class having a natural preference to those places whereat something is to be seen, or some gaiety is going on—fell to opening her house to the gentry, an inferior class, but glad to go where there was a title, and sometimes exhibiting an independent, a learned, and a pleasant member of their own set. One of these was Mr. George Horton.

This quiet, silent, studious, and observant man was not usually a "party" man; but he was always to be found at the Countess's assemblies. He was attentive—respectful even—to the old lady, and a gentleman. It is true that the poor fellow actually did something for his living; but Lady Guernsey forgave him *that*—he could play at whist.

He was, too, quite aware—for the gossip of one circle had sunk down to a lower—that Lord Wimpole had proposed and failed. For did he not read the *Morning Post*, in which a superior kind of Barnett Slammers did the fashionable reporting, and from whose pen the report had dropped—gracefully and even poetically garnished, but yet unmistakably given?

No one could accuse Mr. Rumford Coaster—the reporter alluded to—of indelicacy. He threw always a veil over the sins and follies of the aristocracy. But the veil was of gauze: everything was seen *through* it. It hid nothing; but rather, like the veils which cover the beauties of the harem, it gave a grace to that which it never even pretended to conceal. It is well known that other and inferior penmen were jealous of Rumford, and declared that he waited at the tables of the great in livery, with silver shoulder knobs and red plush inexpressibles; but that we know was untrue. Mr. Coaster might have been at their feasts in spirit, but he was never there in person. How he managed to pick up so many reports was, indeed, a wonder. Many was the head of a family who was first apprised of matters going on in his own household through the columns of the *Morning Post*.

But, besides the *Post*, there were at the

time in full vigour two newspapers which dealt exclusively in matters interesting to the aristocracy. "And were, by consequence," said Barnett Slammers, who was an out-and-out radical, "nasty and black-guard." These were the *Satirist* and the *Argus*; but it was unfair of Barnett to connect these things—as he did all vicious things—with the House of Lords. All the connection that they and their proprietors had with that august assembly was simply of that temporary kind which a highwayman has with the person whose money he demands. The simple demand made in that simple time, only forty years ago, was this: "Please, your lordship, we have discovered a hole in the cloak in which your virtue is wrapped; and if you do not plaster it over by buying so many copies—*i.e.*, by giving us so much money—we will point out to the ridicule-loving world where that hole is." In nine cases out of ten this method was found to be efficacious. The proprietors grew rich, and the editors believed they were the ornaments of the republic of letters.

To the office of one of these satirical journals, now happily extinct—or, as Barnett Slammers said, *ex-stinked*, for it died not in the odour of sanctity—Lord Wimpole one morning walked, and asked for the editor.

The little boy who served the office as clerk, folder, and general dispenser of that very great blessing, a free—very free—British newspaper, said to himself, "Oh, crikey! here's a lark!" With the precocious intellect natural to newsboys, he at once divined the cause. Lord Wimpole was unmistakably a gentleman; but the very soft voice in which he asked for the editor did not conceal an amount of irritation which the young gentleman did all he could to repress.

"Editor never comes 'ere, sir," said the boy. "He's at 'is country 'ouse."

"Then, doubtless, the publisher's at home. I have called on a matter connected with the paper. I have met Dr. M'Phie, who, I believe, writes for it."

This threw the boy off his guard.

"My eyes!" he said to himself, "why he's an author, may be. Wot a swell!"

Then, after a little more scrutiny—during which he directed some wrappers, for the paper had a country circulation—he asked—

"Wot name, sir? Praps Mr. Rolt is at home. I'll go and see."

Lord Wimpole did not give his card.

"You can say," he said, carelessly, while his heart beat a little more quickly, "that I am a person who knows the Doctor."

Now the Doctor, a clever fellow—a Trinity College man of Dublin—wrote for his bread; and being at that time in the Fleet, did not care very much—nor did he care much even when out of that place of durance—to whom he sold his articles, full of scholarship, and with a certain *verve* and "swing" about them that made them very readable. The Doctor, it must be owned, had no more to do with the "spicy" little articles which sold the paper than had Lord Wimpole himself; but he had an easy conscience, and did not think that he was by any means guilty of the miserable scandal which produced the black-mail by which the Doctor was paid.

"Mr. Rolt," said the boy, "'ere's a regular swell asking for you. He's an author, I think; for he knows, and is a friend of, Dr. M'Phie."

Mr. Rolt had a severe headache. He was a handsome, fair, somewhat bald, and fashionably dressed man. He had been dining out with some theatrical people and the proprietor of the newspaper, and had made an eloquent speech, in which he called the press the "palladium of British liberty, and the protector of the purity of the nation." All this Mr. Thomas Lilburn Rolt firmly believed it to be. He had said it so many times before, that the sentence rolled out of his mouth like a familiar truth.

Lord Wimpole was duly ushered in. Mr. Rolt—who devoutly wished that his aching head was under a pump, and that the little dinner at Thames Ditton had never taken place—saw, in spite of his headache, that Lord Wimpole was no gentleman of the press; but he still carried the idea suggested by the office boy, that the stranger, who did not give his name, had come to ask for money for the imprisoned genius, M'Phie.

Motioning Lord Wimpole to a chair, and passing his hand over his heavy eyes, he said—

"I can divine your mission, sir; but I must explain to you beforehand that our eccentric and very clever friend has no claim upon this paper. He has, in fact, overdrawn his salary. He has been paid beforehand for three leaders. Let me see! One on the 'Bishops'—"

Lord Wimpole held up his hand.

"Pray, sir," he said, "tell me no more.

I have no desire and no right to know the secrets of your paper. I do not call upon Dr. M'Phie's business; indeed, I only used his name as a passport to reach you. I do not pretend to be in his secrets, as I have only met him once."

Mr. Rolt saw that he was caught. His headache made him rude and ill-natured. He rose at once and put his hand on the bell.

"Then, sir," he answered, in a loud tone, "then why the devil—"

"No rudeness, sir," said Lord Wimpole. "Here is my business. I wanted to see the editor. I wanted him to answer for that paragraph."

And he threw down a paper in which, surrounded by a line of red ink, and sent to Chesterton House—by some good-natured friend of the family, no doubt—there was a notice to the effect that the "Delectable Dowager of Guernsey had at last caught a young nobleman. We believe we may tell Mrs. Grundy and the public that the name of the rash young man is Lord V——t W——e! What will the proud Earl of Ch——n say to the heir of his house being united to the daughter of a penniless curate, Miss W—— V——? We shall say more about this."

As Mr. Rolt gazed in a somewhat dazed fashion at this paragraph—every word of which he well knew—the young gentleman drew himself up and said—

"I am Lord Wimpole. I demand that that paragraph be contradicted. What has the world to do with the private concerns of my family?"

"Then the paragraph is not true?" asked Mr. Rolt, evasively, to gain time.

"True or not true, it concerns not the public, and is no business of yours."

"But truth, my lord," said his interlocutor, with a greasy smile, "is the especial business of the British press. That palladium of liberty lives but to disseminate the truth. We received that paragraph from a member of one of the first families."

"Give me the name of your informant."

"Well, not exactly, my lord. We do not do things that way."

"Then apologize and retract."

"Assure us that it is not true, and we will at once do so—for a consideration."

"What consideration can be more weighty with you than your honour—than your desire not to circulate a scandal?"

"Well," said Mr. Rolt, after a pause, in which he measured his opponent—a well-built young man, firmly set upon his legs, and an officer—"well"—here his smile became more seductive, not to say greasy—"well, the British press cannot well live upon honour."

"It cannot exist without it, or will not for any time, sir," said the young lord, fiercely. "But I see you trifle. What consideration do you desire?"

There was a lofty scorn in his tone that irritated Mr. Rolt even more than the throbbing headache, which the excitement of the conversation increased. Duelling was not quite out of fashion, and Mr. Rolt, who was a gentleman—of a sort—and of the press, did not want courage, and had more than once smelt powder at Chalk Farm; and he was in such a temper that he would have braved another encounter, especially with a lord. But discretion was his best part to play, and so he answered, after a pause—

"Well, the paper wants advertising, and if your lordship will take two thousand copies at full price—for we shall have them stamped—and distribute them *gratis*, we will so word a paragraph, that without sacrificing truth, my lord—which we never, never sacrifice—all that you complain of shall be unsaid."

"Fifty pounds," said his lordship, in a tone of unconcern.

"Yes—fifty pounds," returned Mr. Rolt, in a more bland voice. "Very little, very little; and we give you the full value—quite the full value. Copies of the paper sixpence each, stamped sevenpence. Really, we can hardly do it at that price!"

Mr. Rolt put his fingers in the arm-holes of his white waistcoat, and sat down in his chair with the air of one who had conferred a favour on his new acquaintance.

Then it was that the contempt of Lord Wimpole reached its highest point. He drew out his cheque-book, and wrote the order for the money, handed it over to Mr. Rolt, and, whirling round his glove, gave him the cheque.

"Now, sir," said he, "as you have shown yourself the responsible person of this atrocious paper, let me tell you what I think of you. You are worse than a highwayman! You a *gentleman* of the press! You are a common scoundrel that levies blackmail! I give you this money" (here he flung the cheque on the table) "to save a dear

young lady, whom I respect, from annoyance; but I tell you that you are a robber and a tittle-tattle slanderer! And, if you ever come across my path—"

"What!" shouted Rolt, in a voice of thunder, getting up from his easy cane chair, which was upon castors, and pushing it behind him. "Do you want to fight, my lord?"

"Oh, no," said Lord Wimpole, with a sneer and a laugh; "by no means. I will not fight you, I will thrash you."

And he threw his glove with some force in his face. The newspaper hero, with an oath, struck wildly out; but Lord Wimpole, with a well-planted blow in Mr. Rolt's left eye, sent him spinning back upon his easy chair, and the deceptive castors gliding away, Mr. Rolt fell heavily as Lord Wimpole left the room. Mr. Rolt's account for his black eye a few days afterwards—he left for his home at Turnham-green in ten minutes in a hackney coach, and was tenderly nursed by his wife—was that, after that confounded dinner at Thames Ditton, he had knocked his head against a post. But the boy, who had his ears about him, told an exaggerated story of the battle to a select circle of friends. Let it be said, to Mr. Rolt's honour, that, while the cheque duly was cashed and the eye was black, the due retraction appeared, carefully and even politely worded. But, as the Earl of Chesterton told his son, with whom he remonstrated, "his violent behaviour would only cause the scandal to spread;" and more people would hear of the matter than he thought, or than would have heard had he been quiet. And surely enough Lady Guernsey herself communicated the first news to Mr. Horton, and showed him the carefully worded retraction in the *Argus*.

Mr. Horton read the words with a beating heart, and took the paragraph in one of the meanings into which it was capable of construction.

"Lord Wimpole, then," he said, "withdraws from any intention as regards your niece."

"So the paper says," tittered Lady Guernsey. "I am sure I don't know. These people will write and talk of *nous autres*."

She was quite proud of the *esclandre*, and bought some copies of the paper to send to her friends; for she by no means desired that her niece should make a grand match.

"Then I have hopes?" said Mr. Horton.

"Hopes! Of course, all you men have! What hopes, you silly creature?"

"Why, Lady Guernsey, you cannot have been so unobservant as not to see that I love your niece, Miss Winnifred Vaughan!"

Mr. Horton said this so fiercely and earnestly, that Lady Guernsey was quite startled. She had even thought that Mr. Horton's visits were intended for her. How do we know why people come to our houses? Sometimes to see the host, of course—sometimes the hostess. Sometimes the pretty visitor at Smith's house causes so many to call and drink his wine, and send Mrs. Smith boxes for the theatre, to which she will carry the pretty visitor. Lady Guernsey was deeply hurt.

"So you love Winnifred Vaughan, do you? Umph! Well, I am sure!" (This was a favourite exclamation of her ladyship's.) "Of course, I did not expect her to marry all the Chesterton property and estates; but, Mr. Horton, she is my niece, and I think she might look higher than a poor barrister!"

DREAMS AND THEIR CAUSES.

BY AN OLD PHYSICIAN.

SOME physiological and psychological writers of eminence contend—as we think erroneously—that the mind is never at rest, and that, even during the most profound sleep, dreams take place, which are either immediately forgotten or which make no impression on the memory. In opposition to this view, the following arguments may be adduced. If it were correct, the main object of sleep—namely, rest for the brain—would never be attained; and, in all probability, a few nights' continuous and active dreaming would induce a mental irritability approximating to insanity. Again, cases are occasionally met with of persons who maintain that they never, or only very exceptionally, dream. Pliny refers to such cases in Lib. x., cap. lxxv. We quote Holland's quaint translation: "Babes at the very beginning do dream. For they will waken and start suddenly in a fright; and, as they lie asleep, keep a-sucking of their lips, as if it were at the breast-heads. Some never dream at all. And if such chance, contrary to this custom, for to dream once, it hath been counted for a sign of death, as we have seen and proved by many examples and experiments." According to

Plutarch, Cleon never dreamed; and Suetonius declared that, before the murder of his mother, he had never dreamed. The writer of this article is acquainted with a lady, upwards of eighty years of age, who is perfectly certain that no dream has ever passed through her brain, which is by no means an inactive one. Dr. Hammond states that he had a lady under his care for a serious nervous affection, who declared that she had only once had a dream, which occurred after receiving a severe blow on the head from a fall. As further evidence against the view that the action of the brain is continuous during sleep, we may adduce cases of apparently very long dreams that have been completed, from beginning to end, in a very few seconds, and which have been excited by external influences. The following are good examples of such dreams, and others are incidentally given in the course of this article.

A person, who was suddenly aroused from sleep by a few drops of water sprinkled in his face, dreamed of the events of an entire life, in which happiness and sorrow were mingled; and which finally terminated with an altercation upon the borders of an extensive lake, into which his exasperated companion, after a considerable struggle, succeeded in plunging him. Dr. Carpenter mentions the case of a clergyman falling asleep in his pulpit during the singing of a psalm before the sermon, and awakening with the conviction that he must have slept for at least an hour, and that the congregation must have been waiting for him; but, on referring to his psalm book, he was consoled by finding that his slumber had not lasted longer than the singing of a single line. Sir Benjamin Brodie, in his "Psychological Inquiries," 1854, mentions the following fact of the late Lord Holland: "On an occasion when he was much fatigued, while listening to a friend who was reading aloud he fell asleep and had a dream, the particulars of which it would take him a quarter of an hour, or longer, to express in writing. After he awoke, he found that he remembered the beginning of one sentence, while he actually heard the latter part of the sentence immediately following it; so that, probably, the whole time during which he had slept did not occupy more than a few seconds."

It is from cases of this nature that Lord Brougham was led to form the opinion that

all our dreams really take place in the act of falling asleep or of awaking. This view is as incorrect in one direction as the opinion we are endeavouring to controvert (of which the late Sir William Hamilton, the great metaphysician, was one of the principal champions) is in the opposite one.* In his "Lectures on Metaphysics," this intellectual athlete believes that he has proved that the action of the brain is continuous during sleep by the following simple experiment: He caused himself to be aroused from sleep at intervals through the night, and invariably found that he was disturbed from a dream, the particulars of which he could always distinctly recollect. We shall not stop to expose the utter fallacy of this rash conclusion, as our readers will at once recognize it themselves when they presently read M. Maury's experiments. It is sufficient to remark here, that the mere excitation of waking a sleeping person is generally sufficient to give rise to a dream.

From these and other arguments that might be adduced, it may be safely assumed that "the brain is not always in action, and that there are times when we sleep without dreaming."

In our remarks "on the state of the mind during sleep" (pp. 544-5, vol. v.), we stated that dreams must have some kind of foundation; and, as Dr. Hammond observes, the basis of a dream must be sought for in impressions made upon the mind at some previous—perhaps apparently forgotten—period, or produced at the time, during sleep, by bodily sensations. At first sight, it may seem that we have dreams which cannot possibly be referred to either of these exciting causes; "but thorough investigation will invariably reveal the existence of an association between the dream and some such ideas or events." In confirmation of this view he adduces several cases, some of which he has collected from the well-known works of Abercrombie ("Inquiries Concerning the Intellectual Powers and the Investigation of Truth"), Macnish ("Philosophy of Sleep"), Dendy ("Philosophy of Mystery"), and other British writers; while others are original and now first published. From the latter we borrow the following remarkable

* The fallacy of Lord Brougham's opinion is clearly shown by a reference to the cases adduced at the end of this article, with a view of demonstrating the direct cause of dreaming.

history, which in some respects resembles the story told by Sir Walter Scott to Abercrombie, regarding the recovery, by means of a dream, of lost documents necessary for the successful prosecution of a law suit. A lawyer, well known to Dr. Hammond, found it necessary to ascertain the exact age of a client of his who was also his cousin. Their grandfather, who was rather an eccentric person, had died when they were boys. The lawyer often told his cousin that if the grandfather had been alive the desired information could have been readily obtained; and that he had a dim recollection of having seen a record kept by the old gentleman, and of there being some peculiarity about it which he could not recall. Some months after the search had been given up as hopeless, he dreamed that their grandfather came to him and said, "You have been trying to find out when J. was born. Don't you recollect that one afternoon, when we were fishing, I read you some lines from an Elzevir 'Horace,' and showed you how I had made a family record out of the book by inserting a number of blank leaves at the end? Now, as you know, I devised my library to the Rev. —. I was a great fool for giving him books which he will never read! Get the 'Horace,' and you will discover the exact hour at which J. was born." The lawyer, deeply impressed with the dream, started by the first morning train to visit the clergyman, who lived in a neighbouring city; found the "Horace;" and at the end were the pages constituting the family record, exactly as had been described in the dream. By no effort of his memory could he recall to his recollection the incidents of the fishing excursion.

It may have occurred to some of our readers to have experienced the same dream on two or three consecutive nights, or several times in the same night. This repetition of a dream is popularly regarded as indicating that it is either sent as a warning, or that it has a prophetic character. Dr. Hammond tells us that a few years ago he read Schiller's "Ode to Laura," as translated by Lord Lytton, beginning—

"Who and what gave me the wish to woo thee?"

and admired it as a striking piece of versification, conveying some noted philosophical ideas in a forcible and beautiful manner. The following night he had a very vivid dream of a condition of pre-existence in

which he imagined himself to be. The connection between the dream and the poem he had been reading was sufficiently well marked, and did not astonish him. He was, however, surprised to find that the two next nights he had exactly the same dream. Dr. Hammond further tells us that a friend of his is very subject to dreams of this character, and that on some occasions the repetition has taken place as many as a dozen times.

The following case, in which a dream—in other respects highly remarkable—occurred twice on the same night, came under the notice of the writer of this article when he was practising in London in the year 1848. Our older readers may recollect that, in the year just recorded, there was a terrible case of murder in America, Dr. Webster, Professor of Chemistry in Harvard College, being convicted for the murder of his acquaintance—we can hardly say his friend—Dr. Parkman.* A lady—we will call her X. Y.—well known in the literary world, and then residing in London, had, some years previously, paid a long visit to the United States, during which she became intimately acquainted with Dr. Webster and his family, who showed her much kindness and attention. After her return to England, she continued to correspond with the family; and one day, in the early autumn of 1848, a

* For the benefit of our younger readers we may give the following brief details. Dr. Webster, a singularly humane and amiable man, but of a somewhat excitable temperament, having fallen into pecuniary difficulties, borrowed money from Dr. Parkman, who seems to have been a very hard enough a just man. On being pressed to pay a certain sum, Dr. Webster said that it should be ready in his laboratory at a certain day in the following week. Dr. Webster failed in his attempt to procure the money; and Dr. Parkman, on calling at the appointed time, and fancying that he had been wilfully deceived, threatened to put an execution into Dr. Webster's house, and to expose his want of honesty. Galled beyond endurance by this language, and, unfortunately, having a thick iron rod, used for laboratory purposes, by his side, he almost unconsciously struck Dr. Parkman a blow that unfortunately proved instantaneously fatal. If he had possessed sufficient moral courage to have at once given the alarm, and called in surgical assistance, he would probably, at the worst, have only been found guilty of manslaughter. But the fact of his concealing his crime, and allowing the odium of the suspicion to fall on the janitor, probably induced the jury to bring in a verdict of guilty. Dr. Webster subsequently asserted—and we fully believe him—that if the janitor had been convicted he would at once have made full confession.

gentleman related to Dr. Parkman called upon her with an introduction from Professor Webster. On that night she went to bed at her usual hour, but soon experienced a horrible dream. She fancied that she was being urged by Dr. Webster to assist him in concealing a set of human bones in a wooden box; and she distinctly recollected that there was a thigh-bone which, after failing to break it in pieces, they vainly attempted to insert, but it was too long. While they were trying to hide the box—as she fancied, under her bed—she woke in a state of terror and cold perspiration. She instantly struck a light, and tried to dispel the recollection of her horrible vision by reading. After a lapse of two hours, during which she had determinedly fixed her attention on the book, she put out the light, and soon fell asleep. The same dream again occurred; after which she did not dare—although a woman of singular moral and physical courage—to attempt to sleep any more that night. Early on the following morning she called upon the writer, and told him of her fearful experiences of the past night. Nothing more at the time was thought of these dreams; but shortly afterwards the news reached England that Dr. Parkman was missing; that the last time he was seen alive he was entering the college gates; and that the janitor was suspected of having murdered him.

On the writer mentioning this to X. Y., she at once exclaimed, "Oh, my dreams! Dr. Webster must be the murderer!" The next mail but one brought the news that the true murderer had been detected; and that, at the very time when X. Y.'s dream occurred, he must have been actually struggling to get the bones—the flesh having been previously burnt—into a wooden box such as she had seen; and that, after attempting in vain to break the thigh-bones, he had hidden them elsewhere.

In this remarkable case, the visitor's call, and his conversation regarding their mutual friend, may have suggested to the mind of X. Y. the idea of Dr. Webster; but why it should have called him up to her mind as engaged in that singular manner, we admit that we cannot explain, as he had not seen her for some years. It is in the highest degree improbable that, when engaged in this horrible attempt to conceal the evidence of his guilt, he should have been specially thinking of X. Y.; otherwise we

might have explained the dream according to the "Brain-wave Theory" propounded in the *Spectator* for January 30, 1869. It is possible, but highly improbable, that the idea of the bones might have been called up by the circumstance that X. Y. had recently been occupied in compiling a popular course of lectures on anatomy and physiology for a country physician; and we cannot regard her case as upsetting the theory we have propounded—that dreams must be due either to impressions made upon the mind at some previous period, or that they are produced during sleep by bodily sensations.

We shall now proceed to illustrate the latter of these exciting causes. Abercrombie, in his well-known work, to which we have already referred, relates several very remarkable cases of dreams induced by impressions made upon the mind during sleep. In one case, an elaborate dream of the same nature was simultaneously excited in the minds of a soldier and his wife by the noise produced by the falling of a pair of tongs.

An officer on board a transport used to be teased by his companions, who could produce in him any kind of dream by whispering in his ear. Once they conducted him through the whole process of a quarrel, which ended in a duel; and when the parties were supposed to have met, a pistol was put into his hand, which he fired, and the report of which awoke him. On another occasion they found him asleep on the top of a locker in the cabin, when they made him believe that he had fallen overboard, and exhorted him to save himself by swimming. They then told him that a shark was pursuing him, and entreated him to dive for his life. He instantly did so, and with so much force as to throw himself from the locker upon the cabin floor, by which, of course, he was awakened.

Dr. Hammond relates the particulars of a singular dream which, as in the preceding case, was due to an impression conveyed to the brain through the ear; and likewise corroborates the fact, previously noticed, that no definite conception of time enters into the elements of a dream. We give the narrative in his own words:—

"I dreamed that I had taken a passage in a steamboat from St. Louis to New Orleans, and that among the passengers was

a man who had all the appearance of being very ill with consumption. He looked more like a ghost than a human being, and moved noiselessly among the passengers, noticing no one, though attracting the attention of all. For several days nothing was said between him and any one; till one morning, as the vessel approached Baton Rouge, he came to where I was sitting, on the guards, and began a conversation by asking me what time it was. I took out my watch, when he instantly took it from my hand and opened it. 'I, too, once had a watch,' he said; 'but see what I am now.' With these words he threw aside the large cloak he usually wore, and I saw that his ribs were entirely free of skin and flesh. He then took my watch, and, inserting it between his ribs, said it would make a very good heart. Continuing his conversation, he told me that he had resolved to blow up the vessel the next day; but that, as I had been the means of supplying him with a heart, he would save my life. 'When you hear this whistle blow,' he said, 'jump overboard, for in an instant afterwards the boat will be in atoms.' I thanked him, and he left me. All that day and the next I endeavoured to acquaint my fellow-passengers with the fate in store for them, but discovered that I had lost the faculty of speech. I tried to write, but found that my hands were paralyzed. In fact, I could adopt no means to warn them. While I was making these ineffectual efforts, I heard the whistle of the engine. I rushed to the side of the boat to plunge overboard—and awoke. The whistle of a steam sawmill near my house had just begun to sound, and had awakened me. My whole dream had been excited by it, and could not have occupied more than a few seconds" (p. 131).

Many cases are on record in which dreams have been excited by other senses than that of hearing. A remarkable case, in which a dream was originated by the combined action of the senses of smell and hearing, is described in the "Journal of Psychological Medicine," for July, 1856, in which a physician, who was compelled to sleep at a cheesemonger's house, in a bed-room impregnated with a strong odour of American cheese, and swarming with rats, dreamed that for a political offence he was incarcerated in a huge cheese, which was attacked by an army of these vermin, that, as

soon as they had effected an entrance, fixed themselves on his naked body.

The sense of taste is so seldom exercised during sleep that it is rarely productive of dreams. The following case, recorded by Dr. Hammond, is the most remarkable one of the kind that we have met with. A young lady who had contracted the habit of sucking her thumb during sleep, tried to break herself of the practice by covering the offending organ with extract of aloes before she went to bed. She slept well, but in the morning she found her thumb in her mouth with all the aloes sucked off. During the night she dreamed that she was crossing the ocean in a steamer made of wormwood; that the plates, dishes, chairs, &c., were composed of the same material; and that there was a bitter smell all over the ship. There was so strong a bitter taste in her mouth, that on her arrival at Havre she asked for a glass of water; but the attendant brought her an infusion of wormwood, which she gulped down. On her requesting a Paris physician to extract the wormwood from her body, he told her that the only remedy was ox-gall, which he gave her by the pound. The bitter taste of the remedy was as bad as that of the wormwood; and to get rid of it she applied to the Pope, who told her that she must make a pilgrimage to the plain where the pillar of salt stood which was formerly Lot's wife, and must eat a piece of salt as large as her thumb. She reached the object of her journey, and then deliberated as to what part of the figure she should break off. The result was that, as she had a bad habit of sucking her thumb, she should break off and suck that part of the statue. On putting the broken fragment into her mouth she awoke, and found that she was sucking her own thumb.

Dreams are very readily excited through impressions made on the nerves of ordinary sensation, even in cases when the stimulus is applied to paralyzed limbs. A lady whose lower extremities were paralyzed, often experienced remarkable dreams of this nature when hot bottles were applied to her feet. On one occasion she dreamed that she was transformed into a bear, and was being taught to dance by being made to stand on hot plates of iron. On another similar occasion she dreamed that she was wading through a stream of water that issued from a hot spring.

In the cases which we have here put on record, the dreams, with one exception, have not been intentionally evoked. In order to prove that almost any kind of dream can, with tolerable certainty, be excited by special classes of stimulants, M. Maury caused a series of experiments to be performed on himself when asleep, which afforded very satisfactory results.

First experiment: He caused himself to be tickled with a feather on the lips and inside of the nostrils. He dreamed that he was subjected to a horrible punishment. A mask of pitch was applied to his face, and then torn roughly off, taking with it the skin of his lips, nose, and face.

Second experiment: A pair of tweezers was held at a little distance from his ear, and struck with a pair of scissors. He dreamed that he heard the ringing of bells. This was soon converted into the tocsin, and this suggested the days of June, 1848.

Third experiment: A bottle of eau de Cologne was held to his nose. He dreamed that he was in a perfumer's shop. This excited visions of the East; and he dreamed that he was in Cairo, in the shop of Jean Marie Farina. Many surprising adventures occurred to him there, the details of which were forgotten.

Fourth experiment: A burning lucifer match was held close to his nostrils. He dreamed that he was at sea (the wind was blowing in through the windows), and that the magazine of the vessel blew up.

Fifth experiment: He was slightly pinched on the nape of the neck. He dreamed that a blister was applied. And this recalled the recollection of a physician who had treated him in his infancy.

Sixth experiment: A piece of red-hot iron was held close enough to him to communicate a slight sensation of heat. He dreamed that robbers had got into the house, and were forcing the inmates, by putting their feet to the fire, to reveal where their money was. The idea of the robber suggested that of Madame D'Abrantes, who, he supposed, had taken him for her secretary, and in whose memoirs he had read some account of bandits.

Seventh experiment: The word *parafagaramus* was pronounced in his ear. He understood nothing, and awoke with the recollection of a very vague dream. The word *maman* was next used many times.

He dreamed of different subjects, but heard a sound like the humming of bees. Several days after, the experiment was repeated with the words *Azor, Castor, Léonore*. On awaking, he recollected that he had heard the last two words, and had attributed them to one of the persons who had conversed with him in his dream.

Eighth experiment: A drop of water was allowed to fall on his forehead. He dreamed that he was in Italy, that he was very warm, and that he was drinking the wine of Orvieto.

Ninth experiment: A light, surrounded by a piece of red paper, was repeatedly placed before his eyes. He dreamed of a tempest and lightning, which suggested the remembrance of a storm he had encountered in the English Channel in going from Merlaix to Havre.

These observations are very instructive, inasmuch as they show conclusively that one very important class of our dreams is due to our bodily sensations.

We shall conclude with a few remarks on the immediate cause of dreams. In the first part of this article we noticed the remarkable case, described by Dr. Hammond, of a man who, by a railway accident, lost a large portion of his skull. Standing one evening by his bedside, this physician observed that while he was sleeping the scalp slightly rose from the concavity in which it was depressed, and that he then began to be restless and to talk. He did not wake, and it was evident that he was dreaming. In a few minutes, when the dream was over, the scalp returned to its ordinary sleeping level. His wife was requested to observe this condition, and she subsequently stated that she could always tell when he was dreaming from the appearance of the scalp. Dendy, in his "Philosophy of Mystery," records a very similar case, in which precisely the same appearances were presented by a woman who had lost part of her skull. Hence we are led to infer that dreams are directly caused by an increased activity of the circulation in the brain, intermediate between that which occurs in profound sleep and in a state of thorough wakefulness.

With these remarks we conclude our observations "On Sleep and Dreams." If we have not completely exhausted the patience of our readers, we may possibly, on a future

occasion, have a few words to say on an allied but apparently very different subject—namely, Wakefulness.

A SUCCESSFUL ELOPEMENT.

A READING.
BY LITCHFIELD MOSELEY.

OLD BOGGLES was a brute. I repeat it—an unmitigated brute. Boggles was a wealthy drysalter in Lime-street-square, and his private residence was in Westbourne-terrace. He was a widower, with two children: viz., Jack, aged 23; and Clementina, a bright-haired, light-hearted, thoughtless little beauty of 18, and one of the most lovable of the sex I had ever seen. Jack Boggles and I were chums at Eton, and when we left school he joined his father in the drysalting line, and I turned to the bar. My acquaintance with Jack caused me to be a frequent visitor at Westbourne-terrace, and an attachment soon sprang up between myself and Clementina. But Mammon was the god of Boggles, senior—he began the world as a shoeblack, and I don't believe the old Pagan could write his own name—and, although he had no objection to me as a companion for his son, he aimed at something better for his daughter than a poor law student of my limited means. Besides, there was a middle-aged, coarse-featured, pimply-faced, vulgar soap-boiler in the way, named 'Tadgeby; and Jack told me in confidence "that he was as rich as Croesus, and he thought the governor had an eye on him for Clem." As for the dear girl, to her credit be it recorded, she positively detested the monster.

One evening, I was leaving the house as usual, when old Boggles followed me downstairs, and said, in a peculiar manner—

"Hum! Mr. Vavasour, I should like to have a few words with you in the library, if you please."

Of course I assented, and followed him into the room. He pointed to a chair, gave a short, hard cough, and began:—

"Mr. Vavasour, I am a man of the world, and although you are many years my junior, I imagine you to be the same. Now, sir, I do not wish for one moment to hurt your feelings, but I am a plain man"—and so he was, "ugly" would have been a better word—"and mean to speak plainly. I have lately noticed, with anything but satisfaction, that there is too great an amount of fami-

liarity between yourself and Miss Boggles, and a father's eye cannot be blind to the fact that your attentions are anything but obnoxious to her; therefore I feel it my duty at once to inform you that my daughter never can, by any possibility whatever, become your wife. That being the case, I must request you to put an end to all this boy and girl nonsense for the future. I shall take an early opportunity of speaking to my daughter on the subject; and, in the meantime, I think it will be as well for you to discontinue your visits at this house—at all events, until she is settled in life, when I shall again be happy to see you here as my son's friend and my guest."

The hard-hearted old villain held out his hand as he concluded, and then added—

"Remember, we are at all times on the best of terms."

"The best of terms!" What a mockery! for at that moment I could, with feelings of the liveliest satisfaction, have assassinated old Boggles. I scarcely know what answer I returned; but I took the proffered hand, muttered a few words in reply, and hurried from the house.

In a few days I discovered that matters were not so thoroughly hopeless after all. True, I was forbidden the house, but there was a traitor in the camp; and, through the agency of Jack, a correspondence was carried on between myself and Clementina, of which old Boggles was perfectly ignorant; and little did that unsuspecting parent know that I and my darling Clem had many cosy afternoons together in Kensington-gardens; for whenever Jack escorted his sister for a walk I always knew where to meet them; and Jack, believing in the old adage, used to retire to a respectful distance, and enjoy a cigar, while we two were love-making. Still, that sort of thing could not last for ever; and, knowing that her father was unlikely to alter his mind, we agreed to elope the first opportunity.

"Now's your time, old fellow!" said Jack, bursting into my chambers one morning when I was breakfasting. "'There is a tide in the affairs of man, which, taken at the flood'—Hum! Shakspeare. You know the rest."

"Just so, Jack; but what do you mean?"

"Mean! Listen to this, Charlie, and let's hear what you think of my scheme."

And patting me on the back, he continued—

"The old duchess next door to us—you know who I mean, Mrs. Cooperley Tubbs—is going to get up a picnic in Richmond Park the day after to-morrow. Clem and I are invited; and the old lady has asked me to take down all the fellows I can; and, therefore, I mean you to be one of the party. Don't interrupt me, if you please." (Seeing me about to speak.) "Clem goes in the carriage with the Tubbs' lot, and I'll call here for you. Now, then, you've told me, over and over again, you want to run away with my sister. What's to hinder you from doing so then? Make your preparations; have a trap waiting; and, before we are missed, we shall be half-way to Dover. I say 'we,' because I'm going with you. By the bye, dad and the soap-boiler are to join us in the evening; so we must make ourselves scarce before they arrive. What do you think of my plan?"

"Capital! Jack, you're a noble fellow, and it's a pity that such a genius as yours should be devoted to drysaltery. You'd have made a splendid diplomatist."

"There, that'll do; no soft soap, if you please."

"Do you think your sister will give her consent?"

"Oh, Clem'll do anything to annoy that wretch of a soap-boiler; besides, she's over head and ears in love with you. But come, my time's precious, take a pen, write to her, and I'll be the postman."

Here Jack filled his meerschaum, helped himself to bottled beer, took up "The Pickwick Papers," and began to smoke like a small furnace; while I sat down and wrote as follows:—

"MY OWN ADORED CLEMENTINA—Jack has just proposed an excellent plan for us to carry out our project at Mrs. Tubbs' picnic on Wednesday. He will tell you what it is. I know, dearest, that it is not exactly right to run away without your papa's consent; but when a parent insists upon breaking the heart of his only daughter by uniting her to a soap-boiler—a being whose whole thoughts may be summed up in two words—"Yellow" and "Mottled;" a red-faced, repulsive, unmannerly, ungrammatical individual, without an atom of poetry or sentiment in his composition—without consulting her feelings in the matter, the only course left is to do without it. Oh! Clementina, although only two days, it seems quite an

age since I have seen you. As Romeo says:—

" 'Flies may gaze on thee; would I were a fly,
On gauzy wing I to my Clem would hie,
And gaze, and gaze till I wore out mine eye.' "

"I have had a special licence, and a wedding ring wrapped up in whitey-brown paper, in my left-hand breast coat pocket, for the last seven weeks. Excuse these blots: they are not tears, but ink. I am too joyful for tears; but you can form no idea of the agitation I am in at this moment. My hand trembles so violently that I have just upset the ink bottle over the table, and spoilt a brief; and my white waistcoat is soaked with the abominable compound. Jack insinuates that it's drink; believe me, darling, it's nothing but exhilaration. But what are white waistcoats and briefs to you? Oh, Clementina, at this moment Jack seems to me to be our good genius; he is a brother you may well be proud of. I just now left off to grasp his hand and thank him for his kindness, and he replied, 'Finish your letter, you donkey.' But it is all his goodness of heart. Still, he is growing impatient, and is throwing things at my head; so I must bring this note to a conclusion. Leave all to us, and fear not for the result. Adieu! my adorable one! Adieu! adieu! —Your own fondly affectionate, and eternally faithful,
"CHARLIE."

"Have you really finished?" said Jack, as I folded the letter, and gave it him.

"Yes! my dear old boy! yes! And ten thousand thanks!"

"Then I'm off at once. Mind! the *day after to-morrow*."

And shaking my hand warmly he hurried away. Wednesday came in due course. Jack called for me, and we ran down by train to Richmond, walked up the hill to the Park, and soon discovered our party, under a clump of trees by the White Lodge.

On seeing us, Mrs. Cooperley Tubbs rose from her seat immediately, and received Jack in the most cordial manner.

"Oh, my dear Mr. John, I'm so glad you've come; pray introduce me to your friend."

Jack did the amiable.

"Mr. Charles Yavasseur, Mrs. Cooperley Tubbs."

"Delighted to make your acquaintance, Mr. Yavasseur. Any friend of my dear John Boggles is welcome here."

It was currently reported that Mrs. Tubbs had sinister designs upon Jack for one of her three daughters—dreadfully awkward, short, chubby-faced girls, in blue silk. I bowed, and was then introduced by Mrs. Tubbs to the rest of the party, who were all strangers to me. There was Mr. Swindleton Sharpe—Jack said he was a director of a joint-stock company for extracting oil from brickbats, or something of the kind; Sir Fussy Fitznoodle, K.B., an antiquated beau of Mrs. Tubbs'; Mrs. Watlington Pye, and her daughter, Miss Maggie Pye; young Flimsey, firm of Flimsey, Kite, Flyer, and Co., Financiers and Stockbrokers, Copthall-court, a great gun in his own estimation, and a perfect tailor's advertisement; the Misses Jessica, Julietta, and Jemima Tubbs, and many others whose names have slipped my memory; and last, although not least, there was the dear girl herself, looking prettier than ever, in a most becoming costume of white and green.

"My sister, Mr. Charles Vavasour," said Jack.

I raised my hat, she inclined her head; and no one imagined that either of us had met before. Looking about me, and taking stock of my companions, I noticed that old Sir Fussy was exceedingly attentive to Mrs. Tubbs. By the bye, the baronet was an illustration of the triumph of art over nature. False hair, false teeth, false whiskers, false complexion, false everything; a mere living piece of mosaic, to be taken to pieces every night, and put together again every morning. And, although not wishing to be a cynic, I fancy that the lady was quite as much made up as the old gentleman.

"Don't be so very ridiculous, Sir Fussy; you really are the most odious man I ever knew," said Mrs. Tubbs, giving a sideways glance at the old boy at the same moment that belied her words.

"Upon my honour, my dear madam, it's true, every word—it is, indeed," returned the baronet, exhibiting his false teeth to advantage.

"Once when Tom Higginson and I were on the Ramchandee Ghaut, one of those abominable Bengalees came up and said—"

"A glass of claret, if you please—"

"The Rajah Bustumjee Doolop Singh intends—"

"Purchasing fifty shares at five pounds premium—"

"Assassinating the whole of you—"

"Getting a few of his friends to rig the market."

"Did you ever know anything so unpleasant, dear, as—?"

"A hundred thousand black rascals in arms—"

"They came from Peter Robinson's, dear—"

This may be taken as a sample of the conversation I heard, as every one was talking at once on different subjects. So the time slipped away, until Jack said quietly to me—

"Half-past six o'clock, Charlie; the enemy is nearly due. Time!"

My heart went pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, for a moment, as Jack lighted a cigar, and, taking his sister's arm, strolled leisurely away. By this time most of the others were wandering about in little knots of twos and threes—Mrs. Tubbs being still held captive by the baronet. Very coolly I followed Jack, and strolled along by the side of Clementina, in the direction of Petersham, until Jack stopped suddenly, and, looking about him, said—

"The coast's all clear; none of our party are in sight; now for a run."

I drew Clementina's arm in mine; Jack scudded away in front, and we quickened our pace proportionately. Down into the little valley, and over the railings of Petersham Park, where we ran down the hill like children, afraid to stop for a moment, or look behind us, for fear we might be noticed and pursued. We quitted the Park by the south gate, crossed the road, and, in the little inn-yard, found the barouche I had ordered waiting.

As I handed her into the carriage, the dear girl said, quite out of breath—

"Oh, Charles! I'm so frightened; what will become of us, suppose we are pursued?"

"Courage, my darling!" I replied, "and never fear for the result. We shall not be missed for an hour at least, and by that time we shall be out of danger."

Seven o'clock struck as we started for Victoria. It was my intention to proceed by that night's mail to Calais, and get married at the English church early the next morning. We were only just in time to catch the mail train; and two hours later found us at Dover, where we embarked at once on *The Breeze*.

"And now," said I, "thanks to your clever generalship, Jack, our troubles are

over. Clem, dearest, our flight has been very successful so far."

"Do you think we are quite safe even now?" she answered.

"Quite, my love; don't worry your pretty little head any longer. Why, I declare, you look quite ill. You had better go and lie down a little while; I'm sure you must need rest."

"Thank you, Charles; I do feel almost worn out, but I shall be better presently. I'm a silly, foolish little thing, I know, dear; but I cannot help thinking that we shall yet be followed."

I took her down into the saloon, and returned to the deck just in time to see the signal light of the South-Eastern train approaching rapidly down the Admiralty Pier. Nearer and nearer it came, until it stopped immediately above us. Just behind us, with steam up ready to start, lay the *Louise Marie*, Belgian mail packet. The letter bags were on board, the last basket of the *Continental Express* had been shipped, and the last porter was quitting her deck, when, to our horror, we saw two figures, whose faces we immediately recognized, alight from a first-class carriage, and look about them anxiously. Luckily, Clementina was in the saloon. What was to be done? Not a moment was to be lost. Jack was equal to the emergency. Without saying a word to me he jumped on to the landing stage, and, thrusting a couple of sovereigns into the hand of one of the porters, said—

"You see those two gentlemen? Contrive by any means in your power to get them into the Belgian boat."

"There's nothing wrong?—'taint a barney, is it?" asked the man.

"Only a runaway match; you understand."

"Aye, aye, sir! I'll make it all right," was the reply.

I strained my eyes to the utmost, as I saw him speak to old Boggles. It was a moment of terrible suspense, but a moment only; for, directly afterwards, the three hurried away in the direction of the *Louise Marie*.

"Safe! by all that's lucky!" said Jack, seizing me by the arm. "They are on board the wrong boat, and she's just starting."

As he spoke, the paddles of the Belgian boat began to revolve, and almost immediately afterwards she swayed slowly by our

left. Just then I saw old Boggles and the soap-boiler come rushing, like a couple of madmen, up the saloon steps, and hurry abaft; they had discovered their error *too late*, and were fairly under weigh for Ostend. Jumping into one of the seats, and not knowing or caring what I did, I waved my handkerchief to attract their attention, and shouted, "Good night, Mr. Boggles! Ta! ta! Tadgeby! Much obliged for the trouble you have taken. A pleasant journey to you both!"

Neither made any reply; but old Boggles shook his fist fiercely at me, and for the moment I almost fancied that he intended to jump into the water. There was no time for further parley, as the vessel steamed rapidly away.

We were married the next morning at the little Protestant church in Calais, and started at once for Brussels, where we took leave of Jack. After a fortnight's absence, Clem wrote home, asking forgiveness; and the old boy, finding that it was useless to hold out any longer, granted it.

But I must tell you how we were tracked. On the afternoon of the picnic, the dear, thoughtless girl actually left a letter I had written to her, arranging the whole affair, on the dressing-table in her room; this was found by her maid, who, to curry favour, handed it to Boggles on his return home. This unfortunate *contretemps* would—unless we had been favoured by fortune, or assisted by Jack—have caused a decidedly unpleasant termination to our elopement.

PAPERS OF POSTERITY.—No. I.

THE SUBJECTION OF THE OTHER SEX.

[It has always been a marvel to us why, while so many contemporary works are specially written for Posterity, the writings of Posterity are themselves so little known. Her opinions, indeed, are sufficiently attainable. Thanks to our orators, we know what she will think of national affairs; we know that she will regard our lawgivers with an affectionate admiration, exceeding anything that we can offer them; while she will read our poets, even the most obscure, with a mere greediness of delight.

More has been wanted than this. The actual words of Posterity have hardly ever been communicated to a modern public, even in a fragmentary form. And it is with pleasure that we submit to our readers the following paper, selected chiefly on account of its bearing on a question of our own day, taken from ONCE A WEEK of August, A.D. 2170. The article is entitled "The Subjection of the Other Sex," and is written by an anonymous Man. Most of its allusions can readily be understood; and we feel some satisfaction in remarking that the present

style and characteristics of this magazine are destined to be carried, by a long and honourable tradition, down even to the twenty-second century.—*Ed. ONCE A WEEK.*]

A HUMBLE member of the inferior sex—a Man—I desire the readers of ONCE A WEEK to grant me a fair hearing for the following remarks. I make them with some diffidence, conscious that in attacking the further development of institutions which are fenced round by many laws, and hedged in by much prescriptive right, I may be compared to one endeavouring to stay the rising tide, or even to that old woman, in the apologue of our old writer, who tried to sweep back the Atlantic with a hearth broom. I am not, however, a revolutionary, nor have I any wish to extend my demands beyond what is moderate and reasonable. Perhaps I may prove this, by briefly contrasting the customs of the present day with those of our ancestors.

Woman, formerly excluded from direct rule, or from the exercise of any faculties except those of housekeeping and the rearing of children, found, even in the nineteenth century, only two ways of influencing the world—the first by writing, the second by that power which the wife has at all times possessed over the husband. That this power was exercised in very early times, even before the advent of the great reformer, John Stuart Mill, can be abundantly demonstrated from the literature of our own country—notably from the well-known “Candle Lectures,” a satire evidently written by a man—one who attempted by ridicule to withstand the inevitable progress of woman’s power.

Accustomed as we are to see the administrative power entirely in the hands of women, it comes upon us with a sort of shock when we actually realize that it was once wholly in those of men. When these “Candle Lectures” were written, it is a fact that England was exclusively governed by men. Strange as the statement always appears to us, its courts of law, its Government offices, its College of Physicians, its Houses of Parliament, and *even its very churches*, resolutely excluded women from any share at all in their work. They would not allow them within their walls, save as spectators. In the House of Commons, a small cage with gilt bars confined the few women who could gain admittance. *If they talked to each other they were liable to be*

turned out. No woman pleaded a cause; no woman sat on a jury; no woman conducted the national correspondence; no woman healed the sick, save by a kind of sufferance, and in an informal way; and no woman preached. Our great universities allowed no women in their colleges, and conferred no degrees upon them. In those days women sat silent, except among themselves. They learned what they could. They worked a good deal with that needle which they have now handed over to us. They suppressed the lofty emotions which now prompt them to ambition; and, if they felt strongly the capacity to preach or to teach, they did it through the medium of the press. They even had no clubs. Moreover, their state was one of complete dependence. An unmarried woman could not go out alone after dark; very few married women cared to go alone to places of amusement. They had no public meetings. They even had, when once married, no independent existence whatever. Of course, we know what we are now. Men are relegated to their proper position. We are the toilers of the world, women are the thinkers. We do the necessary work of the house, the city, or the farm; while women take the professions that require learning, thought, and administrative ability. Let me be understood as not complaining of this. I do not wish to be a lawyer, and therefore am quite resigned to the act which has forbidden men any longer to enter either branch of the profession. I have no doubt that, on the whole, justice is better administered than it used to be. I know that certain objections have been raised—as that the law ought not to be delayed, as it was the other day, by the simultaneous and unexpected illness of the only two judges qualified to hear a certain case, an illness which lasted a whole month; that it is inexpedient to allow every juror to address the court in turn; that female prisoners, when young and pretty, seem to be very hardly dealt with; that offences which once formed no part of the criminal law are now severely visited; and that the regulations of dress are enforced with a rigour approaching that which in former times attached to sheep-stealing. Similar objections, I admit, may be raised in every human institution; and even woman is not always perfect. But think of the old days, when men were lawyers! We, with our stupid dislike to set

orations and flowers of rhetoric; with our proneness to say in a few words what we had to say; with our coarse man's nature, which led us to suppress emotion, and to make the law a technical code of rules, to be interpreted literally, doubtless mismanaged matters far more than our successors.

Take physic, again. When we consider how slow men are to move; how the old physicians were so careful in admitting new remedies, so anxious to understand disease, so hard of belief, and so desirous to save life, even at the expense of science, it must be admitted that our modern lady physicians are very much superior. Nor am I disposed to listen to those radicals of a pronounced type who have lately called attention to the enormous enlargement of the *materia medica*, by the employment, as a drug, of almost every herb that grows; and to the scandals that have lately been caused by the squabbles of practitioners over sick beds. I think there can be no reason why women should not be as courteous to each other as men once were.

In religion, though I have now left off going to church, I dare say the new clergy will be much better than the old. The old clergyman had his faults, it must be owned. He was too conservative in doctrine, and too dry in preaching. When Mrs. Colenso Voysey Smith proved that the verses of St. Paul about the duties of woman were spurious, and that the Epistle of St. Peter was dictated by the Apostle's wife, there was of course nothing more to be said. And, perhaps, an emotional religion is, after all, the best.

No reasonable creature can object to the recent rush that has been made into metaphysics. It is certain that men argued for two thousand years and settled nothing; and, therefore, it is only just that woman should try. And in less than two years the new Oxford school has elaborated a system which, in its magnificent and comprehensive proportions, seems to leave absolutely nothing to be desired. It is very much to be regretted that, just when it was completed, they should begin to quarrel over the definitions with which they started.

It may be admitted, too, that woman's proper place is in the assemblies of the State. She has clearly an opportunity of advancing progress in a way denied to the world while it was under the rule of our obtuse perceptions and blunted suscepti-

bilities. And, meantime, the episodes of modern parliamentary life which are now dressed up for the papers are very much exaggerated. If, for instance, the Countess de Vele and Sandwych, the other night, accused the leader of the Conservatives of painting her cheeks, there must have been some occult and political meaning in the charge. We cannot expect our politicians always to speak in plain terms. Nor do I believe that the tears of her opponent arose from the truth of the sarcasm; because, you see, it had nothing to do with the subject. The tendency, too, of both Houses for every lady to speak twice on every measure, as well as that other difficulty of keeping silence among the members who are not, as used to be coarsely said, "on their legs," will, doubtless, in good time, be corrected by the general sense of the House. As for the story that the Right Hon. Miss Talbot Brown overthrew the Ministry, and brought on the disastrous war with New Zealand, because the Premier enticed away her lover, I hold it to be beneath contempt. Personal feelings never obtruded themselves into men's politics, nor is it likely that they would be found to influence the measures of the more enlightened and unselfish sex.

See, again, how well they have behaved in the matter of the army. Princess Xantippe, the only woman who ever headed an expedition, having made such a mess of it, owing to her hysterics at the sound of the first cannon ball—her premature confinement took place *after* the battle, and was not brought on by fear *before* it, as has been maliciously stated—it was resolved that in future men should continue to be generals, subject, of course, to instructions from the Lady Commander-in-Chief at the War Office. "Men," as was then contemptuously said, "are fighting animals. Let them fight."

It is curious to reflect that it was once permitted to men to be *idle*; and men really used to saunter, doing nothing, down Pall Mall and in the parks. They did nothing all their lives, not having learned the duty of labour, and there being no Act of Parliament to enforce it. A prophet of the nineteenth century taught them, it is true, that work was noble; but he forgot to teach them that it was respectable; and there was actually some sort of feeling or prejudice among the higher classes against a man who made his living by handiwork. Curious, too, it is to note the change that has been

brought about in the matter of courtship. A woman, formerly, could not ask a man to marry her. It was considered—to use the old, forgotten word—"unmaidenly;" and yet some sort of absurd ridicule always attached to the woman who had never attracted a man's attentions; while it was the chief end of a girl's life to get married before she was thirty. No woman, now, thinks of marriage before five and thirty. Men still, it is true, in the lower classes, propose to women of their own rank, though it has so long gone out of fashion with us; and the symbolical ceremony in our beautiful wedding service, in which the husband presents his wife with a stick, in token of his intention to "love, honour, and obey" the woman who has honoured him by taking his hand, is not yet known at the East-end. This ceremony, by the way, has been recently traced by Mrs. Dryasdust, in her "Slices from the Unripe Fruits of Civilization," to a once prevalent custom of the Russians, at whose marriage, the wife, with a similar symbolical meaning, presented her husband with a stick. It was not, among the Russians, a crime punished by death even to chastise a wife with the stick.

But, as an unmarried man, I protest against the ridicule that attaches to the name of *bachelor*. Why should a man marry if he would rather not? I have had my chances. Miss Miranda Wylde Oates, only fifty-five years of age, with some of her own hair left, and several of her teeth, asked me six times to marry her. It was a good match for a poor man, but I refused. She was then a barrister in excellent practice, and is now a judge in the Divorce Court. I wanted my liberty, and I have it. Perhaps I am happier in working for the children of my sisters than I should be rocking Miranda's child with one hand, and turning the lathe with the other. Besides, one may not care to step into a ready-made family of children. Curious, also, it is to note that, formerly, estates descended through men, as they do now through women; and that an obscure tribe in the Neilgherry Hills gave us the custom, which we now follow, of inheriting through the mother, whilst the father need not be ever named. The law became part of the English Constitution about a hundred years since; and, as every fourth-form school-girl would have her ears pulled for not knowing, has worked admirably.

Admitting, then, the advantage, as a

whole, of these changes, I do think that the subjection of our sex has gone too far. Woman is, as all admit, the higher creature—the more susceptible, sympathetic, and penetrative. Man is designed by nature for her rougher work. Hewers of wood and drawers of water are we, if you please. We are still human beings; and, like the lower kinds of marble, susceptible of all but the highest polish. While I admit that it is our duty to keep ourselves strong for the things which require strength—the law, therefore, wisely offers prizes for athletics—I beg to plead for our admission to some of the higher walks of learning. There may be books unfit for us to read: we do not desire to read them. There may be literature which our coarse intellects would understand wrongly: we do not want to study them. But let us share, to some extent, in the magnificent provision made for learning in this country. Let us, if we may not take degrees, be permitted to pass examinations, and get some stimulant to study in a diploma of merit. Let us be enabled to get something better than the village school; and though Eton, Harrow, Oxford, and Cambridge are closed to our sex, let us be put in the way of getting some sounder training than we have at the fashionable boarding-schools, where nothing is taught but athletics and handicraft.

Other considerations urge us to ask this: What has become of the courtesy, delicacy, and refinement which hang, like some atmosphere whose elements it is impossible to analyse, round the society of our ancestors, and which linger in their poetry? In their literature, written chiefly by men—and beautiful beyond all comparison with our own—in which the only blot is the presumed inferiority of women, we find acknowledged in the clearest terms the superior purity which has been confessedly abandoned since women became our rulers: a refinement and grace which seem to have left them; a power of self-denial which is difficult to believe; and a delicacy of nature, now so utterly lost, which stood out in strong contrast with the coarseness of man, and acted on him like a magnet, turning his soul heavenwards. Men had an ideal then, in the woman of their imagination: they have none now. They had poetry then: they have none now. They had art: art is perished. These things are passed away. The days of imagination are gone, and we

are left to a sober reality. They could exist only in those unhealthy times when women took what men gave; but when it was felt to be more blessed to give than to receive; when the girl's first thought—a foolish one—was to be beautiful, and man's—more foolish still—to win her love; but when love—a thing we have almost abolished—was surrounded by so many charms of imagination and poetry that it showed like the first and only joy of life; and when women—poor silly things!—were content to live at home to bring their children up in the love of God!

Those days have a charm for the imaginative antiquary; but none for the sober, modern essayist. They are gone, like the golden age. Perhaps, however, were men encouraged to be something above mere toilers, and permitted to take their place below women, but yet in some degree their companions, some part of those days might yet come back; and, though women are no longer gentle, yielding, and self-denying, men might once more be courteous and great-hearted.

TABLE TALK.

SHAKSPEARE is always to be quoted, and when quoted he excels all others. He is very strong upon the French war, the bravery of our sweet enemy of France; and has even a parallel of the baptism of fire. In "Henry IV.," sc. 5, act. iv., you will find Talbot (Louis Napoleon) thus speaking to his son John (Prince Imperial):—

"Oh! young John Talbot, I did send for thee
To tutor thee in stratagems of war,
That my (good) name might be in thee revived.
But oh! malignant and ill-boding stars—
Now thou art come unto a *feast of death*,
A terrible and unavoided danger;
Therefore, my boy, mount on thy swiftest horse,
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape.
Come, dally not, begone!"

We have left out a few words, equally applicable, to shorten the extract. A correspondent in the *Morning Advertiser* has pointed out this apt and curious parallel.

M. DE RAMBOUT, in the days of Louis XIV., met a celebrated beauty and *bas bleu* marchioness about to alight from her carriage. De Rambout approached and offered to assist; but she refused to permit him until he had composed a Latin epigram.

So goes the quaint old story—made for the epigram, most likely, but worth telling for these beautiful lines, which we translate:—

"Quem Dea sublimi vehitur per inania curru?
An Juno? An Pallas? An Venus ipsa venit?
Si genus inspicias, Juno; si scripta, Minerva;
Si spectes oculos, Mater Amoris erit."

"What goddess this poor car bears thus along?
Is it Juno? Pallas? Venus from above?
In mien, 'tis Juno; in wit, Athené strong;
But her soft eyes proclaim the Queen of Love."

DR. RUSSELL, of the *Times*, seems to have been struck, after the dread fight of Wöerth, with the number of cuirasses, either thrown away by the retreating French horsemen, or stripped from the dead, and piled up by the roadside. "In the village itself was a pile of thirty or forty cuirasses and helmets, then another pile of the same. One remarkable circumstance was this, not a cuirass was pierced by a bullet. I looked most narrowly, others did the same. And yet what had been the fate of the wearers?" Probably shot in the head, or dismounted, their horses having been killed—for Russell adds, it is "plain the Cuirassiers were annihilated." But the fact we insist upon is this: not a cuirass was *pierced*. Now, sixty per cent.—or, indeed, more—of our fatal wounds are in the body: *ergo*, a regiment armed with steel breast-plates would lose less than half its men. We have armour-plated ships—why not return to armour-plated men? We leave this note to the consideration of soldiers.

GEOGRAPHY IS BEST LEARNED by studying the maps of war; and in this sense only Mr. Cobden's vainglorious boast, that one *Times* newspaper was worth whole volumes of the "History of Thucydides," is true. We may as well, however, learn to pronounce foreign names, and not literally "make a mess" of them all. We subjoin a few, leaving the rest to the care of the foreign governess—Mdlle. Chose or Fraulein Grögschwig, as the case may be. Metz, in which Bazaine is said to be shut up, is pronounced by the French, *Mess*; Germans, *Mäs*. Nancy is *Nän'cy*. Wöerth is naturally *Vert*. Wissembourg is *Väs-sang-böirg*. Cologne is *Koln* or *Colne*. And Saarbruck is, in our letters, *Sär-brück*.

IT IS A CHARMING REFLECTION that, whatever may happen, we shall not be left without a guide. Lieutenant Morrison's "As-

trological Almanac," which he edits under the name of Zadkiel Tao Tze, is advertised to contain "*the Fate of France!*" See 'Zadkiel's Almanac,' which contains 'the Fate of France!' " If so, 'tis an "Iliad" in a nutshell.

"Expende Annibalem, tot libras in duce summo Invenies?"

asks the bitterest of Roman satirists. Well, perhaps not many pounds of dust. But France is more than dust: her sons are heroic, her very women heroines. Can her "fate" be packed in the almanac of a — of an astrologer of the nineteenth century?

"I HAVE NO MORE NEWS to tell you," said the correspondent of a Conservative daily paper, writing from Kiel, "*because the English papers have not yet come in.*" This is a very naïve confession, written, no doubt, amidst the din of porter and the popping of corks. For within two days of reading that paragraph, we saw the redoubtable correspondent industriously preparing his "leader" in a most respectable tavern not far from Bloomsbury-square. The dangers that some of our countrymen run are prodigious!

MR. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA was, on Monday, August 22nd, reported to have ended a noisy and not unknown career by being shot dead in the streets of Metz. A gentleman from that fortress reported that Sala, shouting out defiance to the French in an excited way, was shot by a French soldier. The story is quite probable, and we should regret it if true; but happily people who are sufficiently famous to be admired must submit to such rumours. Albert Smith was killed three times in the papers before he died.

THE ELOQUENT PHILIP OF NARNI once preached a sermon upon non-residence, which had such an effect that it drove thirty bishops back to what the *Times* would call their respective "diocesses" the day after. The *Times* and the *Economist* are, with due cause, preaching the same sermon to the Queen, who *will* live out of England—either beyond sea at Osborne, or in Scotland; who never sleeps at Windsor; and who is quite ill if she stays in the dull atmosphere of London for one day. This unwillingness to dwell in the finest palaces in the world—

Buckingham and Windsor—is to be deplored, even more than the Queen's disgust at and hatred of London, because it makes old gentlemen of sixty travel six hundred miles, and expend four days, before they can get a constitutional Sovereign's signature to a constitutional measure, or a measure of defence, in these days of surprises. The *Economist* proposes that during the Queen's residence, away from business, the Prime Minister should be empowered to sign documents without the intervention of the Sovereign. This would save her Majesty much trouble.

WE STILL FIND that some stalwart and masculine-minded ladies—

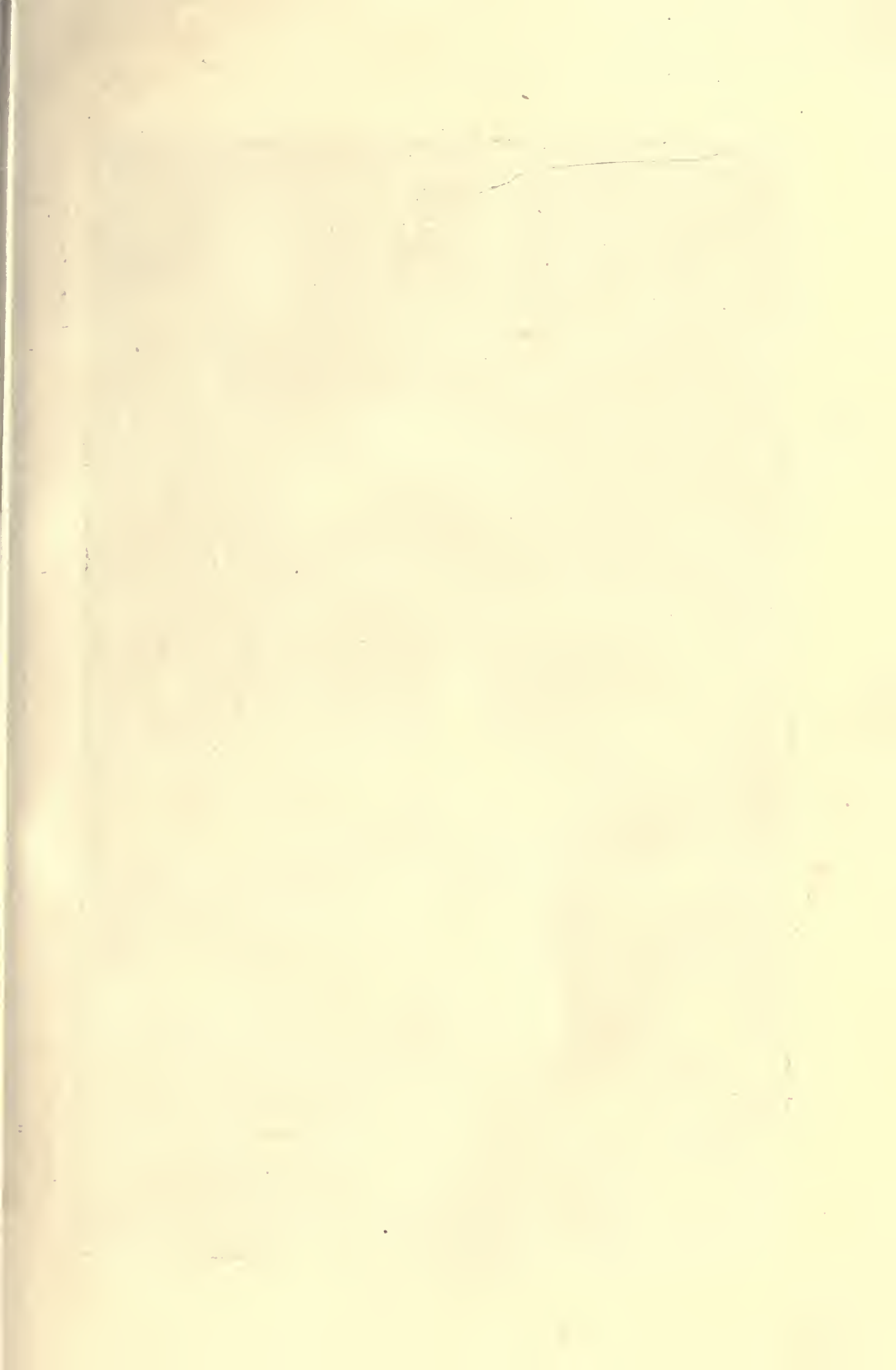
"Among the faithless ever faithful found,"

go about lecturing upon woman's rights and the "women's movement." Perhaps the best movement of all for them to make would be to move off. Her Majesty the Queen has, we hear, signified her opinion on the "movement" by sending to the authoress of a very clever pamphlet—which proves, *ex abundanti*, she-doctors, she-army-surgeons, she-pressmen (?) and she-compositors, she-M.P.s, she-voters, and she-roughs, to be terrible mistakes—enough money to publish a second edition. The Premier has also been delighted with the work. As for us, we have but one question to ask. How is it that all the advocates of women's rights are so unfeminine and angular in person? Is it that the advanced guard who are to win the "women's battle" are meant to frighten the enemy? Will not some pretty ladies, with beauty as well as brains, take up the cause? If the subjection of man is to be effected, let us at least fall victims beneath a conqueress whom we can admire and adore.

THE MORTIMERS.—Book VI. will begin in our next Number. This story will be finished in the October Part.

MR. GOLIGHTLY; or, the ADVENTURES of an AMIABLE MAN, a Novelette in Twelve Chapters, will be commenced on the conclusion of "*The Mortimers.*" "*Mr. Golightly*" will be illustrated by Phils.

NOTICE.—After the 15th day of September next, ONCE A WEEK will be published at the New Premises, 19, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.





[September 17, 1870

Once a Week.]

"OH, NATALIE, I WOULD GO ANYWHERE WITH YOU WERE I RICH ENOUGH!"—Page 116.

ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 141.

September 10, 1870.

Price 2d.

ONE OF TWO; OR, A LEFT-HANDED BRIDE: BY HAIN FRISWELL.

CHAPTER XI.

"SO HATE TREADS CLOSELY ON THE HEELS OF LOVE."



GUERNSEY was one of those who, having said a very nasty and spiteful thing, suddenly remember that they may find the person insulted of some use, and therefore withdraw, and do what they can to plaster the wound. Mr. Horton was useful to her, procured for her boxes for the opera and bouquets of flowers, and she could

not, therefore, well afford to quarrel with him.

Seeing his face turn very pale at the insult, the dowager put out her hand, and conceded everything with—

"Well, I'm sure, I ought not to talk of poverty, seeing how poor I am for a peeress. Well, you are a gentleman, and one of ancient blood, so I don't know that it is so very bad. And you lawyers, too, do rise. I recollect that Lord Bubbington's father was a barber, and he an attorney's clerk; but, when he became Lord Chancellor, why a duke's daughter wasn't too high for him. Yes, you have my consent, Mr. Horton. You may go and speak to her now—you will find her in the music room."

The barrister—forgiving all this rude and senseless chatter, which her ladyship took for wit—ran upon the wings of love, as she afterwards said, to the music room, and there found the room—but it was empty. Two or three airs from a favourite opera were on the piano; on the table, the gloves and collar of Winnifred Vaughan. Mr. Horton could have taken them up and kissed them; but he never permitted himself scenes, even in private. He stood looking at them in painful suspense, and yet in joyful hope, for his heart dilated and closed again with the frequent recurrence of such feelings; when Winnifred entered, in a large flop Leghorn hat, with blue side ribands, and bows large enough to make at least fifty modern bonnets. The young lady wore a muslin dress, with blue sprigs, cut straight to a high waist, where it was fastened by a broad blue silk sash; very pretty shoes and sandals; half-sleeves, puffed; and long, very light blue silk gloves, which came up her arms to the elbow.

Mr. Horton thought he had never seen so elegant a dress or so pretty a girl.

He stood so still, that she hardly noticed him; and, taking off the Leghorn hat, swung it in her hands; while a shower of dark-brown curls, with a warm tinge of red in them, fell upon her white, full shoulders and neck. Then, turning round, upright and straight as a fawn, she darted upon Mr. Horton, and, placing both her hands in his, seemed to dance with joy to see him.

"Oh, I am so glad—so very glad! I thought we were going to be quite dull; but now we sha'n't be."

A flush of deep pleasure spread over the barrister's cheek.

"So glad are you, Miss Winnifred? I am happy that I see you are!"

"Miss Winnifred! Call me Winny, or Winnifred—not Miss. It does not seem as if we were the dear master and pupil that we are. Why have you come so early?"

Can't you come as early every day in the week? Did you see aunty?"

"I have something to tell you, Winnifred," said the barrister, drawing a chair. "That is No. 1. Then No. 2 is No. 1 can only come so early on especial business. I have a great deal of work, and I mean to work harder and harder. No. 3 is soon disposed of. I did see your aunt." He had sat down opposite Winnifred; and somehow, as she drew a long silk glove from one of the whitest, softest, and prettiest arms in the world, she had stretched out her hand to him, which he had caught and retained. She allowed him to do so with perfect innocence, and looked up into his honest eyes with pride and pleasure that so good, so clever a man should be her friend.

"You see," said the barrister, "that I am come to you for help. I am much older than you—ever so much older. I am an old man."

Winnifred—who, with the sweet honour of youth, only saw in age something to love and respect—did not gainsay the barrister's words, and this little reticence of hers somehow hurt him not a little—so vain, so sensitive is a man when he is in love. He went on with his speech.

"I am thirty—you are nineteen. There is a vast difference between us, and yet I come to consult you. Do you know why?"

"Because you love and trust me, I hope," said Winnifred, in the purest innocence.

"Because I love and trust you," answered Mr. Horton. "Because I can live no longer alone, and am determined—for the future stretches bright before me—to work *with* a wife, rather than *for* a wife in the future; to make her my companion in my schemes, my plans, and my ambition. And we barristers, Winnifred, may indulge in such. It is fourteen years ago since the war closed, and the folly of ambition was fitly checked upon a bloody field. Since then we have had an era of peace and progress; but how little has been done for mankind! With how great follies and anomalies our laws yet bristle! How great would he be who made Equity—"

"What is Equity, Mr. Horton?" said stupid Winnifred, drinking in every word of his speech, and looking at him with fond and admiring eyes.

"Equity, Winnifred," said the barrister, rising and standing before her, "is law re-construed by the dictates of Justice."

"And is not law justice, then?" said the wondering young lady.

"Not always. Law is a science, and must be construed according to precedent. But—" Here he paused: the conversation was not taking the precise course he could have wished. "Winnifred," he said, solemnly, after a time, as if collecting himself for an effort—"there is a glorious future before that man who, rising from the ranks of the law, will remedy the abuses of the law. And what cannot a man do when aided by her he loves! Her approval will outweigh the voice of fame—the empty huzzas of the mob; and, having struggled and succeeded, he may, in my noble profession—for indeed it is noble—lay a coronet at the feet of her whom he loves! Help me, Winnifred! Be the companion of my toil, the reward of my labour. Winnifred, I love you!"

He knelt at her feet as he said this. He seized her hand, and covered it with kisses. She drew it away hurriedly, covered her face with her hands, and, standing before him, cried out—

"Oh, Mr. Horton, don't—don't say that you love me! You are a good, honourable man, and I love you—but I love you as an elder brother! Though you are older, and I look up with reverence to and honour you, I might have loved you as a wife, and have aided you with all a good man needs—his wife's loving admiration; but I am promised to another; and with the promise of my hand I gave away my heart."

Here she stopped. It was inconceivably painful to her; for her perception, acute and vigorous as a woman's, and as delicate as that of the most honourable of men, told her that her gentleness and open frankness had been in fault. It was inconceivably painful to her to find that this man had been betrayed by herself into loving her. She almost hated herself, and felt that she owed him some apology.

The blow was a sudden and heavy one to Mr. Horton. Few men, if any, make up their minds to propose without feeling a certainty of being accepted; and Mr. Horton was one of those who, had he fancied any one would have forestalled him, would have repressed his affections with heroic force rather than have spoken. The answer Winnifred gave took him completely by surprise. He had been led away by the gossip of Mr. Rumford Coaster and the *Morning*

Post, or Barnett Slammers of the *Argus*, which had infiltrated society, and made the veracious body of people represent Miss Vaughan as a deserted maiden, whose prettiness had been an attraction indeed, but who had been quite thrown over by the young aristocrat whose name had been connected with hers. Society, when it talks of these affairs of the heart, always leaves out the feelings, and makes them affairs of Art!

No wonder, then, that, drawing himself up, Mr. Horton apologised, and asked—

“And to whom, Miss Vaughan, are you affianced?”

“I will tell you,” said Winnifred, laying her hand upon his shoulder, and looking up to him with an innocent truth that made him love her all the more. “I will tell you. I am to marry Lord Wimpole, and he has his father’s full consent.”

“Lord Wimpole!” stammered Horton, with amazement. “But they said—at least, it asserted that—”

“It was that very idle talk that made Lord Wimpole, who is as delicate and honourable as yourself—”

Horton muttered a curse upon his rival. Good as he was, he loved too deeply not to hate the man who had deprived him of so much happiness; and would have turned away.

“You would love him,” said Winnifred, in a pleading tone, “almost as much as I do—not quite!—no one can ever do that; but when you know him as you will—”

“Never, Winnifred—never!” cried Horton, taking her hand, and wringing it in his agony. “Don’t ask me too much! Do not send me mad! I love you!—love you!—love you! That love will never cease—never diminish. You do not know my nature if you think it would.”

“Dear friend!” said Winnifred, coming closer to him—the little sly boots!—and putting up her forehead, with its rich dowry of flowing hair, to be kissed—“dear Mr. Horton, how I thank you for that love!” Her eyes were full of tears as she looked up at him, and two big bright drops rolled down and fell upon the gauzy muslin that covered her neck. “I am full of pain that one so unworthy as I should have been the cause of your distress. And yet I am proud of the love of a good, wise man. Kiss me, and be friends; and let time, that heals the deepest wounds, turn your pure love into

that of a brother. All will be well, I know; and when you come to know him—”

But here an impatient stamp of Mr. Horton’s foot betrayed his emotion. But he took the pretty, earnest young face between his hands, and, kissing the forehead reverently, promised that he would always be her friend; and she, smiling through her tears, told him that, in her heart, if she could not give him all, he would ever be a dear friend—a nearer than a brother—and—and—

Here happily was heard Lady Guernsey’s voice, who summoned the two to the crucial test of a game of whist. Whist is no doubt delightful to elderly gentlemen, but to a gentleman who has just been rejected, it was torture; and to Winnifred Vaughan, who watched him, it was little else.

But Mr. Horton was game to the backbone. He played dummy without revoking, and went through the ordeal with as much bravery as if he were leading a forlorn hope. At last the time came when even the dowager began to nod. She had not noticed the constrained behaviour of the two; and, intent upon her tricks, had failed to observe one of the pitying, loving looks which Winnifred had showered in great plenty on the heroic barrister. *She*, at least, quite appreciated his goodness, and rewarded him in such a way that her looks poured, not oil, but vitriol upon his open wounds.

When he reached home, he was in a fever of excitement. He blamed himself for his folly, for his age, for not being a born lord, for a dozen other matters. He walked about his room like a caged lion. His forbearance during the game of cards had only intensified his feelings. He hated Lord Wimpole thoroughly. For this man was of a strong nature, and in the fresh agonies of the greatest sorrow and defeat he had ever felt. It was not in his nature to show his feelings. It would have been better for him that he had done so; but, finding himself the dupe of this reticence, he raged against himself.

“She will love me like a brother!” he said, bitterly; “and I will hate him like a brother!”

Then he sat down and tried to read; but the lines ran before his eyes as the hedges run, or seem to run, by the side of one whirled onwards by a fast coach. He tried to pray, but it was useless. Then he thought of his old college plan of opening a book

and finding a text, by a kind of *sortes*, to comfort.

"I hate him!" he said to himself. "Has he not all the world to choose from, and does he not come between me and my love—my love—my love!"

As he repeated these words, he took up the Bible—his mother's gift—and opened it. His eyes fell upon the text: "Whoso hateth his brother is a *murderer*."

The words struck him with a thrill of horror. He hastily extinguished the light, as if to hide himself. Then he tried to pray. He clasped his hands above his forehead, and rose in agony.

"Spare me—oh, spare me, good Lord!" he cried. "This blow is too bitter!"

He stretched forth his hands in the darkness. His prayer was not answered, for his hands fell upon a pistol, one of a pair he carried with him on circuit. He felt the cold steel of the barrel like an electric shock. He grasped the weapon, cocked it, and cried—

"Aye, Lord Wimpole, with your wealth, your position, and your coronet, this shall make us equal. Blessings be upon it—this weapon levels all ranks! If I met you now, I would insult you, taunt you to some act of defiance, and shoot you like a dog!"

Then, throwing the pistol from him, he sank upon his knees, and cried like a child.

Within six months from that terrible trial, Mr. George Horton, the most rising young barrister on his circuit, threw up the beginnings of a most promising practice, and accepted the post of a stipendiary police magistrate. Some said he was a fool, others said he was lazy, almost everybody put down to a mean motive this act. But he himself said—

"I have no motive to rise now. I will study crime—for am I not a criminal myself?"

CHAPTER XII.

MR. FORSTER AND MR. EDGAR WADE ENTER
THE LAND OF DREAMS.

WHILE Mr. Tom Forster, with his red bandanna carefully wrapped about his head, was pursuing his profession in the land of dreams, Edgar Wade, carefully dressing himself, pulling on clean boots, washing his face, and arranging his hair, was preparing for a midnight visit. As he looked in the glass, the mirror reflected a handsome, very intellectual face, but with the

traces of passion, hard work, and study by far too apparent on it. A good rough huckaback towel—the Turkish appliances not being yet introduced—produced a momentary irritation and colour; and the young lawyer seemed apparently satisfied with his scrutiny. Locking up Old Forster's cheque, he took out six fifty-pound notes from another drawer; and, looking for an instant into the sick room, prepared himself for his journey.

Madame Wade was still in the same unconscious state. The night-light in the fire-place—a tall tallow rushlight, in a tin cylinder pierced with many holes—threw its chequered shade on the floor of the room, lighting the ceiling with a dim unearthly light, and falling upon the nodding head of a French Sister of Charity, who was nodding asleep when the door opened, but whose hands fell, mechanically, to counting her beads when she was aware of the presence of another. Mrs. Wade was of the old faith—that of her country—and the Sister of Charity, a strange sight in any English sick-room, gave a foreign tone to the apartment, which the white hangings of the bed and the Parisian, heavy, but scanty, furniture carried out.

Edgar's lips moved mechanically, as he asked—

"Any change, Sister Agatha?"

"No, Monsieur." (This was said in a pure French accent.) "If the good God would permit, Madame would be better in the morning."

Sister Agatha devoutly crossed herself at the holy name.

"Good-night. At six o'clock, then, I will look in again. My poor mother!"

Edgar seemed to wring the words from his heart, they were spoken so slowly and so softly.

He was away in an instant. Softly down the stone stairs, softly past the closed door of the dreaming old man, softly to the bolted door which led into the little garden at the back of the grand old house. The bolts and locks of these doors were well oiled; so also was the garden door which led into the stables belonging to the house. Once in these, to light a lamp—dipping a phosphorus match in a little bottle for the purpose—and to saddle a stout and shapely cob, which whinnied as he approached it, was to Edgar Wade—who was quite used to that sort of work, and whose only luxury, to all

the world at least, was this horse, and rare and far between gallops in the park—but the work of a few moments. Putting on the bridle deftly, pulling tight the girths, and arranging the stirrups so that they should not click and ring, Edgar led his horse out of the stable into the mews, shut the door softly, and was soon far away with a stretching gallop to St. John's-wood.

St. John's-wood and Park Village East, London, have still a rural and secluded look, as if built for innocent and Paradisaic inhabitants who knew nothing of the trouble of this world, and who preferred the sweet simplicity of a semi-rural and suburban life to the bustle and noisy security of the towns. The houses are detached—very much detached indeed—each, for the most part, standing within its own grounds, which are about a quarter of an acre to half an acre in extent. A ground floor and a first floor are all that they boast; and a cozy little hall in close proximity—too close proximity—with the kitchen, leads to a drawing-room, with folding doors, on one side, and a pretty little dining-room on the other. Eccentric artists as the architects of these villages—happy villages—have been, they were not more eccentric than the owners who have baptized the houses. Whether they went through that solemn operation by throwing a paint brush at the pillars, and then dipping by hazard into the dictionary or Court Guide for names, is not known; but certain it is that Gloucester Lodges, Raby Villas, Sussex Houses, and Montmorency Places are to be there found. As Marvell says of King Charles I., when executed, “He nothing common did”—so the builders gave no common names to these pretty, secluded little villas, fit only for young brides in the very earliest and sweetest hours of the honeymoon. When baby makes his appearance, and the nurse and her companions march *in*—at which time wicked people always declare that the happiness of a married man marches *out*—then Raby Villa grows too small for its occupant. The humble Smith who inhabits it finds that he can hear too much and see too little of his wife; and he ends by taking a bigger house somewhat nearer town. Of late years—although the town has grown up to these rural retreats, and the noise of the morning omnibus is heard, as well as the shriek of the underground railway, where the blackbird whistled and the robin sang—

these places have lost less of their rurality than any other part of London. The apple trees are grown somewhat older and bear less, the green is somewhat smokier, and the brides and babies have alike left the neighbourhoods for other inhabitants.

The hoofs of Edgar's horse soon ceased to ring on the granite road, and he trotted much more pleasantly over gravel and powdered flints for some quarter of an hour; when, up at the farthest end of a grove that was then a grove, and trotting over a bridge of the very canal that at a distance ran by poor Madame Martin's deserted house, he stopped at a little house in its courtyard, and, opening the gate, led his horse in. The servant, who took the horse and tethered him under an arbour, giving him some pieces of bread rather than corn, seemed to be quite familiar with the barrister.

“Your mistress is within?” was Edgar's question, put almost dogmatically, as if no chance in the world could permit her to be out.

“Oh, yes, sir—had returned from the opera for about half an hour.”

So saying, the door was gently opened and Edgar Wade ushered into the drawing-room. When there, the soft light of some wax candles and a French lamp fell upon him, the soft strain of a melodious voice, the delicious perfume of flowers, and even of wines, and the whole aroma of that atmosphere which surrounds one whom we love—love deeply, and with all the intensity of a strong nature.

As he stood looking at the beautiful creature from whom the song came, Edgar Wade stretched out his arms, more like a Frenchman than an Englishman, and cried, “Oh Natalie! oh, my heart's love, how I do love you!”

Upon which, Mdle. Natalie, of the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, known as the Opera House, twirled round on her music stool, and said coolly—

“Est-ce-que vous avez fait tout le chemin à pied?”

“No! I rode—rode as fast as a good horse could carry me.”

“Then why were you not here before, sir? You must not run two hares at the time. Do you love some one else, like your other rich *milords* English?”

“Natalie,” said Edgar, “you know I love you, and you alone. Come with me, my bird, to a softer clime. I will marry you to-

morrow, Natalie, if you will accept me. You have only to say the word."

"Which I do not say," said Natalie, adjusting her loose Indian wrapper, and sinking down on a luxurious couch covered with a tiger skin. "Where is my maid? She shall comb my hair while you talk. She knows not the English."

With a subtle knowledge of the young man who bent before her without any return for his love; with one or two mechanical little *moues* which she made at him instead of giving him kisses—this young Dalilah threw herself upon the couch in beautiful and artistic positions, now revealing the beauty of an arm, now of her neck or hair, in a way at once theatrical and provoking, but which made the honest English heart of Edgar Wade dilate and throb with love. Oh! if he could but have seen how cold the little heart in that fair form was, how the brain calculated every word the mouth uttered, and how the "glorious abandon of the French artiste"—as the enthusiastic reporters of the opera said—were but motions of a puppet, mechanically taught and as mechanically remembered! Oh! if he could but have seen this, he would have hated himself for his love.

When the maid came in and prepared—also in an artistic way, for she was used to such scenes—to smoothe the glossy black tresses of her mistress, Edgar, with the same respect for the little lady that he would have shown to a duchess, drew a chair near, and taking one little hand in his own, said, softly—

"And has my little bird grown tired of her nest?"

"England is very *triste*," said Mdlle. Natalie, with a sigh.

Indeed, she found it so, for Natalie Fifine had come from Paris, where she, by her united accomplishments, charmed that gay and volatile people. And she missed her little reunions of singers, dancers, actors, authors, and artistes, which she held on Sundays and high days and holydays, which were plentiful enough to people of her profession.

"We are indeed *tristes*," said Edgar. "We are a melancholy and sombre people. Oh, Natalie, I would go anywhere with you, were I rich enough!"

"English *milords* are always rich," said the operative artiste, with a hungry look towards him; "but not always generous or

gracious. Now, our countrymen know our value."

A little hypocrite! Here was a young fellow who had thrown his fortune at her feet—who had furnished the little nest which held her whom he loved, "regardless of expense," as the upholsterer in Wigmore-street, who had fitted up under his directions, well said. Gilding and mirrors, soft carpets, easy couches and chairs filled the little house, and, if the space had been larger, would have swallowed up a fortune. All that Edgar had he had lavished on his love. He might as well have thrown his money into the sea. Always *exigeante* and *pretensieuse*, Natalie Fifine had marched into the country of her natural enemies, the English, with the virtuous determination of accepting everything and giving nothing.

"Did you bring me that bracelet, Monsieur, which I admired? I want something handsome for my new part. I have nothing to adorn me."

"Except your beauty, Natalie."

"You cold English! You do not understand beauty, nor art, nor anything. The director of your opera gives me but very small parts. I have a trouble to distinguish myself."

"Your grace, your voice, my Natalie, distinguish you anywhere, if you were in the greatest court in the world."

"I should very much like to be an English *miladi*—a countess—they are accepted everywhere. Empty compliments do not please me."

"I am a poor man," said Edgar, "an *avocat*. I can only offer you my name and my heart. Yet—"

And the young fellow thought of the events of the last few days, and the splendid vista of ambition opened up to him. But he was wise enough not to tell this to Natalie. He was hungry for her love; and, blinded as he was by his fondness, he yet waited quietly till he should win, as he hoped to win, her heart. In his romantic dream of love—that deep and fervent love which had made him stake his whole fortune, his whole being, on this quiet, selfish, mechanical little beauty—he had forecast a delicious reality of winning her wholly to him in his poverty and obscurity; and then, when fortune came, offering to her his greatness and his glory as a crown to her beauty.

Miss Natalie, looking up into his handsome face, thought that, like his cold

countrymen, he was calculating the cost of that which might win her; and, as she made a great deal of money by her art, and was able to absorb any amount of the precious metal; and spend it again upon her luxuries and her whims, she determined not to part with her precious self but at a very high price indeed. Mr. Edgar Wade judged her by himself, and deemed her reticence virtue. She judged him by herself, and thought his silence calculation.

Thus, these two young people were as far from understanding each other as two young people well could be. Miss Natalie Fifine, had she known all, would have found that she had very nearly exhausted Edgar Wade's purse; while his love was boundless, noble, and virtuous. Had he known her and her antecedents, her cold heart—calculating, precise, unmoved—under that very artistically fond and voluptuous exterior, he would have rather married—as many a lawyer has married—his cook, maid, or the laundress of his chambers, than that graceful little creature whom he thought superior to any Englishwoman who ever lived.

"So Monsieur has not bought Natalie that pretty bagatelle?"

She had a way, which was very pleasant to him, of speaking of herself as an innocent third person—quite a child, indeed—when making any demand upon his purse.

Poets may well say that love is blind. Mr. Edgar Wade did not even dream of Natalie's venality, but stretched his arms again to her, and, taking her pretty head in his hands, kissed her on the forehead. He was all purity, all devotion and respect to this little Bohemienne, who was more than astonished at this English way of making love.

"Natalie," he said, as if making her the confidant of something very surprising, "if I have *des bonnes fortunes*, I may become a *milord*!"

"Ah! yes," returned the young lady, whose education as to the English peerage was limited. Then she made a pretty little mouth, and closed her large liquid eyes. "Ah! y-a-a-s."

Luckily she said no more. As Monsieur is an advocate—such was her reasoning—he may some day be lord mayor. Now, to be lord mayor was a very great thing in Natalie's eyes. The lord mayor was the embodiment to this Parisian of riches and dignity; but, with all the supreme ignorance

of a conceited, pretty, and spoilt Frenchwoman about anything else but *nous autres*, she knew that the dignity of lord mayor was too far off to be of much good to her. She therefore received this announcement very calmly.

"You will love me more *then*," said Edgar, mindful that, if he were acknowledged as the heir to the Earl of Chesterton, half the London matches—aye, and the pick of the country ones, too!—would be at his feet. "You would love me more *then*, my dove!" This with a slight bitterness—that is, the barrister was as bitter as he could be to one whom he loved so deeply.

"Ah, non!" said Natalie, for once noticing his tone and speaking truly. For she would not have cared for the most magnificent *milord mair*e that ever sat upon a civic throne, since she only cared for herself. Then, with a very artistic lapse into a stage-like utter softness and abandon, she put forward her little hands plaintively, and murmured, "Ah, we poor women, how little do you men understand our hearts! *Mon Dieu*! is it not for you to move onward and to undertake action—to be immersed in the love of wealth and of glory? That it is you suffices. But for us, it is to remain at home, to prey upon our desolate hearts, and to weep!"

And with very good French, charming inflection, and perfect emphasis she said this. Every word seemed an epigram. Her lover felt the reproof cut him like a knife, for the quotation was a happy one; and Natalie knew its effect well, having tried it at a little theatre near the Porte St. Martin for upwards of a hundred nights!

"Oh, Natalie!" cried he, bending his head over the couch, and nestling in her arms. "Oh, my soul's love! how noble, how generous you are! My future, my life itself is yours! Sleep then, my bird, in your innocent nest, and await a happy future for us both!" and he pressed into her hand a packet of notes for current expenses.

"Peut être," lisped Natalie, as she touched his forehead with a kiss as light and as cold as the fall of a snow-flake.

The horse's hoofs were soon heard near Queen Anne-street; and soon Edgar Wade was asleep too, like the magistrate, dreaming of love. While Natalie, having counted her gains, was asleep too, in her little nest, in which she had previously indulged in a cigarette and a little glass of absinthe. Poor

little thing! She, too, was doing her best in the great game of life. She had endured hunger and cold in the streets of Paris; had sung at cabarets and *guinguettes*; had been beaten by papa when he was drunk, and mamma when she was hungry and savage; had risen through her grace and her beauty; and had established Père Bouvier upon one of the Quais of Paris as seller of old books and curiosities; and had rescued the mamma from the sad rôle of a rag-picker to place her in comfort near the store of the old soldier, her father. To take these worthy people into the country in some desolate white French cottage, where they could quietly sink into the grave, consoled by the curé and respected by *nos bons villageois*, was Natalie's ambition. Did not the end justify the means?

And oh! what cross purposes do we not play in love! Here was the great heart of Edgar Wade blindfolding itself with the idea that cunning reserve was purity—mechanical action the ideal of grace—the movements of a puppet the intense and rapturous bound of a living love. And while the Bouviers, père and mère, were watching their daughter like a tiger, and counting every ounce of gold she gained, complaining that she had made no more or talking of her cruelty, she was watching their rheumy, hungry eyes with the only true love she ever gave to any human being. Ah! what a boon to our poor human hearts is true love! What a misery is an illusion from which we must at some time or another awaken, to find our idol worse than of clay, our soul's sweetest passion a delusion and a snare.

THE MILITIA AT ALDERSHOT.

WHEN lamb and asparagus are viands which no gentleman's dining-table should be without; when the blackthorn—that Paddy plant which cuts its blossoms before its leaves; and, if it were fructiferous, would doubtless supply our dessert tables earlier still—is fully out; when thrushes are mistaken for nightingales, and the monotonous voice of the cuckoo invites the superstitious to turn their money in their pockets; when young men and maidens plunge prematurely into white waistcoats and parasols, and even those who are old enough to know better glance at every weathercock they pass in sanguine expectation of the

wind veering away from the East—the country towns and villages of Great Britain become suddenly inundated with raw-looking lads in red jackets and military trousers, made apparently for beings of a different race—so very very far are they from fitting them—and wearing forage caps, charity-boy fashion, at the backs of their heads. These are militiamen, who have assembled for their annual training; and if the reader wonders at their ungainly appearance, let me invite that reader—if of the male sex, of course—to attire himself in a shell jacket and trousers, made for nobody in particular, and take his stand between two pier glasses. It is a trying costume; for if the trousers bag, there is not the ghost of a tail to conceal the fact; and if the jacket is too tight, it makes the chest inside look narrow. Perhaps in another century, when æsthetical matters have more importance attached to them, militia privates will have to leave their measures, with their addresses, at headquarters, and come up between the trainings to try on. At present, the philosopher who wishes to see how oft the apparel doth “proclaim the man” cannot do better than attend at a militia barrack on the day of assembly, and watch a fine, though perhaps not a tall lad—free-limbed and strong-looking in his working clothes—go behind a screen, and emerge presently in his unaccustomed, ill-made military garb. It is difficult to believe that it is the same biped. You compare him—as his costume invites you—with the smartest soldiers in the world, and very much doubt his being worth his salt. And yet the surgeon whom he has just left will tell you that the raw—very raw—material hidden by that disguise is of capital quality; that the youth is not only warranted sound—free from vice is another matter—but that his measurement round the chest is above the human average.

But a much more important evil than ill-fitting clothing is the practice of putting militiamen, for the period of their training, into billets. It is hard work enough to teach them drill and discipline in the time, under any circumstances; but when the men are scattered about amongst all the public-houses—many of them of the lowest character—for miles round, the authority of their officers over them ceases the moment they have quitted the parade ground. How can men be expected to drill well when they have been sitting in a bar-room

the greater part of the night—when they have an hour or more's march to parade—when they are tempted to chaffer away their rations for poisoned beer? How can they be expected to shoot well when there are no butts for them to practise at? The present writer has had seventeen years' experience of the militia, embodied and disembodied, and is confident that it would be far better not to call a regiment out at all if it cannot be put either into camp, huts, or barracks. It is not that they learn so little—that would be a minor evil; but officers, non-commissioned officers, and men get into a bad, loose style of doing things which would cling to them for years if they were called out permanently. The matter is all the more important that now, under the new regulations, about a third of the men of every militia regiment belong to the reserve; and, in case of war breaking out, would be transferred at once to regiments of the line.

The corps to which I have the honour to belong has been to Aldershot for its last two trainings, and the effects have been magical—bringing it up, indeed, considerably towards that condition of discipline and steadiness which it attained during embodiment.

Would you like to have a few details of how we got on the first time? There are men of leisure who are hesitating about accepting commissions in the militia, which is short of officers, though complete in rank and file; and an unvarnished tale may help them to decide.

Monday, the day of assembly, was occupied in greeting old friends, some of whom had not met for eleven months; in mess and band meetings; in arranging with pay-sergeants; in receiving the men of our respective companies, and seeing them fitted, more or less—*less* in outrageous proportion—with clothes and boots, and in serving out their accoutrements and necessities, knapsacks, brushes, shirts, socks, knives, forks, and the like. The pay-sergeants, indeed, actually do all this; but, as they are too much bustling that afternoon to look after individuals carefully, it is necessary to help them.

On the following morning the regiment assembled, much cleaner and far more sober than could have been expected after a night in billets, and the prospect of a month's strict discipline, to incite to carnival. But

the men knew that they were going where experienced and critical eyes would note them, and wished to look their best.

On reaching Farnborough, we were met by the band of a regiment in the division to which we were attached, and were so played up to the heath—a vast expanse of moorland, undulating, relieved at intervals by woods, but with a bare space from which heather and grass had disappeared, half a mile broad and of undistinguishable length, as the eye followed it to the top of a hill, and there lost it. Along this barren strip ran long parallel lines of low black barns, three deep, each triple row being separated from the next by a brown space, some two hundred yards wide. In consequence of the undulating surface of the country, a considerable expanse of these open spaces was visible; and moving about at intervals were dark masses of what appeared to be ants, were it not that an occasional sunbeam caused them to glitter here and there, thereby showing them to be troops.

On coming up to the rows of low barns, we found that they had windows and chimneys, and were very habitable-looking tenements indeed; and, wherever a road intersected them, letters of the alphabet were painted up in large white characters, so that you could tell whether you were in A, B, C, &c., lines at a glance.

The friendly band, having played us into camp, left us; and a gorgeous gentleman in a cocked hat came galloping up to our Colonel, with directions as to where we were to go; and in five minutes we were halted in front of the deserted village of huts, which we were to occupy. The first thing done was to send the guard off to our guard-room, under a sergeant who knew the ways of the place, and where to post his sentries. Next the different companies were told off to their huts, of which they took possession, put their rifles in the racks, got rid of their packs and tunics, and proceeded to fill their beds with straw. Are beds filled until the ticking is filled out though? Never mind, please not to be critical. When the men were in a fair way of settling down, and getting an evening meal, the officers began to look after their own accommodation. The lines are arranged after this fashion. The outer huts, next the parade ground, are open from end to end, with a door at each extremity, and the beds ranged along either side. The second row is simi-

lar to the first ; but the men's huts are interspersed with sergeants', which are exactly the same externally, but are partitioned off inside, so that the barn-like tenement forms a number of separate rooms, each of which contains a sergeant and his family. In these rows stand likewise the stores and the cook-houses, which are not wooden huts, but of corrugated iron. The third row stands some thirty paces in rear of the other two, and is set apart for the officers, the mess, &c. One hut makes a good long dining-room ; another is divided into two compartments, for the billiard and anteroom. The Colonel has a whole hut, if he wants it ; the majors half a hut each ; other officers the fourth of a hut each—of course with separate entrances, which do not interfere with one another.

We made our selection, the senior having first pick, and so on ; and an early choice of huts is not to be altogether despised, as some of them are left in a far more comfortable condition than others. Officers who are stuck down in Aldershot for a considerable period paper their homes, and it is an advantage to succeed a man of taste, who has made a good choice of papering, and has *not* had most of it torn down in the process of removing his effects ; for fluttering paper rags hanging about your walls are not cheerful. Before making our choice of huts, however, every officer had selected a servant from his company, which sounds like a risky operation where you have no means of discovering your men's antecedents. The only way is to pick out a man who is clean and smart, and can look you straight in the face ; and, if he professes to be able to make a bed and brush clothes, engage him. The principal defects I have discovered are a tendency to smoke my tobacco, use my pomades, and shave with my razors. Of course you must not leave wine or spirits about, or keep the money you have drawn for the payment of your company in an unlocked drawer.

Servant and hut selected, the man was sent to the spot where all the luggage was placed, to bring his master's chattels to the hut ; and then came the question of furnishing. Government finds you an oak table and two cherrywood chairs, a coal box, a tin candlestick, poker and shovel, fireguard, brush and pail ; and any other articles you require you can get from certain upholsters living in the town of Aldershot, whose

touts were now hanging about on the lookout for orders. We made our bargains, but were generally done. Tout had the whip hand.

"I'll take your message to Mr. Fourposter, and call again to-morrow," said tout ; but his calling again to-morrow meant a night spent on two cherrywood chairs ; and though "roughing it" is a delightful thing when you cannot help yourself, it is odious when there is a choice. Of course, militiamen, hiring the furniture for only a month, must expect to pay a great deal more than regulars who take it for a longer term ; still there are reasonable limits, and it is well to make your bargain beforehand. The majority of us, taking our own baths, sheets, and blankets, only wanted bed, washstand, looking glass, chest of drawers, and easy chair. There were Sybarites, indeed, who went in for window curtains and carpets ; and one carried luxury to the extent of a mirror over the fireplace. Of course, these paid a great deal more than the rest.

When we at last found time to think about it, we discovered that we were hungry. The mess president had gone down beforehand to make arrangements, so we could have dined at home ; but there were so many hospitable invitations from various regiments, that the all-important matter of testing the talent of our cook had to be deferred for twenty-four hours. Hospitality ! It seems to me that regiments, on finding themselves lodged upon the soil, adopt the habits of Arabia Petrea—you are always eating everybody's salt.

Aldershot is a grand place for early rising. If the gun which announces the sun's first appearance does not wake you, the reveille, played immediately afterwards, is pretty sure to do so. Then, lest you should drop off again, there is the bugle call for early parade. the bugle call for the distribution of rations, and a dozen other bugle calls. Little or big boys in white coats are tootling all round you perpetually ; and it is better to get up, open your window, and shout for your servant to come and fill your bath. While shaving, you are pretty sure to see a friend performing the same operation in an opposite hut, and you can commence conversation for the day at once. The routine of life ran pretty well thus. At eight we turned into the mess-room, and ordered breakfast. (Officers who knew their drill

were not expected to attend the half-past six o'clock parade, and the duty of inspecting the rations at seven only came round in turn; so we will begin with breakfast.) At half-past nine there was magisterial work in the orderly-room; at ten, parade; at one, visiting your company's huts, followed by lunch. At three, parade again till five; afterwards, payment of your company. Then a look at the newspapers and a game at billiards filled up the time till we dressed for a half-past seven o'clock dinner. After dinner a rubber, a game at billiards or pool, or conversation. On field days, parade was generally an hour earlier; and when it was the turn of your company to go to the butts for ball firing, you had to negotiate your breakfast while the waiters were very sleepy. And now I think that you can judge very fairly whether the life would suit you for a month or so.

At tattoo—which, at the time of year I am speaking of, is at seven p.m.—a subaltern of each regiment in the division has to march a picket, composed of one sergeant, two corporals, and twenty men, to an appointed spot, to be inspected by the field officer of the day. This we understood all about; but another little duty, which only came round to each regiment in turn, took one of our fellows by surprise. On the third afternoon of our arrival, Carver was cooling down over the *Times*, and wondering whether a sherry and bitters would improve or deaden the fine edge of his appetite, when an orderly appeared, and told him that he was for the Fire-screens.

"What's that?" asked Carver.

"Don't know, sir."

"Does any fellow know?"

No fellow present knew. There had been nothing about it in orders.

"Where is the adjutant?"

He was not to be found; so Carver sought out the sergeant-major, who knew nothing beyond the bare fact that the adjutant had received a large envelope, had opened it, had said, "We find the Fire-screen party—warn Mr. Carver for it," and had galloped off on pressing business—supposing, incorrectly, that the sergeant-major knew what to do next. Desperate, Carver, finding that it was five minutes to seven, directed the sergeant-major to parade a certain number of men, at all events, while he went to the ground alone, and discovered what they were for. He gained the desired

information; but it was several days' joke at all the mess tables in the camp, that a militia officer had gone at tattoo with the expectation of finding a company of Fire-screens drawn up to receive him.

These screens are iron contrivances, something like revolving shutters, capable of being run up and down poles by means of chains and pulleys, the whole machine being based upon a low carriage. They are kept in different parts of the camp; and, if a hut catches fire, they are run up, one on each side of it, to prevent the flames from spreading to the next.

The duty of the fire-screen party at tattoo is to go the round of these machines, and ascertain that they are in working order by running them up their poles, an operation which looks very much like a heathen rite to the uninitiated.

We enjoyed ourselves vastly on the whole, as Englishmen who are perpetually hungry and thirsty, and have plenty to eat and drink, commonly do. But there were little annoyances. Poor Bunny, for example, did *not* like fellows always to speak of his hut as his hutch. It was a poor joke, but somehow it tickled us.

The best sample of humour came from the ranks, though. One review day we were file firing at a make-believe enemy, and the company of Jones the energetic fell short of ammunition.

"Never mind!" yelled Jones. "Go on with the loading all the same! You fellows there, who have no cartridges, go on with the motions—go on with the motions!"

Well, we got home, and Jones visited his huts while the men were getting their dinners. There was a complaint. One unlucky wight had been absent from some cause while the cutting-up was in progress; and, being forgotten, was dinnerless. Jones said he would see what could be done; and when he had left the hut he heard voices crying out to the hungry one, "Never mind if you have no dinner—go on with the motions—go on with the motions!"

Sunday is a very quiet day at Aldershot, and life has been somewhat too smooth for Saunterer, who is supposed not to have had an emotion between his coming of age and his joining the militia; but an unwonted expression of perfect satisfaction illumined his face as he lay under a full-blossomed hawthorn, with a cigar in his mouth, on one of these Sunday afternoons.

"Happy!" he said, when an observation was made. "The sun is warm—the breeze cool—the grass fresh—the birds are singing—there is no afternoon parade—and Mrs. Saunterer is one hundred and sixty-five miles off!"

M. EDMOND ABOUT.

THERE are two men whose names are more frequently cited by our chief writers—either in the *Spectator*, the *Saturday*, or the *Times*—than those of any others, and whose views are eagerly looked for, translated, quoted, and put forward, by such conductors of papers—and their names are *not* legion—as are sufficiently educated and advanced to have any opinion upon the matter. For, in this war, opinion has curiously varied, and has not always been based upon principle. But of this hereafter.

These two men are not men of war, but of peace; not generals, but writers; and their names are Erckmann-Chatrain, author of "Le Blocus" ("The Blockade")—who has described the country now desolated by war—and Edmond About, the once chief penman of the Emperor, and the famous correspondent of *Le Soir*.

M. About is the more famous of the two. M. Chatrain, it is true, is recalled by the scenes brought so vividly before our eyes by the newspaper histories of each morning; and the grand courage and enduring pluck that he pictures are now again brought into use at Phalsburg and Strasbourg. But Edmond About is a war chronicler and correspondent. He is, or has been, with the armies; was reported dead; and had to fly, with his wife and children, from the comfortable quarters assigned to him. Like the pious Æneas, he has "been a great part of what he has seen;" has travelled to the forefront of action; speaks like one having authority; and is versatile enough to translate and render to our eyes every shade of grief, terror, elation, which moves his excellent but chameleon-like nation. Nor is there anything better, or more incisive, or more peculiar and epigrammatic in the whole range of literature than these queer letters of Edmond About. They are just as "spicy" and *goguenard* in their way as are those of Mr. George Sala—one of the very best English correspondents who ever drew pen in any foreign "row;" but they are more solid, reflective, luminous—have more

of the scholar and the gentleman in them, to use an old phrase. As for M. About's little eccentricities in abusing the Germans, they are not only natural—being shared in by all his countrymen, and therefore to be excused—but they are, from his pen, although more incisive, a thousand times less coarse and vulgar than you see in the French prints every day. Whatever may happen—and it is yet possible for France, by a gigantic effort, to shake off the grip of the armed thousands who hold her down—France has been so deceived and cajoled that she is under the influence of a strong delusion, and believes a lie!

"Why did you make war so readily, M. le Duc?" asked a member of the Jockey Club of the Duke of Gramont, the other day.

"I believed we were ready. I went to the Minister at War, and I asked him, 'Are you ready? Can we move at once?' 'Ready!' he answered; 'pah! ready *twice over!*' If I had not believed that, I would never have entered on a war which I might have *avoided in a dozen ways.*"

It is quite lawful, moreover, for those who are beaten to scold. This also should be remembered in About's favour, if two or three harsh words now and then escape him.

M. Edmond François Valentin About is about forty-two years old, having been born at Dieuze on the 14th of February, 1828. His patron saint of the day of his *fête* is the good Bishop Valentine; and this will account for one of his Christian names. He was educated at the Charlemagne Lyceum, and was early distinguished. When he was twenty he won the prize of honour; and three years afterwards he passed to the French school at Athens. He here made himself thoroughly acquainted with Greece as it is; knew it to be a nest of rogues and robbers; knew it, also, to his cost—as during his archæological studies he had often to fly from some Alkibiades or Peisistratos, who was looking at him over a ruin, and assisting his vision by glancing along the barrel of a gun. The result of these studies—political, social, and archæological—was published in 1855 as "*La Grèce Contemporaine.*" Of course, the diplomatic people of England and France received the work with disdain. About had told the plain truth: therefore he was not believed by diplomatists. He then tried to tell the truth with a laughing face;

and imagined that his next work, carried out on that Horatian maxim, would awaken Europe. This wonderfully true and witty work was called "Le Roi des Montagnes," and is simply the history of a Greek brigand, acting in connivance with Greek troops and a Greek minister. M. Hadji-Starros, Mary Anne, Mrs. Simons, with the French, German,

and Greek characters, are drawn to the life. And it is not too much to say that this book, published in 1857, anticipated—though hardly in its full horrors—the whole of the terrible Greek massacre of English gentlemen and an Italian nobleman in 1870. Had the lessons of that book been attended to, the companions of Lord Muncaster would



M. EDMOND ABOUT.

have been alive. M. About—although no English writer has yet pointed out the fact—may claim the honour of being a prophet. In his last chapter—it only consists of a line or so—the author again "resumes his conversation," and says, seriously, "Athénien, mon bel ami, les histoires les plus vraies ne sont pas celles qui sont arrivées." But all

that the Greeks replied to that warning was to swear that About was untrue, and that their fine country was slandered. They absolutely persuaded England to give them Corfu and the Ionian Islands; and proceeded, amidst the lamentations of the inhabitants, to ruin and undo the security and civilization of years.

In style, About in this book showed himself a master. His is simply the best style in the world—that is, of the French. It is based upon that clear, clean method of Voltaire, in “Candide” and his other romances. We are not talking, if you please, of the morality of Voltaire, but of his marvellous style. Full, without overflowing; clear, without being bare; deep, without obscurity, it unites the incisiveness of Swift—and marvellous prose is his—the grace of Addison, and the wit of Congreve.

Such a writer, living in Paris and not in London—where Philistine publishers never originate a work, and chiefly live on ideas furnished by the neglected and hack author—such a writer in Paris was at once sought for, and had plenty to do. In 1855 he published, in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, a curious but very beautiful work, “Tolla;” in 1856, “Les Mariages de Paris,” which was a great success; and in 1857, “Germaine,” a very beautiful, miserably sad story of a *mariage de Paris*—that is, of the legitimate and honourable sale of the heroine by way of marriage.

About is a moralist in a high sense; and his books are as moral as the scalpel which removes proud flesh is beneficial. It was about this time that our author seems to have entered into some sort of pact with Louis Napoleon to assist him with his pen. It would be well if monarchs would, like Frederick, condescend to put themselves on an equality with the Voltaire of the day. The result of this “pact”—which we by no means affirm, but which has been often hinted at—was that M. About seems to have given a grace to several French State papers; and that in 1859 he published “La Question Romaine,” which laid bare the rottenness of that capital in a manner that must have made Archbishop Manning, and Sir George Bowyer, and other ultramontanes, mad. “Pardon me,” he says in his preface, “certain vicivities of style, which I had not time to correct; and plunge boldly into the heart of the book. You will find something there. I fight fairly, and in good faith. I do not pretend to have judged the foes of Italy without passion; but I have calumniated none of them. If I have sought a publisher in Brussels, while I had an excellent one in Paris, it is not because I feel any alarm on the score of the regulations of our press or the severity of our tribunals. But as the Pope has a long arm, which

might reach me in France, I have gone a little out of the way to tell him the plain truths contained in these pages.”

In commencing this work he referred to a case then occupying the public mind—the abduction of a Jewish child against the wishes of its parents. One cannot help being at once struck with the extraordinary force of the following antitheses, even when translated:—

“The Roman Catholic Church, which I sincerely respect, consists of one hundred and thirty-nine millions of individuals—*without counting little Mortara!*”

“It is governed by seventy cardinals, princes of the Roman Church—in memory of twelve poor Apostles!”

“The Cardinal Bishop of Rome, who is also called Vicar of Jesus Christ, Holy, Most Holy Father, or Pope, is invested with boundless authority over the minds of these hundred and thirty-nine millions.”

The author then traces, with a stinging satire and crushing effect, the history of the Popes.

With the exception of one or two slight works, Edmond About has been silent until the opening of this war; when, with Thiers, Jules Favre, and others, he raised his voice energetically against it. M. Thiers has since explained that he did so because France was unprepared, not because the war was unjust. And certainly About may have done the same; for, after warning France, he seems to have been borne away with the enthusiastic shouts of “*A Berlin!*” and, perhaps against his better judgment, accepted the post—said to be accredited by the Government—of correspondent of *Le Soir*. To one who, if he be not an Academician, has the style and more than merit of one, such an appointment seemed *infra dignitatem*; but the public rejoiced that he had accepted the post, and learned from About the follies of the campaign, the unreadiness, the ignorance of the officers, the folly of the leaders, the brag and emptiness of the whole.

After Saarbrück, About's style changed, and he attacked the Emperor violently. He mourned, like a true Frenchman, over the slaughter of his friends, and of that army of which he was so proud; and, even while making the best of it, his pen wept tears of good French ink as he described the rout of the army of the Rhine. After Weissem-

bourg he was lost for more than a week; his wife and children fled to Paris; and he, sick and weary of slaughter, was silent; and not only Paris, but all Europe feared that he was among the killed—as, indeed, more than one patriotic correspondent had fallen in the *mêlée*. But it was not so. Three weeks ago, About made his way to Paris, and began a series of most brilliant, most sarcastic, and bitter attacks on the empire, the Government, England, and all neutral powers, and on the French people. We can pardon his anger against us for the grief these bitter truths must cost him.

“The report of yesterday’s sitting, and that storm in the Chamber, carried me back 417 years. I asked myself whether we had not become to some extent Byzantines. In 1453, while Mahomet II. was besieging Constantinople, the Greeks of the Lower Empire were divided upon questions of theology, just as the Parisians of the present day are divided upon political questions. They quarrelled among themselves with such bitterness, that they forgot the presence of the enemy, and allowed him to take the city. The Turk entered, and reconciled them all by means of the stick. The same fortune might fall to our lot if the nation did not show itself possessed of more good sense and more enlightened patriotism than the two parties in the Chamber. The Right and the Left are incessantly accusing each other of having caused these public disasters. The Government party insists that Alsace and Lorraine would not have been invaded if the Opposition had not haggled about subsidies and annual contingents: ‘You have so raided against standing armies, that you have disarmed the country.’ The Opposition retorts the incapacity of courtier generals; the squandering of the funds intended for supplying war material; the mistrust on the part of personal government, which would never allow the people to be armed, and which still refuses them muskets even when the enemy is at our gates. ‘You are afraid of the nation. You would rather sacrifice France than lose your own power.’ How sad is all this! Each of these stormy sittings is worth 50,000 men to the Prussians who are marching upon us. Cannot these quarrels be deferred until the country has been delivered? France should wash her dirty linen at proper time and place, but she should wait until we are again *en famille*.”

Then, again, he glances back to what the Empire has been—how it has spoiled and humiliated *La belle France*—and he extracts this bitter consolation:—

“Well, all is, perhaps, for the best. If the supporters of the personal power had been acquainted with the first elements of the military art; if Marshal Lebeuf had had a plan; if we had been ready; if we had had 500,000 effective troops instead of 200,000; if the millions destined for armament had not for years been wasted or turned to other uses, we should beat the Prussians, and free the Rhine Provinces. We should take Saarbrück and Sarrelouis, Mayence, and Coblenz; we should light

tapers in the cathedrals of Trèves and of Cologne; the Prince Imperial might collect enough spent balls to form a chaplet for his godfather, the gentle Pius IX.—AND AFTER?”

And, after having soundly abused England, he thus makes the *amende honorable* in these words:—

“Our neighbours on the other side of the Channel shower me with reproaches, and I ought to thank them. Nothing is more sweet to the heart of a true Frenchman than this English revolt against an unfounded accusation. More than a hundred letters in less than a week have repeated to me, in every form of expression—‘You deceive yourself. You are unjust. . . . The citizens of Great Britain have only sympathy for the French nation. The officers of the fleet and of the army never forget that they found friends as well as comrades in your sailors and soldiers. The intellectual classes consider your country as the fortress of European civilization. We should never be consoled if we saw France destroyed, or even seriously weakened. We suffer and hope with you.’ Such is the substance of the letters which are addressed to me from all parts of England and Scotland. The kindly communications which I have received are signed by honourable, by aristocratic names, as well as by ladies. There are poems, there are articles which the writers wish me to publish, and which I would gladly print if the limits of my space permitted. I can only thank these innumerable correspondents, and say to them, ‘Vivent la France et l’Angleterre, united for the peace and prosperity of the world. You have rendered me quite happy in showing me my error!’”

We have not extracted in this article any of the epigrams, surprises, points, and brilliant sayings of the author, save a few from “*La Question Romaine*,” because the war itself absorbs all our interest; but we hope we have fairly introduced one of the most honest and brilliant writers of the day—one who is a true patriot, and shares with the same eagerness the sorrows as well as the glory of his great nation. To some of us it may seem that the Government of France has been deservedly punished; to some, that French vainglory has received a proper and a wholesome check. Yet they who think thus may sympathize with a brave people in its misfortune; and pray that sounder counsels and wiser governors may raise *La belle France* out of her distress, and place her on that true pinnacle of greatness, wherein her glory, arising from herself and her children, will not be sought by the humiliation or subordination of another. And, indeed, M. About is typical of France. He has done so much that is good, that he need not, even in the agony of suspense and the humiliation of defeat, drive his excellent style into hysterics to attract attention.

THE MORTIMERS:

A NOVEL WITH TWO HEROES.

By the EDITOR.

BOOK VI.—CHAPTER I.

THE DOCTOR HOME AGAIN.

BARTHOLOMEW SQUARE, in the brightest sunshine of the month of June, is never a very cheerful place: a certain but indescribable dinginess hangs about the houses—be they of brick or stone—which no external brightness can ever altogether dispel. Like some people we know, upon whom the sun of fortune seems to shine brightly and with equal ray, they reflect it not: so these old houses wear always an air of antiquated gloom which neither sunshine nor a new coat of paint can remove. The first chapter of this history introduced us to the outside and the inside of one of the most commodious houses in this square: a house dating its erection from the reign of the second king of the House of Hanover, to which illustrious stock we are—if we may take the assurance of our great historian—indebted for our deliverance from Popery and wooden shoes, and countless other blessings which we enjoy. This square of houses, of respectable age and gloomy exterior, has still charms for some people; though the fashionable and select race for whom the mansions were built have long since turned their backs upon the City, where, in not a few instances, their great-grandfathers laid the solid and enduring foundation of their eminences' fortune. So passes westward the tide of human glory. Woburnia had, and Belgravia and Tyburnia have, the suffrages of the world of fashion.

In that red-brick house of solemn and gloomy exterior, with the long, narrow windows, and broad oak frames and sashes, with the rusty Virginia creeper climbing up over them, and winding sympathetically about and around them, the opening chapter of this history found Achille Esmé de Gasc, Count de Gasc, commonly known there as Dr. Gasc, dwelling contentedly and happy in his labours of learning and of charity.

And again the French surgeon has returned, in his old age, to his old home, bringing in his train the faithful Victor, the good Madam, and his friend, Father Francis of the Oratory of St. Philip. It is with

him as if he had never left it. Again he traverses the broad gravel-path of his garden, after his breakfast of a morning. Again he sits in his study, in full enjoyment of his glass phials of specimens, his books, fossils, curiosities, and the skeleton which was the terror of Reginald Erle's infant days. Again he is visited by the Dominie, who has given up keeping school and training the minds of the rising youth and genius of the vicinage, and who is allowed to smoke his pipe and read his Goethe in peace, and sometimes to spend an evening abroad, by that almost more than human wife and virago, Mrs. Strongi'th'arm.

"He's a fine fellow," the Dominie says of Erle. "I was the making of him. It was only the other evening I said so to Mrs. Strongi'th'arm, and she said the very same thing."

And the good Doctor nods assent. They fill their pipes. The Dominie lights his, and the Doctor smokes a "dry pipe" for company's sake.

"He'll get on at the bar, I know he will," the Dominie says. "Mrs. Strongi'th'arm says so too. My boys always do well. How is it, Doctor?"

And the Doctor says he recollects how often the Dominie has spoken of his pupil as "impudence and ignorance combined."

"I say that of all of 'em—when they're with me," the Dominie says. "Flattery spoils boys. I've had the making of a good many. I never spoilt one."

And so these old friends sit and chat as they did in the days gone by. Madam, too, trudges busily about the house, and is for ever discovering some new scratch on the paint, or injured piece of crockery, or other mischief done during her absence in Paris, by "the tinant," as she designates the quiet gentleman to whom Dr. Gasc had let his house.

"Ah, why, dear Doctor" ["whoy, dear Dhoctor"], says Madam McCara—"why did you let the place to a tinant at all?"

And at the same time she displays a handleless jug, perhaps. And the good Doctor explains that these little misfortunes will happen to the breakable things of this life.

"Reasonable wear and tear, you know, Madam, was expressed in the agreement. We have no cause to complain. We could not expect to eat our cake and have it also. We let our house to a good and respectable

tenant. We had his money, and must rest satisfied."

But the thrifty Madam was far from being content to put up with losses and damages, real and imagined. She would reply to the Doctor's calm philosophizing—

"Satisfied! Cause to complain! Is it a respectable tenant that would have knocked the spout off the cut glass cream jug, which I've never broken in twenty years?"

And so go on with her voluble lament, until her master's large stock of patience was well-nigh exhausted.

But it was an accomplished fact. Good Dr. Gasc had completed his business in Paris; had got back all he hoped to receive of his fortune; had even been moved to visit his native province of Gascogne, and to spend a day or two with the relative who inhabited the Château Gasc at Amours there. And now he was settled again, as of old, in his red-brick house in Bartholomew-square.

The meeting between Erle and the Doctor was one of the warmest affection on both sides; and Madam's greeting was not less cordial than that of Doctor Gasc. Erle had asked Sir Harold's permission to leave the Chase for a few days, and explained to him the reason of his visit to London. The old Baronet very readily assented, asking Erle on what day he wished to leave Madingley.

"On Thursday, I should like to go. We expect Dr. Gasc back in the evening of that day."

"He is about to take up his residence again in his old house?"

"He is," said Erle. "And I am very glad of it; for I am sure, after having lived there so long, no other place can suit him so well."

"Has Dr. Gasc recovered his property?" the Baronet asked.

"Some portion of it. To what extent his fortune is restored I do not know. He never was rich, Sir Harold; and, I suppose, is now what people would call a poor man. But his wants are very simple, and easily supplied by the devotion of his two old servants."

Presently, Sir Harold said—

"I have at last made up my mind, Mr. Erle—or, at least, allowed it to be made up for me by my busy sister—"

"Yes, Sir Harold," said Erle, guessing what the old gentleman was about to say.

"I have consented," Sir Harold continued,

"to submit myself to the operation which Margaret has so long been worrying me and teasing me about. The doctors say, I believe, that there is no time like the present; and I intend to proceed to town next week. My sister, Margaret, will accompany me; and we shall stay at my brother Robert's house in Grosvenor-square, where you will be able to see me during your stay in London."

"I am glad, Sir Harold," said Erle, "that you have resolved to take this step. We are assured by your physician that there is no danger in the operation, and we are also told that it is almost certain to be successful. The recovery of your sight will be a very great boon to you."

"Yes, a great advantage. I hope it may be so. Yet, I fear it will be a tedious affair. I shall be kept in a darkened room for weeks, perhaps; or submitted to some treatment of the sort after the affair is over."

"But still—" Erle began, as if about to remonstrate.

"Still. Just so. I do not wish to be treated as if I were quite blind, you know, Mr. Erle," said Sir Harold, smiling. "I can see, still, very well when anything is quite close to me. Now, I can see you, for instance. I can see to sign my name, if I cannot strain my eyes by writing a letter."

"You sign your cheques, Sir Harold."

"And all precisely alike, as far as the signature goes. What I protest against is the way in which Margaret and Robert persist in treating me, as if I were already as blind as a bat. They won't let me have a single ray of light. However, I have said I will let the surgeons meddle, and I will not draw back at the last moment. Margaret and I will drive up to town on Monday. If you prefer the drive in my carriage to being shaken and jolted in a railway train, let me have your company. You will have the front seat to yourself."

They all three came up to London together. Erle proceeded to Bartholomew-square, to await the return of the Good Uncle from Paris; and Sir Harold and Miss Margaret Mortimer went to the residence of their brother in Grosvenor-square.

The next day Sir Harold underwent, at his brother's house, the operation which had been determined upon. It was a much slighter and less painful affair than he had expected it would be. It was, under the skilful lancet of the eminent surgeon who

performed the operation, an affair of only a few minutes. Miss Margaret and her brother Robert were present. Sir Harold refused to be placed under the influence of any anæsthetic.

"The pain is not very great," said the surgeon; "but your brother bears it like a soldier, Miss Mortimer."

"Like a hero," Miss Margaret thought to herself. And so she said, after it was all over, to the patient himself, and to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Robert, whose nervous system received a great shock from the mere knowledge that anything like a surgical operation was going on in the house.

The experiment proved entirely successful. For a fortnight Sir Harold was kept in a chamber from which all light was carefully excluded. Then came a semi-light state of his room; then only a shade over his eyes. At the end of six weeks he walked into his club, and joined the respectable old gentlemen in the reading-room, a younger man by twenty years.

"Well, Mortimer, we are glad," said many an old friend, shaking the Baronet by the hand.

"Now I am myself again," was Sir Harold's reply on these occasions. "I shall go back to the country quite a boy. I shall be able to ride about again."

"You'll hunt with the Duke's hounds?"

"I declare, I think I shall. Ha! ha!" Sir Harold would reply, cheerily. "Come, and we will go out in pink together, eh? What! won't your gout let you? You see I am the best man of the set, now I'm on my legs once more."

And many a good dinner they ate, and many a jolly evening these old fellows spent together; for Sir Harold found the society in Grosvenor-square rather dull and boring. The Pink Tape Office Secretary's tastes were so very dissimilar to his own.

To Robert Mortimer's credit, it must be said that he did not look at all pleased as day by day, after his morning visit to his brother's room, he found him getting better and better. To have become at once Sir Robert Mortimer, Bart., M.P., with Madingley Chase and fifteen thousand a-year, would have altered matters so very much, for him.

"Want of money has crippled me all my life," he said to himself and to his convalescent brother.

Sir Harold's thank-offering for his restora-

tion took the form of a large cheque drawn on his London bankers in favour of his impecunious brother. So Robert became, for the nonce, a sort of Providence; and watched over his brother with the most tender solicitude. Perhaps, if he had been as skilled an expert in the dark arts of death as he was in those of hypocrisy and deceit, Sir Harold, his brother, might never have left his chamber alive.

When a good man stands between a bad man and a great fortune; when he lies sick and helpless, it is hardly to be expected that, in his wicked heart, the needy wretch will wish the rich relation downstairs again. But these men were brothers; and there is a good deal of risk about poison—so Sir Harold's gruel or chicken broth found its way to him without being tampered with.

He recovered his sight, looked by twenty years a younger man, and was in the best of spirits and of tempers.

"Now," said he, "Margaret, my dear sister, Robert is—naturally enough, of course—very anxious that Mabel and Charlie should be married as soon as possible."

"Yes, Harold."

"And I see no reason for any delay. Now I shall be able to see to give my dear girl away at the altar of Madingley Church. Before I came to London, I must have had you for a prop to lean on. Come, what do you say?"

"As you will, brother," replied Miss Margaret, her eyes filling with tears.

FAMILIAR PLACES.

[The war unhappily raging on the Continent has made it almost impossible for us to travel, with our wonted comfort and ease, to German spas and French watering places. Let us, then, be contented to remain at home, and thankful to Heaven our own dear land is a stranger to the invader's foot. Let us visit in imagination some "familiar places."]

THERE is a shadow upon the sea: the vast shadow of dark mountains is thrown over waters bounded by eternal ice. Those rugged mountains have Alpine tracks amongst them, trodden by no foot of man. The peaks are snow-crowned—all is a waste of snow. The silence of death reigns there, broken only by the cracking of a glacier or the thunder of an avalanche. No human eye gazes on these scenes. Only the Northern lights are in the sky: the heavens are on fire with brilliant, flashing light—such as we, in the South, can only

dream of. And have I *not* dreamed of it—of a burning sky over a dead world; a world dead of cold—and awoke to find a calm moon sailing peacefully through an English night? For these places that I speak of are familiar to me. What places are ever so familiar as those we loved in childhood. And I was a child when grand old Bewick led me first into these enchanted regions: “The bleak shores of Lapland . . . the whole vast sweep of the Arctic zone, across the open parts of the sea to the shoreless frozen ocean.”

How often since those days have I revisited in imagination “those forlorn regions . . . where firm fields of ice, the accumulations of centuries of winters, in heights above heights, surround the Pole, and centre the multiplied regions of extreme cold.” In my imaginary travels, I find a strange charm in seeking these familiar places once again—scenes that I have beheld only with other people’s eyes. “*Unknownable*, dreary space,” Bewick calls it, “where the prying eye of man cannot penetrate, and imagination only can take the view.” And, in truth, in these days—the “prying eyes of man” having penetrated almost everywhere—it is some comfort that imagination has an undisputed realm of her own, even though it be but the North Pole! And what secrets that land holds! and how hard has man struggled to wrest them from her! *My* remembrances of Captain M’Clure, final discoverer of the North-West passage—that impracticable passage which has cost so many lives and furnished the theme for so exciting a chapter in the history of man’s conflict with nature—my remembrance of the discoverer is, strange to say, mingled with the memory of hot July weather, and of a gay party at a whitebait dinner by the river-side. I wonder whether he recalled the devilled whitebait, later, when he was surrounded only by eternal winter?

In Greenland, seated in the sledge with its team of twelve dogs, and flying across the ice-fields, how dark the water looks between the formidable cracks! The drivers use their strange whips skilfully enough, the handles measuring sixteen inches, the lash six yards. The instinct of the dogs is beyond admiration. But what if, in the rash leap over a chasm, we were hurled from the sledge, and took a plunge into the dark waters?

Dr. Kane gives an account of his dogs

which always goes to my heart. On an expedition—one of so many—undertaken with the hope of winning from the silent land the secret of Sir John Franklin’s fate, their master took them farther north than they had ever been before—took them to the kingdom of Winter, where night sets in for six months together, during which time “noonday and midnight are alike.” The dogs could sleep and eat well enough—they simply went crazy. “No wonder that the poor brutes, strangers in that weary land, should have been driven wild with for ever waiting for the day.” And no one could tell them why it was that the horrid night was never cheered by a ray of dawn. One after another, they died of a disease of the brain.

In that six months of night, only the clumsy walrus, the bear, the awkward seal, stir abroad—ice all round them in the darkness; but, when the short Arctic summer comes, foxes, rabbits, hares, and sea-birds swarm, and the stunted plants hasten to blossom and yield their stunted fruits as if they knew how short their day was—how soon the unsetting sun of summer would begin “in shortened peeps to quit his horizontal course, and the falling snows and hollow blasts to foretell the change.” Then, silence, winter, death, return again.

But more wonderful even than the death is the life of the far North. Sea-fowl swarm here, “amidst endless swamps where the human foot never trod; and where, excepting their own cries, nothing is heard but the wind . . . these fishers soar aloft or rest secure on the lowering precipice.” There, also, “where the mariner is tossed to and fro amidst solitary rocks, their harsh, shrill cries, screamed forth in mingled discord with the roaring of the surge, are often his only pilots.” Death and life go hand in hand all the world over. Here, too, as elsewhere, life springs from death; for in these icy regions is the nursery of the vast shoals of fishes which stock the more southern seas with food. Imagination pictures them pouring forth in countless myriads, their way marked, their whereabouts betrayed by the “plume-darkened” sky above them. For the shoals of fish are equalled only by the flying armies of the birds which come down from that dead, ice-locked land, and spread themselves over the whole of the globe.

A little farther south, in Norway, “the

morning and evening twilight meet in a fleeting embrace at midsummer, upon the snow-covered mountains." So writes Miss Bremer, speaking of the time when the midnight sun shines. But it is to Miss Martineau that I owe my first introduction to Norway. It is not so much that, as a child, I *read* of the heights of Sulitelma—of the fiords whose waters "for days and weeks together reflect each separate tree-top of the forest"—the fiords that "in summer glitter with golden sunshine, while purple and green shadows from the forest lie on them"—but, surely, I have *been* there, have actually seen it all. Surely, I have lived in the wooden farmhouse, "resounding as wooden houses do at every noise"—have heard "the cries of whole clouds of sea-fowl which inhabit the islets; the cataracts leaping from ledge to ledge of the rocks; the bleating of the kids that browse there; the flap of the great eagle's wing as it dashes abroad from its eyrie." I must have, at some time or other, landed on "Thor's Islet" to seek for eider-down, or floated in the skiff to Vogel's Islet, lower down the fiord, where Rolf found his strange hiding-place. On the slopes of the uplands, where the flocks pasture in summer, the herbage is knee-deep and bright with flowers. Cool and dark is the mountain tarn whose death-cold, unfathomed waters lie surrounded by masses of giant rocks. The sound of bells is heard from the seater on the hill-top, and the call of the lure with which the mountain maiden summons the flock. I have always loved Norway; nor am I ashamed of my affection for the "sea-crowned, brave old country," after having met with these words of Mr. Freeman's: "No people are fonder than ourselves of wandering over every corner of the known world. But it is well to remember in our wanderings that, while in other lands we are treading the soil of strangers, when we set foot on the shores of Scandinavia, or of North Germany, we are simply revisiting our ancestral home."

In Norway, wild streams thunder down the mountain sides—sudden whirlwinds deal destruction. There is nothing, perhaps, to announce the coming storm—unless, indeed, some practised eye should note how the smoke, rising from the huts in the valley, is instantly depressed and sinks to earth. The sky may be clear, and the wind still, when, in a moment, a white cloud hurries across the sky, a loud whistling noise is heard, and

a deafening report, like a rolling peal of thunder. In the next instant perfect calm reigns, not a blade of grass is stirred. But masses of rock hurled from the mountain, huge trees lying uprooted, mark the passage of the whirlwind. Some of the highest peaks of the Norwegian Alps look down six thousand feet to the plains below. The scenery is grand, but terrific. Only the eagle and the summer sun look upon it. Yet how many peaceful spots are there environed by these fearful scenes! Valleys, where the herdsman's hut stands sheltered, where green meadows and small lakes—clear and calm as mirrors, and whose waters are of the blue that belongs to glacier regions—may be seen, and where the fair-haired peasant maid tends the cattle feeding in the rich pastures.

The scenes familiar to us in childhood have ever a charm which no others can possess. The face of the country is as the face of a friend. Perhaps it is the same with books. To produce the vivid sense of reality which I have attempted to describe, histories of unknown places should be read in childhood. Is not, for example, this a spot familiar to most of us? "A little plain on the side of a rising hill, whose front towards this little plain is steep as a house-side, so that nothing can come down upon us from the top." The little tent raised here—do we not all remember it? Is there any need to quote further from the journal of "poor, miserable Robinson Crusoe," who "came on shore on this dismal, unfortunate island, all the rest of the ship's company being drowned, and himself almost dead"? Is it a "desert" island any longer, or is it peopled with the childish fancies of so many amongst us, that in my fireside travels thither I find no lack of companions in the green savannahs, the "pleasantness of which" tempted the castaway to remove his tent there, and of which he was "exceeding fond"? Who has not watched "the little spring of fresh water issuing out of the side of a hill, and making the whole country appear so fresh, so green, so flourishing, being in constant verdure, that it looked like a planted garden"? Or stood by the lonely man as he "contemplated with great pleasure the exceeding fruitfulness of the valley, feeling a secret pride mix with his other afflicting thoughts, that he was king and lord of this country indefeasibly, and had a right of possession"? Surely, Robin-

son Crusoe's island is a "familiar place" to very many of us.

But lately I came across a book which has made a terrible place most terribly familiar to me. I can descend at will—or, indeed, it almost appears at times that I am forced to go *against* my will—down through the heart of the earth, swiftly borne along in the darkness upon the deadly cold water of the Cañon of the Colorado River. The place is horrible! The steep precipices on either side seem almost to meet overhead, their awful height of three thousand feet allowing merely a narrow strip of the pitiless blue sky to be visible. Down below in the darkness the frail boat tosses and plunges on the water—water so icily cold. At intervals, the rush and roar of a cataract is heard above the ever-present rush and murmur of the stream; above, too, the fearful cry of the lost man, washed off soon after entering the Cañon—a cry that one fancies must have echoed horribly through the place, and rang in the ears of the survivor during all the five days that passed before the boat at last came into daylight, and the Indians were fairly terrified at the sight of the gaunt, starved, more than half drowned wretch who came out alive from the depths of the earth. The account is most graphically given in Sir Charles Dilke's book, and, since reading it, the Cañon of the Colorado has become a "familiar place" to me, but one which I am by no means fond of visiting.

There are scenes, too, besides those our childish eyes opened upon, which in a wonderfully short space of time grow dear to us—not merely, if at all, from association: it is their intrinsic beauty that wins us, or, perhaps, something about them that accords with our own feelings. Although we may visit them for the first time late in life, and see them but seldom, they soon become, and always remain, familiar to us. Such a one, to me, is the New Forest in Hampshire. Here the gipsies meet to choose their king, under the Cadenham oak, which "bears leaves at Christmas." Here the forge where Tyrrel's horse was shod as his rider fled for his life after the death of the Red King, still pays a fine to the Government—or so the country people believe. From the high ground above Stony Cross, the eye roams over richly wooded hills, and away to the blue sea beyond, with a distant glimpse of "the Island." Going down the hill-

side, down into the heart of the forest, down amongst those noble trees that saw the deed done—could they tell, if so minded, whether it were accident or murder?—we stand beside the stone marking the spot where William Rufus fell. A little house by the roadside, on the slope of the opposite hill, still bears the name of Purkiss over the door. The family of the lime-burner, who carried the body of the king in his cart to Winchester, live on the same spot to this day, having held the little estate for nearly eight centuries, in uninterrupted descent from father to son. One must have lived in the forest to understand what a concert the birds give at morning. There one is awakened by a flood of music; there, also, it is advisable, if one is at all ambitious of securing *any*, however small a portion, of the produce of a garden, to keep a cat chained to the pea-stakes! And they talk of enclosing this beautiful forest, cultivating it—that is to say, destroying it! It is a utilitarian age! But surely we hear something of the "use of beauty" nowadays, and of "art education for the people." Is not the beautiful in nature, as well as in art, worth preserving here and there?

TABLE TALK.

"THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD," Part VI., is now in our hands; and, with the publication of this September part, the unfinished story is brought to a close. There is no more copy in the hands of the representatives of the deceased author. Mr. Dickens lived to finish but half of the work he had undertaken. This note is appended to the monthly part now issued:—

"All that was left in manuscript of 'Edwin Drood' is contained in the number now published—the sixth. Its last entire page had not been written two hours when the event occurred which one very touching passage in it—grave and sad, but also cheerful and reassuring—might seem almost to have anticipated. The only notes in reference to the story that have since been found, concern that portion of it exclusively which is treated in the earlier numbers. Beyond the clues therein afforded to its conduct or catastrophe, nothing whatever remains; and it is believed that what the author would himself have most desired is done, in placing before the reader, without further note or suggestion, the fragment of 'The Mystery of Edwin Drood.'—August 12th, 1870."

Probably, the following is the "touching passage" alluded to:—

"A brilliant morning shines on the old city. Its

antiquities and ruins are surpassingly beautiful, with the lusty ivy gleaming in the sun, and the rich trees waving in the balmy air. Changes of glorious light from moving boughs, songs of birds, scents from gardens, woods, and fields—or, rather, from the one great garden of the whole cultivated island in its yielding time—penetrate into the Cathedral, subdue its earthy odour, and preach the Resurrection and the Life. The cold stone tombs of centuries ago grow warm; and flecks of brightness dart into the sternest marble corners of the building, fluttering there like wings."

It is to be regretted that no more of a story which gave promise of great and increasing interest is to reach us. Mr. Pickwick and his faithful followers were taken abroad, after the immense success of the "Pickwick Papers," but by another hand. Possibly some one may be rash enough, after a time, to attempt to finish "Edwin Drood." We hope not.

DURING A RECENT VISIT to Richmond and its vicinity, we rode over Ham Common, the scene of the conference between the seconds of Sir Mulberry Hawk and Lord Frederick Verisopht on the morning of the duel, and so were put in mind of the loss we had sustained by the death of the author of "Nicholas Nickleby;" and in Wimbledon churchyard we were again reminded of Dickens. This time, "Our Mutual Friend" was the book present in our memory; for in this churchyard lies buried that Vulture Hopkins in whose doings Mr. Boffin, "the golden dustman," suddenly took so great an interest. One night, at Boffin's Bower, Mr. Wegg was, as our readers will recollect, called upon by his patron for a reading from "The Misers." He says: "My eye catches John Overs, sir, John Little, sir, Dick Jarrel, John Elves, the Reverend Mr. Jones of Blewbury, Vulture Hopkins, Daniel Dancer——." Vulture is not a pleasing *sobriquet*, and the inscription on Hopkins's tombstone should be a warning to all misers. Apparently in the best of faith, and without meaning anything uncomplimentary—in fact, rather the reverse—the inheritor of Mr. Hopkins's savings caused to be put upon the very massive slab which covers his honoured bones:—

"IN A VAULT UNDERNEATH THIS STONE
LIES INTERRED THE BODY OF

JOHN HOPKINS, ESQ.,
FAMILIARLY KNOWN AS VULTURE HOPKINS,
Who departed this life
The 25th of April, 1732, aged 69."

The next line on the tombstone records the death of Hopkins's cousin and heir-at-law, when an infant of only a few months' old. Similarly Pope said of the miser:—

"What can they give? To dying Hopkins, heirs;
To Chartres, vigour; Japhet, nose and ears?
Can they in gems bid pallid Hippia glow,
In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below?"

"Moral Essays," Epistle iii., line 85.

And the poet adds, in a note:—"Hopkins, a citizen, whose rapacity obtained him the name of *Vulture Hopkins*. He lived worthless, but died worth *three hundred thousand pounds*, which he would give to no person living, but left it so as not to be inherited till after the second generation. His counsel representing to him how many years it must be before this could take effect, and his money would only lie at interest all that time, he expressed great joy thereat, and said 'they would be then as long in spending as he had been in getting it.' But the Chancery afterwards set aside the will, and gave it to the heir-at-law.—P." (Pope's note.)—There is something about a "candle's end," commonly quoted from Pope and applied to Vulture Hopkins. This is, we suppose, the quotation, which usage has remodelled:—

"The frugal crone, whom praying priests attend,
Still tries to save the hallow'd taper's end—
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires."

"Moral Essays," Epistle iii., line 242.

Avarice is an old-fashioned vice, and misers are getting very scarce among us; but, if there be any still left, let them be warned in time, and take care to write their epitaphs for themselves before they are called upon to leave their hoards for good.

MR. GOLIGHTLY; or, the ADVENTURES of an AMIABLE MAN, a Novelette in Twelve Chapters, will be commenced on the conclusion of "The Mortimers." "Mr. Golightly" will be illustrated by Phiz.

Rejected MSS. will be returned to the authors, if stamps for that purpose are sent.

The Editor will only be responsible for their being safely re-posted to the addresses given.

Every MS. must have the name and address of the author legibly written on the first page.

ONCE A WEEK is registered for transmission abroad.

NOTICE.—After the 15th day of September next, ONCE A WEEK will be published at the New Premises, 19, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 142.

September 17, 1870.

Price 2d.

ONE OF TWO; OR, A LEFT-HANDED BRIDE. BY HAIN FRISWELL.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE EDITOR OF THE "ARGUS" PICKS UP
MATTER.



MR. TOM FORSTER had perfectly escaped from the land of dreams, which he did with various starts and tremors, as becomes a man well on in life, he awoke all of a sudden; and, acting mechanically, upon a vigorous impulse, jumped

out of bed like one of those wooden frogs which itinerant vendors exhibit upon tea trays. It was this springy activity which gave Old Daylight his place in the world. He was always ready and on the alert; and this he attributed to the fact that, when awake, he was out of bed in an instant. Had he carried his philosophy farther, he might have placed it to the iron Will behind this activity.

The philosopher was copious in his ablutions—it being, let us add, somewhat of an error to suppose that the present generation alone first discovered the virtues of cold water and yellow soap. Old Daylight plunged about in a wooden bath like a hippopotamus, and came to the surface red and blowing. Then followed a time during which he groomed himself carefully, ex-

amined his tongue, scraped it, shaved himself, dressed leisurely, and—clothed and in his right mind—knelt down and said his prayers.

After that, he was ready for breakfast and the battle of life.

The housekeeper—a boisterous, familiar woman, who looked upon Mr. Forster, who was always considerate and kind, as her natural prey—came into the parlour with the breakfast, and remarked—

"Well, we are looking well this morning, considering how late we were out last night; leastways, it was not to be called night. Small hours it was, and very small hours."

Mr. Forster, who was busy with his own thoughts, looked up, and said nothing.

For her part, continued the housekeeper, she did not like midnight wanderings. After they were a certain age, middle-aged gentlemen, not to say old men, were best a-bed.

The talkative Mrs. Spiller had, in fact, heard the exodus of Edgar Wade; and, being utterly puzzled by her master, had charitably supposed him to be engaged in some nocturnal wickedness, too base to be made public. It was with a feeling very much akin to bitter disappointment that made her cry out, "Well, we do look well;" for, in Mrs. Spiller's private opinion, Old Forster ought to have had the heavy eyes and weary look of a stage murderer after he had "done the deed." Mr. Cooke, after being engaged for his own account in Duncan's chamber—and professionally in whitening his cheeks, reddening his eyelids, and disheveling his stage wig—presented some such type, when he staggers in from the murder of the king, as Mr. Tom Forster ought to have filled in Mrs. Spiller's eyes.

Meanwhile, the dreamy philosopher was laying down a little plan of proceedings for the day's work, all of which he carefully carried out, and heard no more of Mrs. Spiller's chatter than he did of the cry of

milk and the rattle of the early carts in Queen Anne-street. As Mrs. Spiller was too officious in laying the breakfast, and put down the mutton chop with a dash—Mr. Forster always ate a hearty breakfast, and did not dawdle with his tea—her master rose with great politeness, and, opening the door, motioned her out, saying—

“Convey my compliments to Mr. Wade, and ask him how his mother slept last night.”

Mrs. Wade was just the same, neither better nor worse, said Mrs. Spiller—who knew all about it; and who, as is the case with cruel and selfish people, hardly believed in an illness which was so quiet, so uniform, and yet so dangerous. She also resented the interest that Mr. Forster took in the family upstairs, as opposed to her own.

“That will do, then—I shall not require you, and I shall not dine at home, Mrs. Spiller;” and, with a hand held up to forbid further parley, he closed the door.

In pursuance of his plan, after breakfast, Old Daylight, taking one of the letters he had obtained from Edgar, proceeded to a gentleman who dealt in manuscripts and autographs in Bond-street, and purchased, for a few shillings, one or two franks of the present Earl of Chesterton when he was Lord Wimpole and a member for Bedford. The old man started as he compared the MSS. There was no mistake. Edgar Wade was quite right.

From New Bond-street—then a very fashionable lounge, and ornamented with other Hessian boots than those of Old Forster—he struck across Covent-garden, newly built, and the wonder of the London world, as it is *now*, but from another cause. They wondered that it was so large and fine: we that it is so mean, dirty, shabby, and ill-appointed. But Old Daylight snuffed the fresh air, and saw the fruit and flowers with delight; and wondered that, in a world so beautiful, such a being as he, with such a business as he had, could be needed.

In the centre avenue, Mr. Forster, who intended to have reached Catherine-street, Strand—then, as now, known for its newspaper offices, but boasting (?) of a most objectionable private theatre—was stopped by the very person of whom he was in search—Mr. Rolt, the editor of the far-famed *Argus* newspaper.

“Ah, ha! Mr. Forster,” said that worthy

—who had long ago, of course, recovered from his black eye—“ah, ha! and so we meet you here, on your way to Bow-street! Now, I suppose,” said Mr. Rolt, putting his thumbs in his white waistcoat armholes, and striking an attitude—for Mr. Rolt was well known about his own quarter—“that you presume that I am about *my* business, picking up character? There’s plenty of it lost here! Ha! ha!”

“I suppose so,” returned Mr. Forster, dreamily; for although Rolt was the man he wanted, he was somewhat caught up—as one is when he reaches the top of a staircase, and makes a false step under the idea that there is yet another stair.

“You suppose so—you sly dog, you!” said Mr. Rolt, in a bantering way, and thinking over a paragraph. “Now you know that, if I have my business, you have yours. What is that that Hamlet says about business? You are a Shakspearean, Mr. Forster, a Shakspearean. The passage runs thus:—

—“You, as your business and desire shall point you—

For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is;—

spouted the literary man;

—And, for my own poor part,
Look you, I will go pray,”

continued Forster, with much better emphasis than Mr. Rolt, who mouthed too much, after the fashion of those days.

“Pray!—no, no, you won’t,” said Mr. Rolt, falling into Old Daylight’s trap. “Pray!—a deal of prayers you say!” continued the editor, with the flattering suggestion—and he intended it to be complimentary—that his friend never said a prayer in his life. “Now, look you, Mr. Forster, I will spend a half-hour with you,” looking at his watch. “Half-past ten. Yes, exactly at eleven I have an appointment with young Lord Sparerib and Dr. Portly about—but there, you know, I’m sure.”

Old Daylight did not know, but he looked as if he did, which was just as good, since the appointment did not exist; only Mr. Rolt knew that, to make his company gracious, he had better assume that his time was precious. As there was nothing better that Forster desired at that moment than half an hour’s interview with the editor, the two, upon Forster’s proposition, marched off to the then flourishing Hummums; and,

sitting down, called for some German waters and a pint of Champagne, as a modest morning repast.

"You will be, of course, engaged in this curious affair out of town a little way? Really, Mr. Forster, if it were not for men of your peculiar calibre, the public would not be protected. Mr. Peel's bill was needed. Conservative as I am, I must confess that the government of the town needed looking to. Will these brooms, being new, have the usual effect of new brooms?"

"Well, they have made a clean sweep of the old officers," said Forster, with a reference to Brownjohn, "except one or two in the City and at Bow-street. I dare say they will do very well."

Mr. Rolt here took the tall stone bottle of German water from the waiter, and gave him the Champagne to open, and to pour in equal divisions into two tall glasses.

"Let us see," said he; "Lord Byron, in his last poem, says, 'hock and soda water' is the thing. Well, it might have been so for him. His lordship was a poet. I am a plain prose man. He loved gin. I take very kindly to brandy. No, give me Seltzer and Champagne. Your health, sir."

Mr. Rolt's draught was palatable, and he put himself more easily in his chair, as a *censor morum* and *arbiter elegantiarum* rolled into one.

"A common, vulgar crime—for love, jealousy, or money—this is, I suppose, Mr. Forster?"

"All crime is vulgar," returned the philosopher. "It is the worst possible way to get at a thing, and nobody but a fool takes it."

"Egad, there are a great many fools, then," said Rolt, gaily.

He then opened his budget of wants, which Daylight knew he well would. Vulgar as the crime was, he thought that a good sensational leader upon it would serve the *Argus*; and he determined to pump Mr. Forster as far as he could. But the well was exceedingly dry, or the sucker did not act; for it was astonishing, without downright lying, how far afield Mr. Forster led the editor of the *Argus*. He had a purpose to serve, too; and, after he had told or hinted at as much as he chose, he ceased from oracularly answering, and became a questioner.

"Your paper must have a large circulation, Mr. Rolt?" said he.

"Immense," said the editor, with great emphasis on the last syllable.

"Goes into a great many families of the nobility?"

"The tip-top, my dear sir, the very tip-top. Why, it was only the other day that the Duke of Cadcaster—you know him by reputation, quite a young man and a charming fellow; used to be the Marquis of Oldborough, courtesy title—well, his grace said to me, 'Rolt, dash my wig, I do wonder how *you* fellows know all about *us* fellows.' 'My lord,' said I, with a smile, 'I'm not going to permit even your grace to peep behind the scenes. The British press is the palladium of British liberty.' 'She ought to be something,' said his grace; 'she takes a confounded lot of liberties.' 'Perhaps so, my lord,' said I; 'but I cannot lift the skirt of her sacred robe. How we obtain news we *only* know. There are modes, my lord.' 'Yes,' cried his lordship, 'modes and robes too.' He alluded to a little *esclandre* upon which the *Argus* had cast one of its many eyes, in which a very celebrated milliner was engaged. Smart, Mr. Forster, smart—devilish smart. One would hardly expect such intellect in the aristocracy."

As Mr. Tom Forster did not seem to relish the joke with that high *gout* that our friend Rolt seemed to find in it, Mr. Rolt went on.

"Know 'em! Oh, yes. The tip-top. I come under their hands pretty often."

This, as we know, was true in one sense in which Mr. Rolt did not wish it to be taken. He had come under Lord Wimpole's hand, and pretty heavy he found it. Old Forster's next question, therefore, puzzled him.

"Do you know the Earl of Chesterton at all, or his family? I allude more particularly to his son."

Rolt buried his good-looking, frank face in the glass.

"I cannot say I do—*much*. I have never been to Chesterton House. The Earl is an old swell, and does not like the press. As to the son, I have exchanged words with him. I don't like him," said the ingenious and ingenuous editor, coming very near the truth. "When we exchanged words, they very nearly came to blows."

"What, is he so irascible, then?" asked Forster, making a mental note. "I heard that he was a fine young man at Oxford—one of the athletes, but as mild as a lamb."

"A very savage lamb, then," said the editor, who had not forgiven Lord Wimpole's striking appeal. "Why, he is a pupil of Jackson's—a regular bruiser—a patron of the ring—a lover of the noble art. He is up to all that sort of thing—quite a sporting nobleman.

'A dunce at Horace, but a dab at law.'

You know what the poet says, Mr. Forster. Of course, such a man as that does not care about literary men. Let arms yield to the gown, say I. I won't give you the original; although, egad, it's quite the thing to quote Latin to the House—quite the tip-top thing, I assure you; but it must be a very familiar line, one that has done duty before, to please our legislators. You see, they recognise an old friend," said Rolt, with a grin.

"Just so," said Forster, quietly, sticking to his point. "And so this young man is an athletic fellow, is he? What sort of man is he?"

"Oh, to do him justice, the dog's well built enough. About as tall as I am—well made about the hips, too. Can ride well cross country, I should think. A light-footed, nimble, quick fellow, from what I've seen." He might have added, "and felt," but he stopped. "You seem rather particular; getting up a case, Mr. Forster? You don't do the debt business—nothing in the way of the Fleet?"

Here he tapped Forster on the shoulder, as a bailiff might have done, and with his gloved right hand tossed over his other shoulder, pointed with his extended thumb towards Fleet-street.

"Making inquiries for a friend in that way," grunted Old Forster. "Has he expensive habits? Any vices? *Does he fence?*"

"Habits! Vices! Egad, I should like to know the man without 'em. Yes, plenty, I suppose—of a sort—of a gentlemanly sort, of course. But why do you put fencing among them?" Here the editor, opening his chest, threw himself into an attitude, and made a pass with his walking-stick. "If fencing is a vice, then poor Tom Lilburn Rolt is a monster. Ha! your tierce, carte—upper and lower—that's your game, Mr. Forster!" And the literary gentleman, in his ecstasies, nearly knocked down one of the tall glasses. "Fence," he continued, coming up red in the face. "Well, yes, I

suppose he *does*. Indeed, I know he does. I met Captain Chouser, who keeps a room down in the Haymarket thereaway, and is a celebrated master. Poor Chouser! He fought at Waterloo, married an heiress, spent all his and her money on fine company, sold out of the Dragoons—best fencer in Europe. Yes, I recollect he told me, when he thanked me for a brilliant little paragraph, that Wimpole was one of the best hands he had ever crossed foils with. Quick, devilish quick—like a flash of lightning—and with an iron wrist."

Mr. Tom Forster hereupon rose, looked at his never-failing watch, and found that the half-hour had long passed. Then, to do the gentlemanly thing, he offered Mr. Rolt a repetition of his morning draught, which was declined on the most friendly terms; and the editor insisting upon paying, he did no more than button up his spencer, and declare that he must be off.

"I shall keep my eye on you," said the editor. "Sly dog—very sly dog. I do believe that you've got more out of me than I have out of you; but I've taken notes, mental notes—begad I have; and you will find your name mentioned, Mr. Forster, without any disparagement, in our next issue of the *Argus*."

Here, having reached the door of the Hummums, the Editor made a very polite bow; and, swinging his tasselled cane, departed round the corner of Tavistock-court, bowing in a grand and condescending way to an old bootmaker, who exhibited at the corner shop some capital Wellingtons and Hessians, of a perfectly Bond-street shape.

"Humph!" said Old Forster, looking after him with interest. "He is a clever fellow, and does his work well; but he will have to spin a long story to make anything from what I have said. But they *are* clever fellows. I wonder that more of them don't take to my profession. It's more useful, and quite as respectable. But wait awhile."

Feigning to return for something, the old gentleman re-entered the hotel; and, sitting down in the coffee-room, made notes of that which he had gathered from Mr. Rolt. Then issuing from Covent-garden, he went forward at a double quick rate across Soho-square into Oxford-street, and made for Marylebone-lane.

Mr. Boom was the sitting magistrate; but in the private room, tapping the oilcloth with his impatient feet, and clapping his

hands as he thought of his lost love, Mr. George Horton was found.

"Well," he said, as Mr. Forster entered, "have you any news of this culprit, or culprits?"

"I have. I am on the track. A word and a deed from you, and then I have the murderer of Madame Martin," said Old Daylight, trembling.

"And," cried the magistrate, rising and leaning forward, as one who was hunting some noxious animal, "who is this wretch?"

"We touch high game here," said Forster. "'Tis no one less than Lord Wimpole!"

The magistrate fell suddenly in his chair, and clasped his hands tightly, as in prayer. Had his rival fallen so suddenly, and so far? Had she whom he loved escaped this terrible, this deadly fate, of being united to a murderer? As he thought, this love again sprang up, and urged him forward.

"Look here, Mr. Forster," cried he, with an angry energy. "Look here! Be sure you make no mistake! This is a matter of life and death! Great heavens!—can it be true?"

CHAPTER XIV.

MR. HORTON SIGNS THE WARRANT.

THE magistrate had covered his face with his thin, white hands, and was saying a mental prayer for guidance and help at this terrible juncture, while Old Daylight wiped his forehead with his red bandanna, took his spectacles from his brow and rubbed the glasses, and systematically got together his notes. He could not understand Mr. Horton's sudden emotion. His view of a magistrate was that, as a rule, he was an impartial, solid, stony-hearted lawyer, with as much blood and feeling in him as a *lignum vite* bowl which lies baking in the sun, or wet with the dew on the grass plot.

Moreover, this *lignum vite* bowl was to be utterly without bias—except a little just in favour of the prisoner, so as to give him the benefit of the doubt. Such was English justice!

But, in contradistinction to the theory, here was the fact. Old Daylight himself was interested as much as his kind, good old heart could be in favour of anything that could advance Edgar Wade's interests. He had built up his theory, and did not wish to see *that* demolished. And, on the other hand, Mr. Horton was biased in a way which he could not prevent against the

accused; and, although he strove against himself in every way, he could not help a predisposition to believe his rival guilty. He was a just man; but he could *not* be impartial.

The brave fellow took the next best step to being so. Finding that his prejudice set one way, he determined that his voice should set the other. Recovering himself, therefore, he looked with sadly fixed eyes, and somewhat sternly, upon the inductive philosopher, and said—

"I need not caution you, Mr. Forster. Your experience is greater than mine; but it is my duty to recall to you the enormity of the charge, and"—this he said more painfully—"against whom it is preferred."

"What does that matter, sir?" asked Old Daylight. "Crime and death are two great levellers. They enter every man's house: the cottage of the mere hind, or the palace of the emperor."

The magistrate, who had been so sorely tempted himself, looked up at the old man and wondered at him.

"I hope," he said, faintly—"I hope there are some amongst us free from so general a charge."

"Not one," said Daylight. "Every man, woman, or child is a possible criminal. In the cradle in the East, near to the happy Paradise their parents had lost, nestling on soft skins and playing with flowers, lay once two children—Cain and Abel. Who then could forecast the future, and foretell the murderer from the martyr?"

"Too true, too true," said Horton, too much occupied with his own thoughts to notice the elevated thought and language of Tom Forster—Mr. Forster, it will be remembered, was a reader of Milton and of good English literature. "But pray think what you are doing. Lord Wimpole is a member of one of the first families of England. Think of the pain!"

"Sir!" cried the old detective, "think of your grandmother. First families of England!—what of that, whether the criminals be first or worst! If the poor beetle that you tread upon feels a pang as great as when a giant dies—beg pardon, Shakspeare again, sir!—do you think, as a magistrate and a man, that a poor and virtuous family feels the stain of crime less than my lord duke, or, for the matter of that, my Lord Mayor?"

The possibility of my Lord Mayor being brought up in custody of his own City Mar-

shal to be tried before his own Recorder was so refreshing, that Forster came up smiling to the top of the argument, and said, with great joviality, "After that I think I will proceed with the proofs, sir."

"You are quite right, quite right, Mr. Forster," said George Horton, dreamily.

He saw he could do nothing else than listen to what Mr. Forster said. But during the greater part of this exordium the magistrate was dreaming of the fair young face and innocent eyes of Winnifred Vaughan—eyes too soon to be blinded with tears.

"Now," said Old Forster, taking out his note-book, and blowing his nose with his red bandanna, "I shall want of you, sir, a search-warrant, two officers, and a warrant to arrest the person of dash and blank Chesterton, Esq.—we can find out his Christian names from the peerage—commonly called Lord Wimpole. I think they ought to abolish those sort of titles, don't you, sir?"

"We will not talk politics at present, Mr. Forster. Will you just run over your proofs, for this is a very important proceeding? If we make a mistake, it is as much as my place is worth."

He said this coolly; but all the while he felt that Mr. Forster was in the right.

"Well, then," returned Old Daylight, testily, for all things were so clear to him that he was in a hurry to arrive at his end—"well, then, I will give them you. I fancy, though, that the ancients were not such fools after all. They painted Justice blind. So she *is* blind; because she shuts her eyes upon plain proof, and will not see the criminal."

"Very possibly that is the case; but remember the maxim, 'better that ten guilty men should escape than that one innocent man should suffer.'"

"That's one of the stupid maxims I mean to demolish some day. But there, bless us, we shall never get on with this business. Now, sir, please attend. I proved pretty well to you, at Acacia Villa, that the murder was *not* perpetrated for money—that it was done for the possession or destruction of papers, one of which papers, being in ashes, yet revealed the words '*my lord*.' That is *point one*; and a very strong point, too, is it not? *Point two*," continued Forster, pointing with a blunt finger to his note-book: "The murderer, I demonstrated, was young, very active—a man, of course—knew something

about fencing and boxing, smoked cigars, and wore a moustache. All these points tally with the person I have named. He is a fencer, also a boxer, is very light and active, a pupil of Jackson the pugilist and Captain Chouser the fencing master."

"You have ascertained all that, and upon good authority?"

"Upon the best, sir. Are not these two strong points?"

"Very," said the magistrate, coldly; "but they might be true of twenty young men of fashion, as well as of the one whom you wish to arrest."

"The man who did this deed wore fashionable boots. *Point three*: Here is a tracing."

Mr. Forster took out a piece of silver paper, technically termed flimsy, of a left foot boot, from Mr. Hoby's, the bootmaker to his lordship.

"Here is the measure of the footmarks upon the little garden of Acacia Villa. They tally to the sixteenth part of an inch. What do you say to that?"

"Other men may have the same boot-maker, and he may employ the same last," said the inflexible magistrate. "All these proofs are fallible in the highest degree. The whole amount of them is but circumstantial evidence."

"The best of evidence," retorted the old gentleman, stoutly. "I tried Latin once. Let me see—*circum*, around; and *stare*, to stand—eh? *circumstans*, standing around. Well, if you will *not* be convinced, I will put my circumstances so thickly that he will never be able to jump over them. *Point four*: On the very day before the murder, my lodger, Mr. Edgar Wade, sought an interview with Lord Wimpole, and brought him these letters—at least, these amongst others. They are from Lord Chesterton himself to one who called herself Mrs. Wade, and my young friend's mother. Now, as it happens, Lord Chesterton is the father both of Edgar Wade and Lord Wimpole. Moreover, the murdered woman was the nurse of the former, and a sole guardian of a secret of the highest importance *to him*—to my dear, good, noble boy—I beg pardon, to Mr. Wade—and this perishes with her."

"Great Heaven! what do you say? I am confused. I know not what to say. What—where—how have you learned all this?"

"That, Mr. Horton, you will excuse me for saying, is *my* business. I have been at work—my process has *not* failed. Now to *point five*. Five points, each referring to and resting on each other; and, altogether, making the strongest chain of evidence I ever met with. The young gentleman—I pray you mark me"—Mr. Tom Forster had studied Shakspeare and the Elizabethan writers so thoroughly that his language, when earnest, had a dramatic turn and grace—"I pray you mark me," he repeated—for the magistrate had closed his eyes, and, with his hands grasping the arms of his chair, sat gazing, as it were, inwardly, just as some religionists do when they engage in mental prayer. "The young gentleman"—as this was the point to be marked, Mr. Tom Forster spoke very slowly—"the young gentleman was not at Chesterton House during the time when we presume this desperate deed took place; nor do his servants know where he was."

"Gracious Heaven! sir," said Mr. Horton, rising; "the young gentleman might have been anywhere—with his friends, in the country. Why should his servants know of his whereabouts? Why, if we were to spy and pry into your actions or mine, how should we stand the ordeal?"

"Very well, sir, I hope," returned Forster, with dignity. "I do not spy nor pry into men's actions. But this I do: I follow a noble profession, which tracks out the murderer and strikes down the villain. If a soldier is to be bestarred and called a hero, why may not one who holds his life at the mercy of every rascal who carries a pistol and every footpad who can wield a bludgeon?"

Had Old Daylight known the struggle going on in Mr. Horton's mind, he would have spared him any reproof. As it was, he was sorry for his burst of dignity. Self-assertion is, after all, a poor thing, and Mr. Tom Forster, as he looked at the magistrate, who trembled and turned pale between many emotions, was sorry he had spoken. Horton himself saw no escape for the unhappy young man, and hesitated to put upon his track the bloodhounds of the law. In his wish not to be biased against him, he turned the weight of the bowl the other way.

Forster was the first to speak.

"You do not see things as I do, sir. You are quite right. A judicial mind should

be slow to believe in the guilt of any one; but I have yet one point more to which I think you must yield."

"Pray pardon my hesitation, Mr. Forster," said the magistrate, courteously. "I do not know, however, that it is a fault in an English magistrate to be on the side of mercy, and on that of the accused. Crime is so subtle, so insinuating—it has so many causes, so many beginnings, and but one end; and law, so slow with all else, is so swift and deadly certain with crime of this kind, that we may well pause. But my duty is to listen to you. My colleague, with the Secretary of State as well, desires me to take this case under my own care, and I wish to be very cautious in all I do."

"But those five points taken together are very strong, sir."

"Yes; but there is at present no motive, Mr. Forster. If the woman Martin held certain secrets which were known to Lord Wimpole, why was she not disposed of—since that was the cruel end in view—a long time since? Why not despatched or got rid of in France or in Italy? Why reserved to be murdered in a little English village so close to London that the whole place must ring of it; and, reaching to this huge town vulgar people call the metropolis, the story makes the whole country debate it as a nine days' wonder?"

"Crime," said the amateur thief-taker, "is not very wise. It fancies it is, but it is not. It puts its head in a hole and thinks no one sees it. A criminal has always his foolish side in the midst of his double cunning. I'm blessed"—here Old Daylight permitted himself to use one of his colloquialisms—"I'm blessed if I don't think that a criminal is a fool on all sides."

"He is, he is," returned Mr. Horton, thinking what a fool he had been, "unless he resists the temptation."

"Then he is a hero. By the way, amidst the many books you've read, sir, did you ever come across an old play—Ben Jonson's, I think—'The Devil is an Ass'? A good name, is it not?"

Mr. Horton assented.

"And his servants," continued Old Daylight, with great sententiousness, "are double refined, super-essential and extra-distilled asses. Here's a mess this young fool has got the noble family of Chesterton into! Who will get it out, except the *rightful heir*? Now, sir, please listen. You ask why this

murder was done at this particular time—at half-past nine on Michaelmas Day—that was the time, sir? Why, because the day before, the 28th of September last, Lord Wimpole had a very serious discovery made to him, of which I will tell you.”

Here Daylight sat down, and gave Mr. Horton the leading particulars of Edgar Wade's story.

The magistrate had no longer any doubt. Piece by piece, following out the simile of the puzzle map, the inductive philosopher fitted together the evidence. Where time was wanted, time was had. Where motive seemed to be weak, Mr. Forster's links in the chain of evidence made it stronger. Proof after proof was accumulated; and, at last, Daylight grew radiant and triumphant, like one who, for a long and close run, at fault almost at every field, at last sees the fox in a sixty-acre lot, and comes upon him with a full burst and a knowledge that he cannot escape.

“Upon my word,” said Mr. Horton, looking up with admiration, “you are a wonderful man! I quite beg pardon for and retract any slur I laid upon your work. It is as interesting as a chancery suit.”

“And a great deal more ennobling,” said Old Daylight. “And, though I say it, it requires *nous*, sir—plenty of *nous*. But then, in this case—which is a very pretty one—I am very much indebted to chance. It will not do to let the public think that; but so it is, you know. Any laying bare the secrets of justice is hurtful to justice. That should move on silently, surely, and quickly.”

“Indeed it should,” said Horton, musing over what he had heard.

“Any weakness or misprision of justice is equally bad. It is better to be perfectly blind to a crime than to try a man for an apparent villainy—of which the public sees at once, with its quick perception, that he is guilty—and to fail to bring it home. That, sir, hurts English justice! The dullness of the judges and jury, and the extra sharpness of the opposing counsel, harm it also. Once make punishment a toss up; and then, sir, you not only damage law and justice, but even Heaven itself. Now, sir, so far as I am concerned, you see how ready I am.”

And surely enough, before the wondering eyes of Mr. Horton, Old Daylight drew a chair to the table, and, producing a blank

form, opened the blotting book, dipped a new and official goose-quill in ink, and proceeded to fill it up. Here is the form:—

Metropolitan
Police District,
to wit.



“To all and every the Constables of the Metropolitan Police Force.

“Whereas _____ of _____ hath this day been charged on oath before one of the undersigned, one of the Magistrates of the Police Courts of the Metropolis, sitting at the _____”

“Mary-le-bone, St. Mary the Good!” said Old Daylight, reflectively, as he filled up that part of the form. “Curious to join the name to a police court!”

“_____ in the County of _____ and within the Metropolitan Police District. For that h the said _____”

“Ah, it's a *he* this time, and yet a *she* is at the bottom of it. One sex is as bad as the other. There's no one of two there. We won't quarrel for the pre-eminence in vice as we do for that of virtue,” sneered the old cynic. Then he went on with his writing, filling in the crime or indictable offence, going over every word of the printed matter, possibly with an idea of discovering any error made by the King's printers.

—“THESE ARE THEREFORE TO COMMAND you, and every one of you, the Constables of the Metropolitan Police Force, in his Majesty's name, forthwith to apprehend the said _____”

“What an aristocratic name he has got,” said Old Daylight. “Why it looks as well in a police warrant as a jewel on a dunghill”

—“And to bring him before Me, at the Police Court aforesaid, or before such other Magistrate of the said Police Court as may be there, to answer the same charge, and to be further dealt with according to law.”

“Further dealt with!” sighed Mr. Horton, as he prepared to sign the warrant.

“‘Given,’” said Old Forster—still reading as Mr. Horton wrote—“‘under my hand and seal, this _____ day of October, in the year of Our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Twenty-nine, at the Police

Court aforesaid'—*and may the Lord have mercy on his soul!*"

These words, pronounced very solemnly, were not in the warrant; but Old Forster had, by a jump, anticipated the concluding words of the judge to the criminal at the bar.

Mr. George Horton turned pale as he heard them.

SOCIAL GRIEVANCES.—No. IV.

OUT-DOOR AMUSEMENTS.

"PLEASE, Mr. Gadabout," said dear little Lady Hooper to me the other afternoon, as she placed her ravishing little foot on the ball, preparatory to croquer-ing me—I really don't know how to spell that verb—"please revenge yourself and me on our hostess for asking us to this dreary entertainment. There you go!"—and she sent me spinning into the midst of a shady clump of trees. Was it on purpose? Be still, my heart!—"and I'll follow you directly."

The thermometer was something near 100° in the shade, yet I was forced to wear the costume of Rotten-row, as the Countess of Rova is very particular, and ours is the most aristocratic county in England. So instead of nice cooling costumes, I felt as if I had a red hot chimney-pot on my head, and as if I were encased in armour. However, I was grateful to her little ladyship for relegating me to the pleasant shade; and having carefully buried my ball, so as to ensure my being cut out of the game when it was my turn next to play, I sat down on the grass and awaited my fair friend. And here Mrs. Gadabout desires me to state most emphatically that it is entirely with her concurrence and approval that I carry on a Platonic flirtation during the summer with that lady. How could I tolerate these amusements unless I met at them an object of interest? Therefore, I permit myself, as long as the roses last, what I call a "summer love"—or "muffin," as they call her in Canada—who is at once my comfort and my consolation in the arduous business of "society."

"Well, really, Mr. Gadabout, don't you like croquet?" said the enchanting little coquette.

"Enormously—under certain circumstances."

"And those are?"

"When I have lost my ball, can't play, and have a pleasant companion to talk to."

"But how have you lost your ball?"

"I have not lost it in the sense of not knowing where to find it. You hit the poor thing so hard that it had an attack of *lignum vite's* dance, of which it died, and I buried it with all the honours. There's its grave. Shall I put a tombstone over it? And you shall write the epitaph."

"Cynic. You must be an expensive guest, if you always do the same."

"Always, on principle. People won't take a hint from the pleasurable emotions depicted on my countenance when asked to play; and I can't well refuse sometimes. However, shortly after the game begins, off goes my ball, and its obsequies are immediately performed. I mark the spot as thus, and tell a servant when I am going away to get it. The servant, I should imagine, is rather astonished at the eccentricity of a croquet player who buries his ball, and mentions it to the butler, who mentions it to the housekeeper, who mentions it to the ladies' maid, who tells the girls, who tell their mamma, 'Only think of that odious Mr. Gadabout!' I should think that after this has happened two or three times—Yes; I have confidence in the future!"

"But confess it is a means of bringing people together."

"So was a public execution, formerly; but it was no less reprehensible of the crowd to go there."

"But if there is nothing else to do?"

"Do it, as I am doing now. And I know you hate it as much as I do. Shall I define it for you?"

"By all means."

"Madam, croquet is the homage that curates pay to the vanities of this world."

"Ha! ha! But why shouldn't they, poor dears? Surely, it is very innocent for them."

"Yes; look at their dear little innocences yonder: one, two, three—eight of them, as I live!—looking like as many crows in the midst of a flock of lambs. Each has got the prettiest girl as his partner. Lucky dog! Talk of the Pope! The curate alone is infallible and invincible."

"Well, sir, as you appear to be so jealous and envious of them, you had better go and try and cut them out!"

"Not I, madam. They have, no doubt, attained the summit of their earthly happi-

ness. But they will tell you that there is a superior height to that which they have reached: a place which they would eagerly contend for; a place I possess at present; a place—

"Where, in the name of goodness?"

"By your side, madam."

"Oh, dear! here's Lady Rova coming for us. I shall have to go back."

"No, don't. Have a headache—the heat's a capital excuse."

"Why, Gorham, and Lady Hooper, are you not playing?"

"The fact is, my dear Lady Rova, I've lost my ball; and Lady Hooper has kindly helped me to look for it—a search which has hitherto, I regret to say, proved fruitless."

"I believe that is a common occurrence with you, Gorham. You are very unfortunate."

"No one can be called unfortunate, dear lady—except, perhaps, my partner—who has the privilege of attending these charming parties of yours. Lady Hooper is going to rest a little in the shade, and I—"

"And you are going to smoke, I suppose, and ask me to send you out a claret cup?"

"Precisely, my dear cousin; you couldn't be more charming."

(She *is* my cousin, beloved Mrs. Postiche. You don't suppose I should be so familiar with a countess if she wasn't, do you?)

"Well, that's all right; and we've got the claret cup in addition. How I hate that eternal clack of the balls, and the perpetual squabbling and general ignorance of the laws of the game! And no wonder, as there appear to be two or three new ones every week. How can the young people flirt properly in the midst of such a crowd?"

"Quite right they shouldn't—it is a very bad thing for girls."

"Very likely. What is the proper age to begin? Thirty? I only ask for information. Look at Jack Porpus over there. I should have thought he never would have been allowed to play again. The other day, at old Sir John Scramble's—pity you weren't there, it was such fun!—Aunt Sallys, knock'emdowns, gipsies, and illuminated platform to dance on, just like Cremorne—he and Miss Syre played croquet together—no one else would play—for six hours and a half without stopping; and I believe they went on afterwards by moonlight. Well, every-

body thought it was a case. It is so seldom one has an opportunity before marriage of passing six hours and a half alone with one's intended, that no one would have been surprised. Well, they parted with a promise to meet the next day, and Jack would row her up the river. Wasn't it nice? The next morning Miss Syre received a letter of apology from Jack for not taking her out, saying that his 'mamma'—Jack is at least two and thirty—didn't like him to make himself particular in his attentions to anybody. Every one is dying with laughter, and Miss Syre is going away for change of air. Moral: don't play croquet for six hours and a half with any one."

"I don't believe a word of it, Mr. Gadabout. I believe you invented it. Just the sort of story an impertinent, disagreeable, sarcastic person would. It's a great shame, talking of girls in that way. I suppose they'll be talking of me next."

"You! Of course—they *are* already."

"They are! And pray what are they saying about me?"

"They say you are in love."

"Mr. Gadabout! Sir! Shall I refer you to my husband?"

"If you like. But everybody says so."

"Everybody! And who is everybody, pray? And with whom does everybody say I am in love?"

"Ah!"

"Mr. Gadabout, I insist upon your telling me. It is a gross calumny. And I'll never speak to you again."

"You insist?"

"Most certainly."

"Well, then, people say you are in love—"

"Yes! with—?"

"With yourself!"

"Indeed! And suppose I had heard that you yourself were a great flirt; that you, a father of a family, were really and truly in love with some one who is not your wife, what would you say, I should like to know?"

"I should admit it was true."

"You admit that you are in love?"

"Certainly I do."

"And with whom, pray, in the name of all that's ridiculous?"

"You'll promise not to tell?"

"Never!"

"With the same person that you are yourself!"

Under these circumstances croquet is tolerable; and it is the only way in which I

play the game. Gentlemen of mature years who affect this pastime, and call it scientific, should stand before a looking-glass an hour a day per week with a mallet in their hand, practising the various postures. They would soon feel ashamed of themselves, and leave the game to be played by boys and girls—and curates.

Although I do not accept the unknown for the magnificent, the pleasures of archery may be, and no doubt are, exquisite, especially in the present heat. I was much astonished at seeing a young archer arming himself for the fray, only the other day. He was endeavouring to insert lumps of ice between the folds of his "puggeree," and smaller pieces he put into his wideawake, to keep his head cool. It struck me that the proceeding did not manifest a very high order of intellect; as he must have supposed, I presume, that the ice would remain there all day. He showed some sense, however, in having a white linen suit of dittos; but he was evidently alarmed at the sensation they were likely to create, and was much afraid of his appearance being thought singular. I never shot off an arrow in my life but once, at the particular request of the young ladies of the house in which I was stopping, and unfortunately, instead of hitting the target, I killed—quite by accident, of course—their favourite peacock, who was strutting about within range, and in the line of fire. Its shrieks were awful, and collected together the guests from within the house. There was a look of gratitude on old Lady Wydeawake's face as she ascertained the cause of the hubbub. But the lady of the house was not at all pleased, and I thought it better to leave next day.

Thus, I have never taken to the sport since, though I have attended several meetings. But it appears to me to be conducive to a development of muscle in the female arm, undesirable if it were ever to be raised against its lord and master, and—but I am nothing if ungallant, so will not pursue my inferences any further, which, for the rest, may be drawn from the falsest premises.

Picnics may be, and often are, very tolerable. It is unfortunate that nature so often interferes with their enjoyment. But the wicked fairies, in the shape of wasps, invariably intrude themselves as unbidden guests; and it is not agreeable to see the amorous adder in close proximity to the

slender ankle of the beloved "muffin." The expression of countenance induced by an incautious seat on a bed of thistles is not calculated to raise you in *her* estimation, who may possibly think you are akin to the animal who feeds principally on those vegetables. And as for blackberries, they ought to be cleared for miles round the place where the picnic is held; for the present writer once saw Captain Valentine and Miss Forener return from a two hours' stroll after dinner, when each of the latter's fair cheeks was adorned with a purple spot, which for some time created alarm in the breasts of her anxious relatives. She wiped it off with great presence of mind, and said it was the dye off her gloves. As I caught the last rays of the setting sun shining on a side view of Val's moustache, I told him that I was not aware that the blackberries were ripe yet. And the gallant warrior blushed—at least, as much as gallant warriors can.

The worst of a picnic is, that when your years are trembling on the verge of their eighth *lustrum*—as some ill-natured people say mine are—you are apt to be told off to one of the disagreeable, or ancient, women of the party. I will call them, in contradistinction to the adorable muffin, "crumpets"—the term is copyright, and they will be treated of fully in their turn. Once in their clutches, your fate is as certain as it would be in the embrace of the sea monster described by Victor Hugo. I was once staying in the house of a friend who, the first night of my arrival, uncorked after dinner a bottle of very fine claret.

"By Jove!" I said, "what magnificent wine!"

"Yes," replied my friend—eyeing, with affection, its deep colour, and savouring with gusto its exquisite bouquet—"so it is; but it is on the turn, and must be drunk at once. In two years more it will be unfit to drink."

And so it is with some of us. The glory of youth is departed; three gray hairs can be detected in our beards; a crow's foot or two creep out about our eyes. We are on the turn, it is true; but we are mellowed with years, and ripened in experience. The roughness of early youth has disappeared; and here we are—for a few years more, I hope—capable of administering to the pleasure and enjoyment of those who honour us with their confidence. Pooh! pooh! I

swallow crumpets! I'll see thee — Besides, was it not always being dinned into our ears when we were "men" at the University: "Oh, my dear fellows, a girl of your age is ten years older than you are in knowledge of the world, &c.?" Amen! I accept that statement. So that, supposing I am forty, and am told off to walk off with Miss Nodonto, who is fifty-five if she is a day, I am expected to make myself agreeable to an old woman who is, in knowledge of the world, experience, &c., five and twenty years my senior. I warn any host or hostess intending to invite me to a similar entertainment, that, if they saddle such a companion upon me for an afternoon, she will never return alive from the ruin, or the dungeon, or the wood, or the cliff to which I shall immediately entice her.

As I have received many flattering acknowledgments of my efforts in the cause of agreeable society, perhaps I may be permitted to relate here—if I can remember it—a story I heard in my beloved—and now, alas! unfortunate—Paris some years ago, when I was better known on the Boulevard des Italiens than I subsequently became in St. James's-street. It will illustrate the danger of incompetent and stingy people attempting to foist an inferior entertainment on those who know what they are about.

Some years back, M. Lun, a rich bachelor, met his friend, M. Chose, Deputy of Epinal, in the garden of the Palais Royal.

"Parbleu!" says M. Lun, "I have long desired to give you a dinner in return for the hospitable manner in which you have always treated me at your country house. Come. I will give you a dinner at Halevant's."

"Who the deuce is Halevant?" says M. Chose, with a very solemn feature, and a serious tone of voice.

"Oh! it's a capital place. Come, and you'll see."

The two friends entered one of the restaurants on the first floor of the Palais Royal.

"Dear me," says M. Chose, on entering, "what a curious smell of rotten apples!"

"Pshaw! Nonsense. It is only on first coming out of the air. See what splendid rooms! Here is the *carte*. You have the right to choose three dishes, soup, a half-bottle, &c. Ah! here is the *garçon*. I know him well. Adolphe is a character in his way. What can we have, Adolphe?"

"First let me suggest to Monsieur two slices of turnip,—that is what I call melon here—then two Juliennes."

"Good. Go for the melon and the Juliennes."

"Then I would propose two slices of india-rubber with anchovy paste. As to the fish, I could tell you, as I tell everybody else, that there is turbot and sturgeon. But I know you, M. Lun—you are a respectable man, and I will not deceive you. Hush! It is nothing but dog-fish, which we serve for every kind. We will say, then, two dog-fish, with *sauce à la Hollandaise*. For vegetables, I can give you a grass poultice—in other words, spinach. And for dessert, a cheese of Brie that will do itself the honour of marching into the room unaided, dust biscuits, and a *compôte* of plums seasoned with ink. *Voilà!*"

"That *garçon* is an original, is he not?" says M. Lun, deeply engaged on the dishes Adolphe was bringing him.

"Very original, indeed," replies M. Chose, in a voice choked by emotion.

"You seem to be melancholy, my dear fellow."

"No, not melancholy—I was only lost in thought."

The two friends descended into the Palais Royal.

"Well," says M. Lun, patting his stomach with the air of a man who thinks he has dined well, "now you know, who Halevant is."

"Yes, certainly—I know him."

"He is a *restaurateur*, who in his line is not wanting in a certain *chic*."

"Listen!" says M. Chose, lowering his voice, like a man in anger. "You are a MISER-R-R-RABLE!"

"How?" says M. Lun, starting back.

"You are a miserable. I repeat it. You have made me dine for forty sous. Confess it."

"*Sapristi!* I never said I did not. I thought—I believed—"

"You would make me dine for forty sous! Me! the greatest *gourmet* of my department. Ah! if I were not afraid of abusing my physical strength! I did not choose to say anything. I wanted to see to what pitch your impudence would lead you. Heavens! what a dinner! And that Adolphe! What a brigand—what a pickpocket!"

"Ah, my dear sir, you go too far."

"At any rate, this shall not stop here."

It shall not be said you endeavoured to poison me with impunity. To-morrow you shall hear from me."

The next morning two friends of M. Chose called on M. Lun, and stated that their principal considered the dinner a personal insult to himself of the gravest character, and required satisfaction for the same. M. Lun, not being of a pugnacious nature, and seeing the serious turn matters had taken, hastened to assure them that he had had no intention of insulting M. Chose, and that he was ready to make the amplest apologies.

"Apologies will not do," said one of the seconds. "M. Chose is determined to fight, unless, indeed—"

"Unless what?" said the trembling M. Lun.

"Unless, by way of expiation, you offer us all a dinner at the *Trois Frères*, at forty francs a-head, wine not included."

M. Lun accepted the alternative, and from that time repudiated *Halevant*; and for a year dined for twenty-two sous to recoup himself for his misadventure.

IMELDA LAMBERTAZZI.

A LEAF FROM THE HISTORY OF BOLOGNA.

THE traveller who now visits the thriving city of Bologna, with its wide thoroughfares and rich colonnades, could scarcely picture to himself the Bologna of the thirteenth century. The patriotic, intelligent, and industrious inhabitants still cherish the recollection of that independence for which their ancestors struggled, and still cling to their old motto of "*Libertas*." But as we stand in that ancient city, in the fertile plain at the foot of the Apennines, we are reminded of the words of the great English historian of the middle ages, who tells us that, in the Italian republics, "a splendid temple may seem to have been erected to liberty; but, as we approach, the serpents of faction hiss around her altar, and the form of tyranny flits among the distant shadows behind the shrine."

It is only necessary for the purpose of this story to trace briefly the history of Bologna from the previous century to the period of which we write. Even before her municipal independence was acknowledged by the Emperor Henry V., in 1112, the city had, in common with others of North Italy, obtained privileges and franchises as an imperial town governed by its own municipal

laws; and the Counts of Bononia, as it was then called, administered justice together with the Missi of the Emperor. Upon Henry V. granting the charter of independence, the citizens, assembled in general comitia, appointed their consuls, judges, and other magistrates. The territory of Bologna, at first small, rapidly became extended, by the feudal nobles who surrounded it being admitted to the citizenship, or losing their domains in war against the townspeople. In the time of Frederick II. the city joined that Lombard league which had originated in the deliberation of the consuls of Verona, Vicenza, Padua, and Treviso, on a course of resistance to Frederick Barbarossa. Bologna then became foremost in the opposition to the power of the empire, and undertook to cause a triumph of the Guelphic league throughout the Cispidine region. Romagna was first attacked, and the towns of Imola, Faenza, Forlì, and Cervia were compelled to drive out the Ghibelins and take the side of the Church. And at the battle of Fossalto, in 1249, the Podestà Filippo Ugoni of Brescia gained a decisive victory over the Ghibelin party of Modena.

Architecture was the first of the fine arts of which Italy saw the revival; and, by contribution to buildings and public works in the thirteenth century, Bologna showed the republican spirit which then animated her in common with her neighbours. Her works of public utility were to be seen in the building of the palaces of the commonalty and of the podestà, and the bridge over the Rheno; in the bringing of the waters of the Savena into the town; and in the construction of the canal from the Rheno. Forts were built and surrounded with walls. The houses of the nobility—not, perhaps, as yet showing splendour or elegance—had possessed for many years square massive towers of immense height, as a means of fortification, as well against the attacks of a jealous democracy as against those of rival families of noble rank. Bologna boasts that before the age of Cimabue and Giotto she produced painters at least equal in merit to these two, who were generally considered the renovators of their art. In domestic life there had been an almost sudden transition from habits of great frugality to those of extravagance. Foreign wines and rich meats had been introduced. Simple articles of dress had been exchanged

for costly furs and garments of silk, richly ornamented with gold, silver, and jewels. The men took pride in being well provided with arms and horses. The school of Bologna was pre-eminent for legal learning. Students from all countries flocked to hear the lessons of its masters; and here, before the century closed, Dante came to study. Churches had been built and consecrated by the Pope himself. Religious orders had been received, and had had residences assigned to them. St. Francis came with his brethren, and preached in the Piazza. St. Dominic also established his order in this place, where he died and was buried. The city had been afflicted with earthquakes, wars, inundations, famine, and plague, when Fra Giovanni of Vicenza came to preach penitence, and to urge the cessation of war and homicide. At his exhortations the men ceased their strife, the prisoners were liberated, the debtor was reconciled to the creditor. This peace did not last; and ten years afterwards the preacher returned to renew his labours, and by his wonderful powers again succeeded in reconciling hostile families.

Then the slaves were all set free, and the mediæval city had attained to a high degree of power and prosperity, when, in the year 1273, a tragic circumstance caused the final bursting out of the hatred of two noble families which had long been at enmity. They dragged all their fellow-citizens into their quarrel, and caused the rapid ruin of the independence of Bologna; seeming to justify the well-known comment of Tassoni—

“Il Bolognese è un popol del demonio
Che non si può frenar con alcun freno.”

The Gieremei had for years been at the head of the Guelf party in Bologna. They could trace their descent from Duke Sergio, through Gieremia, Count of Ghiazzolo, who lived in 1021, in the territory of Forlimpopoli, and Giovanni di Rambertino de' Gieremei, who, in 1153, was admitted to the office of podestà of Bologna.

In electing this last-named noble to be their criminal judge and preserver of their peace, the citizens could not foresee the misery which his descendants, at the head of the most powerful faction, could bring upon their republic more than a hundred years afterwards. The Lambertazzi were the leaders of the Ghibelin party, and were sprung from Pietro, Duke and Marquis. At

the time of which we write, these nobles were allowed no prominent part in the administration of the republic. Yet, notwithstanding that hatred of the nobility which characterized all the free towns of the thirteenth century, and notwithstanding the especially democratic spirit which manifested itself earliest in Bologna, the Gieremei and the Lambertazzi maintained their influence over their respective factions. The members of both families sat in the same councils, and the republic had hitherto succeeded in containing them within the circuit of the same walls, and in repressing the hatred which they showed to one another on every occasion.

Imelda was the daughter of Orlando Lambertazzi, and was very beautiful. Her dark eyes and pensive countenance had captivated Bonifacio, the son of Gieremia de' Gieremei; and she loved the young man passionately. The manner in which they became acquainted is not related by the historians of their country. From her earliest childhood she must have heard her own people converse constantly upon the plots and deeds of the great Guelfic family. The renowned preacher had passed away from Bologna, but she would have been told of Fra Giovanni's attempts to reconcile the rival factions; and with her feminine piety and youthful zeal—fostered doubtless by the teaching of those mendicant friars whose orders were, in her time, free from the corruptions which they showed in after ages—she may have cherished the thought that by her means peace would be established between her father and the Gieremei. She must have seen Bonifacio at the public processions in which their families took part. Perhaps, as wondering children, they had, eight years previously, looked at each other from opposite sides of the square, when four thousand citizens left to join the Crusade; or they may have met later—at the foundation of the church of San Giacomo; or at the burial of King Hensius, who had been kept prisoner by the Guelf party ever since his defeat at Fossalto. Their love increased with their years. Their parents could not have suspected the passion entertained by the children, as they would have considered it impossible that the old animosity did not live in the breast of every man, woman, or child of the Guelfs and Ghibelins. But the handsome Bonifacio forgot the mutual hatred of their houses, and was prepared to run

any risk for one glance from the bright eyes of Imelda Lambertazzi.

Their affection blinded them to the consequences of a discovery of their clandestine meetings; and Imelda one day consented to receive her lover in her father's house. Bonifacio, unarmed, followed her footsteps to her apartment. All the lady's attendants being absent, the lovers thought themselves secure from intrusion; and, perhaps, conversed of plans for the reconciliation of their parents, and of hopes of a bright future. Whilst they were thus happy in the belief that they were concealed from all eyes, a spy had detected them. This man was one of a number such as the Lambertazzi would always retain in their employ to watch the movements of the Gieremei, and would be trained in such a service to hate the latter as his bitterest foes. The brothers of the lady were carousing in the house of the Caccianemici, and the fierce adherent of the Ghibelins lost no time in carrying to them the tidings of their sister's frailty. Imelda and Bonifacio must have heard the Lambertazzi approaching, heated with wine, cursing their sister's treachery, and threatening death to the heir of the Gieremei.

Now had the Ghibelins, after having been defeated in so many hard fights, the opportunity of paying off the old score. When, in that moment, there flashed upon them the recollection of the slaughter at Fossalto, the long captivity of Hensius, and the frustrated plans for the escape of the Ghibelin leader, who now slept free from party strife in the church of St. Dominic, it was sweet to know that at last the Guef was in their power. It was the work of an instant for Bonifacio to urge Imelda to seek refuge in flight. Hardly had she obeyed when her brothers rushed furiously into the apartment, and beheld their enemy. The Lambertazzi, who had been soldiers of the Cross, had learnt too well from the Saracens the use of the poisoned dagger, which the fanatical followers of the Old Man of the Mountain used as their sole weapon. One of them struck Bonifacio in the breast, and making one large, frightful wound, plunged the dagger to his heart. Then they dragged the body to a deserted courtyard, not far from the room, and hid it in a drain by covering it with rubbish. Soberness and discretion returned with the completion of their terrible work. They consulted their own safety, considering that the officers of

the podestà, or the friends of their victim, would be equally dangerous to them; so they hastened from the city.

Imelda, from her hiding-place, heard no cry. The deed was done too suddenly for altercation. The fatal blow was given too quickly for her to hear her lover's voice. Trembling, she listened for a sign of some struggle. Bonifacio was strong and might resist. But then she remembered he was unarmed. The silence was at length broken. She heard footsteps passing slowly, heavily. Then they were gone. Could she venture to come from her concealment? It were better, perhaps, to wait a moment longer. But they returned more hurriedly than before. What could have been done? A murmuring sound reached her ears, and she caught the words "pursuit," "Gieremei." The voices grew fainter and fainter, and all was again silent.

Then she came from her asylum. She looked around, and saw no one. Quickly she rushed to her room, calling upon him who could never again answer her. The apartment was deserted, but the blood upon the floor told her that there was but little hope. She did not swoon. She would seek her Bonifacio even through the city—even at the gate of the great Guelfic house, the home whither he might have dragged himself. She would heal his wounds, or, at least, would be with him should he die. But the crimson stream went beyond her room, and into the corridor. She followed the drops of blood on still farther, and then came to the place of her lover's hasty burial. She dashed away the rubbish with which he was covered. His body was still warm. The blood still issued from the great wound. She had heard three years earlier how Edward of England had been saved; and she had listened with admiration to the Crusaders who had returned to the city, and had told the story of the devotion of the tender Elinor. Could she, by sucking the venom from this wound, restore her Bonifacio? This was the only treatment which left her some hope. She threw herself on his body, and sucked the poisoned blood from his breast. Her efforts were unavailing, and she grew weaker. The large eyes no longer kept back their tears. As the venom was communicated to her veins, she gave full vent to her grief for her lost darling. And when her women came to seek her, they found her lifeless; and saw

that in her dying moments she had folded about her the arms of him whom she had loved too well.

Thus ended one act of the tragedy in the death of these unfortunate lovers, the fair and lovely Imelda Lambertazzi, and the brave and noble youth Bonifacio, the son of Gieremia de' Gieremei, chief of the great Guelf party or faction in Bologna. There is no reason to doubt the historical accuracy of the narrative of these Bolognese lovers which we have here placed before our readers. The history of their love and their tragic fate forms one of the most picturesque scenes recorded in the archives of the beautiful city in which they dwelt—united by their love for each other, divided by the hostility which arrayed their respective houses one against the other in rivalry and savage hate, which nothing less than the ruin of the fair city of Bologna could finally quench.

The rest of the story may be briefly told.

These "poor sacrifices to the enmity" of the two houses did not abate the hatred of the Gieremei and the Lambertazzi, who could no longer be restrained by laws. They both allied themselves with people who had hitherto been the enemies of their country. The Gieremei united themselves to the Modenese, whilst their opponents sought the help of the inhabitants of Faenza and Forli. Both factions tried to make the citizens adopt their enmities or their alliances; and the Gieremei, as a signal of a speedy expedition against the towns of Romagna, took a triumphal chariot to the public square of Bologna, and there the Lambertazzi attacked them. On this square, or round about the fortified palaces of the chiefs of the two parties, the fighting continued without cessation for forty days. Torrents of blood ran in the city, and by degrees the friends of the murdered Bonifacio made themselves masters of all the fortresses of the Lambertazzi. Never in any civil war was the abuse of victory carried farther. The Gieremei drove from Bologna all the Ghibelin party: they pillaged their houses, which they laid even with the ground. Thus was the "scourge laid upon the hate" of the rival factions.

This page of the history of Bologna is closed. Twelve thousand Ghibelins fled for refuge to the towns of Romagna, and looked back upon their ruined towers, fallen through the fatal love of Imelda Lambertazzi.

THE MORTIMERS: A NOVEL WITH TWO HEROES.

By the EDITOR.

BOOK VI.—CHAPTER II. THE PLOT THICKENS.

IN time, as soon as Sir Harold was completely himself again, Miss Margaret left London to join Mabel at the Chase, where she had been left when the Baronet and his sister came up to town on the visit described in our last chapter. Miss Despencer's companion during these weeks had been a solitary old spinster—a distant relation of the late Sir Everard Despencer—whom it was thought necessary to invite to be present at the wedding; and who, it afterwards occurred to Miss Margaret, was a highly proper person to have charge of Mabel during her own absence in London. This lady, Miss Carew, a very kind and well-meaning woman, was, however, utterly at a loss to understand Mabel's feelings. She could not discover the reason of the young lady's unnatural dullness and depression of spirits; nor could she unravel the tangled skein presented by her want of interest and utter carelessness as to the arrangements which Miss Margaret's letters from town daily told them were being made. The only news in those long, neatly written, crossed and re-crossed epistles, which the postmaster at Malton daily received and put in the Madingley bag, that seemed in any way to interest Mabel, was that referring to the state of Sir Harold's health. It was with sentiments of the purest joy and most unfeigned delight that the gentle girl daily received these messages from Miss Margaret, announcing that her brother was under the care of the surgeons, doing very well; and that there was every hope that he would speedily recover his sight. Earnestly, Mabel Despencer prayed that this might be so; for she loved the good old Baronet, her guardian, with a daughter's love. And, indeed, she had every reason to do so; for a kinder or more indulgent man than Sir Harold it would have been impossible to find in the whole county of Berks. Sir Everard Despencer—Mabel's father—had made a wise choice of two good men as guardians for his daughter, in the event of his own death before she should reach woman's estate. One of these gentlemen was removed before Sir Everard died; and, perhaps, he was wise in

never filling up the vacant place, but leaving it to his friend and neighbour, Sir Harold Mortimer, to act alone. The Baronet had, with the entire approval of his ward, some time previously given orders that Despencer Castle should be put into repair. It was in a sad state of dilapidation, after being so many years shut up, with only two or three old domestics to take charge of it. In Sir Everard's lifetime the castle had always been his especial dislike as a place of residence; and, when in Berkshire, he was in the habit much more frequently of accepting his friend Sir Harold's cordial invitation to "put up" at the Chase, than he was of honouring his own gloomy castle with his presence.

The house of Mabel's ancestors, although distinguished by the style and title of Despencer Castle, was, in reality, no castle at all; but an ordinary country house, of no very great pretensions either to beauty or grandeur. The only castellated portion of the edifice was an old tower of much earlier date than the other buildings: a remnant of the feudal times, when strength and solidity were necessities in domestic architecture, and when a castle of great strength had stood on the site now occupied by a pile of stone building of the time of Dutch William. Old Sir Everard, who had always vastly preferred town to country life, had been wont to declare that he left the place, covered with mould and mildew that it took him a month in Arlington-street to wear off. So, while his town house was provided with every luxury, his country seat was suffered by him to go on, from year to year, getting into worse and worse condition. Thus it was that when Sir Harold, years after the Baronet's death, undertook the renovation of the castle, he found the expense commensurate with the extent of the repairs which it was absolutely necessary should be done. Although he had very old-fashioned notions on many matters, he was a keen and clever man in his business transactions; and he had determined, with Mabel's consent and approval, that no more money should be spent upon the rehabilitation of her future abode, inside or outside, than was necessary to make the place a thoroughly comfortable home.

"We'll have no useless extravagance, my dear, if you please," said Sir Harold.

This was at the time that the Duke of Fairholme was squandering his money upon the army of upholsterers who were charged

with the decoration of Malton Park, which was within a few miles of the Castle.

"We will not be extravagant, my dear. For who knows, until you have tried it, whether you will like to live there any better than your father did?"

But Mabel thought she should like the old place very much. Better, indeed, than anywhere else—always excepting the Chase, of course, where she had spent so many happy years of her life. Sir Harold kissed her fair forehead.

"Such likes and dislikes are not hereditary, I suppose," said the old gentleman; and then, looking archly at Mabel, meaning to rally her about his nephew, he added, "You will have, Mabel, more attraction to keep you there."

And, at this remark, Mabel blushed and sighed deeply; and a look of alarm seized upon her.

All the works at Despencer Castle had been finished some weeks before Sir Harold had left the Chase for his brother's house. The place was ready for the reception of Mabel whenever she should desire to go to it. It was to be the residence of Charles Mortimer and Mabel after their marriage. And it was one of Miss Carew's daily puzzles during her stay at the Chase, that Mabel never expressed a desire to go there and pay a visit to the place: the said puzzle becoming more difficult of solution to the worthy lady when the utter indifference of her fair companion to the completion of the trousseau, and other matters of absorbing interest to everybody but the person who should have taken most interest in them, was taken into account—such matters filling three-fourths of Miss Margaret's daily letters.

"Your aunt says the mercers have sent home the Brussels veil, my dear," said Miss Carew, reading a letter at the breakfast table. "Charming! I think there is something so delightful about point-lace. Hear what she says:—'A border twelve inches deep composed of a pattern of flowers and scrolls.' How charming!"

"Very kind of Aunt Margaret to take so much trouble. I hope I am not, nor ever shall be, ungrateful," was Mabel's reply.

And so the two ladies were dull enough at the Chase. While, in London, Miss Margaret was bustling about, doing the work of preparation; and Sir Harold was fast recovering his sight; and Reginald Erle, whose

holiday had been extended, at Sir Harold's request, to the whole length of his own stay in London, was spending his time pleasantly enough in Bartholomew-square with Dr. Gasc and Lavelle.

Charles Mortimer had spent a great deal of his time lately with his friend Fairholme, in following the usual occupations of that particular set of gentlemen which was dignified with the title of the Young England party.

After his last unfortunate proposal to Mabel Despencer to become the sharer of his ducal coronet, Fairholme had constantly declined to accept of his old guardian's invitations to the Chase. He had on many occasions expressed his contrition for his misconduct; and promised some day, when Mabel had been married to Charles Mortimer, to see her, and ask her pardon for his offence against even his own notions of chivalrous and gentlemanlike conduct.

Charles's intimacy with Fairholme continued as of old; and had been renewed quite naturally, and as a matter of course, upon his return from the head-quarters of his regiment in Scotland upon a leave of absence, which the importance of his business in England rendered of tolerably indefinite length. Indeed, there was no intention on his part of ever joining the Nth Lancers again, as he had the consent and authority of his father for selling out forthwith. They, Fairholme and Charles, were alone together in the billiard-room in the house in Grosvenor-square, playing at pyramids together after luncheon. Charles was winning a few sovereigns of his noble friend; and the latter, with his usual perfect equanimity of temper, was smoking his cigarette and smiling at his ill-luck.

"A dead robbery, I declare," he said, as Charles sent his last red ball into the corner pocket with a fillip. "Why, Charlie, it's like shelling peas for you, you do it so easily. I shall never touch you at billiards."

"Oh, you will—would, I mean—if you only practised as I do. You see, I know this table so well, too."

"One table or another, you always do me at billiards—I know that," remarked Fairholme, lighting a fresh cigarette. "It is always the same tale."

Charles put his own private and particular cue into the rack, in its proper place.

"What!" said Fairholme, "are you going

to leave off? Is it possible that you have won enough already?" he added, laughing.

"Well, yes. I have got something I want to do this afternoon, if you don't mind."

"All right!" replied his Grace. "I am sure I ought to be quite satisfied, if you are."

"We can have some more after dinner, if you like. You'll dine with us?"

"No, my dear boy," said Fairholme, very candidly. "You know I can't stand your father. He is too strong a dish for my weak digestion."

Charles laughed.

"And for mine, too, I can tell you. But I'm obliged to have a dose daily, just now, to keep in with Aunt Margaret, dear old soul—"

"She has a round sum in the Threes."

"Not that—though, I dare say, if she died, I should have it. I like her and Sir Harold best of the lot, by a long way. They always mean what they say."

"Sir Harold dines at his club whenever he can get away. I am perfectly delighted the old boy has got his sight again. I suppose he will be off to Madingley Chase directly."

"Yes; we are going down to-morrow. That is why I am obliged to leave off playing now. I shall have no other opportunity of doing what I want. I have put it off and put it off until the last minute."

"Something *dey-vilish* unpleasant, Charlie?" asked Fairholme, with a smile.

"Well, no—I don't think that it is. It is a sort of duty."

"Talking of duty, it is my duty to pay up for the last game, I suppose. How many balls, eh? Five?"

"The last counts two," said Charles.

"Six, then—that's six sovs," said Fairholme, playing with some coins in his hand.

"Yes, six," said Charles.

"Come, then! Double or quits!" the Duke proposed.

Charles nodded assent, carelessly enough.

Fairholme shook the coins in his hands, gave them a jerk, and they fell on the green cloth. Covering them with his hands, he cried—

"Man or woman?"

"Heads!" said his friend.

"By gad! you've got me," said Fairholme, as the presentments of our gracious Sovereign and her ancestors, in *basso-relievo*, stared him in the face.

"Will you go again?" he asked.

Charles quietly nodded his willingness to do so.

"Which?" asked his friend, as he repeated the shaking process.

"Man again."

And again, by that peculiar fiction of gambling by which the features of our gracious Sovereign Lady before-mentioned are regarded as a man's when they lie exposed on a coin, Charles won.

"Thank you," he said, as Fairholme, remarking that he was "all out to-day," handed him four clean, crisp five-pound notes, and one of the very sovereigns which had served him such a scurvy trick.

"Which way are you going?"

"Only down Piccadilly," returned Charles, who did not care to have a companion.

"I'll go with you as far as St. James's-street. Shall we walk?"

"If you like. Anything you please."

"And what is this little business you have put off until the last moment?"

Charles Mortimer hesitated before he made any reply. Then he said—

"Well, Fairholme, you know all about it. I don't want it to go any farther. I'm in hot water enough, heaven knows! I'll tell you."

"I won't split, Charlie. A woman? As old Campbell—clever old fellow—used to say to us, he never knew a man in a regular mess in his life, when either a woman or money was not at the bottom of it."

"You are right. I am going to a solicitor. I want to make some sort of provision for—"

"I know—I know, old boy," said Fairholme, quickly. "I think you owe it her. Whom are you going to?"

"I hardly know. I want to tie it up tight and all square, you know."

"I'll take you to a fellow—an old Scotchman—that Hardwick took me to once. His offices are close here. He's a Scotchman, very deep; and all that; and, upon my soul, I believe honest—for a lawyer."

"Very well. He will do, I dare say. Let us jump into a hansom."

They hailed a passing cab, and got in.

As the two young men drove up to Mr. Gibson's office, they met Mr. Campbell just leaving it.

"Hallo! here's Campbell! What the deuce does he do here?" exclaimed Fairholme.

"Say your business, not mine—you know—with Gibson," whispered Charles Mortimer, as they shook hands with their former tutor.

"The cat's out of the bag, and he knows the truth by this," said Campbell to our friend Erle, an hour afterwards, when he called in Bartholomew-square.

Mr. Horatio Grobey's communication to Erle about the law of Scotland was true.

Charles Mortimer *was* married already.

TABLE TALK.

THE writer of "One of Two" wishes the Editor to inform his readers that the commencement of the plot and motive of his story are derived from a French source, which will be duly acknowledged in the preface when published in volumes. He needs not, it is to be hoped, add that treatment, characters, and the whole accessories are thoroughly English, and original; nor that all of the characters are drawn from reality and life. When the "Foul Play" of Messrs. Charles Reade and Dion Boucicault was published in these pages—of which it was asserted that it was, in a similar manner to the above, indebted to a French drama, "Le Portefeuille Rouge"—there was so much objurcation thrown upon Mr. Reade, that the author of "One of Two" thinks it best at once to make this candid statement. It is probably unnecessary to add in this paragraph that Mr. Charles Reade, in his masterly exposure of the "Sham Sample Swindle," completely established the perfect originality of his own story, and showed that he was in no way indebted to the French for character, incident, or plot.

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH has retired somewhat ingloriously upon such laurels as he may have gathered during eighteen years and three-quarters of imperial rule; upon his philosophy and beliefs in fatalism; upon "those eternal cigarettes" and a great fortune in the English funds; and upon the contempt and dislike of the great part of his late subjects. Two of the best epigrams that have been made about him are these:—"L'Empire c'est la paix; certainement ce ne pas la guerre." This *mot* is very strong; but it comes home to France, in this terrible hour, with the strength of truth. It is said that the Emperor Napoleon is the second

largest holder of English funds; and the Mormon prophet, Brigham Young, the third. Whatever truth there may be in this statement, the Parisians believe it, and say—

“Les deux Napoléons les gloires sont égales,
Quoiqu’ayant pris les chemins inégaux;
L’un de l’Europe a pris les capitales,
L’autre au pays a prix les capitaux.”

May we offer this free translation?—

“An equal glory both Napoleons share,
Though to it by ways unequal both advance:
One took the capitals of Europe fair,
The other stole the capital of France.”

This latter epigram, however, we suspect, is not new. We believe Miss Frances Cobbe quoted it in a book of hers a couple of years ago at least.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE escaped from the Tuileries in a hack cab at a rather dangerously late hour on Sunday, September 4th. Only one little boy recognized her, and cried out, “There is the Empress,” but no one was near the spot to hear him. The unfortunate lady clung to her throne and palace with tenacious grasp, long after the inexorable logic of facts had declared against her husband and his dynasty. The blow to the Empress will be doubtless very heavy and lasting in its effect. She had fondly hoped to see her son Louis succeed his father as the fourth monarch of the dynasty Napoleon. But with the Emperor, things are different. His Government said the Emperor “had been made prisoner in the struggle,” instead of which he reached the Prussian head-quarters in an open carriage, surrounded by outriders, and smoking a cigarette! That cigarette was too much for the Parisians. They are exasperated. But he takes his reverses calmly. An old familiar of his is reported to have said—“He will enjoy life again, and will console himself by the reflection that he has had his day, and is even now far better off than as the needy expatriated Prince in London lodgings.” And the “Own Correspondent” of the *Times* writes—“Every attention will be shown to the Emperor Napoleon while at Wilhelmshöhe. This morning the Queen’s *chef de cuisine* was sent down to Cassel.” With the Queen’s “own *chef de cuisine*” to invent dishes for his table, Napoleon III. may be happy in his exile. But what of France, with a foreign foe in her midst? What of Paris arming against a siege? What

of the widow, the orphan, and the cripple? France has now a righteous cause, and must command our sympathies; for has not the Prussian done enough? As M. Louis Blanc has said, “We have our country to save. Europe will not witness with an unmoved heart children dying in defence of their mother.”

WHAT IS TERMED LEAD POISONING has often been a subject of attention among our leading medical men; and they have pretty generally expressed an opinion that the origin of the poison may be traced to water that has been stored in leaden cisterns or held by leaden pipes. We do not ourselves think that very much mischief has been done by the use of leaden pipes and reservoirs; but valetudinarians may now employ pipes made of lead externally and cased inside with block tin, which are as durable and ductile as the old leaden pipes, and are said to be more capable of resisting the expansive force of frozen water in winter. Pipes of the length of one hundred and fifty feet can be made without a flaw; and the tin coating is made to adhere perfectly to the lead throughout. If these pipes cost no more than ordinary leaden ones, they should be employed instead; and then we should have heard the last, probably, of our old bugbear, lead poisoning.

A WRITER IN THE *Spectator*, in an otherwise able and interesting article on the war songs of different nations, remarks that English songs of this kind delight in playing round the feelings engendered by our insularity: they delight to dwell on the “flag that braved a thousand years, the battle and the breeze.” The outer note of these songs is of our sea-girt shores; the inner, of our national delight in struggle as struggle, and apart from its object. It has often struck us as noteworthy, that the Crimean war produced no great and popular national song. Nelson’s fame is perpetuated, perhaps, in ballads; but not that of our great Captain. Yet, the French and Germans both have great and popular modern patriotic songs, which are in every mouth. “Die Wacht am Rhein,” and Alfred de Musset’s “Rhin Allemand,” are sung with furious patriotism in the hostile camps. The “Marseillaise,” too, is a fine and spirited declamatory poem, and, of

course, very well known to our readers. The writer in the *Spectator*, indeed, knows the "Marseillaise" better than "God save the Queen;" for he quotes the former correctly, but in the latter he makes a curious slip, which might shake our faith in his article. He says: "The national hymn itself somewhat coarsely prays God to 'confound the politics' and 'scatter the knavish tricks' of our enemies." We need not supply the correct reading. Since the days of "Rule Britannia," our poets have given us nothing to equal the ring and thrilling popular inspiration of the "Marseillaise":—

"Allons, enfans de la patrie, le jour de gloire est arrivé;
Contre nous de la tyrannie l'étendard sanglant est levé;
Entendez-vous dans les campagnes mugir ces féroces soldats?
Ils viennent jusque dans vos bras égorger vos fils, vos compagnes.
Aux armes, citoyens! formez vos bataillons!
Marchons, marchons! qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons!"

Or the last verse of "Die Wacht am Rhein"—

"Der Schwur erschallt, die Woge rinnt,
Die Fahnen flattern hoch im Wind:
Zum Rhein, zum Rhein, zum deutschen Rhein!
Wir Alle wollen Hüter sein.
Lieb' Vaterland, magst ruhig sein,
Fest steht und treu die Wacht am Rhein."

Tennyson's "Charge of the Six Hundred" never became a people's song; and is, indeed, too mournful in tone to claim to be included in the category of our warlike and patriotic songs.

THE WITTY BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH, Dr. Magee, at a meeting recently held in Liverpool, inquired, "What is the use of a cathedral?" The object of the meeting at which the most eloquent defender of the Irish Church asked this question was to raise funds for the repair of Chester Cathedral. Quite after the orthodox manner of divines—be they bishops, or, in prayer-book phrase, "the inferior clergy"—the right reverend prelate proceeded thus to answer himself: "Principally to cultivate canons, and to grow vergers!" And he thus more fully developed his own views on the subject:—

"What was a cathedral at that time but a huge building, apparently far too large for the shrunken little body of vergerdom and beadlehood which rattled and shook within that large mausoleum of

dusty hassocks, torn books, and stained cushions—a museum of dust and dirt, a sepulchre across which, at certain hours, lazily fluttered some heavy canon, or heavy dean, and about which heavily, flabbily, and bat-like, flapped some dark-clad verger or beadle—(laughter)—often a lazy animal, who threw away his life in a corner of this great mausoleum, and was only galvanized into passing activity on Sunday by the gleam of silver sixpences in the hands of those seeking seats—(loud laughter)—just as, in early summer, you may see some large blue-bottle by the light that passes through the dusty and cobweb-covered pane on which he has been lazily sleeping." (Renewed laughter.)

Now, we are sorry to say we cannot but recognize the truth of the bishop's picture—not only in its particular, but in its general application; and we can easily discover why he painted it. There is a cathedral in London, dedicated to the great Apostle of the Gentiles, which stands as much in need of funds as the sister edifice in the quaint old city on the banks of the Dee. We hope that, in this age of church restoration, the appeal now being made on behalf of the National Cathedral of England will not be met by a deaf ear or a grudging response.

AT THE RECENT meeting of the Royal Archæological Institute at Leicester, the members and visitors were hospitably entertained at Beaumanor. One of the curiosities there inspected was the so-called bed—which was also the military chest—of King Richard III., and in which he is said to have slept, at the White Boar, in the Northgate, Leicester, on his way to Bosworth Field. Dickon's Nook, on that field, still marks the spot from which the King addressed his army; and Crown-hill is so called from the circumstance of his crown having been found there, after the fight, hid in a hawthorn bush. But the White Boar has changed his colour. All the White Boars became Blue Boars after Richard's downfall; and, in the Black Country, the Blue Pig is even a more common sign than the Blue Boar. The Blue Boar had been the badge of Richard, Duke of York, father of Edward IV.; but the White Boar, *passant argent*, was the cognizance of the Third Richard; who, in his wardrobe accounts for 1483, had charged to him "8,000 bores, made and wrought upon fustian," and 5,000 more were mentioned shortly after. It was also Blanc Sanglier, the herald of arms, who carried his master's body from Bosworth to Leicester. According to the Harleian MS., "they brought King Richard thither that night as

naked as ever he was born; and in the newarks was he laid, that many a man might see." His body was thus exposed for two days during King Henry's stay at Leicester, and was then interred, "without any pompe or solemne funerale," in the church of the Grey Friars' Monastery. From there it was subsequently removed by a mob, and contemptuously buried at the end of Bow Bridge. According to popular belief, the stone coffin in which his body had been laid was used as a horse trough at the White Horse Inn; but this desecrated coffin probably belonged to an earlier period than 1485. It is not many years since that the presumed skeleton of Richard was found in the bed of the river by the Bow Bridge; but medical men decided that it was the skeleton of a person who was much younger than the King. At the close of the proceedings of the Archæological Institute, a vote of thanks was passed to the present owner of Richard III.'s bed, W. Percy Herrick, Esq.—the lineal descendant of the poet—who had entertained the members and their friends at Beaumanor.

ACCORDING TO AN OLD ANECDOTE, a Sunday-school child, on being asked by her rector what she understood by the expression "the noble army of martyrs," said that it meant the curates. And, probably, "the inferior order of clergy"—as the butler in Leech's sketch called them—notunfrequently live a life of martyrdom. The phrase "an army of curates," or "a troop of curates," might be allowed, especially in relation to the church militant; but an army, or troop, with curates, would only suggest the idea that the troops were supplied with regimental chaplains. A singular use of the word, however, has been brought to light in the recently published work by the Messrs. Overall, "Analytical Indexes to Vols. VII. and VIII. of the Series of Records known as the 'Remembrancia,'" where it is mentioned that in the reign of James the First an order was given for the raising of four hundred and fifty men, who were not to be supplied "with curates." Of course, the breastplate, *cuir*, *cuirasse*, was here signified. It is possible that this "curate" may have been made of leather; if not, it was the piece of armour still familiar to us, as worn by the household troops, and first used at the end of James the First's reign. So

that, by the time of Charles the First, the cuirass was so well known, that the regiments thus armed with breastplates were called by the popular name "Cuirassiers." The cuirass was then worn, by the royal troops, over a buff coat; but their royal colour—scarlet—was denoted by a scarf of that hue worn round the waist; though in the instance of Colonel Harrison, the republican colonel, the colour of the scarf is spoken of as being "crimson." A singular use of the word "curate" is made by a poet of that period, John Cleveland, who, in his verses "On Phillis walking before Sunrise," sings that lady's charms in such hyperbolic strains that he makes her to be very far superior to the sun. Phillis, however, is so kind and considerate, that she—

"Withdrew her beams, yet made no night,
But left the sun her *curate* light."

A few lines before this couplet, there had occurred the following lines, in which there is a pretty thought that has been often quoted, and has served to rescue this poem from oblivion:—

"The flowers, call'd out of their beds,
Start and raise up their drowsy heads;
And he that for their colour seeks,
May find it vaulting in her cheeks,
Where roses mix: no civil war
Between her York and Lancaster."

We are not aware of any other, or earlier, poetical use of the word "curate" than this by John Cleveland.

An Illustration, printed separately on Toned Paper, is published with the present Weekly Number.

MR. GOLIGHTLY; or, the ADVENTURES of an AMIABLE MAN, a Novelette in Twelve Chapters, will be commenced on the conclusion of "The Mortimers." "Mr. Golightly" will be illustrated by Phil.

Rejected MSS. will be returned to the authors, if stamps for that purpose are sent.

The Editor will only be responsible for their being safely re-posted to the addresses given.

Every MS. must have the name and address of the author legibly written on the first page.

The authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

ONCE A WEEK is registered for transmission abroad.

NOTICE.—After the 15th day of September next, ONCE A WEEK will be published at the New Premises, 19, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 143.

September 24, 1870.

Price 2d.

ONE OF TWO; OR, A LEFT-HANDED BRIDE. BY HAIN FRISWELL.

CHAPTER XV.

"AND THESE DEAR THINGS SHALL BUT A
MEMORY BE."



SOONER had Mr. Tom Forster his warrant, with which Inspector Stevenson and one other constable—with our old acquaintance as searcher—were to arrest Lord Wimpole, than a sharp knock at the door made Mr. Horton start like a guilty

thing: so absorbed had he been in his conference with Old Daylight. Mr. Forster had himself to cry out, in an authoritative voice, "Come in!"

It came in, carried by the messenger of the court. A man driving by in a fast gig—a bagman or travelling agent to some merchant—who much affected very fast horses and fast gigs with big wheels, had left it for George Horton, Esq. It was dated from Dover, and was from Mr. Brownjohn, and to this effect:—

"YOUR HONOUR—You may make yourself quite easy about the Acacia Villa crime. I am on the tracks of the murderer, and I have some of the spoons! The little boy

was quite right. From all I can hear, he is some sort of a Dutchman. When I am on a man's tracks I never leaves him go.

"Make my compliments to the Inspector, and tell him that I says that he an' his old Amatoor may go a hunting for a needle in a pottle of hay. I shall have the man, and produce him before your honour's self, or before some other worthy magistrate learned in the law. I've got my eye on him now, but I generally prefers to let my fish play a bit.

"Your honour's hble. sevt.

To command,

"SAMUEL BROWNJOHN, St. P.C."

Mr. Tom Forster's ideas were somewhat shaken up by this confident letter; but he never swerved. Drawing himself up, he said, with dignity—

"May I inquire what this person means by those initials after his name, 'St. P.C.'?"

"I suppose," said the magistrate, wearily, "the poor man is proud of his rank. He has lately been made a sergeant, and of course he is a police constable."

"Well, then," returned Daylight, "I hope that the foreign seaman will be able to obtain from the police constable sergeant a considerable compensation for false imprisonment. I've no doubt the sergeant is enjoying himself by the seaside, and will be better for his trip. I only hope that the foreign seaman has plenty of time on his hands, and will not mind being uselessly, vexatiously, and falsely brought up to London at his Majesty's expense. I hope, on his return, that Mr. Brownjohn, with his prisoner, may find plenty of entertainment for man and beast—man," and he repeated, with a marked inflection on the last word, "man and *beast*."

And with this he departed to arrange matters with Stevenson, and left the magistrate to his reflections.

"I will spare him every dishonour, for

her sake," said Mr. George Horton to himself. "The busy, curious world—thirsting for news, and all agape for scandal—shall hear nothing of this till his guilt or his innocence is determined."

While the good magistrate is taking his measures in the matter, and Mr. Tom Forster is quietly taking his, the story must run back a short space, to the third day after Mr. Edgar Wade had made his important announcement to Lord Wimpole. That young nobleman had been greatly exercised by the announcement and discovery made by his half-brother. He recognized his father's handwriting; and the truth of the revelation of the barrister was gradually but surely borne in on him. As he listened to it, he was torn and divided by separate emotions. Had he consulted his own honourable feelings, he would at once have conceded Edgar Wade's right to his place and title. As it was, he only temporised with him for the purpose of consulting his father.

Lord Chesterton was one of those parents who, in the minds of their children, inspire at once love and awe; but the former feeling bears very little comparison with the latter. His son looked upon him with a distant respect, in which love had certainly a share, but not a very large nor even a proportionate share. The Earl of Chesterton was of the world, worldly; but it was of the great world, not of the small, mean world—of the old high school, not of the modern, mean, and little school. Even in his faults and vices he was manly and chivalric. His pride was too great for him ever to utter a mean and low thing; although almost all that he said was certainly selfish. He took part in the great world; and that part pleased him. He pretended to despise the world; and yet in his heart of hearts he bowed down to it. He would never act against it. He did what that did; but he did it all *en grand seigneur*. He was, at the time of Mr. Wade's curious revelation, spending his leisure time at Brighton, a fashionable watering-place, frequented by some of the remnants of the old beaux of the Regency, who walked upon its cliffs, and trotted over its breezy downs, and regretted the brilliant days that were past. The fast Brighton coaches—one of them driven by a baronet, Sir George Vincent—were looked upon as innovations by gentlemen and noblemen who posted down in their own chariots, and who did not condescend to

rub shoulders with even the genteel population which flocked at certain seasons from London to the seaside.

A letter from Lord Wimpole, which he would hardly have dared to have sent had he not known that his father was ready to quit this pretty and yet rural watering-place, determined the Earl to post to town some two or three days earlier than he would have done. He wrote by return—for he was a precisian in his politeness—a very affectionate note, in which he begged his son to meet him at Hyde Park Corner, whence they could send on the post-chaise to Chesterton House, and the Earl could have an opportunity of stretching his legs by a gentle walk home.

On the evening of the day, therefore, before that on which Mr. Forster had obtained his legal document, the chaise duly rattled up to Apsley House, and the Earl descended and met his son.

Lord Chesterton was not a man to show his emotions, but he was astonished and hurt at the changed appearance of Lord Wimpole. Dark rings surrounded those bright, honest eyes, which used to beam with a pleased loyalty on the father. The eyes themselves were heavy and cast down, as if the owner meditated upon some hidden grief and shame. The step had lost its elasticity, and the very carriage of the figure had become slouching and weary. The voice was no longer ringing and cheery, but muffled and sad. All this change the Earl noted in a few moments; but, if he felt it, he made no comment upon it. That was his pride. The son—for he knew that he was still the Earl's son—felt this silence as somewhat of a blow; when, had he known his father better, he would have rejoiced in the tender delicacy of the old nobleman.

After a respectful greeting—more than ever respectful and tender, but with a mournful manner which he could not subdue—the son offered his arm to his father as a support. It used to be one of the sights of Bond-street—of which Lord Chesterton was much more proud than he ever confessed—to see those two gentlemen, the elder and the younger, walking arm-in-arm, and receiving the acknowledgments of their friends and the bows of the passing tradesmen, which my lord acknowledged as readily and with even greater courtesy than he did the greetings of his equals. Perhaps there is not a nobler sight

than to see a sire thus supported by his son—both of them men, one in the vigour of youth, the other possessing all that makes the early autumn of life admirable and respectable. "As a man grows old," said a lady of great observation, "he grows—if he leads a happy and a good life—more handsome, and much more worthy to be looked at." Lord Chesterton had mellowed into an easy dignity, and was unmistakably an English gentleman; and, good-looking as was Lord Wimpole—well built, fit in face and figure to compare with most people—there were few who did not think the Earl the handsomer gentleman.

But now it was very different: tanned with the sea breezes, upright as a dart, the elder of the two seemed to tower above the other.

When, therefore, Lord Wimpole offered his arm with a certain timidity and shame, instead of that conscious pride with which formerly he lent his support to the light touch of his father's hand, the Earl said, almost with pity—

"No, Philip—no, my poor boy; you are not well, and I am as strong as a rock. You had better lean on me."

The arm of the son fell within that of the father, and trembled and shook with emotion as it rested on its support.

"My dear boy—my dear Philip!" said the Earl, as they passed from the high road to the quiet streets which led to Chesterton House, "your letter has quite puzzled me. What can be the matter? They play high at Arthur's, I know; but you have a very large sum of money of your own, and surely that cannot—"

"Oh, pray sir, spare me! I never gamble; and the little money I might lose at cards would never trouble me. No, it is something weightier than that." Then, after a pause, he added, "So weighty that I cannot"—here he paused again—"I cannot speak to you about it until after dinner. That may give me strength."

"I am convinced, Philip, of your honour and integrity. I am convinced that you would never do anything that might hurt me or our family."

"Thank you, sir, for those kind words," said poor Philip; and his hand trembled as he said it.

"I am also convinced," continued the father, "that young men see things in a very different, often in a more serious, light

than we do. Therefore, I only tell you this: don't look too seriously upon anything. Nothing can hurt us. We stand, *nous autres*, too high for the *canaille* yet, with all their whispers and their slanders in print, to cause any serious pain or trouble between us. But, as you wisely said, we will dismiss the subject. You are quite right to discuss anything which promises to be troublesome after dinner."

The Earl had the fact somehow borne in upon him that Philip was troubled with his love affair, and possibly with another *esclandre* in that palladium of British liberty, the *Argus*. He therefore, without directly referring to the matter, talked about the press of the day—which, to say the truth, was not very distinguished for its insight or for its integrity. He blamed the public writers in the most severe way, and talked as if the presence of an author in a family was a stain hardly to be survived.

"There's Lord Culdesac," he said, "is a poet, and has been to the Holy Land—which, to be sure, is a great undertaking, and entitles his lordship to the entrance of the Travellers' Club; but what need has he to sell his book to Mr. Centley, and have it produced and read at all the circulating libraries at Brighton, Bath, and Cheltenham? I heard some people actually talking about securing early mail copies, as they used to do when the Waverley Novels came out. Dear me! how a man of family can consent to be so talked about I cannot conceive."

The highly born old Philistine arrived at his aristocratic gates by this time, carefully shut up in the heart of London, and as jealously guarded as if Lord Chesterton had been a grand Turk. In the wide gardens of Chesterton House rabbits might have burrowed, and deer been comfortably housed in clumps of overshadowing fern. Nobody ever walked in those solitary gardens except the men who periodically repaired and kept them in order, and the suburban sparrow which fled from his town house in Burlington-gardens to this semi-rural retreat in Mayfair with the utmost delight. These sparrows had evidently a great deal to say about various matters, for they were holding a parliament almost as noisy as that which used to sit on College-green in the days when Ireland was not down-trodden by the base, bloody, and brutal Saxon.

As the Earl and his son approached, the outer gates of Chesterton House flew open

as if by magic, and the obsequious porter greeted both his masters with a low bow. The Earl asked him how he was, with the interest one takes in an old servant; and the very inquiry seemed to do the man good. Then Lord Chesterton continued his tirade against the press and authors in general.

"There was old Mrs. Magnify," he said; "bless me, how that old woman did rave about Shakspeare! What did she know about Shakspeare? Why, her brain was not bigger than a bird's. And the lies the poor old creature told were enormous. No, my boy, you need not fear anything those fellows can say; and your best answer to them is silence. Of all things I most dread, I think it is a paper war. You do not get hurt by it; but you lose caste so much by dipping your fingers in ink. In America, now, I am told—"

Lord Wimpole started suddenly. His father's pleasant voice and even talk had fallen upon the dull, drowsy ear of a man sick of life and sick at heart. And, curiously, as his father said the words "in America," his thoughts had formed the very words coincidentally; so that it seemed as if a far-off voice had counselled him to flee and to hide his shame in that distant land.

"Why did you start and tremble so?" asked Lord Chesterton. "Philip, you must, indeed, be very ill."

"It was nothing—a fancy," said Philip, nervously; and his father was wisely silent. They approached the house. The doors were again opened, and the ranged servants welcomed their master, headed by the butler.

"Ah, Mr. Roskell," said the Earl to him, "how do you do? Quite well, I see. You have nothing to say, I hope?"

"Nothing," said the faithful butler, to whom the Earl's manner was always deferential and courteous. "All is as usual, your lordship."

"Come here, Roskell," said the Earl, treating him like an old friend, and not as a servant. "You may attend me upstairs, I think."

He leaned upon the man's arm as he ascended, a little in advance of his son, who, upon reaching the first floor, branched off towards his own room.

"Now," said the Earl, looking after the young man, "there's something the matter there, Roskell. What is it? Wimpole's not right—not at all right."

"Not that I know of, your lordship,"

said Roskell, looking back. "As right as a trivet. 'We are very lucky,' I said to myself—'very lucky to have such a young nobleman.' There's nothing the matter with *him*. Why, just look at Lord Quandary's two sons—both married—dash'd if they aint no better than they should be."

"Tut, tut, Roskell! You shouldn't talk of Lord Quandary. He's a different sort of fish."

Here they reached his lordship's room, talking as familiarly as friends. They had been boys together—Lord Chesterton being some few years older—and Mr. Roskell had risen from post to post, until he was the steward of the Earl, and his second self. He was not only honest, but thoroughly capable; and had a head for figures which was the pride and the wonderment of Chesterton House. He knew the cost of everything, from the new ornamental trees in the plateau of the old castle in Warwickshire to the blocks of salt in the kitchen in London. He was making his own fortune quietly; but was saving more than a fortune—such as would content his modest desire—for his master.

"He has been so valuable and so long with me," said his lordship, "that he is my master. I do what he tells me. He is no longer my servant, but my friend."

Mr. Roskell took his lordship's room, therefore, under his care, and sent away the valet with a look, who had a dress suit properly aired and a change of clothes in the nicest order.

"So you think that Philip's all right, eh?" asked the father.

"Don't say that he is," returned the steward. "I know precious well that he was. He showed me a new foil, three or four days ago, and made a lunge at me in his fun and broke the blade. 'Twas a mercy it didn't go through me. But it was worth the scare to see his lordship's fondness and attention. He turned as pale as a ghost; and then the honest colour came back again, and he wrung my hand with gladness, so heartily that he nearly brought the blood out of my finger-nails. 'I am so glad I did not hurt you, Mr. Roskell,' he said."

"I am glad, too," said his lordship, graciously, as he took his waistcoat.

He was dressing with great care, and he looked so well and so noble that the steward's honest face looked well pleased as it rested on the father.

"Well, and what then?" said the Earl.

"Oh, nothing! only always full of his fun, and yet as true a gentleman as ever stepped, he says to me, 'Mr. Roskell,' he says, 'just do me the favour to feel my biceps'—that's what he called it—and he raised up the muscle of his arm till it set up like a tea-cup. 'Lord!' says I, 'your lordship have been practising.' 'Mr. Roskell,' says he, 'I'm going to have the gloves on with the Knightsbridge Lurcher, and I mean to send him flying.' And he would, too, that he would."

"Ah!" said his father, with a sigh, taking his white handkerchief and tying it carefully round his neck. "Ah! he didn't talk like that to me!"

"Of course he wouldn't, 'cos through fear like, your lordship; on'y he knows what an old friend I am. And such a man, or a better man, a better heir to a noble father or estate, we haven't got in all England. What oats he had to sow, they wasn't *wild*."

"And yet," sighed the Earl; "and yet—by the way, let us have some of that very fine Chambertin—he does not drink as we used to. And yet I feel as if something was going to happen."

"What can?" asked Roskell.

"Ah! what can?" asked the unhappy Lord Wimpole, as ready dressed, pale as the white waistcoat he wore—then *en règle*—he paced the room.

Somehow, the order, love, respect, the riches, the luxury around him seemed inexpressibly dear.

"And shall I leave all these, all these for ever—and for ever!"

A murmur seemed to echo through the silent halls—for ever!

CHAPTER XVI.

SAMUEL BROWNJOHN'S QUEST AND GUEST.

CÉSAR NEGRETTI stood in a rather desponding attitude in the front *salon* of the Hôtel des Étrangères, in Rupert-street, Soho. And, to say the truth, the Strangers' Hotel—though it was frequented, according to its prospectus, by gentlemen of every rank, from the diplomatist to the crowned head, who came to worm secrets out of the mysterious man—did not look very inviting—at least, not to a British eye.

There were no comfortable boxes and snowy white cloths, no steaming potatoes and smoking chops in the *salon* of this

hotel; but merely four round tables, painted—and cheaply painted, too—in imitation of marble. A cruet-stand, with some dark mustard, some pepper and salt mixed, and a little vase of oil adorned each table; and on each table, also, was a dirty *carte*, which had upon its face the price of various dishes, and upon its back a list of wines. Common Burgundy and Vin de Grave—a thin, white wine—seemed to be all in the cellar; while the *pièces de résistance* were haricot, bouilly, and fried potatoes, with an omelette—sweet or with chopped herbs. Bifteck was to be had, but it was curiously unlike the dish in England or France; and the small slices of mutton served up always puzzled the stranger with their feeble struggle to remain as far from being like a mutton chop as they were a French cutlet. To tell the truth, the Haymarket and Soho-square not being in so advanced a state of civilization as they are at present, the Strangers' Hotel saw kings and diplomatists very seldom; and had fallen into being a mere house of call for gentlemen's servants, valets, couriers, and the lower rank of hangers-on of great families. Hence, César Negretti, who stood between the four tables, lightly attired as *garçon*, in neat black jean jacket and white apron, might well yawn.

He was as handsome, this man, as the Greek Faun; and had as merry and as wicked a grin upon his countenance when he laughed—which he did when, by a cautious and clever flap of his napkin, he killed two or three flies which, all of a row, were the only guests who were feasting at the hotel. Every attitude he fell into had grace and elegance in it. His waiter's jacket seemed to be the fitting uniform of a king. His apron, tied lightly round his waist, seemed to have been put there out of coxcombry, so well it looked; and his old waiter's pumps fitted as if they had been elegantly made for the most supreme dandy of Bond-street.

César's face was a puzzle. He looked any age between fifteen and fifty. He was one moment a radiant, joyous youth—and certainly he was young; another, he fell to pieces and became old. Just now, he looked miserably thin and worn; but, as he was wonderfully successful in killing flies, he brightened up a bit, and said—

"*Peste!* this won't do for me. This hotel will yield nothing. I shall go back to Malta, whence my patron drew me."

Here he cleverly sprinkled a little pepper and salt upon the nose and into the eyes of a kitten that was playing at his feet; and burst into a most radiant smile as he watched the agony of the little creature, and listened to its sneezes. Happily, with kittens, as with all young things, pain and troubles soon pass. The kitten licked its nose and washed out its eyes, in some wonderful way, with the ball of its foot. Its tail grew smaller, its sputterings less; and César's smile died down.

But, melancholy or merry, this handsome face still peered towards the door as if awaiting guests. The thick, crisp hair curled over a high and narrow forehead; the face, shaped into a sharp angle, ended in a somewhat round chin, which was adorned with a little peaked beard. The face was otherwise clean shaven. The ears were quick, large, and animal, and seemed almost motive; and the scalp was loose on the forehead: so that, when César shrugged his foreign shoulders, or frowned with his brown, foreign forehead, the hair went up or came down, and played a not unimportant part in the dialogue. The tint of the face was a rich brown; the cheeks just reddened rather more deeply. The eyes were black, lustrous, full of laughter and merriment, or of gloomy, wild sadness, as the case may be. César looked like a man who had played many parts; and he had. He was, it was understood, a *protégé* of Lord Chesterton, and had been brought by that nobleman from Malta; but it was supposed, from his name, that he was the son of an Italian. However, from being the *protégé* and valet of the great Lord Chesterton, César had fallen to be the waiter at this foreign hotel, and was apparently regretting the change; for the kitten, having recovered from the pepper, and playing with the shoe-tie of the pensive Italian, was incautious enough to prick its claws through the thin stocking, and was rewarded by being sent flying, by a vigorous kick, right into the red waistcoat of a portly customer who entered at the moment.

"Hallo!" said that gentleman, with a good-natured English voice, catching the frightened animal and fondling it, "is that how you furriners treat kittens?"

"I beg pardon, m'sieu," answered the waiter—his English accent being equally as perfect as his French—"the cat has been scratching me, the brute! Why, if it

isn't—Mr. Brownjohn!" cried César, turning pale, and his eyes falling before the honest outlook of the Bow-street runner.

"César Negretti!" said that person. "So you've come down to this! Well, after being so well tiled in as you were, you deserve it. That little trick you had of borrowing his lordship's diamond buttons——"

"Hush!" said the waiter, putting his hand before the Bow-street runner's mouth. "Please be as silent as you can. That was a mistake."

"For which many a better man has danced on nothing before nine o'clock, a.m.," said Brownjohn, still fondling the kitten. "I don't like people who ill-use dumb animals. If she had not nine lives, you would have killed her. You've knocked half a one out of her."

"But you would not mind hanging a man," said César, spitefully.

"In the way of business, no," returned Brownjohn. "I'm after one now. That's why I came here. Bring me some soup, and some fried 'taties—*frit*, as they call them—and then a word with you."

Brownjohn, whom we left proceeding to London, had when there changed his plain dress for his official costume—a red waistcoat, frock coat, and top-boots; had taken his little brass staff with a crown on it, a warrant, a pistol, and other necessities; and had spent some time about the docks, among the foreign sailors. He had been thoroughly foiled. On his mind's eye was painted clearly enough the figure of the foreign sailor described by the boy. But such a figure came not before his retina; nor could he, on account of imperfect scholarship, hold converse with the men. He had, therefore, come back to Soho, with the purpose of employing foreign aid; and here, ready to his hand, he very unexpectedly found it. He never lost his clue; but held on like grim death, as he said. It is true that his search was something like looking for a needle in a bottle, or pottle, of hay; but patient industry, even under such adverse circumstances, had, as Brownjohn well knew, been often rewarded.

César soon made his appearance with the soup, whisked away the dust from the table with quite a professional air, and stood before the officer, looking as if he had been a waiter all his life.

"You foreign fellows," said Samuel, swallowing his soup in full spoonfuls, "soon

pick up a trade. You seem a natural born waiter, Negretti."

Brownjohn never forgot the name of one of his customers, and remembered every motion of the lithe Maltese. He intended his little speech as a compliment.

"A natural born fool, I think," said César, his dark eyes flashing with an ugly look, "to come here, and to meet you."

"Poor thing," said Brownjohn, taking the kitten out of his pocket as tenderly as if it were a china ornament. "Why, she's a happy little beast. I'm blown tight, if she is not purring!"

He set her down on his knee, and stroked her fur—the right way, too—with a strong, brown, but tender hand.

"Now, young fellow, I'd no more kick a kitten than I'd strike a woman."

César's contemptuous look, as he took away the soup, and put the *pommes de terre frites* before Brownjohn, said plainly, "And I'd do both if it suited me;" but he said nothing.

"I don't know," continued Brownjohn, "as you are such a fool, Negretti. I sha'n't hurt you. His lordship's kindness put you quite out of my jurisdiction. When we had that little business together, I did you some service. Now you can help me."

"How?" said César, quickly, his eyes sparkling, and his hair moving with his ears, backwards and upwards. "Can I get away from here—abroad, perhaps?"

"Well, you've about guessed it. You are sharp. Can you be trusted?"

"By you?" asked César, his whole face changing into an expression of engaging innocence, and his white teeth glittering as he smiled. "By *you*, of course, Mr. Brownjohn. Did you not show me the error of my ways, and that to be honest *was the best policy*. I am an altered man. I am religious. Here is my prayer book!"

César fumbled in his pocket, but finding nothing but a pack of cards wrapped in the corner of his handkerchief, he contented himself with tapping his coat, as if it were his heart.

"You talk," said Brownjohn, "as if you were the chaplain of the House of Correction, or the ordinary of Newgate."

And then he contented himself with silence, broken only by crunching the crisp flakes of the potatoes.

César, looking at him, gave a little shudder—of expectation, perhaps—for he was

as sensitive as a tightly strung instrument. Then, with a sigh, he said—

"You find those very dry work? Have some Burgundy."

"*Von* ordinary," grunted Brownjohn, "and very ordinary, too. No. British for me. You don't sell it here. You can fetch it. Good old Tom. Booth's best, if you please; and a glass for yourself."

The lithe Maltese, catching up the half-crown, and receiving a nod to the word "hot," flew out of the *salon*; and, before Brownjohn had finished his dish, returned with a tumbler of old Tom and one of rum. He always drank rum, he said, having been taught to do so by his Majesty's sea forces at Malta.

"Now, sir," he asked, standing respectfully before the Bow-street runner, "what do you want your humble servant for? Can I help you?"

"That's what I want to know," returned the ruminating Brownjohn. "Do you speak Dutch?"

"German—that will do. I can make out anything that's said. Or French, or Italian, or Spanish. The job's over there, then?"

"May be," returned Brownjohn. "Look at this. You've heard of this murder, no doubt?"

And he brought from his pocket a copy of Mr. Barnett Slammers' graphic account of what that worthy had called the "Kensal-green Tragedy," and the "Deed of Blood."

"No. We do not take English papers here," said César, coolly.

Then quietly turning his back to the officer, with a hand eager to serve, an eye greedy for such unpleasant excitement, Negretti—standing gracefully upright, so that the light could fall well upon the paper—read the true history through, and returned the journal, neatly folded, with a polite bow to the officer.

"And so you are after the miscreant?"

"That's wot you call him," said Brownjohn. "I call him a murderer, and I mean to hang him."

"If you catch him," interpolated César, in a blithe, humorous way, sitting down familiarly before Brownjohn. "That's your business."

"I'll do my duty"—here Brownjohn took a huge pull at the old Tom—"in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call me."

And it is to be remarked that this solemn utterance—which was Brownjohn's peculiar way of thinking a prayer—seemed to give him a greater zest for his business; so that, taking hold of one arm of the Maltese—who, perhaps from delicacy, objected to it, and therefore quietly removed the fingers of the police officer—he drew him towards him, and began unfolding his plans.

"You see," said Samuel, confidently, "I'm stumped up here. I don't know what to do. I'm gravelled completely. My parents did not send me to a university, or else they would have taught me all the furrin langwidges there. Of course they would, if I could have picked them up. And I'm no fool on the march, I'm not. There's an old fellow on this lay, too, as is no fool neither; not that I tell him so—oh, no! I flatters no one. But he is on the wrong scent this time; and it's a race between us. It's a matter of reputation to me. Wrong he is; but he has a way of working matters out 'rithmetically, and he won't be wrong long. Now, I'm on the right lay; and, as luck will have it, Providence—"

"Directed your steps," continued César, with an unction that almost might be called extreme unction.

"You are going in for a parson, you are. Well, directed my steps—I s'pose Providence and luck are the same—to this little crib and to you. And, perhaps, there is not a man in all London—"

"More fitted to help you," added César, as Mr. Brownjohn had buried his face in his glass.

After this expression of the fitness of things, Mr. Negretti buried his face in his glass; and then the two allies took a long breath, and looked at each other. Of the two, the experienced Bow-street runner—who would have described himself, in the language of Mr. Boom's slang dictionary, as a "downy card," "up to a move or two," and not "wanting in change"—was by far the more simple character. Negretti, with that natural genius for bargaining which distinguishes the natives of his happy island, was considering how he could make the best bargain; and Brownjohn was dreaming of having, by César's help, already attained the supreme felicity of bringing the murderer to justice.

"Well," continued César, "I believe, Mr. Brownjohn, that no one could help you better than I could. But how? You see

this place of mine. I must give notice, and I don't like to—"

"Give it leg bail," said Brownjohn. "I'll warrant they owe you something. They'll soon pick up another furriner, and they don't do much business."

"But for a consideration—think of the padrone, good sir," said Negretti, feeling all the while that an hour ago he would have given his ears for the chance.

"Well, I suppose a couple of sovereigns will square that. Go and tell the padrone, as you call him—pack up your kit and come along."

"Well," said César, after a pause, "I will be generous with you, and leave my countryman." Then with a spiteful look at the table, he flung off his apron and muttered, "And he can do the fetching and carrying himself, the beast! Have you the *gelt*, Mr. Brownjohn? Don't you see, we must talk Dutch."

"Who said Dutch?" asked Samuel, with a start, waking up from his reverie. "How sharp you are!"

"I mean to be. We want to be sharp in your profession. I recollect every word you said. Those two guineas, my friend." It was astonishing how eager the young man was to touch the gold. "The two guineas, and the money for the soup, my friend; and I will take leave of the padrone."

Mr. Brownjohn, still in a brown study, produced the money, and sat caressing the purring kitten; while César, blithe as a bee, went backwards to find the padrone, and to pack up his box, taking with him but a small parcel, of which he was jealously careful. When he came back, the Bow-street runner was still contemplative. But César, who was joyous and beaming, having polished his clear brown face, and made his short black hair shine, awoke him with—

"Come, my friend, you are now the padrone, I will treat you. Here are two glasses of Curaçoa. Don't look at them as if they were poison."

"I'm rather tender with foreign stuff," said Brownjohn; "and I have not told you all I have to tell."

"Psha! We shall drink together. It is not drugged, Brownjohn. Take which you like."

"Wait a minute, my boy. Business first," returned the officer.

And then, with his hand on César's shoulder—César's eye running into the

corner, and looking with a wicked disdain and hatred of that hand the while—Brownjohn poured into the ear of the Maltese so clever and so succinct an account of *his* idea of the guilty person they were in search of, based upon "information that he had received," that César's face grew luminous and proudly conscious. As Brownjohn painted the sturdy sailor, with his earrings, his sunburnt face, his blouse, and his foreign accent in speaking of "Madame Marton," the idea was so fully received by the Maltese, that he jumped up hastily and shook off the heavy hand of the thief-catcher.

"Stop! my dear friend," he said—"stop! enough! I can tell you, enough! Your

picture is admirable. We will set out at once. I can see your picture. I shall not miss him. Drink to our good success. Drink, my Brownjohn. Drink like a Dutch fish. Ah! what it is to have a clear brain. Drink to fortune—to victory!"

"Why, Negretti, have you lost your senses?" asked Brownjohn, staring as he lifted the liqueur to his lips.

"Not exactly, my Brownjohn," returned César, triumphantly. "Ah! how good sometimes is Madame Fortune! That *bourreau* has been kind to me at Malta. I know the man. Trust me, my Brownjohn. I will hunt him down like a beast of prey."

EDITH.

By THOMAS ASHIE, AUTHOR OF "THE SORROWS OF HYPSPYLE," "PICTURES," &c.

PART I.—LOST.

CHAPTER I.—THE RECTOR'S CHILD.

EDITH TREVOR closed the door of the rectory gently ;
Linger'd in the porch, and twirl'd the string of her bonnet ;
Slowly pluck'd a flower from jasmine near her, by habit ;
Slowly, lost in dreams, her fingers nervously twitching,
Leaf by leaf broke off, and did not know that she did it.
Edith, you, grown sad, the romp and joy of the household ?

On the right you heard the anvil ring in the village ;
Heard the ass's bray, the mastiff's surly rejoinder ;
Heard the waggon wheels, and lusty whip of the carter,
Starting blithe away, refresh'd, from door of the Heron.
Greenly water-meadows were spread below in the hollow,
Sweet with new-mown grass ; and cattle, hither and thither,
Slowly roam'd, at peace, or loved to wade in the water.
On the left, the garden, in all the glory of summer.

Now she stood so long, the swallow carelessly twitter'd,
'Neath the eaves o'erhead, no longer scared with her presence ;
Then she heard a foot, and quickly, shunning the village,
Edith slipp'd away, and cross'd the lawn, and was hidden ;
Yet she still sped on, beneath the arbut and laurel ;
On by warm South wall, and fruit trees loaded with promise,
Plum and sunny peach, until she came to the orchard.
There the daffodils, by gnarl'd roots yellow with lichen,
Held and charm'd her eye, when March winds sang in the woodlands.
Strangely she forgot ; nor slack'd her flight, till the wicket
Turn'd its ill-hung hinge, and brought the air of the meadows.

Down the meads she went, amid the joy of the daisies ;
Buttercups, and clover, red and white, and the grasses ;
Till she gain'd the bridge and little stream, with its shadows
Nestling 'mid the cress and weeds that trail on the gravel.
Then she lean'd and dream'd, with half-shut eyes ; and the minnows

Gleam'd and glanced in vain ; and you could tell she was weeping.
 She let grief have way, when none were by to behold her ;
 Oozed the bright hot tears beneath the fringe of her eyelids.

Will the strangers smile ? Sweet is the climate of England !
 Sweet, the English summer, in the woods and the valleys !
 On the hills and uplands, and in the willowy valleys !
 In this spot, if any, the Cheshire hamlet of Orton !
 June ! O June ! how soft, with wood-doves,—why is she weeping ?
 Berthold Trevor, her cousin, she has promised to marry,—
 Him, the old playmate,—but at the word of a father.
 O what dreams she had of lovers' words and the wooing !
 O what dreams she had ! and are they faded and vanished ?
 Nay, was she not worth the little pain of the winning ?
 Well she loves her friend, but it is pain to be slighted.

With the golden beams and gentle winds of the summer
 Quickly dry the tears from cheeks and eyes of a maiden.
 Cheeks, so fair, unwrinkled,—soon the wing of the angel,
 Hope, youth's guardian, crown'd with budding roses and lilies,
 Brushes them as he passes, and strikes a ruddier colour.
 She was but eighteen, and ever gay as a cricket,
 Till, to-day, the rector, from the eyes of his daughter
 Drew sweet fancy's veil, which tints with colours of Heaven
 Womanhood and manhood and all the shadowy future.
 Still for Edith Trevor, all so used to be happy,
 Dimly shone the eyes of demon care in the darkness.
 Long she could not hear the rippling sound of the water,
 Feel the wind blow on her, and still be heavy and sorry.
 Soon it passed away,—her troubled dream,—as a shadow
 From the hillside passes, when the morning is sunny.
 Things became less strange, and, with a glimmer of humour,
 She could laugh, and say, half pert, " Who knows what may happen ?"
 So with buoyant foot and with a song, as of old time,
 Past the fields she went, to pluck the flowers on the hillside ;
 Toil'd and climb'd an hour through brushwood up to the beacon ;
 Stay'd to rest awhile 'neath elm more tall than his fellows.
 Locks blown loose and wild, as fresh as wandering Dian,
 Seem'd beneath her, then, the Cheshire plains as a garden ;
 Spread in peace beside the winding silvery river,
 Stretch'd right on to sea or soft blue hills in the distance.
 Then she wander'd down the green hillside by the quarry,
 Down the sandy lane, with sunbeams fair and the shadows,
 Sweet with golden gorse, and with the songs of the linnets.

Where the high-road meets the road that leads to the village
 Stands a wayside cross ; a clear spring bubbles beside it.
 Pious hands, long since, with love remembered in Heaven,
 Raised the cross for sign, and made a trough for the crystal ;
 Minding Him who cried in Holy Land to the people
 " Come to me and drink." The cross is fallen and broken :
 But the spring flows still ; for He remembers, forgotten.
 He looked from His glory, and, as a woman for pity,
 Led on Edith's feet to find the poor and the friendless.
 White and still she lay,—the footsore, wandering stranger ;
 White and still she lay, and Edith wept to behold her ;
 White and still she lay, beneath the sign of His passion,

As the dead, when sadness dies away from their faces.
 Edith, used to aid the sick and poor in their sorrow,
 Gently drew away the sleeping child from her bosom ;
 Laid it soft beside a lad, who, heedless and happy,
 Made a chain with stalks of dandelions and daisies.
 Then she dipp'd her hands, and sprinkled coolly the water
 Over breast and brow, and chafed the palms of the woman.
 She revived at length, but she was slow to recover.
 " You must still keep quiet," Edith said, " you have fainted ;
 " You were very tired, and rested here in the shadow ;
 " You will soon be strong." A little can in a bundle,
 In the grass lay near, and Edith saw, and she took it ;
 Raised the cool spring lymph to lips that pined for its freshness.
 Did He smile in Heaven ? her whisper'd, " Where were you going ?"
 Surely it was kind ! The woman heard it with wonder.
 Tears well'd in her eyes, and glisten'd bright as she answer'd :—
 " We are bound for London, and then are going to Dover,
 " There to join my husband, William : he is a soldier."
 " You must come with me," said Edith, " on to the village ;
 " You must rest to-night, for you are tired and exhausted."
 Strangely smiled her friend, and drew her hand through the ringlets
 Round the sweet brown eyes, that look'd so tenderly on her.

Soon the weak limbs rallied ; good is kindness at healing ;—
 Soon the heart took hope, the lips a healthier colour.
 Edith mark'd the change, and, neatly folding the bundle,
 Took the child, and rose, and led the way to the village.
 She was glad to feel the chubby hand of the baby
 Touch her neck and mouth, and pull and play with her ringlets.
 'Mid the motley group she glided, fair as an angel,
 Down the dusty road, across the shade and the sunshine.
 Sweetly honeysuckle and bindweed climb'd in the hedgerow ;
 Sweetly sang the birds ; and rustling noise of the poplars
 Seem'd like April showers in leafy gloom of the copses.

Soon they pass'd the bridge, the pride and glory of Orton,
 Built by Lord de Vaux, the genial lord of the manor.
 She could face the people, not afraid of a duty :
 Stepping bravely on, she did not quail at the glances.
 Old men bared their heads, and women nodded a welcome,
 Children paused, and smiled, and slipp'd behind her and follow'd.
 Bow'd the landlord sleek, with face as round as an apple,
 Idling in his porch, to give the law to a neighbour :
 Grandly raised the smith the smutty cap from his forehead,
 Wiped his sweat-stain'd brow, and stood to gaze with the others ;
 Quite forgot his task, forgot the shoe in the ashes,
 For the sunny face of Edith, friend of the people.
 Tears rose in her eyes, the tears that heal us and help us,
 When for once we gain the meet reward of an action ;
 When, in this sad world, this world so cold and untender,
 We do others good, and feel and know that they love us.

Down the leafy lane that wound along to the churchyard,
 Past the rectory gate, the children eyed her no longer.
 All at last was still but hum of bees in the lime-trees :
 She was glad to miss the village noise and the gossip.
 Yet, as ship, that braves the rough mid sea and the cyclone,

Strikes a reef unmapp'd, and drifts a wreck in the harbour,
 Here, when near the house; when safe well nigh in the haven,
 Edith blush'd as red as summer cloud in the sunset.
 Viot Paul de Vaux rode gaily by with his kinsman,
 Foulque Alphonse Dubois, a Frenchman, bearded and handsome.

Viot saw the blush, but did not show that he mark'd it ;
 Gravely raised his hat, though tickled inly with laughter.
 "Who was that?" Foulque said: "by Zeus, a girl with a spirit."
 Laughing, turn'd De Vaux,—“Yes, you were lucky to see her ;
 “That is Edith Trevor, the only child of the rector.”
 “Such a face as that,” the other carelessly answered,—
 Show'd his fair white teeth,—“can linger only in England.
 “What a blush to waste and fade away in a village !
 “I would give my wolf-hound but to see such another !”
 “Nay, then,” answer'd Paul, “the hound is mine,—you have said it,—
 “If your will still hold, for we will call there to-morrow.
 “With a blush as sweet she will remember the meeting.”

Edith grew more sad to hear the sound of their horses
 Echo on the bridge, and die away in the distance.
 Old grief woke anew : she said, in dreamy half-whisper,
 “Who was that with Viot? He had the eye of a soldier.”
 Often fancy's brush had limn'd the shadowy lover
 Who should woo and win her, and she grew harden'd to Berthold.

PAGANISM IN DEVONSHIRE AND CORNWALL.

AS I wrote this, on the morning of Monday, May the second, in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and seventy, a little girl, carrying in her hands a chip-box about eighteen inches long, and covered neatly with a white napkin, placed herself face to face with me on her Majesty's highway, and, dropping a pretty curtsy, accosted me with—

“Will you please to see a May-doll, sir?”

On receiving the assurance that it would give me great pleasure to do so, she removed the napkin, and displayed a pretty, flaxen-headed—I am afraid to say *haired*—doll, lying in a bed of gay and tastefully arranged flowers. Having delighted myself with the sight, I remembered that the youthful exhibitor expected me not merely to show, but to give, her a metallic portrait of our gracious Queen. This being duly performed, my young friend replaced the napkin, and started off to waylay other worshippers of Flora, whilst I resumed my journey to my own abode.

It is to be feared that I have a trick of soliloquizing. At any rate, on this occasion I said to myself, “So this is May-day, and

I have just witnessed a relic of a religion prevalent in this country very, very long ago, and not yet quite extinct, it seems. Well, 'tis very harmless now, at any rate; and, so far as I am concerned, it shall continue to exist and to amuse the children. But, by the bye, this, instead of being May-day, is a day after the fair. What's the meaning of the fact? Oh! I see. May-day fell on Sunday this year; so there's been a compromise, and, as usual, the weakest has gone to the wall. The regnant religion says to that it has supplanted, ‘You may appear now and then, provided you make way for me when otherwise there would be a collision.’”

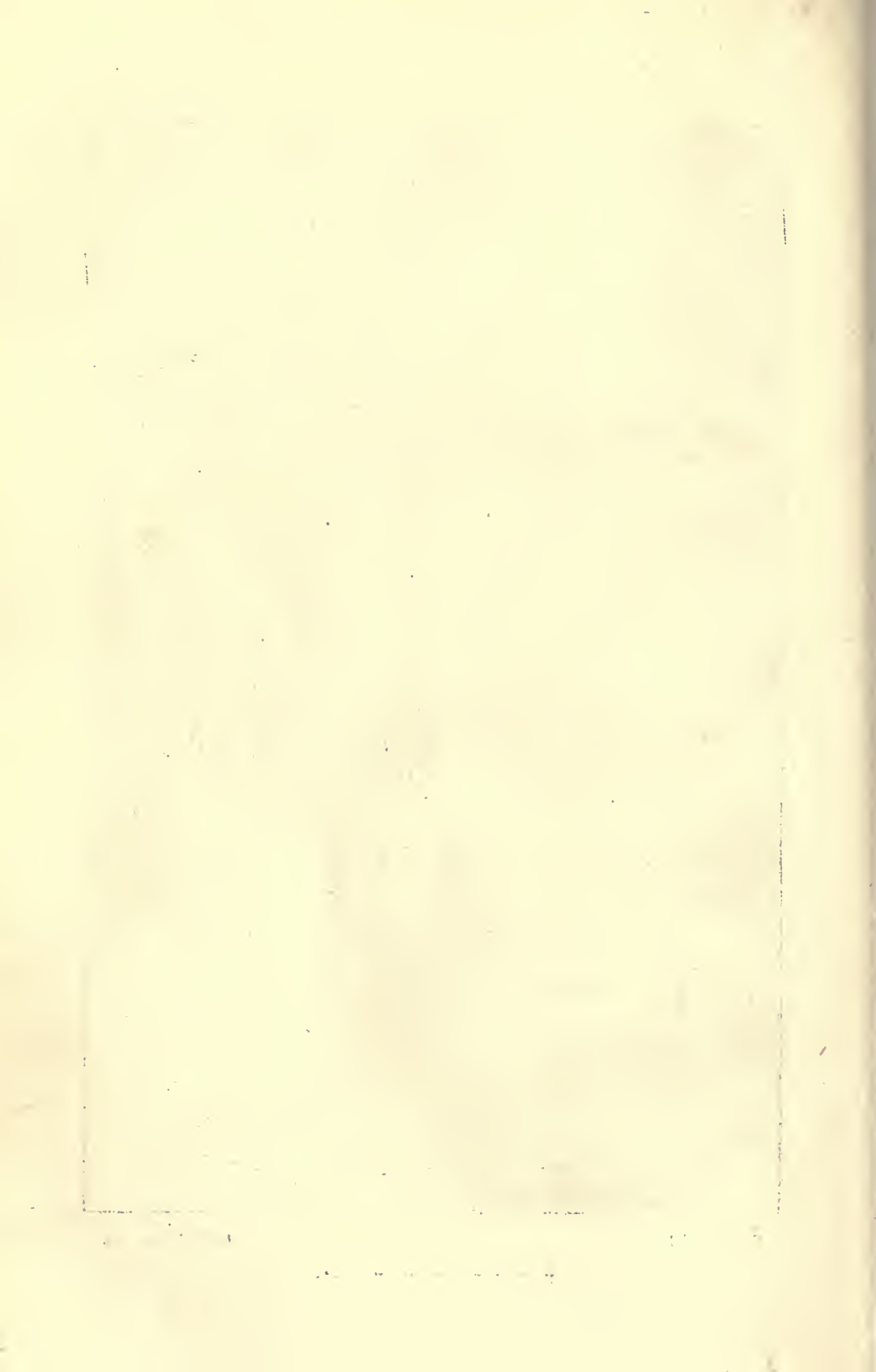
My soliloquy had been so often interrupted by a succession of young, self-appointed priestesses, each addressing me in the familiar formula, “Will you please to see a May-doll, sir?” that I was compelled to take shelter in my own den; where, not being able by any other process to get out of my head the thoughts which the dolls had introduced, I resolved to try what writing would do; and the following is the result.

As a nation, we—the inhabitants of the British isles—are Christians, and have been so for a great many centuries; but there are still amongst us remnants of a religion—or



Once a Week.]

[September 24, 1870.



of religions—older far, which, notwithstanding all its successes, Christianity has not exterminated. Thus, there are the May-dolls of Torquay, the Dipping-day of Looe, the Furry of Helston, the Baal-fires of Penzance, and the numerous Megalithic monuments throughout Devon and Cornwall.

But to return to the dolls. On the last day of April, May-day eve, the proprietor of every flower garden in the Torquay district receives visits from a great number of girls, who blandly solicit "some flowers for the May-dolls." This is usually complied with most readily, and at no great cost, as flowers are commonly very abundant then. Moreover, if not given, they might be stolen in the night; though, I am bound to say, to the credit of the girls of the district, that, to the best of my recollection, I never lost a flower in this way. This year, however, has afforded room for the exercise of a *virtue* in giving. Flowers are unusually late in making their appearance, and are very few. Soon after nine o'clock on May-day—or the day following when that falls on Sunday, as in the present year—the same young folk call at every house, and stop every one they meet likely to have leisure and pence, to show their "May-dolls," and to collect such small gratuities as may be offered. In most cases, at least, they receive a cordial welcome.

At Looe, in south-east Cornwall, every devout worshipper of Flora goes early into the country on May-day morning, plucks a sprig from a "narrow-leaf" elm tree, having the leaves well open, and places it on some conspicuous part of his or her dress, that it may be obvious to the world. This is known as "May," and will be of great service to the wearer throughout the day. It is perfectly allowable to perform one's devotions by deputy; in other words, whilst it is indispensable that it be worn by every one, it is not necessary that the wearer should have gathered it. Any one may distribute it to whomsoever, and to as many as, he pleases. All that is insisted on is, that it was without doubt gathered on May-day, and that it is the *narrow-leaf* elm. Should it be known to have been gathered the day before, it is indignantly torn from the wearer, and denounced as "April-May," whilst the "broad-leaf" elm, is simply laughed at as "horses'-May." To wear April-May is a sham in the way of religion, and a

crime; whilst the exhibition of "horses'-May" is a display of botanical ignorance and a useless blunder. Even the garlands carried through the streets must have on them a sprig of the *narrow-leaf* elm.

Such were the May-day rites at Looe; and it must be confessed, that they were neither cumbrous nor difficult of observance. At all events, they had to be complied with by every one. Toleration for nonconformity was never dreamt of. All who did not bow down to the image which had been set up were punished by the proper authorities in the case—the boys of the town—either in person or in pocket.

If it be true that in learning the rhyme—

"Old Daddy Long-legs,
Couldn't say his prayers;
Take him by the left leg
And throw him down stairs,"—

our children suck in the spirit of religious persecution with their nursery rhymes, then I am afraid that the natives of Looe were likely to be very intolerant in matters of religious opinion and observance; for what they had learned in the nursery they put into practice on May-day. This may be the reason, perhaps, why many of them were conspicuous persecutors of the Wesleyans when they first appeared amongst them.

We now proceed to the penalties inflicted on the May-day nonconformists.

As in many other Cornish towns, an open stream of water flows through the principal streets. As soon as the "May" has been secured, and breakfast hurried through, all the boys of the town assemble at this stream or "gutter," each being furnished with his "dipping-horn," which is thus manufactured:—the point of a bullock's horn is sawn off, and the end of a stout stick, about four feet long, is firmly inserted into the aperture, and made water-tight. Before I entered my teens—it is not necessary to say how long ago that was—a dipping-horn, though to be used but once a year, would certainly be found in every house at Looe in which a boy dwelt; and, indeed—in most cases at least—as many horns as boys. Hoops, tops, marbles, bats and balls, were very desirable, but they were luxuries: the dipping-horn was a necessity.

In compliance with immemorial custom, it was held by the boys to be desirable to obtain from the mayor permission to dip all who were found without May. Accordingly, as soon as a sufficient number had assembled

at the "gutter," with one amongst them bold enough to speak to the chief magistrate, they proceeded to his house, with horns charged, and demanded to see him. They were never kept waiting, as his worship well knew, and was prepared to act, his part. On coming to the door, he opened the conference with—

"Well, boys, what is it?"

"Please, sir, may we dip?"

"Certainly; any one without May. But mind you don't dip any one else."

"Yes, sir."

These were the only formalities supposed to be required. They were never neglected, nor was the sanction demanded ever refused.

Indeed, the possibility of the latter event was never contemplated; and had it occurred, the dipping would, in all probability, have proceeded nevertheless. Every inhabitant would have told the mayor that the custom was far older than his office in the town.

One of those who frequently filled the mayoralty chair—for the list of qualified inhabitants was very limited—retained and cherished his boyish love of fun and the May-day revels. He invariably came to the door to receive the guardians of the floral rites with his hat on, as if about to leave the house, but without May on his person. Having closed the conference, he, with an assumed air of unconcern, walked away deliberately towards his place of business, at no great distance. This was a well-known part of his programme; and, as he expected—and, indeed, intended—some urchin in the party would shout "He ha'n't got no May." Instantly the functionary took flight, after him flew the contents of all the horns; and, these being replenished, the boys followed in full cry, greatly enjoying the luxury of dipping the mayor.

Having thus given public proof that he meant his words to be taken literally, and done his best to set an example to any inhabitant who, during the day, might come abroad without May, and thereby ensure a good ducking, the worthy chief magistrate took shelter in his brewery, inserted the requisite symbol in his button-hole, and soon after appeared in the streets as usual, with official and personal dignity unimpaired.

Few of the inhabitants were so thoughtless as to appear without the correct May-day sprig; but, as the main coast road of the district lay through the town, many a

luckless traveller, not to the manner born, learned that it was unwise—and, indeed, unsafe—to pass through Looe without the protection of narrow-leaf elm. As soon as a nonconformist appeared, whether inhabitant or stranger, male or female, the guardians of the rites shouted in chorus, and in tones not to be misinterpreted, "Ha'penny or a penny, or a good wet back;" and, if the cash were not instantly forthcoming, the unfortunate wayfarer was drenched without delay or mercy; and the baptism was mercilessly continued until his or her greater speed had left the pitiless pursuers hopelessly behind.

Dipping was admitted by the boys to be very great fun, and a May-day without any would have been voted an utter failure; nevertheless, the coppers of commutation were very acceptable, as the Looe boys' providence could see as far as a week ahead, and within that period the great two-day fair of the town would be held, when cash would be useful. Hence, when any one responded to their challenge by flinging pence among them, they were wont to chant during the scramble—

"The first of May is dipping-day;

The sixth of May is Looe fair-day."

The zeal of the ritualists continued with but little abatement until evening, when it passed into other hands, and was conducted in a different manner. Their day's work over, the young artisans, sailors, and labourers, with an occasional young woman, gave a new phase to the proceedings. It was now a matter of "dipping for the fun of the thing," and not for the neglect of Flora—not with dipping-horns, but with pails. Before the shades of night drew in, they contented themselves with dipping contests, which had the appearance of attempts to drown one another; but after nightfall they were wont to secrete themselves in corners and doorways, until a few stragglers thoughtlessly venturing out would, without challenge or note of warning received, find a pail of water thrown over them. The probable exclamation of the unfortunate victim, "Oh! here's my May!" would be met with the modern heresy, "Dip after sunset, May or no May."

I remember the case of a young sailor, who, on May-day, had walked from a neighbouring port to spend a day or two with his family, resident at Looe. In the evening

he had, to use his own expression, put on his "best bib and tucker," and was on his way to see his sister, who lived near. On passing a corner, a pail of water was flung over him by some one, who at once fled from a hiding-place; but not without his recognising the offender to be a servant girl living not far off. Returning to his home, he took a large bucket of water, went to the house where the young woman lived, and knocked at the door. It was soon opened, and, as he expected, by the offending damsel, over whom, as she stood in the hall, he threw the contents of the pail, and then retraced his steps with a mind at ease. Such were the May-day revels at Looe.

I regret that I have never witnessed the *Furry*, which is held annually at Helston on the 8th of May—the day of the apparition of St. Michael, the patron saint of the town—and, to use the language of the Calendar, the *Octave* of May-day. Many descriptions of this festival have been given; but one of the most interesting is the following, by the Rev. Richard Warner, of Bath, in his "Tour through Cornwall in the Autumn of 1808":—

"On the 8th of May, before the dawn of day, the cheerful sound of various instruments echoes through the town of Helston, accompanied with the roar of a chorus song, vociferated by a large party of men, women, and children; announcing the arrival of a festival which is to give a temporary repose to every sort of labour, and to be dedicated entirely to sport and jollity. In a short time the streets are thronged with spectators or assistants in the mysteries. Should any industrious young man be found inattentive to the summons to universal relaxation, he is instantly seized by the joyous band, mounted upon a pole, borne on the shoulders of some of the party, and hurried to the river, into which—if he do not commute his punishment by a fine—he is plunged *sans ceremonie*. At nine o'clock the revellers appear before the Grammar School, and make their demand of a prescriptive holiday; and then proceed through the town, making a collection from house to house of money to be expended in the sports of the day. After having levied this general contribution, the troop *fadés*, as it is called—or, in the modern English, *goes*—into the country, where they gather oak branches and flowers; and with these, like the *Floralians*

of old, having adorned their heads, they return into the town, through which they dance and gambol till it is dusk, preceded by a fiddle playing an ancient traditional tune; passing without ceremony, in the meantime, through any house they think proper: a right assumed by the party, and granted by the inhabitants, from time immemorial. Within the memory of man the higher classes of the people of Helston used to assist in these rites, *fading* into the country in the afternoon; and, when they came back, dancing like the crowd, and observing the same ceremony of entering into private houses. This custom, however, has vanished before modern refinement; and now only a select party observe the practice, performing their ex-forensic orgies after nightfall, and then resorting to the ball-room, where the evening is closed by the genteel inhabitants with a ball and supper."

Mr. Warner supplements his description by the insertion of six "excellent songs," written, he says, by a bard of the neighbourhood in 1796. The following is the most descriptive and one of the briefest of the series:—

"THE FADE.

"White-vestur'd, ye maidens of *Ellas*, draw near,
And honour the rites of the day:
'Tis the fairest that shines in the round of the year;
Then hail the bright goddess of May.
O come, let us rifle the hedges, and crown
Our heads with gay garlands of sweets;
And when we return, to the shouts of the town,
Let us weave the light dance thro' the streets.
Flinging open each door, let us enter and frisk,
Though the master be all in a pother—
For, away from one house as we merrily whisk,
We will *fadé* it quick thro' another.
The nymph who despises the Furry-day dance,
Is a fine, or a *finical* lady—
Then let us with hearts full of pleasure advance,
And mix, one and all, in the *Fadé*."*

It is, perhaps, noteworthy that at Helston, as well as at Looe, the punishment for non-conformity was a ducking, and that it might be commuted by paying a fine. The observance of the much more modern usage of wearing an oak leaf on the 29th of May was enforced at the latter place, as well as in other districts of East Cornwall, by spitting at, or "cobbing," the offender.

The "Baal" fires were annually lighted at Penzance on the nights of the 23rd and

* Since this paper was written, local newspapers have stated that the *Furry* was duly and fully observed in the present year.

28th of June—St. John's Eve and St. Peter's Eve respectively. The Baptist is the patron saint of the town, and is honoured or propitiated, as the case may be, with observances which differ from those accorded to the chief of the Apostles—not in kind, but in their more splendid proportions. As soon as the sun has sunk below the horizon, crowds of young men and women take possession of the town, set fire to heaps of tar barrels, and other combustibles on the quay, in the principal streets, and in all conspicuous places; and then run wildly about, whirling blazing torches of great length over their heads. This is occasionally diversified by troops of girls and boys playing at the ancient game of "thread the needle"—a great favourite throughout Cornwall.

It cannot be denied that, to those who are so selfish as to think less of Pagan observances than of comfort and safety, the fires and the revelling attending them are undoubted nuisances. Attempts have accordingly been made from time to time to suppress them. I was at Penzance when an effort of this kind collapsed in the County Assize Court at Bodmin, and have a vivid recollection of the excitement which existed, and of the almost delirious exultation which was manifested on the receipt of the "good news." An innkeeper on the quay, who had supported the revel in the town, and had gone to Bodmin to give evidence on the trial, was regarded as a veritable hero—"one who would stand up for the rights of the people;" and, on his return, the horses were taken from the carriage in order that men and boys might draw him home in triumph.

Relics of the practice of the early British Christianizers remain in many of our ancient revels. To *supplant* the older religions was, perhaps, not difficult; to *annihilate* them seems to have been impossible. Days and seasons, long embalmed in the minds of the populace, were allowed to be held sacred still. The floral rites would not be discontinued, then let them be observed on the feast of St. Michael. Since the Baal fires would burn, let it be in honour of St. John and St. Peter. The Cornish have forgotten their ancient language; nevertheless remnants of it are now and then to be detected in the English they now use: they early and heartily accepted Christianity, but traces of their old paganism are occasionally discoverable. To use the phraseology of the

geologists, fossils from the older formations have been re-deposited in the newer ones.

The ancient times of our country linger amongst us, not only in usages which decline to die, but in monumental stones which are unwilling to decay. On Dartmoor, and other desolate moors of Devon and Cornwall, there are to be found numerous remnants of circles and older megalithic structures, inviting the archæologist and ethnologist to investigate them, yet ever eluding their grasp, and almost appalling them with the sense of the immediate presence of mystery which they infuse. Two examples of circles present themselves prominently to my mind at this moment; and to these I must restrict myself.

The first is in the parish of Linkinghorne, a few miles from Liskeard, in East Cornwall. It consists of thirty-four granite stones, from three to five feet high, which form parts of three large circles, whose centres are in one and the same straight line, extending from north-north-east to south-south-west. The northern circle was about forty yards in diameter; the second, forty-eight yards; and the southern, thirty yards. Of the first, fourteen stones still remain, of which six are yet erect; of the second, thirteen stones, nine being upright; and of the third, seven stones, two of them still standing. There are two other large erect stones about sixty yards to the westward.

This monument is known as the *Hurlers*—a name based on the following legend:—The stones were once men, who, playing at the game of *hurling* on a Sunday, were petrified as a punishment for their crime, and as a warning to Sabbath-breakers in general. Hals, who resided in Cornwall, and about the year 1685 began to make collections for his "Parochial History" of the county, was bold enough to be sceptical respecting the legend, as the following passage shows:—"Did but the ball which these hurlers used, when flesh and blood, appear directly over them, immovably pendant in the air, one might be apt to credit some little of the tale; but as the case is, I can scarcely help thinking but the present stones were always stones, and will to the world's end continue so, unless they will be at the pains to pulverize them." A foreigner, however, who, in 1661, published at Amsterdam a Latin work, entitled "*Rutgeri Harmanidæ Britannia Magna*," had already disposed of the question of the ball; for he

speaks of the monument as "many large stones, placed at equal distances, by the inhabitants termed *Hurletii*. They believe them to have been balls, but changed into stones, because with them the people profaned the Lord's Day."

I do not presume to offer an opinion as to whether the idea of *men* is more or less orthodox than that of balls. There can be no doubt that the former is vastly more prevalent than the latter—a strong argument, as times go, in favour of its greater soundness. Moreover, it is much strengthened by the unquestionable fact that one ball only was used in the game. According to Carew, it was a ball of wood, about three inches in diameter, covered with plated silver, sometimes gilt, and frequently having on it a Cornish motto signifying that fair play was best.

The second monument is a few miles south-west of Penzance. It once consisted of nineteen stones, sixteen of which are still erect. The circle itself is popularly called the "Merry Maidens," in consequence, it is said, of the stones having been formerly young women, who indulged in the unholy practice of dancing on a Sunday, and underwent a metamorphosis akin to that which befel the hurling men of Linkinghorne. In their vicinity there are two large stones, a furlong from one another, and twelve and sixteen feet in height respectively. These are the petrified *pipers* who supplied the unhallowed music on the occasion.

It is obvious that the names now borne by the monuments just described were imposed after the introduction of Christianity; for they and the legends they represent were invented for the purpose of securing a higher respect for the Christian Sabbath. They were given to a very credulous people, or they would never have been accepted. They were introduced at a remote period, for they can be traced through several centuries; both local history and tradition are utterly silent respecting any earlier names, and *pipers* have long ceased to be the popular musicians in either of the two counties. The people who adopted them must have utterly forgotten, or their ancestors could never have known, the history and import of the structures so absurdly named; whilst even we, their remote descendants, still wear sprigs of the narrow-leaf elm, join in the public dance in honour of Flora, and light the Baal fires soon after the summer solstice.

THE MORTIMERS: A NOVEL WITH TWO HEROES.

By the EDITOR.

BOOK VI.—CHAPTER III.

THE MASK IS TORN OFF BY MR. GIBSON.

MR. CAMPBELL'S observation to Erle in the good Doctor's parlour in Bartholomew-square, an hour after he left the two young men—Fairholme and Charles Mortimer—on the pavement outside Mr. Gibson's offices, turned out to be true. It was left to the astute old Scotchman—Mr. Gibson—to tear the mask of happy ignorance from the eyes of Charles Mortimer. Mr. Gibson's offices were situate in a quiet street, branching out of St. James's-street in an easterly direction towards Waterloo-place, and parallel with Pall-mall. Charles Mortimer entered first, followed immediately by his friend.

"Is Mr. Gibson at home?" he asked, on entering a spacious room on the ground floor, in which three or four clerks were busily at work scratching away with their quill pens as if life and death depended on their filling the folios of blue paper on which they wrote.

Probably the gentleman whose business it was to answer polite inquiries was not at his post, for a second or two elapsed before a pale junior, tall, and very sallow, peered over the rails that fenced the outer world of clients and callers from that inner sanctum of the conveyancing clerks.

"I'll see," he answered, applying his mouth to a speaking tube, whose other end might have been at the top of the house, from the puff he gave before he asked the question.

"What name, sir?" he asked, with an accent on the first word, which implied, "You are somebody we don't know, and don't entertain a very high opinion of. We'll keep you waiting here as long as we can."

"Mortimer," replied Charles, drawing himself up, and sucking the gold head of his cane with an air in which real annoyance was mingled in rather a comic way with assumed indifference. He longed to say—or, perhaps, rather longed that his father's butler was there to say for him—"Nephew of Sir Harold Mortimer, Bart., and accompanied by his Grace the Duke of Fairholme."

A speedy snub, however, was given to the cadaverous young clerk at the pipe by

an elderly clerk with a red face and florid address, who at this moment looked up from the deed he was engrossing, and instantly recognizing the Duke, advanced hurriedly from his desk, and begged "his Grace and—his—lordship"—the stout clerk put this out as a feeler—"to step up to Mr. Gibson's private room, if they pleased."

"I need not go with you, you know. You'll do better without me," said Fairholme.

And Charles, preceded by the red-faced clerk, walked upstairs to the first floor.

Here the man, with an officious politeness of the most exuberant kind, placed a leather-covered easy chair close to the fire, and begged Charles to please to be seated while he announced him to Mr. Gibson. He returned in a few seconds to say that the solicitor was just now engaged with a gentleman.

"Sir Popham Popham, your—my lord"—again the title was given tentatively—"a client of ours."

"My name is Mr. Mortimer," said Charles from the easy chair, with his *grand seigneur* air.

He fell a little, ever so little, in the estimation of the red-faced clerk after this confession.

"Mr. Gibson will be at your service almost directly, Mr. Mortimer. We will let you know the instant he is disengaged."

Handing to Charles the *Times* of the day, the clerk bowed and withdrew to his desk downstairs, to administer a cutting reproof to the cadaverous junior.

"Don't call me a fool," the pale young man retorted; "how was *I* to know who they were?"

And, indeed, how was he?

In a few minutes Charles heard the door of an adjoining room open, and a cheerful voice saying, "Good afternoon, Sir Popham." A minute more and the red-faced clerk summoned Charles into the private room of the solicitor. Mr. Gibson sat at a table covered with papers to which he had had occasion to refer during his interview with Sir Popham Popham.

"Mr. Mortimer?" said Mr. Gibson, rising, and bowing graciously.

Charles bowed in return.

"Pray be seated, Mr. Mortimer," said the man of law, pointing to the chair recently occupied by Sir Popham.

"How is my noble client, the Duke of

Fairholme? Ah! quite well. I am glad to hear it. A very dashing young nobleman, Mr. Mortimer. A credit to his order, sir. A very fine fellow indeed. I am honoured by his sending you to me."

As Charles did not immediately state his business—being, in truth, turning over in his mind the best method of beginning it—the solicitor carried on the conversation himself.

"Not the Yorkshire branch of the family. The Berkshire branch—ah! I know Sir Harold Mortimer by sight. He has been pointed out to me."

"My uncle," said Charles.

"In-deed!" returned Mr. Gibson, with great urbanity. "Then your father was—"

"Is, Mr. Robert Mortimer."

"In-deed!" ejaculated the solicitor, who all the while was speculating on his new client's business.

He was often applied to by young men in pecuniary trouble.

"In-deed! Yes; I know his name perfectly well, of course. He is one of our—our leading statesmen."

"Hardly yet, I think," said Charles, to whom this elaborate flow of intended compliment was somewhat distasteful.

"Leading, for his years, my dear sir. In England a man is often hard on seventy before he can be—now, Prime Minister, for instance."

Still the young man hesitated about how he should begin.

Assuming that money was at the root of his troubles, Mr. Gibson adroitly led him on.

"The Duke of Fairholme is your friend, of course, Mr. Mortimer, as he honoured me by bringing you here?"

"Oh, yes! an intimate friend," said Charles. "We have always been together."

"Always been together," thought the lawyer. "Money, then."

"He spends his money freely—too freely, perhaps. The Duke is so very generous, so open-handed. Never stops to count the cost. Of course, among gentlemen who are honoured by his society, money must be spent, if not extravagantly, freely!"

Mr. Gibson elevated his eyebrows, and looked at Charles in an inquiring manner.

"I know I am always rather short of coin myself," Charles answered.

"Ah!" thought Mr. Gibson, "I am right; it is money."

Now, Mr. Gibson's business with these

young men was not to raise money for them at outrageous rates of interest, but to get them out of the hands of men who had done them this service. In this way he had been of much use to the Duke more than once. He was, indeed, as thoroughly respectable and honest a practitioner as was to be found on the rolls of his profession.

"I came," said Charles, "to consult you—"

"Ye-es," said Mr. Gibson, encouragingly, sitting *opposite* his client, with his hands folded before him.

"About some money—"

"Ye-es," said the lawyer, elevating his eyebrows again. "You have raised at high rates of interest. Ah, young men will be a little foolish at first. We old fellows see so much of it; we quite expect it."

"No, not that exactly," said Charles.

"Oh," observed his adviser, with some surprise, which useful and expressive interjection he employed to express his feelings several times as he listened to Charles's narrative of his connection with Mrs. Graf-ton's niece. At its conclusion he said—

"This is a more serious business than I think you suppose, Mr. Mortimer."

"Oh, the money I wish to settle can easily be raised, even before my marriage," said Charles, as carelessly as he could. But the manner of the lawyer rather frightened him from his composure.

"You are married, Mr. Mortimer," observed the other, gravely.

"No—oh no, not yet. In about a month the affair is to come off."

"You don't understand me, I think."

And Mr. Gibson proceeded to make himself understood in language of unmistakable plainness.

"Good God!" cried the young man, springing up from his chair, and making use of a stronger expression than should ever proceed from the lips of a gentleman.

"Hush! my dear sir," said the lawyer.

"You are speaking of your *wife*!"

Pallid as death, Charles Mortimer fell back into his chair. In the whirl of conflicting emotions which tortured him, he heard not a word of the authorities Mr. Gibson quoted in support of his view of the law—paid no attention to the advice he gave.

When the lawyer had ceased speaking, he murmured a word or two of thanks that were hardly audible from his parched lips,

and rushed wildly down the stairs—to the amazement of the clerks in their office—out into the air, anywhere where he could breathe.

The Hansom cab that had brought him still waited at the door. He did not see it, but was rushing past it up the street, when the driver called "I beg pardon, sir," after Charles's retreating figure.

"Oh, yes, I had forgotten. Here," and he gave the cabman one of the sovereigns he had received from Fairholme.

"I haven't got change, sir."

"Never mind change," said the young man. "Here—stay—drive me—drive me to the Park."

It was in Hyde Park—dreary and deserted on a December afternoon—that Charles Mortimer strode rapidly along, striving vainly to collect his thoughts.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SICKLE OF THE REAPER.

WHEN the mind of a man, be he young or old, has received one of those sudden and terrible shocks which happily occur but as the rare event of a lifetime, it is not the work of one day to restore tone to that subtle organization we call the nervous system. Charles Mortimer sat down to the form of dinner in his father's house that evening, eating mechanically, sitting with vacant stare, oblivious of all around him, peering into the dark future. He retired early to his chamber, to pass a sleepless night. How could he meet the gaze of his father, of his uncle, of his affianced bride, when the truth should be told? The cup of fortune, happiness, prosperity, had been dashed from his lips in a moment. He fell into a troubled slumber. He dreamt. He was alone in the darkness, but her image was bright, ever before him, beckoning him derisively, luring him on to destruction. He had climbed to the edge of a cliff, his fingers grasped the tufts of coarse grass on the summit, in a moment he would be out of danger; but her form stood towering above him, ready to thrust him back into the abyss below. Then he would awake from his nightmare with a start; and alone, in the darkness, he felt his wickedness, his heartlessness, come home to him.

"I am rightly served," he thought; "all this I have brought on myself. How am I to extricate myself?"

And for the first time in his life almost, he

was half inclined to tell all the truth. This seemed the only loophole by which he might escape. Sensitive and proud, he feared the laughter of his acquaintances more than the anger of his father, or the grief of his uncle. He felt disposed to weather the storm, brave it out for awhile, and see what turn events would take. He was enabled next day, after taking this resolution, to meet his father and Sir Harold without displaying any symptoms of his disturbance and alarm, other than a paleness of the cheek unnatural to him.

"Why, Charlie, my boy," said Sir Harold, in his cheerful way, "you look anything but well. Anybody would think that getting married was a very alarming affair, to see the effect its approach has upon you and Mabel."

"I am not well, uncle, to-day. I felt ill last night, and hav'n't slept well. I dare say that is all that is the matter."

Mr. Robert Mortimer, from his place at the breakfast table, altogether deprecated the notion that either Charles or Mabel displayed symptoms of anything but the greatest eagerness for their wedding day to come.

"I'll answer for Charles; and, I am sure, you will for Mabel—eh, Margaret?" he said, addressing his sister.

"Let the boy speak for himself," said Sir Harold, gravely.

So Charles spoke for himself; and, in a day or two, they all went down to the Chase together. Sir Harold, and Miss Margaret, their brother Robert, his wife, and son.

On the day before they were to leave town, the physician who had been longest in attendance upon the old Baronet, and had taken charge of him during his convalescent period after the operation, called Miss Margaret aside. They stepped into an anteroom together.

"You are going down into the country, Miss Mortimer," said this gentleman; "and I shall lose sight of my patient altogether, I am afraid."

"Oh! no; not altogether, I hope," said this kind lady, who was grateful to the physician for his care of her brother. "We shall always be most happy to see you, if you will run down for a day or two when you can spare time. Madingley is not very far from London."

"Perhaps some of these days I shall be delighted to avail myself of your kind in-

itation," said the medical man. "But now I wish to whisper a word or two of caution before you take my patient away in your charge."

Miss Margaret's face began to wear a look of painful alarm, for the physician's demeanour was calculated to inspire fear in the heart of a nervous lady.

"Do not," he said, "do not, pray, be alarmed at what I am going to say to you. There is not the slightest ground for immediate alarm."

"But, doctor, I thought my brother had quite recovered from the effect of the operation upon his eyes."

"Quite. What I want you to do is, to induce Sir Harold to live regularly and very temperately."

"He does—always," urged Miss Margaret.

"Not to indulge in any violent exercises, or, indeed, to be tempted at his time of life into any of those active sports he was fond of when a younger man."

"He has not for a long time—"

"No. But the great improvement of his sight may tempt him—to be silly. You understand me, Miss Mortimer. Sir Harold feels well—"

"Is not he well?" broke in Miss Margaret, quite pale with anxiety.

"He must be guarded from any sudden shock or excitement. At his age, you know, such things are serious."

He could not find it in his heart to tell the truth, that Sir Harold Mortimer was attacked with heart disease, which at any minute might be fatal to him. He only said instead—

"Now, I am quite understood, am I, Miss Mortimer? You fully comprehend my very simple directions? You know, you are to be the doctor now instead of me. Regularity, moderation at table, and gentle exercise—nothing violent. Yes—well, then, I shall wish you a good morning; and, at the same time, promise to see you at Madingley before very long. And if anything should occur to make my presence seem necessary, you must promise to write for me at once."

So they parted, and poor Miss Margaret, full of alarm, mounted guard over her brother. She had not told the doctor how often Sir Harold had dined at his club, and what a very festive time he had had of it since his recovery.

The next day they all proceeded to Maddingley together. Sir Harold was in the best of spirits, and apparently the best of health, keeping the whole party alive with his fun.

When they reached the Chase, in his eagerness to display to his old servants the improvement in his sight, he performed a number of feats forbidden by the doctors.

"Simmons, saddle my roan cob. Put the saddle on the little bay mare for Mr. Charles. Come, Charlie, my boy, we will ride over to the Downs, and see old Johnny Butler. I want to talk to him."

In truth, Sir Harold wished to show his old adherent and faithful servant that he could ride again on his cob across those Downs he had not cantered over for months.

They started off together, the old Baronet and his nephew, and in about an hour returned. Sir Harold went into the library, as he said he had some matters of business to attend to.

Charles was sitting with Mabel when, at two o'clock, the luncheon bell rang.

The other members of the family circle assembled at table for the purpose of eating that meal, but Sir Harold did not come.

"It is singular Harold does not come," said Miss Margaret. "I should think he has not heard the bell."

The good old Baronet had not heard the bell.

He was dead in his chair in the library.

The servant who had been sent to summon his master came into the room, and whispered something to Robert Mortimer.

"Good Heaven! what is the matter?" cried Miss Margaret, with a shriek.

"Sit still. Nothing. Stay with your aunt, Charles, until I see what is the matter with your uncle," said his father.

It was not difficult to see what was the matter with Sir Harold Mortimer.

His half-brother found him sitting in his chair, his papers open before him. There was a letter open on the ground at his feet. The last thing his hands had touched. An anonymous letter. It had killed Sir Harold. Robert saw that. As he crumpled it up, and thrust it into his trousers pocket, he thought he knew the writing. The characters, though disguised, seemed to be familiar.

A sudden death in a house—and especially when it is the head of the household that is dead—creates great confusion. The

scene produced at the Chase by the sudden and shocking death of Sir Harold Mortimer may be left to the imagination.

"Shall we send for a doctor from London, Sir Robert?" asked the butler.

And the new Baronet answered "Yes."

TABLE TALK.

THE all-absorbing topic of interest is the War. The concern felt for the aggressive movements of the Prussians and the defensive operations of the shattered remains of the French armies, throughout Great Britain, is only exceeded by the keener interest of France and Germany themselves. Not only in those places where is heard "the busy hum of men," but in the most remote and rural hamlets, the only news that really takes hold of the ears of the people is news of the war. Yet, after the fall of one of the greatest empires of modern times—and, to put it in the mildest phrase, the removal of the most ancient throne in the civilised world, the Chair of St. Peter—in prospect of the gigantic throes of the greatest military nations of Europe, amidst scenes of unrivalled excitement, and a death-struggle of stupendous moment to the destinies not only of our neighbours, but ourselves, M. Thiers comes to London, and finds the Court of St. James's removed some miles beyond the reach of the most perfect railway system in existence. He finds the Cabinet separated, and the Ministers individually shooting partridges or picking up shells, as their tastes incline towards sport or natural history. While at Vienna, Florence, and St. Petersburg, Ministers are at their posts and at work, officialism in England is at play. What will the veteran statesman say of us when he proceeds on his mission to other capitals?

IT IS A CURIOUS and noteworthy fact in connection with our system of government by responsible Ministers, that, during half the year—that half in which Parliament sits—no event of the smallest importance, domestic or foreign, can occur without a dozen members of the Houses of Commons and Lords asking the Ministers as many different questions. Yet, in the other half of the year following the prorogation of Parliament, the destinies of the nation are in the hands of a little knot of men, responsible, it is true, to a Parliament which will meet

again in February. Happily, they can be trusted with their power. But, at the present crisis, surely the Ministers, if not the Court, should be in London. We may breathe freely now, perhaps; but till a few days ago we knew not how soon we might have to redeem our pledge to maintain the integrity of Belgium. Yet, notwithstanding this apparent indifference of the Court and the Cabinet to the stirring events happening on the Continent, a calamity unequalled in its horrible fatality since the foundering of the *Royal George*, the march of Italian troops upon the Papal city, an alarming railway accident, and—dear to Yorkshire hearts—a great St. Leger surprise, have failed, singly or together, to attract the public attention for more than a passing moment from the great tragedy now being enacted in France. It is the War that occupies all men's thoughts.

CONCERNING THE LOSS of the *Captain*, it may not be out of place to say a few words. England mourns the loss of nearly half a thousand of her brave seamen, swept in an instant from life to death, buried in the bosom of the Atlantic. The nation has lost, also, the most powerful fighting ship in the world—a vessel capable of annihilating successively our fleet of ironclads—and with the *Captain* have gone down a picked crew, a gallant commander, and the man whose inventive genius conceived and perfected the turret ship. To the widow and the orphan our duty is clear, and Englishmen will not need to be reminded of our great naval hero's words before Trafalgar to make them do it.

THE LOSS OF THIS VESSEL, however, must not be allowed to prejudice our minds against the turret ships. Messrs. Laird, who built the *Captain*, can construct another vessel from the same designs. The fighting ship of the future will certainly be a turreted vessel. The fire of ships like the *Captain*—carrying guns of enormous power—is deadly. They can riddle the sides of any ironclad, and are themselves almost impregnable. A great naval authority, Captain Sherard Osborn, thus tells the story of the unfortunate vessel:—

"The *Captain* turret ship, with a low freeboard, has capsized, owing to being caught under canvas in one of those sudden and violent equinoctial gales common at this season of the year. It must be re-

membered that she was the first ship with a low freeboard that has ever been fully masted and attempted to be worked as a sailing ship. In that respect, and that only, was she an experiment. Turrets have been worked at sea in all weathers. Low freeboard ships of the *Monitor* class have been tested in all seas."

Captain Osborn says that Captain Cowper Coles—

"Was fully aware of the serious nature of the experiment he was about to enter upon; and, prior to the first cruise of the *Captain*, we had a long and anxious conversation upon this very subject; and, by diagrams and models which were before us, he agreed with me that, if the leverage of the sails canted the low-sided ship over beyond a certain point, the danger of her not recovering herself would be very great; and I urged him to be most careful in his experiments on this head, and, at all costs, not to hesitate, if caught in bad weather, to furl all sails, and bring the ship under steam, with her bow to the sea."

When sent on her second and last voyage, Captain Coles again went out to watch her movements—never to reach land again. Captain Osborn thus sums up the case:—

"However, the mania for sailing all our fleet, and endangering valuable ironclads, and still more precious lives, by manœuvring under canvas, as in the days of Benbow, has wrought its evil. The topsails of the *Captain* threw her on her beam ends, and the fate of that gallant ship and crew ends in a melancholy way indeed the tardy and sad experiment of taking a ship of an entirely novel form and distribution of weights and masting, and attempting to sail her on the pattern of the useless wooden fighting ships of bygone days."

We fear this is only too true. A vessel like the *Captain* ought never to have had heavy masts and rigging. It was foreign to her purpose and design. The best monument to the memory of her designer will be another *Captain*, which we will suggest to the Admiralty should be called the *Cowper Coles*.

An Illustration, printed separately on Toned Paper, is published with the present Weekly Number.

MR. GOLIGHTLY; or, the ADVENTURES of an AMIABLE MAN, a Novelette in Twelve Chapters, will be commenced on the conclusion of "The Mortimers." "Mr. Golightly" will be illustrated by Phiz.

Rejected MSS. will be returned to the authors, if stamps for that purpose are sent.

The Editor will only be responsible for their being safely re-posted to the addresses given.

Every MS. must have the name and address of the author legibly written on the first page.

ONCE A WEEK is registered for transmission abroad.

ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 144.

October 1, 1870.

Price 2d.

ONE OF TWO; OR, A LEFT-HANDED BRIDE.

BY HAIN FRISWELL.

CHAPTER XVII.

"For all our good we hold of Heaven by lease,
With many forfeits and conditions bound."



STANFIELD felt, during the dinner he sat down to, stranger emotions than he had ever felt in his life. Mr. Roskell, upon whom everything in Chesterton House depended, had provided one of those exquisitely arranged repasts of which Brillat Savarin speaks, when he says

that, "after having commenced to eat, it is only a philosopher who dares to leave off." The *chef* at Chesterton House was a great personage, whose genius rose upon the occasion; and who, sympathizing with his master in his simple but elegant taste, never worked better than when he knew his own two chiefs would eat of his dishes.

"To cook for a crowd, look you, Monsieur Rascall," he would say, "is, in effect, not the glory I seek. The ambition of your Milton, to whose great name you have wisely assigned your best oysters—why is the name of Shak-es-peirr not yet appropriated to some great dish? oh, you dull Islanders!—your Milton, I say, wished that his dishes should be pronounced upon by 'fit audience, though few.' I was told so by a man on your *Times*—a Dr. Robertson

—who loved a good dish. I agree with Milton."

As the *chef* had also the best market in the world to draw from, and was really a cook of great talent, no wonder that the Earl and his son both frequently conveyed the fact, in a courtly way, to Mr. Roskell, that they ate such dishes nowhere but in their own house; and that, in fact, there was a thorough understanding between the *chef*, the steward, his lordship, and all concerned, that, when anything was wanted which could stir an appetite under the ribs of death, M. Le Noir was the person to provide it.

The soups were two—clear turtle, followed by green pea; a turbot and lobster sauce, served in a picturesque way; *entrées* of oysters, cooked in three different ways; a delicate saddle of mutton, which M. Le Noir rightly proclaimed as equal to venison; a salmi of partridges; and a single but magnificent roast cock pheasant, cooked with chemical perfection, and served like a picture, in the glory of his tail feathers, displaying, like Nelson with all his orders, the magnificent proportions of his breast to the enemy, completed the dishes. The dessert was an English pine and one fine bunch of English hot-house grapes; and with it some coffee-ice, then a novelty.

Philip, in spite of his deep depression, and to his own great wonder, fed like a hungry man feeds; but ate as if he were in a dream. To him it seemed so. The wonderful quietude and order of the place; the Earl, like some representative nobleman, doing the honours gracefully; Mr. Roskell, a little behind his chair, approaching only with the wines—or rather wine, for throughout they drank but one—and quietly beckoning with finger, or merely raised eyelid, to the under-butler and a servant out of livery, who were in attendance.

There was, moreover, a little quiet conversation going on between the Earl and

Mr. Roskell, which added to the dreamy unreality of the last grand feast that Philip was to enjoy in Chesterton House. The Earl would turn round to his old servant and say—

"Le Noir has excelled himself. That salmi was delicious."

"He knew your lordships would dine by yourselves, and then he always puts on a spurt."

"Uncommonly fine turbot, Roskell."

"Well, since your lordship says so, it's the finest of the size I've seen; and Mr. Groves says no less. Aye, and he is a judge of fish, the old gentleman."

"A capital tradesman," said the Earl. "A very worthy man. Let me see, how is his gout?"

"Well, he would go to the Leger, your lordship, and that made it worse. But for all that he would hop out of his shop to pick out a fish for you. 'Tell the Earl that turbot's worth eighteenpence a mouthful.'"

"Egad, he's right. I will look at him as I pass: it will do him good. Mutton comes from Wimpole, I suppose?"

"No; from the farm at Banstead. Six years old. A present from the tenant."

"Send him some venison. He'll lose by the exchange; but they think so much of a little attention."

Such bald, disjointed chat—for it is impossible, in print, to convey Mr. Roskell's deferential whispers; or the courteous, friendly, homely tone and manner of Lord Chesterton—hardly broke in upon the thoughts of Philip more than the distant murmur of the sea. There is something very soothing in a well-bred tone; just as there is something very irritating in the strident, harsh chatter of the roughs of society.

Striking upon his ears like conversation from the shores of Acheron, there came questions from his father about such and such a tenant, and kindly answers from the steward to such questions. Philip seemed to himself to have lost all interest in these good people. He was not of them *now*; and the kind garrulity of old Roskell and the Earl no more concerned him than did the history of twenty years back.

His father, who noticed his silence, and was himself, therefore, the more talkative, comforted himself with a meaning look at the steward to note the young fellow's appetite. At length, the coffee-ices were brought

in; and Mr. Roskell and his aids, with careful and searching glances at the table, to see that not a spoon strayed beyond its appointed place, withdrew.

The good old fashion of drinking toasts was not then done away with; and the Earl, filling his son's glass with Chambertin, nodded to him and said—

"We will have just one toast, Philip—'Our house, may it flourish as long as the land!'"

This was a polite way of drinking his son's health, and Philip felt it to be so; but he only lifted his wine, saying—"Your lordship's toast;" and, tasting it merely, put it down.

"Well," said his father, "that ought to have had a bumper at least; but you young fellows are gradually losing the habit of drinking. I suppose, in a generation or two, toasts will be banished, and generous wine pronounced a delusion and a snare."

To comfort himself under such a dreadful future, Lord Chesterton filled his glass, and drank solemnly and to himself.

"Now," said he, "now, Philip, my boy, is the time for that discussion we promised ourselves. I hope what we have to debate is nothing serious."

Philip started, as if from a reverie.

"So serious, my lord," he said, "that we cannot discuss it here."

"Why not?"

"There are doors," said the young man, pale and frightened. "Your servants might hear."

And he led the way to his own room, holding above his head a lighted taper, and looking forward as if he were afraid of some danger.

A fire was burning in the grate, and wax candles stood ready to be lighted; but Philip lighted them not.

The Earl, impressed by his manner, said nothing; but submitted passively, and sat down in the chair Philip placed for him as if he had been a child.

"You don't seem inclined," said Lord Chesterton, with a feeble attempt at an after-dinner joke, "to allow much light to be thrown upon our discussion, Philip."

"It is best," answered his son, "that this should be told in the darkness."

Then he, standing with his back to the light, and before his father, so that the Earl could not see his face, spoke, as it were, out of the darkness, and in agony, and cried—

"My lord, the Earl of Chesterton, *am I your son?*"

The tone, the cry almost, smote the Earl in the very joints of his armour; but he answered boldly and quickly—

"Before God you are, Philip, my dear and honoured son."

"There is yet another question," returned Philip. "Would that you could answer it so well! Am I your lordship's legitimate son, heir to your name and estates?"

The answer came not forth so readily now. The Earl saw that, at a moment, the fabric he had endeavoured to build up for thirty years had crumbled to the ground. Henceforward, if kept at all, his secret must be kept by the connivance of his son Philip; who, although the chief person concerned in the matter, was by far too honourable, in his father's opinion, to allow interest to have any influence over him in a matter of honour.

And it is to be noted that Lord Chesterton had not only implanted this honourable feeling, but delighted in it.

"Bless the boy," he said to himself many a time, "he has the true chivalry of his race. He would not do a base action to save his life."

It had been the Earl's aim through life to keep the guilt of the transaction entirely to himself, and the knowledge of it also, so far as it could be kept. He had so well succeeded that, after the death of the valet Gustave, he had dismissed from his mind the bare possibility of the history which the reader is already aware of ever coming to his son's knowledge. The question put to him by his son, therefore, came upon him like a thunderclap. Some time elapsed before he could recover himself.

"Shall I repeat the question, my lord?" asked Philip's voice out of the darkness.

"Unless you would break my heart, no! I will swear, Philip, that—"

"Oh, spare your oaths, my lord. This but confirms me. That you would have me to be your heir and son, I know too well."

"What villain, Philip," said the Earl, rising and mastering his emotion as well as he could, "has dared to sow any such doubts in your mind?"

"No villain, but a noble man," returned his son, with a sneer that was hardly perceptible. "What do you say, my lord, to its being no less a person than Philip Stan-

field, commonly called Lord Wimpole, himself?"

"If, Philip, you have made some pretended discovery yourself," returned his father—a faint glimmer of hope coming into his mind that all might not be so bad, after all—"you have only to tell me, and I will set all right."

"No doubt, my lord, you would. But the time I have had to reflect upon this has been sufficient to convince me that your efforts would be in vain. You seem to forget that the person now speaking to you has some right to doubt his own identity. He is not in reality Lord Wimpole, *but Edgar Wade!*"

With a start, and a bound, and an oath, the Earl sprang to his feet. The mine had been sprung; and the carefully raised fabric, which had shown so fair a front for thirty years, had been blown to atoms. Had the battle been fought with regular approaches, the Earl would have still held out. As it was, his army had disappeared, his defences were nowhere. He had nothing to do but to capitulate. He made one more effort.

"Oh, my son—my son!" he cried, "what madness possesses you? Speak no more to me—tell me no more. Let us blot out this fearful night. I will not listen. I forbid—"

"It is too late, my lord," said his son, "when I demand." Then, taking his father's hand, he said, "Listen till I tell all. *Sit down.*"

A sad shrift it was. Burnt in upon the young man's brain were the letters which Edgar Wade had shown him. Without any effort, he repeated, word for word, the story of the wrongs of the Countess, whose portrait hung above them. The boy had been very fond of his mother—*his* mother, as he said, with amazing bitterness—that quiet, subdued, selfish, and most proper lady, who was never put out, and who might have had as much, but certainly not more, external feeling than a mummy, or than one of the waxwork figures in the novel exhibition by Madame Tussaud, the ingenious old lady who had set up her tabernacle in the fashionable quarter of Baker-street. The wrongs of the Countess, Philip dwelt upon much more eagerly than his own;—and here, indeed, Lord Chesterton seemed to glean some shred of comfort.

"Speak no more of her," he said. "She knows all now, and is beyond our mortal feeling. At any rate, Philip, cruel as I

have been in my misguided policy, I have only done to you that which I thought at least was kind and good."

"Oh, my lord," returned Philip, "how foolish and short-sighted we are! You tell me that you tried to benefit me, and to do good. What good can now remain to me? I seem even to have lost myself; and hardly, indeed, my identity remains. Seneca makes his heroine, when all melts from her, comfort herself with the proud saying, 'Medea superest;' but what is there that is mine? I am not even what I thought I was."

Chesterton had bent down his proud head, and the tears which were silently running through his thin fingers showed how much he felt his son's grief.

"Come, come," he said, rising and placing his hand on his son's shoulder, "all is surely not lost. If we concede that this barrister makes good what he avows—which I by no means say that he will," continued the Earl—"splendide mendax; which, mind you, I can promise that."

"Oh, my lord, you have others to convince besides that gentleman who was lately called Edgar Wade. The enemy you have to conquer is not on the outposts, but in the city itself. You have to convince *ourselves*. We cannot act as if truth were untruth."

These sentences brought Lord Chesterton down on his chair again.

"Oh, Philip—oh, my son," he sobbed, "you indeed teach me how I ought to have felt! What remains for you, my boy? You asked me that just now. My deeper, holier love—your own education, knowledge, and goodness—your unbroken honour, uncontaminated faith—"

"Alas—alas!" sobbed the young man—for the father had broken down as he spoke, and could not finish his sentence—"alas! my father, your very kindness has proved poison to me. The education you have given me has made me appreciate the luxury with which I was surrounded, and it has added another and more bitter sting to the sorrow with which I part from them. I seemed not proud; but I loved, with a deeper pride because it was concealed, the marks of riches, of place, of power, around me. I loved the decent order of your house, your well-tutored servants, and the respectful, even tender, deference they showed me. I was the heir of all your inherited honours, of the goodness of the

Countess, of the ancient lineage and noble blood of my father. And all this time I was an unconscious impostor—a cuckoo in the nest of the hedge sparrow; no true man, no real son of yours, but a—"

"Stop, Philip!" said the Earl. "Press not upon me so hardly for my sin. In spite of all you may say, listen to what I say. I will not neglect or leave you. You are this day ten times my son."

He put his arms round the younger man, as if to shield him from any harm. His words and action touched the heart of Philip, who, taking his father's hands in his, kissed them tenderly, and then put them away.

"No, my lord," he said, "you can do nothing."

"I will go with you to America. We can live together, Philip."

"Too late! This is too late, my lord. You cannot take property which belongs to him. You are, no doubt, very strong and powerful as Earl of Chesterton; but there is something infinitely stronger—the laws of England. What they pronounce, that we must abide by; and their voice must be on the side upon which both our consciences are ranged. Every benefit that you have heaped upon me has been but a trial. The tender education makes me feel more deeply my position; the love of power and position you have inculcated has made me cling more deeply than you can think to the false position I innocently found myself in. Oh! my lord, you have tried me too much. There are crimes which angels seem to lead to: crimes made venial by the temptation; and temptations too strong to put fairly before weak human nature. How do you know but, as the result of your crime, my brain has not been taxed to save my seat—my hands have not been dyed in human blood?"

The Earl trembled as these words fell upon his ear.

"Philip!" he cried, "I can bear no more. Let me go at once. Let me sleep over the events of this day. To-morrow we may meet with and temporize with this young man. Good night! good night!"

The Earl hastily unfastened the door, and hurried across the corridor; and Philip watched his retreating form.

"Good night, my father," he murmured; "good night. To-morrow we may temporize! Alas, what new difficulties may not to-morrow bring forth?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE WATCHERS WATCHED.

MR. BROWNJOHN found that in his new ally he had not attracted all that he could wish. The systematic Englishman was as sure as he was slow, and desired especially to move in a dignified and regular way.

César Negretti laughed at these notions, and was for capturing the enemy by a series of brilliant surprises. Sam Brownjohn was content to go to a certain place—let us say, to a low public-house near Ratcliff-high-way or the Docks—and there to await the advent of his victim, if “from information that he had received”—which mysterious and useful phrase was then in the womb of time—he suspected that the said victim would pass that way. This, which may be called the spider system of building a net and waiting till a fly falls into it, is very useful, and, on the whole, successful; but it was far too prosaic for the ingenious and ingenious César.

“Behold! my Brownjohn,” he said one morning. “Regard me as equipped. We shall now prosecute our searches without suspicion.”

To the Bow-street officer’s London eyes, Negretti had done that which would call all the gazers of Europe after them; and if there was anything Brownjohn loved it was to do a thing “on the quiet.” Negretti, on the contrary, evidently loved that which was noisy and loud. He had exchanged his waiter’s dress for a seafaring costume prevalent in Malta, and to be seen in and about Naples; or, indeed, which might pass current as far as Marseilles or the “Rock.” Some of the wild seafarers who are to be seen at “Gib” do, indeed, indulge in such picturesque attire as at once suggested itself to the artistic eye of the Maltese.

“Why, my eye!” cried Brownjohn, “if you aint dressed out as if you was about to take a part at the Brunswick afore it fell down, or one of the low gaffs at the East-end. They will smell a rat and chive us.”

“Pah! my padrone! Leave to César what he knows. We are to search among foreign sailors, look you. They are accustomed to such toggery. Behold!”

César here pulled out of the pocket of a sailor’s reefing jacket—which he wore over a blue Guernsey shirt, buckled round the waist with a black leather belt and brass

buckle—a red nightcap, about as long as a waist-sash, and with a distinct and finely developed tassel at each end. This he deftly doubled into its own inside, and put on the back of his head; and then, putting his hands in his jacket pockets, struck a defiant and seafaring attitude.

“I remember in your theatres, my Brownjohn, actors who did not look so much like the British tar as I do.”

Brownjohn groaned inwardly, and outwardly remonstrated thus—

“Why, every one of the people will be up to our little lay. They will be sure to smell out our plot. Why don’t you keep it dark? There’s nothing like doing a business thing in a business way, and on the quiet.”

The restless eyes of Negretti, which watched Brownjohn quite as much as Brownjohn watched any other body, flared up into a kind of bonfire of contempt. César was one of those geniuses who felt contempt for everybody except himself, and who looked down upon all his employers; as he would, indeed, have looked down upon an Archangel, had one asked him to go upon a message for him. Perhaps, if the Archangel was one from the lowest depths, the Maltese might have accorded him some slight recognition; but not unless he had been so.

“You shall see. Your quiet way would set all the foreign sailors in a fright. Now, I am your nephew; you are my uncle. We look for a brother of yours, and another uncle of mine. You understand, Signor Padrone?”

“Well, it’s one way,” sighed Brownjohn; “and, I suppose, as I can’t go mine, we may as well go yourn. It’s a queer way, anyhow. Come outside the crib, and let’s begin our journey.”

Out of the crib they came, César still bearing his bundle, and looking round with a feeling of relief as he went on his way. Brownjohn was right enough. In *his* neighbourhood the nautical dress of Negretti attracted many a gazer, one of whom was so amused as to follow the pair.

This was no less than Patsy Quelch.

Patsy’s curiosity was of a longer date than the transformation of César; and Patsy is himself a character that must be introduced to the reader.

In the lower regions of the Strangers’ Hotel—which was supposed to be brimming over with choice dishes, heads of game, haunches of venison, curious patties, and all

sorts of foreign delicacies; but which only held one simmering stock soup, converted as occasion demanded into the soups asked for, and which brimmed over with no other game than cockroaches—lived the cook, the padrone, and Mr. Quelch, named Patsy.

Patsy, the son of an Irish gentleman, a native of the Holy Land—as St. Giles's was then profanely called—and of a Scotch lady, who had tramped up to London from one of the least salubrious wynds of Glasgow, was a London sparrow, or gutter bird of a well-known type. He had been so knocked about by father and mother—the father, who beat the mother, taking some pleasure in seeing her pass on the rude blows to their son, to whom he generously now and then dealt a spare blow himself—that when he came to years of discretion—that is to say, when Patsy was about ten—he one fine morning gave them leg-bail: that is, he ran away from the ancestral cellar.

When his mother summoned him, with an affectionate oath, to fetch the milk in the morning, there was no answer; and although the paternal voice was heard to address him in a fond way as the “thafe of the wer'ld,” and to beg him “to come out o' dat, or else ivry single bone” in his skin would be collectively broken, Patsy never responded. He had followed a Punch and Judy firm to its West-end pitch; had got lost near Shepherd's-bush; was taken up by the watch; declared he was an orphan; and was treated as such, by being affectionately sent to a workhouse, and in due time apprenticed to a shoemaker. The shoemaker was not a bad master, but a severe one; and in a short time it occurred to Patsy that he might escape hard and confining work, with now and then some strap oil, by running eastward into town. Being decently clothed, and asking civilly for employment from door to door, Patsy was soon engaged as waiter at the Hôtel des Etrangères, in Rupert-street. Here the boy, who had blossomed into a good-looking “gossoon” of fifteen, found he was in his element. He had very little to do, had plenty to eat, and now and then picked up some halfpence from the couriers and valets who frequented the hotel. He even learnt something of foreign languages; and was in the height of success and happiness when the superior attractions of César Negretti nipped his hopes in the bud. Patsy was banished to the kitchen, to help the very clever but un-

certain genius who cooked for the hotel; to bring up dishes to the top of the stairs; to be seen, but not heard; and to meditate within his warm and impulsive heart a deadly hatred to César.

As for that foreign gentleman, he looked upon Patsy as a grub, a mere reptile. He would have put his foot upon him with as little compunction as a worm. With a quick ear to inflection, he soon discovered Patsy's country, and called him Irish: not as if it were an honour—as it is—to belong to that beautiful and fertile land, but as if the very fact carried with it a disgrace. Patsy burnt for revenge, and set his quick wits to work to find it out a way to accomplish it.

César's presence brought no luck to the Strangers' Hotel. With a volubility not at all confined or bound down by any conscientious adherence to truth, Signor Negretti had assured the padrone that his presence would not only be an attraction to the hotel, but that he had many friends—let us say princes in disguise, or dukes wandering in search of the picturesque—who would be quite delighted to come and honour the *salon*; nay, who might, perhaps, give dinners thereat to the members of the English aristocracy, whose names César so volubly rattled out. Perhaps the padrone was sanguine; perhaps he was desperate; mayhap he was convinced. At any rate, he closed with César's proposition, and installed him as chief waiter; in which responsible station Brownjohn had found him.

It happened on that very day that César, who finished it by kicking the kitten into Brownjohn's stomach, had commenced the morning by kicking Mr. Quelch, whom he called an Irish *cochon*.

Patsy knew enough of foreign languages to appreciate the insult; and the warmth of his feelings towards his Maltese superior and guide gained somewhat in intensity. A courier who breakfasted at the hotel—upon Parmesan cheese, stewed with tripe, onions, pieces of ox cheek, and small circles of carrot, washed down with a pint of vin ordinaire—was so pleased with his breakfast, that Patsy saw, with a pang of bitter regret, that Negretti pocketed a shilling as a *douceur*. Perhaps the courier had himself been paid extra wages; perhaps he regarded the voluble César as his friend and countryman; certain it was that Patsy saw him finger and pocket a coin which he looked upon as his own. The wild spirit of revenge which

inspires Patsy's ejected countrymen took possession of him. Was he not ejected too?

The interview between Brownjohn and César, the passage of gold between them, the whispered talk, the fact that César treated the half-slumbering padrone, who was consoling himself in the kitchen by drinking and playing dominoes with the cook, while he bewailed his want of custom, and his heavy rent; the hurried manner in which the waiter packed his bundle—about which he was naturally careful—awakened a dozen suspicions in Patsy's bosom.

"Here, you Irish *cochon*—you pig, you," said the triumphant César; "I am going to leave your sty to yourself. Here is a drink-money for you."

And he threw at Patsy a newly coined fourpenny-piece, as the smallest bit of silver he could give, which had the bad luck to miss Patsy's hand and to roll down a crack in the kitchen floor.

"Yah! butter-fingers," said the polyglot valet, in the purest slang. "Can't hold anything. Well, good-bye, *cochon*. I will leave you all the wash!"

Insult was added to injury. Patsy could have flown at the throat of the Maltese. He contented himself with a watchful look and a silent curse; and rose from his seat to follow and to watch Negretti.

He saw Brownjohn drink his liqueur with a wry face and a cough, and knew well enough what he was. Patsy was on the *qui vive* at once, and determined to follow his enemy; and, with the step of a cat or a wild Indian, flew to the door of the Hôtel des Etrangères, and watched the retreating figure of Mr. Samuel Brownjohn and his new ally.

When they, going northward, turned towards the east, and were about to cross the mazy and by no means salubrious purlieus of the Holy Land—poor Patsy's birthplace—that young gentleman, pulling his cap out of his pocket, and hastily seizing a French roll from one of the tables as provender, gave a short, low, wild cry, as does a cat when it springs on a wall; and, with little definite idea of what he was about to do, disappeared after them on his self-instituted watch.

So, following Negretti, step by step—outside cellars and drinking shops, down by the docks or Ratcliff Highway, where crimps and Jews kept watch for Jack, and where foreign Jacks with gold earrings and complexions of every variety of yellow, red,

brown, and dusky black, grinned good-naturedly at the passers-by; where English Jacks reeled tipsily, and slewed up their trousers and chewed their quids, in company with dowdy Sues and Mollys, who could not truthfully declare that they never had been false—slunk Mr. Patsy Quelch.

Everywhere in those strange neighbourhoods the excellent inhabitants were on the look-out for Jack; and Jack was quietly falling into the hands of the land sharks, and being eased of his money and his health.

In those good old times, a roaring business was done in robbery and cheatery. Jack himself, arriving in port, would manage to get by the Custom House officers wrapped from head to foot, underneath his sea-going toggery, with India silk handkerchiefs; and would be cheated by dealers who were on the watch for him, or hounded by rogues, after pocketing the profits of his smuggled ventures.

Crowds of citizens ventured down in those purlieus where, in the streets near the docks, a perpetual fair went on day and night, to buy bargains from abroad. Sailors with strange birds, sailors with Japanese boxes and Chinese wares, were to be met and dealt with; sailors who were real, with China silks and India muslins; also sailors who were unreal, but who looked much more natural than the true ones, who had painted birds, Manchester silks, and Birmingham imitations of foreign goods.

In the crowd and the atmosphere of cheatery, César was in his element. He crossed himself, said his prayers, talked the wildest blasphemy a moment afterwards, quarrelled with the passengers, and offered to put a knife into half a dozen all at once; grinned, showed his teeth, made his hair and his ears move, and surprised the stolid Brownjohn by his cleverness. His costume, curious in the City or Soho, fitted well into the landscape at the seaport of London. His volubility and good-nature gained them friends. To every man he told a different lie; but his cross-examination was masterly.

Soon he had discovered traces of the Dutch sailor.

"My Brownjohn," he said, after triumphantly drinking as much rum as would have staggered the strong head of the Bow-street runner, "we are on the point of victory. Our man is as good as caught. We must, however, be towards the country. Our friend is *en province*."

"Which way?" asked Brownjohn.

"They tell me by Stroud and Rochester. I am, you understand, very fond of him. He is my long-lost uncle."

"Is he?" grunted Samuel. "I wish I had him up at Bow-street. I am glad Old Daylight has not got the start of me."

"Great events," said César, sententiously, "require time, my Brownjohn. And now, since we have been so far successful, let us eat."

Brownjohn being himself hungry, some smoking hot boiled beef soon was set before them; and, with an excellent appetite, César fell to. He was full of his fun. He made the most atrocious propositions to Brownjohn as to some new method of making money by accepting bribes from prisoners; laughed when the honest runner looked aghast at him; sang snatches of song while waiting for his plate to be renewed; and showed how thoroughly he enjoyed his new occupation.

"Look, my Brownjohn," said he, suddenly, as a slinking figure passed the cook-shop, and gazed hungrily at the inside; "how very much those gutter Irish resemble each other. There is a figure very much like that *cochon* Patsy. Ah! I forgot, you do not know the little wretch at the cabaret. *Allons*, let us drink, if we can find a public-house where the *rhum* is not new."

The guests left the eating-house, and went forward on the Dover-road; nor had they left it many moments before a footsore figure limped into the shop, and hastily buying fourpenny-worth of beef, stuffed it deftly into the bowels of a penny roll that he had with him, and then limped onwards after those whom he tracked.

THE CANONS OF THE COLORADO.

THE word *cañon* is of Spanish-American origin, and is extensively used on the Pacific side of the North American continent to express the high perpendicular clefts through which many of the rivers of the West often flow for a considerable distance. These cañons are generally found where the river breaks through some mountain range on its way to the ocean. Amongst the most celebrated and best known of these wondrous clefts, deeply penetrating the earth's surface, are the Great Cañon of the Colorado River, in New Mexico, which was first described by Castenada in his history

of the expedition of Don Francisco Vasquez de Coronado in search of the "Seven Cities of Cibola," in 1540-1; that of the Fraser, in British Columbia; the Grande Coule of the Columbia River; and those of the Stiken, in Alaska. These cañons are supposed by geologists to date back to the glacial epoch, and to have been caused by the erosive action of the rivers which flow through them, at a time when a greatly increased amount of watery precipitation increased their volume, and, as a necessary consequence, their force.

"These rivers," says Mr. Robert Brown, in a paper lately read before the Geographical Society, "seem at one time to have been merely the outlets of great lakes which emptied themselves into the ocean, by one or more small rivulets creeping through the opposing barrier of mountains by rocky gorges or volcanic clefts. Gradually, they seem to have enlarged these clefts until a greater body flowed through them. Some of the lesser emptiers were cut off and joined their volume to the main stream, giving it importance and strength; until, in the course of ages, they graved their record in the high, rocky cañons in which they now flow."

In the present article we shall take, as illustrations of the preceding remarks, a lesser cañon on one of the secondary affluents of the Colorado, and the Great Cañon of that river whose basin extends over 200,000 miles, or very nearly the area of France. The course of this river may be readily traced on any good map. Taking its name as the Colorado at the junction of the Green and the Grand Rivers, in latitude $37^{\circ} 30'$, and longitude 111° , it receives the San Juan; the Flax River, or Little Colorado; the Virgin River; and, lastly, the River Gila, which enters it sixty miles from its mouth, in the northernmost part of the Gulf of California; besides a large number of smaller affluents. For about five degrees of latitude the river runs through a district which has been raised to an average elevation of seven thousand feet, and which is known as the Plateau of the Colorado. It extends in a north-westerly direction from a point south-east of the San Franciscan Mountains, across the river into Utah, and includes portions of the countries traversed by the Grand and Green Rivers westward, and the Little Colorado eastward.

"Over this plateau," says Dr. Newberry, an eminent American geologist, "the Rio

Colorado formerly flowed for at least five hundred miles of its course; but, in the lapse of ages, its rapid current has cut its bed down through all the sedimentary strata, and several hundred feet into the granite base on which they rest. For three hundred miles the cut edges of the table-land rise abruptly, often perpendicularly, from the water's edge, forming walls of from three thousand feet to over a mile in height. This is the Great Cañon of the Colorado—the most magnificent gorge, as well as the greatest geological section, of which we have any knowledge."

Besides the Great Cañon, the Colorado and its affluents, as well as the Green and Grand Rivers, present many similar cañons which present fewer impediments to exploration. Dr. Bell, the author of "New Tracks in North America," has recently communicated to the Geographical Society an account of his passage, in November, 1867, through one of these minor cañons—that formed by the Aravaypa, a tributary of the San Pedro which runs into the Gila. Following a trough, in a north-west direction, between two mountain ranges, he and his party entered the basin of the Aravaypa, and soon perceived a deep groove farther onward in the bottom of the trough, which gradually became deeper and deeper, until its sides assumed the appearance of cliffs. "A few miles farther a dry watercourse appeared; then a spring, causing great fertility; while back, beyond the cliffs, rose the serrated summits of the volcanic ranges on either side. These ranges gradually approach each other, until the trough itself becomes obliterated, and the walls of the groove were merged into the mountain sides. At the point where the mountains *seem* to unite, the cañon proper begins. This point is twenty-five and a half miles from the first appearance of a central groove in the trough." Guarding the narrow entrance to the cañon is a conical hill, from the base of which a large stream gushes out, whose waters more than double in size the Aravaypa water; and, without the permanent supply which this stream affords, the cañon would probably never have been formed. For the first two miles the walls rise perpendicularly on one side to five hundred feet, while on the other they slope; and then a large triangular mass rises up in the centre, which seems to bar up all further progress. The stream, however, was

found to turn round it; and the party succeeded, by following its bed, in doing the same. From that point the walls on both sides were perpendicular. At first they were formed of conglomerate alone; but with a gradual fall of the stream-bed, which averaged fifty feet per mile, the explorers got into the sandstone, and finally into the hard granite beneath it. "Luxuriant vegetation," says Dr. Bell, "fills up the space between the walls. The undergrowth consists of willows, young trees, bunch-grass, reeds, &c., forming in many places an impenetrable thicket; and above these a succession of noble trees tower up toward the sky." Under a grove of lofty cotton-wood and sycamore, at a distance of four miles from the head of the cañon, they rested for the first night. As they advanced, on the following day, the cañon became more tortuous, and they often knew not in what direction to turn, till they were close upon an apparently insurmountable barrier. For the first few miles the walls, which became higher and higher, were flat and continuous from base to summit; but after a while they divided, as it were, into two storeys, each of which was about four hundred feet high; the uppermost leaning backwards, and rising from the lower one like one cliff springing from another.

It was necessary to cross the stream very frequently; and the passage was often facilitated by the great trees which had been felled by the beavers, and had fallen athwart the channel. Nor were beavers the only inhabitants of this mysterious region. Deer were often seen coming down to drink; quails, and doves, and kingfishers were abundant; and once a fine flock of turkeys was met with.

At about seven and a half miles from the entrance, the cañon becomes so narrow that it appears simply as a cleft between the high perpendicular rocks on either side; and the only passage is in the bed of the stream. The action of the water has here hollowed out the base of the southern wall-rock for twenty or thirty feet of its thickness, so that a man on horseback could ride under the rock itself for some distance.

Beyond this narrow pass the party arrived at an open space of some fifteen acres, where they camped on the second night. This space was filled with splendid timber—cotton-wood, sycamores, lime, oak, ash, willow, walnut, and "grotesque old mesquits of

most unusual size;" while fine branches of mistletoe were seen hanging in all directions.

During the second day's progress, they came upon a cave hollowed out in the northern wall capable of concealing fifty men, and opposite to which were found several Indian skulls and human bones. These were ascertained to be the remains of a band of Apaches, who for a long time had been the terror of the surrounding country, till they were attacked; in 1863, by a company of Californian volunteers, on their way eastward to join the Federal army.

Immediately beyond the open space where the encampment took place, a sudden change was observable. Large quantities of volcanic rock, with smooth facets and rich tints, varying from red and purple to black, burst into view, and completely altered the character of the walls; while a deep, rich fringe of basaltic columns caps the terrace on either side. The vegetables naturally change with the rocks, whose disintegration forms the soil; and the *Cereus giganteus*, the largest known cactus, now first made its appearance, accompanied by the prickly pear and other spiny plants requiring scarcely a trace of earth. A second of these "narrows" was very soon reached, in which the bed of the stream, for two and a half miles, completely occupied the space between the walls, which here appear to consist of three storeys or terraces piled one upon another, and each capped with basaltic columns. Each of these terraces represents a land-slip into the gorge, the lowest one being the part earliest detached.

During the third day's progress, the cañon was almost persistently very narrow; so that lengthening shadows overtook them at an early hour; "and when the sun had left the upper world, and night had really come, the darkness was absolutely awful; while the stars which covered the long streak of sky above seemed to change the heavens into a zigzag belt, every inch of which was radiant with diamonds."

By the evening of the fourth day, three-quarters of the cañon had been traversed and surveyed. The remaining quarter, however, presented the most difficult obstructions, for masses of rock had fallen from the walls into the narrow cleft in so many places, that, as soon as one impediment was overcome, another presented itself. Gradually, however, the rock-walls left a wider

passage; and, instead of being hemmed in as before, the explorers found themselves surrounded by a rocky chaos, from which the cañons by degrees widened into a narrow valley. The south side first began to open with sloping buffs, covered with cactus and a stunted vegetation; while, for three and a half miles beyond the second of the narrows, the north side continued perpendicular, till at length it joined a huge mountain, consisting of six basaltic terraces, one above the other, and forming an excellent landmark to indicate the position of the cañon; which, after passing for two more miles with foot hills on either side, becomes lost in a widening valley. From the entrance of the cañon to the spot at which the high walls disappear is fourteen and a half miles; and, short as the distance seems, it was not till the middle of the fifth day that they fairly emerged from the bowels of the earth. Apart from the oppressive feelings which so gloomy a position must naturally excite, Dr. Bell and his party could never shake off the idea that the hostile Indians, who swarmed in the district, might at any moment have annihilated them in many parts of the passage, by hurling down masses of rock upon them from the cliffs above. Various wigwams, with their fires still burning, were met with; but the Apaches had fled in terror, fearing either another massacre, or probably regarding the surveying instruments in the light of infernal machines.

We now proceed to the consideration of the Great Cañon, which, till within the last three years, has defied the efforts of all travellers. Many years ago, it is believed that a party of trappers built a large boat, and attempted to descend the river from the commencement of the cañon, but were never again heard of. The first well-authenticated effort to explore this mysterious gorge of five hundred miles in length, and with perpendicular walls—supposed by Dr. Newberry, the Government geologist, to be in some parts seven thousand feet high—was made in 1857 by Lieutenant Ives, of the Topographical Engineers; who, after carefully examining the Colorado below its point of emergence, endeavoured to ascend the cañon in a small steamer, drawing little water. The attempt was, however, soon found to be hopeless; and, in place of the steamer, light-draught boats were then employed, with some slight success, in explor-

ing its lower portion. Mr. Robert Brown (in the "Journal of the Royal Geographical Society" for 1869, p. 124) refers to another attempted exploration in 1865; but gives us no details regarding it, merely remarking that it "resulted in equally unfruitful results." This apparently hopeless geographical problem was at last solved in a most remarkable and almost incredible manner.

On the 13th of April, 1867, a party of four, headed by Captain Baker, an old miner and ex-officer in the Confederate army, proceeded from the Arkansas River on a prospecting tour to the San Juan Valley, west of the Rocky Mountains, where the gold fields were reported as singularly rich, but as inhabited by a savage race of Indians. At Colorado city, a wretched village lying at the foot of Pike's Peak, they heard such alarming accounts of the perils that lay before them, that one of the party resolved to go no farther; and, on the 25th of May, the three others—Captain Baker, James White, and Henry Strole—having completed their outfit, set forth on their journey, with two mules to carry provisions, mining tools, blankets, &c. We need not enter into any particulars regarding their passage of the Rocky Mountains, their journey across South Park, their crossing the Snowy Range, and their finally reaching the Animas branch of the San Juan River—in all a journey of four hundred miles from Colorado city; and we will suppose them to have safely reached their intended destination, hundreds of miles to the east of the abodes of the white man.

Although they were partially successful in finding gold, the result did not answer their expectations; so they moved farther west till they reached the San Juan, where it is joined by the Mancos. They gradually explored the valley of the San Juan westward for two hundred miles, when the river disappeared between the lofty walls of a deep cañon. To avoid this, they struck across a rough, timbered country, with the hope of coming upon the Colorado; but, after a journey of about fifty miles, they reached the Grand River, above the point where the Colorado proper begins. At the spot where they struck the river, the water was seen dashing along in a boisterous current, enclosed between perpendicular walls of rock, some two thousand feet in thickness. Much as both men and animals were suffering from thirst, it was impossible to

find a path by which they could descend to the bottom of the ravine; but at length they discovered a side cañon where a tributary joined the main stream, and by this course they were enabled to effect the descent, and to reach the water, of which they stood in so much need. It was on the 23rd of August that they encamped in this side cañon. They passed a quiet, unmolested night; and on the next morning began the ascent of the cañon on the opposite side, Baker taking the lead, followed by White and Strole, while the mules brought up the rear. They had completed about half the ascent, when a war-whoop of a band of savages rang through the air, while a shower of bullets was poured into the little party. Baker at once fell, mortally wounded; but, rallying for a moment, rose, fired his rifle at the advancing Indians, and again fell to the ground, bleeding freely from the mouth. White and Strole hurried to the assistance of their wounded leader, whose last words were, "Back, boys, back; save yourselves—I am dying!" To their credit, they faced the Indians, and fought till poor Baker was unquestionably dead before they began to retreat. The short stoppage of the savages to scalp their victim enabled the survivors to escape into the side cañon, beyond the immediate reach of their assailants, and to secure their mules. The difficulties of their position were appalling. To the east, for three hundred miles, was an uninhabited country, across which the Indians would undoubtedly track them; while in all other directions were the Colorado and its tributaries, all flowing at the bottom of deep chasms, across which neither men nor mules could travel. They resolved to abandon their animals; and with their arms, some provisions, and ropes, to pursue their course down the side cañon. Traveling due west, in four hours they emerged on a low slip of bottom land on the Grand River, which was there walled in on either side by rocks fully two thousand feet high. With their ropes, and with three sticks of cotton-wood, ten feet long and eight inches in diameter, they contrived to make a raft capable of supporting themselves, their arms, and their provisions. Providing themselves with two stout poles to guide their raft, they waited for midnight, in order to escape the notice of the Indians, being quite forgetful of the fact that the sunlight scarcely penetrated into that chasm for one hour of

the day. At length they unmoored their raft, and started on their perilous voyage through the yawning cañon. On the afternoon of the first day after they had started—viz., on August 25th—they reached the junction of the rivers which combine to form the Colorado proper—having floated, as they supposed, about thirty miles. Here the cañons of both streams merged in one of but little greater width—about two hundred yards—but with the enclosing walls much higher. At the junction they were estimated at four thousand feet, while detached pinnacles rose one thousand feet higher. They were now fairly in the Great Cañon. "Here and there," says Major Calhoun, who heard the narrative from the survivor's lips, "a stunted cedar clung to the cliff-side, two thousand feet overhead, far beyond which the narrow blue streak of sky was perceptible. No living thing was in sight; for even the wing of bird, which could pass the chasms above, never fanned the dark air in those subterranean depths. Here and there the raft shot past side cañons, black and forbidding, like cells set in the walls of a mighty prison." Yet these men—buried, as it were, in the very bowels of the earth—were buoyed up with hope of deliverance; for they recollected that Baker had told them that Calville was at the mouth of the cañon; and surely their provisions, which could be made to last five days, would hold out till they reached that harbour of refuge!

Forty miles after entering the Great Cañon they reached the mouth of the San Juan; but its walls were as high as those of the Colorado, while its current was more rapid. So there was no hope of safety in that direction, and they floated onwards. At every bend of the river they seemed sinking deeper into the interior of the earth, and the walls came nearer to each other. Four days had elapsed without their meeting with any natural arch spanning the chasm above them, or any cataract to hinder their safe advance. But about three o'clock on the afternoon of the 28th, they heard a deep roar, as of a waterfall, in front, and soon felt the raft urged onward with frightful rapidity towards a wall that seemed to bar all further progress. The river, however, here made a sharp bend; and, as the raft swept round, the voyagers saw before them a long rapid, in which the water was dashed into foam in its passage through a narrow, precipitous gorge. "The logs,

says Major Calhoun, "strained as if they would break their fastening. The water dashed around the men, and the raft was buried in the seething waters. White clung to the logs with the grip of death. His comrade stood up with the pole in his hands, as if to guide the raft from the rocks against which it was plunging, when, in an instant, the raft seemed to leap down a chasm. Hearing a shriek, White turned his head and saw, through the mist and spray, the form of his comrade tossed for a moment on the water, and then sinking in the whirlpool."

It was not till the rapids had been left some distance behind, and the raft was floating in smooth water, that White dared to look up, and then it was to find himself alone, with no provisions, and with the raft separating into its individual logs. Night was, moreover, rapidly approaching, and so he landed on some flat rocks; and on the following morning, after repairing his raft, he again set forth on his now solitary voyage. As he floated down he remembered Strole's fate, and resolved to lash himself firmly to the raft. To this precaution he probably owes his life, for the cañon now presented a succession of rapids in which his frail support was often totally submerged. At one of these rapids there must have been a fall of thirty or forty feet in a space of one hundred yards; and, in going over this place, the logs became separated at their upper end, like a fan, and White was thrown into the water. His rope, however, saved him, and he was able to hold the logs together till they floated into calmer water, when he succeeded in refastening them. Four miles below the scene of this accident he reached the mouth of a large river, which was subsequently ascertained to be the Flax River, or Little Colorado—the Colorado Chiquito on some maps—which enters the main stream by a cañon similar to that of the San Juan. Its current was so strong that, as it swept across the Great Colorado, it caused a terrible whirlpool in an indentation on the opposite bank. At the meeting of the waters the raft suddenly stopped; and then, surging round, was irresistibly drawn into the vortex. All further effort was useless: he dropped the paddle with which he had been trying to steer his course, and fell, with clasped hands, on the raft, which dashed in a circular path around the whirlpool. At length he became for a time unconscious, for when he looked up at the towering walls he found that dark-

ness had come on. "I fell on my knees," he said to the party of attentive auditors to whom he subsequently told his wondrous story, "and, as the raft swept round in the current, I asked God to help me. I spoke as if from my very soul, and said, 'O God! if there is a way out of this fearful place, guide me to it.'" Here his voice became husky with emotion, and his somewhat heavy features quivered as he went on to describe his sensations when he shortly afterwards felt himself safely floating down the smoothest current he had yet seen. In truth, the rapids were now all passed, and he fancied that he must be close to Callville; but in this hope he was mistaken. Hitherto, he had found a landing-place each night; but from this time he slowly floated onwards along short turns of the river. For four days he had not tasted food. On the fifth morning he succeeded in landing upon a flat strip of shore, with bushes growing on it, and he devoured a few green pods and some leaves of the bushes. After two more days' continuous voyaging between unbroken walls, and on the afternoon of the eleventh day since he started, he was roused from the almost deadly torpor in which he was lying by the welcome sound of human voices; and on looking up he saw a body of Yampais Indians beckoning to him. With a great effort he urged the raft to the shore, when he was at once seized by an Indian, who dragged him up the bank, and was proceeding to strip him. Fortunately, a less brutal companion interfered; and, seeing his starving condition, gave him some meat and roasted mesquite beans. But making signs that he wanted to reach the nearest dwellings of white men, he learned that he could reach them in "two suns" on his raft. He stayed with the Indians all night; and in the morning, having purchased half a dog and some beans for a revolver which he had contrived to preserve, again resumed his voyage. In spite of his good resolution, he devoured all his scanty store of food on the first day. Of what happened subsequently he could give no account; till, late in the evening of the third day after leaving the Indians, he again heard human voices, accompanied by the dash of oars. He had at last actually reached Callville! He was unable to speak, when a strong, friendly arm gently lifted him into the boat; and for a considerable time after his deliverance his reason seemed totally to have deserted him. His eyes were hollow

and vacant; his feet, legs, and body were a mass of excoriations; and he stooped like a very old man. But by the kindly care of his Mormon hosts, aided by a good natural constitution, he at length recovered; and shortly after his restoration to health, his story was taken down from his own lips by Dr. Parry, when, with Dr. Bell and Major Calhoun,* he was staying in the neighbourhood of Callville, where these gentlemen were engaged as members of an exploring expedition to survey a feasible route for a railway from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean, along the thirty-fifth parallel.

James White still lives at Callville, to which steamers now come, along a course of four hundred miles, from the Pacific. He is described as being (now) thirty-three years of age, and in person a good type of the Saxon; being of medium height and heavy build, with light hair and blue eyes.

Our readers will recollect that it was in August, 1867, that White, as an involuntary traveller, had "greatness thrust upon him." His marvellous tale—totally disbelieved by some, and more or less doubted by many—led a better qualified traveller, Colonel Powell, Professor of Geology in the State Normal University of Illinois (who lost his right arm at the battle of Shiloh), to organize an expedition for the thorough exploration of the unknown region. On the 24th of May, 1869, Colonel Powell, with a party of nine assistants, and a well-provided outfit, embarking in four small boats at the Green River, at the point where it is crossed by the Union Pacific Railway, disappeared from the civilized world on his perilous journey. No certain news of this adventurous hero was heard for many anxious weeks, till at length a letter was received from Colonel Powell, announcing that on the last day of August seven of the party emerged in safety from the lower end of the cañon. Their missing comrades, believing that a specially formidable cascade would be certain death, attempted to leave the

* Dr. Parry has published a "Report of White's Voyage through the Grand Canon." in the "Transactions of the St. Louis Academy of Natural Sciences," vol. ii., pp. 449—453. Dr. Bell's account of White's adventures, contained in the second volume of his "New Tracks to North America," is a compilation by Major Calhoun from Dr. Parry's notes; and the Major has likewise told the story in the first number of "Cassell's Illustrated Travels."

cañon on foot, and were probably killed by Indians.

Colonel Powell has not as yet published any detailed account of his journey, but he has given to a New York paper, the *Tribune*, the outline of his experience in a clear and graphic sketch. He traversed nearly nine hundred miles of cañon, and there are probably three hundred miles more upon Green River, making the whole cañon system of the Colorado one thousand two hundred miles long. For almost this entire distance the streams are enclosed by vertical rock-walls, from five hundred feet to three thousand feet, or even four thousand feet, high. Nor is the scenery in the least monotonous. The rocks are worn into every conceivable form, and present many varieties of colour—brown, chocolate, slate, gray, white, pink, orange, and purple. The descent of the Mississippi is six inches to the mile, and that of the Missouri twelve inches or fourteen inches; but the Colorado, for the entire distance traversed, falls more than six feet to the mile. Colonel Powell's party passed over between three hundred and four hundred cascades, some of them twenty feet high. Again and again boats were upset; two were utterly lost, and the explorers often had to swim for their lives. They came out with a part of their notes and nearly all their instruments lost, and with no provisions left except twenty pounds of water-soaked flour.

From the American "Annual of Scientific Discovery for 1870," we additionally learn that the geological formation of the cañon consists principally of limestone and sandstone; granite only occurring at three places, and in a limited amount. No discoveries of precious metals were made, nor were there any indications of gold or silver in the bed of the river. One section of the cañon was found to consist of a very fine, beautifully polished marble, which at present is entirely inaccessible. The country discovered is barren beyond description, and is pronounced by Colonel Powell as not susceptible of cultivation, even with irrigation. We have no doubt that he will soon give to the public a history of his voyage in a complete form. It will of necessity prove a most valuable contribution to physical science, while, at the same time, it will have all the fascinations of the most sensational romance.

THE MORTIMERS:

A NOVEL WITH TWO HEROES.

By the EDITOR.

BOOK VI.—CHAPTER V.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

THE death of Sir Harold Mortimer, recorded in our last chapter, was an event terrible in its suddenness, and inexpressibly shocking to the friends and relatives who survived to mourn the loss of one who, in all the manifold relations of life, had been faithful and true to himself and his name. Here died a man who had never turned his back upon a friend in the time of need, nor ever borne malice in his heart against the backbitings and evil doings of an enemy. Sir Harold's death was wholly unlooked for by any member of his family: the only relative who had been warned that he was not in perfect health was his sister, Miss Margaret. His friends had seen him come to London and undergo a most successful operation upon his eyes; had enjoyed the genial warmth of his society; had bidden him good-bye, with promises to visit him at Madingley, and in the belief that he had years of active life before him. By his medical adviser alone were the footsteps of that insidious and fatal disease, which attacks the most important of the vital organs found in the economy of our system, observed and feared. Sir Harold himself had felt little flutterings and palpitations of the heart, after any strong exertion, for years past; but he was ignorant of their true significance; unaware that they were nature's warnings of impending danger—the first symptoms of a disease terrible and mortal—sometimes slow, sometimes swift, in its approach; almost always fatal in its effect. Full of life, to all outward appearance; in high spirits; cured of a defect that had partially destroyed his sight, and done much to impair his happiness during the two or three preceding years; full of life's projects and plans—generally schemes for the benefit and advantage of those he loved; full of the union he hoped in a few days to see consummated between his nephew and his dearly loved ward, Mabel Despencer—Sir Harold Mortimer was stricken down in an instant. And his death seemed hardly other than murder. Was it not an assassin's hand that had dealt the blow which killed him? So it seemed to his brother, as he picked up

from the floor the letter that lay at his dead brother's feet. A letter in which he, Robert Mortimer, was mentioned over and over again; in which some of his schemes were laid bare to the light of day: a letter which exposed his real character to his too trusting brother for the first time. But was it this revelation that had wrought so mighty a convulsion in Sir Harold Mortimer's breast, that his heart ceased to beat, and nature had succumbed beneath it? These were the lines that had done the fell mischief:—

"The writer of this letter, who does not now disclose his name, but will afterwards do so, and who is well known to you, Sir Harold Mortimer, and to all the members of your family; and is also well acquainted with the little games of your half-brother, Mr. Robert Mortimer, M.P., who has succeeded for a great while in throwing dust in your eyes, feels it a duty he owes to justice to expose a villain."

As Robert Mortimer read these words his face became pale with suppressed rage. He read on:—

"But all this is nothing to what is now planned between this father and son to help themselves, by bringing ruin and disgrace on you and on the innocent."

"What the devil is all this?" he hissed between his teeth.

He was reading the letter in his room, an hour after his brother's dead body had been laid in his own chamber.

"Your nephew Charles is already married. Marriage again with Miss Mabel De-spencer is bigamy. His father knows it well; but they mean to hush up the first marriage. Be on your guard. Make inquiries for yourself before you give away that poor young lady at the altar to a villain. This will open your eyes; but it is the painful duty of yours truly,

"A WELL-WISHER."

Amos Brady was the writer of the letter. Robert Mortimer knew the handwriting, through the thin disguise that hardly attempted to cover it.

"My God!" he exclaimed. "A lie! It has killed Harold. It—it can't be true. He dared not—he dared not have done it."

He threw himself into a chair to think.

His brain was in a whirl. The room seemed to turn round.

"Here—help! I shall choke—in the dark—here alone!"

He pulled his bell violently; but, in the confusion into which the household had been thrown, no one appeared in answer. He sprang up from his chair and ran downstairs. In the lobby he met the butler.

"How is it no notice is taken of my bell?"

"I beg your pardon, Mr.—Sir Robert," said the servant, an old retainer of the family, submissively. "We have lost a good and a kind friend and master, sir, all of us. We did not hear your bell, Sir Robert."

"Are there any lights in the dining-room?"

"I was just going in to light the lamps, sir."

"Where is Mr. Charles?" inquired his father.

"I'll find him, sir. Shall I say you want to see him, Sir Robert?"

"Tell him I want him to come to me instantly," was the reply.

In a few minutes the old servant returned to the dining-room, where he found his new master seated before the fire—which was blazing brightly on the hearth—with his head clasped in his hands, evidently in deep thought.

The butler hesitated a minute before he spoke.

"Where is my son?" demanded Robert Mortimer, hurriedly, when he was aware of the servant's return. "Where is Mr. Charles? Have you not found him?"

"We looked for him, Sir Robert, and could not find him—"

"Could not find him! What do you mean?"

"And then Miss Margaret's maid said his aunt had begged him to go to London himself for the doctor—"

"Go to London! He would not have gone to London without letting me know."

"He went to the station in the dogcart with the groom, Sir Robert," said the butler. "Can I send you some dinner up, sir?"

"Presently, you may. I can't eat now. This has been a great blow to me."

"And to us all, Sir Robert. I am sure, in the servants' hall, we feel the loss very heavy on us. Poor Sir Harold!" he continued, with tears in his eyes, "he was a good master and a good friend to everybody that served him, from the labourer to the

steward. And I had been in the service, man and boy, these forty years."

"You shall have no reason to regret the change of masters, beyond the loss we all feel for my poor brother, if I live to come to the Chase," said Robert Mortimer.

The old retainer withdrew, and left his master to the fire and the candles, which were the only society he had in his bereavement.

The two ladies were upstairs in their room, giving way to their tears and lamentations for the loss of the beloved one who had been so suddenly taken from them. It had been impossible to conceal the truth from them, even for a few short minutes, during which they might have been in some degree prepared for the shock. The effect upon Miss Margaret Mortimer of the awful intelligence of her brother's sudden death, within a few minutes of finding him well and full of buoyant spirits, was alarming. She uttered one or two startling screams, and fell back insensible in a swoon. Mabel gave vent to her grief in hysterical cries, painful to hear; and the attention of Miss Carew—who had been Mabel's companion at the Chase—was entirely taken up with ministering to the wants and endeavouring to relieve the sufferings of the two ladies. A servant had been instantly despatched to Malton for the surgeon who attended the family in any trifling ailments; and the sad news of Sir Harold's death soon spread through the little town. The Reverend Hugh Mildmay and the surgeon arrived together.

"Sir Harold has been dead above an hour," said the latter.

"Let us then turn our attention to the living," said the rector; "if, perchance, anything may be done by us to alleviate their sorrows. But truly," said he, taking the surgeon's hand at the foot of the stairs, and looking reverently upward, with an eye of compassion, faith, and love—"truly their trust for consolation must be in God. He has been pleased to call to him my dear friend, his servant. May his rest be peace!" Then, after a pause, the rector exclaimed, fervently, "From sudden death, good Lord, deliver us!" And his eyes filled with tears. He thought of the long wasting illness of his only child; of the awfully sudden death of his friend. "Truly, doctor, is it said in holy writ, 'In the midst of life we are in death.' Our professions bring us daily face

to face with that truth. May we be ready at the appointed time."

And the two gentlemen proceeded to administer such relief as they could to the poor ladies in their inconsolable affliction.

Late at night, by the last train from London, the physician came. How quickly had his warning proved an awful reality. All he could now do was to corroborate the statement of the surgeon from Malton.

"Sir Robert, your brother has died of heart disease."

"I thought possibly of apoplexy," replied Robert Mortimer.

"No—heart disease. I discovered it during my attendance on Sir Harold at your house. And only yesterday I warned your sister of the danger of any great shock to Sir Harold's life. How little did I think that he would so soon meet his end!"

"Sad—sad, indeed."

"What happened here?" asked the physician. "What sudden excitement was your brother subjected to?"

"I have no idea," replied Robert Mortimer. "He was in capital spirits after we got here. Rode over to Malton Downs with my son, and after his return sat down quietly in the library. We have no idea of what he did there. He seemed to have been looking over some papers: they were spread out on the table at which he was sitting."

"Was he alone all the time?"

"Quite alone. As he did not come in to luncheon when the bell rang, the servant went in to call him, and found him—dead. Poor Harold!"

"Dear me! quite unaccountable!" muttered the physician, thinking aloud. "The ride, perhaps."

"The ride to Malton? Yes, I think so. Rode fast, very likely. I can account for it in no other way," said Robert Mortimer. "I suppose I must go to town myself in the morning. We can go up together. You saw my son. Poor boy! he was very much attached to his uncle. It is a great shock to him. He would go up to London to fetch you himself."

"Doubtless, a very great shock. No; he sent from your house to me. He had broken the news to his mother."

Indeed, Charles, who was fond of his mother, had done his best to soften the sad tidings; but Mrs. Mortimer at once jumped at the conclusion that her brother-in-law was no more, or her son would never have come

up to town in such haste. So little good was done by Charles in his effort to break the news gently to the invalid lady.

A light was burning all night in Robert Mortimer's room. His mind was busy. He was able to think now again. The letter, crumpled from having been hastily put in his pocket, lay before him.

"What a madman I was to quarrel with that scoundrel Brady, and to let him leave me. He can ruin me, and will—unless there is peace. He has his price. It will be a high one; for the villain will be more extortionate than ever now. But, whatever it is, it must be paid."

This was Robert Mortimer's resolution.

CHAPTER VI.

ILL NEWS FLIES FAST.

AS was shown in our last chapter, bad news flies fast; and the news of Sir Harold Mortimer's death reached London as soon as it arrived at Malton, and was spread thence about the immediate neighbourhood in which the deceased gentleman was best known, and where, consequently, his loss would be most felt. Charles Mortimer only told the sad tidings to a select few on the night of his arrival in London; and, to tell the truth, the young man was very much affected at the loss of his relative; and this had as much to do as anything with his quitting the Chase so abruptly, and taking the train for London. He had, of course, no knowledge of Brady's untimely disclosure of his previous marriage, or of his father's discovery of that circumstance by means of the letter in Brady's hand that he found lying on the floor of the library at Madingley, at the feet of his dead brother.

Charles Mortimer, on his arrival at his father's house, had despatched a servant to the house of the medical man who had attended his late uncle; and then had broken the news, as gently as he could, to his mother. After this, he had found Fairholme at their club, and apprised him also of the sad intelligence. So it came to pass that the Baronet's death was known to all the world the next morning. Mr. Campbell heard it from an acquaintance he met in the street, and hurried at once to Bartholomew-square. He overtook Father Francis on the doorstep, and first told him. They met Madam in the hall.

"Where is Erle?" asked Campbell, excitedly.

"Where is Reginald? Call him, Madam," said Lavelle.

"Why, what is the matter? Reginald is gone out with Victor about some business of the Doctor's."

Without stopping to reply to Madam McCara's inquiry, the two gentlemen proceeded hastily up the staircase, and knocked at the Doctor's study door. The good Doctor looked dreamily up from his book with an expression of the face that said, as clearly as words would have said it—

"Gentlemen, pray leave me to my book. I don't want you now."

"We bring you news, Dr. Gasc," said Mr. Campbell, "that we are sorry to bear."

"But which is of the greatest importance to our cause," said Lavelle.

At the moment, the good Doctor understood "the cause" spoken of by Lavelle to be that great cause of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, that Palladium of Universal Brotherhood, which Father Francis was so often mixed up with; though for some time—ever since the Doctor's return to England, indeed—the visits of the patriots to his house had been few and far between.

"Well," said he, "what is the news? What of the cause? Is Paris in arms, or Rome at the mercy of Liberators? What is it, good Father?"

"The cause is well—speaking of the freedom of the peoples and the progress of right," said the priest, with his most majestic air—that air which we have seen him assume with so much of authority on former occasions during the progress of this history.

"Tell the Doctor—or let me," exclaimed the Scotchman, who was becoming impatient.

"But a cause that is nearer to your heart, my good Achille," continued Father Francis, "that of our son Reginald, has received important advancement."

Now the eyes of the good Doctor lighted up with keen interest.

"Sir Harold Mortimer has discovered—knows all—has acknowledged him! My son—my son!" exclaimed Dr. Gasc, with a fervour very uncommon in philosophers.

"No, Dr. Gasc," said Mr. Campbell, with becoming gravity; "we are the bearers of sad news about poor Sir Harold."

"He is ill—dead?" asked the Doctor.

Mr. Campbell and Lavelle nodded assent.

After a pause of a minute, Dr. Gasc said—"He was a good man."

"Rest his soul in peace," murmured the Jesuit, solemnly.

"This is, indeed, unlooked-for news," Dr. Gasc observed. "His death must have been very sudden indeed. What was the proximate cause?"

"Disease of the heart," replied Campbell; and he proceeded to narrate to Dr. Gasc the particulars of Sir Harold's death as they had been told to him that morning by an acquaintance in St. James's-street.

"The time for action has arrived. There is not an hour to be lost," said Lavelle, seating himself at the table.

Mr. Campbell likewise took a chair.

"Our case is now complete," he said. "You know all that we have done up to last week. We now find that not only shall we be able—"

"With God's help," interpolated the Father.

"—To reinstate him in that position from which he was ousted by the treachery and ambitious avarice of his own near relative; but, since we have taken the best possible opinions, we believe that Mr. Charles Mortimer can no longer prefer his suit with Miss Despencer."

"And not a moment must be lost in proceeding to take decisive action," urged Lavelle.

"Mr. Robert Mortimer knows his danger, and is no doubt preparing defensive measures."

"To carry into war the spirit of peace is a mistaken policy. Let us strike home," observed the Jesuit.

"Reginald as yet has little more than his suspicions. I now propose that we lay before him all that we have been able to discover," said Campbell.

"I've no reason for further delay myself," said the Doctor. "This untimely death of Sir Harold Mortimer has simplified, or else complicated, matters for us very much. What says my friend Francis?"

"Let us strike our blow," replied the Jesuit. "But this event has altered our whole plan of action. We must now reconsider our plans of procedure. The character of the strife is changed. It is now war to the knife with Robert Mortimer."

"Do you not think it best now to communicate all the facts of which we are in possession, to Reginald?"

"Waiting will not give us a more complete knowledge."

"Aye!" observed the Doctor. "Let us tell him. Eh, Francis?"

"Yes," replied the Father.

"He has gone out with Victor, charged with a commission of mine," said Dr. Gasc, looking at his watch. "It will be two hours or more before he returns."

"Let us, then, proceed with our business," said Campbell.

When Reginald returned he went upstairs to his room to adjust his toilet, and there found a folded paper. On the outside was only the word "Reginald." The document consisted of several sheets.

At the foot of the last, in the left-hand corner, were these words:—

"To Sir Reginald Mortimer, Baronet."

THE BONAPARTE FAMILY.

THE annals of the Bonapartes present a curious collection of facts which are interesting if not useful, and may serve at least as data for the solution of the problem of hereditary genius. They show us a family, occupying a respectable and dignified position for upwards of five hundred years, furnishing lawyers, deputies, and dignitaries of the church; but never going beyond the bounds of mediocrity, or showing symptoms of other superiority than a quiet tenacity of position, and an hereditary tendency to *preserve* rather than to improve their position. It may, perhaps, be interesting to our readers to have their memory refreshed by the chief facts in this, the first of newly grown and modern families.

Francis Bonaparte—probably he spelt his name with the *u*—the son of a noble Italian house, came to Corsica early in the sixteenth century. Here he took rank as one of the nobility of the island; and here he was the first of half a dozen of his name who came after him, and took up each the position which his father left before him. Evidently, this was a trustworthy, plodding race, gifted with more, perseverance than brains; and destined, one would think, to a perpetuity of civic honours and small successes: a highly respectable family, belonging to the best society of the place, and with no other ambition than to keep their own.

Charles Bonaparte, and Lætitia his wife, broke through this monotony by giving birth to eight children, who so far departed from

the family traditions that they all left Corsica—one of them to become an emperor and the greatest of modern conquerors, three to become kings, one a queen, one a reigning sovereign, and one a princess. This unexampled suddenness of fortune sprang, it is true, from the extraordinary genius of one brother alone. But it is not the less true that the whole family were endowed with far more than the usual amount of energy and ability. Some of this, again, has been transmitted to their children. Of the twenty-six grandchildren to Charles and Lætitia, one has revived the splendours—and the misfortunes, too—of the first empire; eight or nine of them have become authors of repute—two being, each in his own line, of great distinction; while in none of them has there ever appeared any appearance of weakness, or folly in the direction of weakness. It is only a hundred years since the first of them—Joseph—was born; and only ten years since the youngest of them—Jerome—died. Within the compass of a single life, they have governed France twice, each time with improvements in the material resources of the country, quite disproportioned to the length of the reign and the difficulties they have encountered. They have formed alliances with the noblest houses in Europe. They have been—for good and for evil—perpetually in the mouths of men. They have fallen hopelessly, and have risen unexpectedly. They have had disastrous reverses, and splendid successes. They have been alternately the sport and the spoiled children of fortune.

The brothers and sisters of Napoleon were not the puppets and tools the world took them for. They all possessed ability just short of the highest; while, perhaps, one was, in his own way, a man whose daring and clearness of brain were equal to those of his greater brother.

The least able of them were the eldest and the youngest—Joseph and Jerome. Yet Joseph possessed a certain dignity and resolution which were alone sufficient to make him a far better king than Spain had seen for centuries; while Jerome, who meant to be a king indeed, attacked abuses, and swept them away, with a vigour which delighted and astonished his Westphalians.

Lucien is, beyond all comparison, the brother whose character is the brightest and best of the whole family. Filled with lofty and noble thoughts, destitute of unworthy

ambition, always regretting the republic, which came into existence just in time to fire the dreams of his early manhood, he was the only member of the family who never surrendered his republican principles; who refused a throne; who, while he followed his elder brother with an affection which nothing could shake, never suffered his dictation, and preserved his independence. He, too, was the brother whom Napoleon seems to have always respected. After the fall of the empire, he alone had no ruin of his own to lament, no errors to repent. Happier than his brothers in his domestic life, and happy in his children, he retired to Italy to spend the afternoon and evening of his life in literary pursuits. He was a poet, a novelist, an historian, an antiquarian, and, above all, a republican.

Louis, his next brother, without his *esprit* and genius, partook of his character. He, too, was a poet in a small way; the inventor of an unsuccessful method of reproducing classical metres. He was a novelist, too, having written a romance on Dutch life; and the author of several historical treatises. Of all the family, he was, perhaps, the least useful to his brother. Too weak to disobey boldly, he only obeyed partially. And when he was King of Holland, he fondly imagined that the interests of his subjects were more sacred than the interests of France, and dared to overrule the decrees of the Emperor. Finding that this course was impracticable, he had the grace to resign the crown, and to retire into private life. He was forced into marriage with Hortense, for whom he never pretended any affection; and he had the misery of seeing his eldest surviving son—there had been an elder, who died in infancy—die in his arms, at the age of twenty-seven; while his younger, the Emperor Louis Napoleon, was forbidden by the Italian minister a passport which should enable him to close his dying father's eyes.

Of the daughters, all were beautiful, all were brave, all were clever and able. Eliza, the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, setting aside her husband, ruled entirely herself, with an ability and power of organization to which her subjects were little accustomed. Caroline, the wife of the gallant and unfortunate Murat, knew how to reign with dignity and to retire with dignity. Pauline, the beautiful Princess Borghese, model of Canova's Venus, was the favourite sister of Napoleon. On her he lavished all the affection in his

nature. She, in return, was the first to go to Elba to comfort him. She sent him all her diamonds during the Hundred Days. These, by the way, were appropriated by some unknown hand in the confusion. She never ceased vainly asking for permission to go to St. Helena. And, when the news of her brother's death arrived, she fell into a languor of grief from which she never recovered.

Joseph left two daughters only. Both of them married cousins: one of them, Zénäida, Lucien, Prince of Canino. She was an accomplished and clever woman, and used to help her husband in his scientific pursuits. She translated Schiller.

Lucien left eleven children, some of whom are living still. Two daughters, both dead, married English noblemen. Madame Ratazzi is the daughter of Lætitia Bonaparte, Lady Wyse; two other daughters married Italian noblemen; and one is a nun. The eldest son, now dead, was the celebrated Lucien, Prince of Canino. He was in the first rank as a natural philosopher: his researches and discoveries in geology, ornithology, and botany being of the greatest value. He spent his life chiefly in Italy, advancing with equal ardour the cause of science and that of republicanism: now presiding over a scientific congress, now heading a movement at Rome. He died in 1857.

His brother, Louis Lucien, is equally distinguished. As a linguist there is not, perhaps, in the world one who can approach him. Some idea of his knowledge may be gained from the fact that he published the parable of the Sower and the Seed in no less than seventy-two dialects and languages; the Song of Solomon, in all the Celtic languages; the Song of the Three Children, in eleven Basque dialects; the whole Bible, in Basque; besides treatises on the Finnic language, and many others. He is an LL.D. of Oxford, and has certain honorary titles from the Emperor.

Two other sons of Lucien still survive. The luckless Pierre, shooter of Victor Noir; and Antoine, who has no ambition, and has done nothing.

The second son of Louis died, as we have seen, at the age of twenty-seven. He had time, in this short life, to publish a translation of Tacitus's "Agricola," and a history of Florence; to invent half a dozen machines, and to head a revolutionary movement. He left no children. The third son of Louis

was the Emperor. Historians will, at least, admit his genius, when the time comes to judge him calmly. Prince Napoleon is the son of Jerome. He has always been an enlightened and liberal patron of art and literature; while his celebrated Reports on the Industrial Exhibition are monuments of intelligent solicitude for the material advancement of France.

One more descendant of the stock, of pronounced ability, must be named—Prince Achille Murat, the son of King Joachim and Pauline. An ardent republican, he went early in life to America, where he settled and died. He published two or three works on the development and practice of republican ideas in the States.

The grandchildren of Napoleon's brothers are mostly young. One of them, however, is Cardinal Bonaparte, a man of forty-two.

The impression which this family has produced upon the world, without considering that made by Napoleon himself, is one of remarkable vigour—a kind of vigour which does not seem to be dying out; and a power of self-assertion which amounts almost to heroism. Whenever there has been a chance they have gone in for it. They are the enemies of kings and the old dynasties. Children of the Revolution, they are, one and all, revolutionary. Imperialism seems grafted in them by some kind of curious Nemesis of Fate, but not to be natural to them; and one cannot help suspecting that, even in the crash of their own fortunes, their hearts are bounding at the renewed hope of a republic. Cæsar is fallen, and Cæsarism is, perhaps, dead; but the world has not heard the last of the Bonapartes.

TABLE TALK.

M. ERCKMANN-CHATRAIN.—For the purpose of compactness—an art necessary, but not practised by *all* writers in this age of diffuseness—we have treated MM. Erckmann-Chatrain, the Siamese twins of literature, and the authors of "Le Blocus," &c., as one man. Indeed, their style, stories, manner, and intention are identical. They are one, and yet two: a puzzling singular dualism and dual unity. As many of our readers think that, in the notice of M. About (page 122), we were unaware of this, we offer the following details of the persons whom a contemporary styles "this one man

under two names, and two men under one name." M. Emile Erckmann, born at Pfalzburg, in 1822—hence *the* story—came to Paris to study law in 1842. M. Alexandre Chatrain, born in 1826, near the same town, was first a teacher at Pfalzburg, and thence came to work at Paris in 1852. Erckmann had already tried literature without much success, and the two friends and compatriots, joining in a perfectly twin partnership of letters, combined their names with a hyphen—Erckmann-Chatrain, as we duly printed them—and wished to be henceforth known as an individuality. This literary partnership was not unknown to our great dramatists; and is, as everybody knows, very common in Paris, where literature is practised as an art, while too often with us it degenerates into a trade.

IN AN ELOQUENT SERMON at St. Paul's Cathedral, Canon Liddon spoke of the war raging between France and Germany, and asked:—"Who has given us our insular position? Our engineers, I apprehend, did not cut the channel between Dover and Calais. Who has decided for us individually—for you and me—that our homes, our friends, our work, and our interests should be here in this city of London, on the banks of the Thames, and not on the banks of the Seine or the Moselle?" And the preacher concludes that our happy immunity from participation in this bloody contest calls for "exceptional thankfulness from us as a people. . . Where God has so many claims on us, it may seem an error to particularise; and yet our position as a nation at this moment certainly does seem to call for very exceptional thankfulness." Our thank-offering should be help for the wretched men who are lying wounded and crippled. The National Society for Aid to the Sick and Wounded in War has already received about £200,000, besides liberal contributions in kind. Their house, near Trafalgar-square, is besieged by "those bearing gifts;" and we are glad to see that they have been compelled to erect a temporary enclosure, in the space between Archbishop Tenison's School and the barracks, in which to store their goods. Lord Overstone says, in reply to certain comments made by persons hesitating to subscribe:—"There is little danger of the funds entrusted to this committee being unprofitably hoarded. We are distributing those funds daily, with liberality,

tempered, we trust, with discretion. Demands for those supplies upon a large scale, from hospitals in France and in Germany, daily pour in upon us; and we endeavour to meet those demands with a liberality which, I think, would satisfy all reasonable expectations." Although the funds placed at the disposal of the National Society will probably reach a sum greatly in excess of that at present subscribed, we are proud to say that England has already been prompt in doing her duty.

WE NOTICED IN "TABLE TALK" the common belief that the ex-Emperor was a rich man. This opinion was universal; but the *Times*, in a very strongly worded article, tries to disabuse us of this idea. The writer says:—

"Unless we are misinformed, the Emperor Napoleon, who has been the Chief of the French State for nearly twenty-two years, and its almost absolute master for nearly eighteen, retains no private property but a small cottage which came to him from his mother. Napoleon III. will leave his German place of captivity at the end of the war almost as poor a man as he was when he entered France in 1848. The Empress has, indeed, her jewels, gifts at her marriage and on fête days; but these are her private property, the State jewels being now in the hands of the French Government at Tours. She has, besides, an hereditary property in Spain; and the Prince Imperial has a house which has been bequeathed to him near Trieste. This, we believe, is all that remains to the family which lately was supreme in France."

This language is very strong and very clear. If it be true, as we hope it is, the Emperor Napoleon has been very much calumniated. He has had the uncontrolled disposal of vast sums of money; he has lavished them upon the countless extravagances of the most luxurious and splendid court in Europe: if he has refrained from making a private purse for himself, he has acted more honestly than he has had the credit of doing. We wait to see if the *Times* article is "inspired;" for, curiously enough, in the same copy of the leading journal there appears a telegram from Paris, bearing date Sept. 20, in which it says:—"The Paris papers assess the personal income of the Emperor and Empress at 200,000,000f."

OUR AMERICAN COUSINS are exerting their inventive faculties in a very active, if not in a very laudable, manner to improve the mother tongue which is their property in common with our own. How long it

will take to make the English of New York a different dialect from that of London, we leave it to the curious and the learned in philological matters to speculate upon. It seems not at all improbable that in time the Liturgy of the Church of England, read in the United States, will not be "understood of the common people," and likewise that books in "old English" will become a curious study for Yankee schoolboys, one of whose daily tasks, in a future generation, may be to translate English into American; and when the "Pilgrim's Progress," done into modern "English," may grace the book-stalls of Boston and Cambridge. We heard, when the President took his holiday trip, that he had "excurted" from Washington; and an old lady whose house had been robbed, and who had been put into mortal terror of her life, was said to have been "burgled." But what they are likely to do with "defective" verbs this extract may fairly serve to show:—"Of a gentleman whose walk in life was 'burgling' a poet says—

' When quietly to steal he stole,
His bags of chink he chunk,
And many a wicked smile he smole,
And many a wink he wunk."

LIGHTING BY GAS and railway trains are ideas inseparably associated in the minds of most men born after their invention and introduction. What London would be in the flickering glare of the old oil lamps we can hardly conceive. What Paris will be if the Prussian invader should succeed in destroying the means of supplying the city with the necessary gas it is not easy to say: probably a prey to such thieves and depredators as are still left within the walls of the unfortunate city. No doubt there are many lingering within the city to whom darkness would mean a golden opportunity for plunder and loot. Gas has become a necessary to the existence of dwellers in great towns; yet how few of us know anything of how the gas is made, from personal observation of the process, or have ever attempted to understand the mysterious dials on our gas meters, or the principle on which these machines measure our supply of the illuminating fluid? We take the statement of the company's servant, jotted down in a little book, after a momentary inspection of our meters, for granted, and pay on the result of his knowledge and our own ignorance.

So much for the measurement of our supplies of this necessary of our existence. As to its manufacture, I recollect once a great lecturer on chemical science asking a learned and for the most part scientific audience in the theatre of his college, if any one then present had ever been over a gas works—as he said, generally known as "the gas place." No one had ever thought of such a thing, though probably among the number were persons who had witnessed almost every kind of manufacturing process. The professor who asked the question had been to see the carburetted hydrogen made that morning for the first time in his life.

IN THE FAMILIAR word the "Bible," we have the exact translation of the classical word for the "book;" and it gives us an instance of the very happiest coinage of a word that has, perhaps, ever been made. When we pass to other variations of the translation of the word, then we enter into the field of difficulty. Mr. Olphar Hamst, the author of the "Handbook of Fictitious Names," calls himself "Bibliophile." And M. Paul Lacroix was known as an author under his pseudonym, "Bibliophile Jacob." M. Joseph-Marie Quérard is called, in the copy of his "Life and Works," a "Bibliographer," and a "Martyr to Bibliography;" and the book contains "a list of bibliographical terms, after Perquin." In 1849, a most interesting and instructive little book was published, under the title of "Bibliomania in the Middle Ages," the author of which, Mr. F. Somner Merryweather, at p. 204, prints a very curious description of a bibliomaniac, written by Alexander Barkley in his translation of Brandt's "Navis Stultifera;" or, "Shyp of Folsys" (written in 1494), in which the description of those who accumulate books without reading them is capitally hit off. Here is one of the verses:—

"Lo, in likewise of bookes I have store,
But fewe I reade and fewer understande;
I folowe not their doctrine nor their lore,
It is enough to beare a booke in hande.
It were too muche to be in such a bande,
For to be bounde to loke within the booke;
I am content on the fayre coveryng to looke."

Rejected MSS. will be returned to the authors, if stamps for that purpose are sent.

The Editor will only be responsible for their being safely re-posted to the addresses given.

Every MS. must have the name and address of the author legibly written on the first page.

ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 145.

October 8, 1870.

Price 2d.

ONE OF TWO; OR, A LEFT-HANDED BRIDE. BY HAIN FRISWELL.

CHAPTER XIX.

"THE SLOW BUT CERTAIN LAW MARKS DOWN
ITS PREY."



DAYLIGHT, accompanied by the Inspector, watched—for his own good reason, no doubt—for some time round Chester-ton House.

It is not far from the most fashionable square in London, and it stands in a ring-fence of stone and brick wall; so that no one could well leave it unobserved,

while every one who approached could be well marked and watched.

When Mr. Roskell creaked forth, in the Scotch cap which the valets and stewards of the aristocracy much affect, he was conned and noted by a curious old gentleman who, in Hessian boots and a spencer, seemed to be vastly interested in the upper windows of a house in the dull and aristocratic neighbourhood opposite. Mr. Roskell took no notice of him; but Mr. Tom Forster, whose time had come, was not sorry to see the steward stroll off for his morning's walk in the park.

It was the day after the dinner, and con-

versation following it, which Philip had had with his father.

The young man had slept but little, and was pacing the room in which hung the portraits of his ancestors, the genealogical tree of the Stanfields, and the arms which Edgar Wade had so much admired. Philip was awaiting his father's appearance; but the old lord, who had slept as little during the night, had, towards morning, fallen into a profound but uneasy sleep, in which the events of thirty years before—events seldom out of his mind—came back to him in dreams.

Suddenly, as Philip was abstractedly gazing at the polished swords hanging in their rack, the door opened, and the valet, with a face of wonder—or, rather, of blank and unpleasant surprise—ushered in two gentlemen, who trod so closely on his heels that they seemed rather unwilling to let him get out of their sight.

"Lord Wimpole *is* at home," said the servant.

"That will do," said the shorter of the two strangers, with an extraordinary and precise rudeness, as the valet thought. "Now you can go. We shall not want anything. We have a coach outside."

"A coach, gentlemen!" said his lordship, with an uneasy surprise, as if he dreaded some new misfortune. "What is the matter? Are any of my friends ill?"

"Pray don't alarm yourself, my lord," exclaimed the taller of the two, Mr. Inspector Stevenson; while Old Forster, carefully putting the servant outside, shut the door. "I presume you are—"

"Philip Dessœux Stanfield, commonly called Lord Wimpole?" ejaculated Old Daylight.

"I am he, sir," returned Philip, proudly; forgetting, in the suddenness of the attack, the recent terrible disclosures.

"Then you are our prisoner."

"Upon what charge, gentlemen?"

"Only murder, my lord; that's all," said Inspector Stevenson, with imperturbable coolness. "Don't be alarmed. Do not say anything to criminate yourself. We are police officers, and shall report every word. Take things coolly, and come along with us; and we shall use no violence. We are always polite to gentlemen, when they behave as such."

And the cool Inspector held out the warrant signed by George Horton, one of his Majesty's magistrates for the county of Middlesex, for Philip's inspection.

Philip read the warrant, and his heart sank within him.

"How can I clear myself," he muttered, "from this evil thing?" Then lifting his head, he asked, "Will you let me call my father?"

"Well, you had better not. Take what things you want with you, and come along with us. Lord bless you, it's nothing, if you can prove an *alibi*; and a nobleman like you can always do that. I should quietly resign myself to our hands, say nothing, come and hear the charge, and send for my solicitor. That's the cleverest way out of a nasty job, that I know of," said the Inspector, in a kindly way.

Philip thought so too; and walked into his own room, closely followed by the Inspector.

"Can I not be here in private?" he asked, as the strong hand of the policeman prevented the door from being shut in his face.

"Well, not exactly," returned Stevenson. "I don't want to intrude, my lord, nor to be rude—not I. It's not our way of doing things. You see, when once I have my eye on you—you are my charge, you see; and I never let my eye off my charge, sleeping nor waking, until I have put the charge in somebody else's charge. That's the law and the prophets as regards charges; aye, and very sensible, too."

As Lord Wimpole said not a word, but merely dressed himself—he was deadly pale—Mr. Stevenson still continued his pleasing conversation, out of a good-natured wish to prevent his lordship being under any constraint. For the same reason he looked out of the window, and admired the portrait of the Countess of Chesterton, which he pronounced, with the air of a connoisseur, to be a "first-rate bit of painting."

Mr. Stevenson's innocent prattle fell into dull ears. Philip was as much beside him-

self as if he had been an innocent girl of sixteen. The Inspector—who, to do him justice, would have behaved as coolly and as considerately if he had been arresting a clerk for a vulgar forgery—every now and then threw in a remark, looking delicately out of the windows as Philip attired himself.

"Yes, we are very sensible in criminal cases, except in the way of barristers. As a rule, I don't much admire barristers: they make a deal too much fuss, and often upset a case—especially family barristers. Don't you employ one, my lord."

Philip started at this vulgar, friendly advice.

"If chancery and equity, and all kinds o' law, were done down to, or rather up to, the criminal standard, this country would be all the better for it," said the Inspector, glancing at his prisoner, and seeing that his hand trembled as he tied his cravat, and that he was not quite ready.

Then, after a pause—

"There's no need to hurry, my lord. We never hurry people. Time goes fast enough with our customers. Yes, family barristers are troublesome. They don't know the practice of our courts, and they take liberties with the officers and magistrates, to the prejudice of the prisoners. Then they say too much. Now, the best Old Bailey man that I know—Mr. Serjeant Jawkins—can talk when he likes, and he can be silent when he likes. Bless you, he had a rare case the other day. An old woman poisoned a hinfant, as plain as if I'd done it myself. I knowed it, the judge knowed it, and the jury knowed it. Well, what does Jawkins? Why, he persuaded the jury in the beginning of his speech, which was most humour-some, it was, most humoursome—I'll just see what you take from that drawer, if you please. Oh! studs, is it? Beg pardon; all right!—most humoursome; set us all a-laughin'—that they, the jury, knew what was right a deal better than judge or jury, or any one else. He assumed as his client was quite innocent, o' course; and after he had made us very merry, says he—'And for my unfortunate client—for she is unfortunate, to be innocently in such a position—what shall I say? Nothin', absolutely nothin'. I leave her case, gentlemen o' the jury, to your common sense.' Thereon he throws down his papers, puts his hands in his weskit holes, and smiles beneficently at the jury. They turns round in the box, and

bring her in not guilty, of course. Ah! Jawkins is *your* man, my lord."

It was, perhaps, lucky for the good-natured Inspector that at that moment Old Forster knocked at the door.

"All right outside?" asked Stevenson. "We're nice and ready now."

And as the two walked out, Old Daylight, who had the blue serge bag of a lawyer under his arm, walked in.

"Got what you want?" asked Stevenson. Old Daylight nodded, with a knowing look.

"My friend would just like to look round the apartment," said the Inspector, with much politeness. "We will step outside. He's a very gentlemanly man, and won't toss over the things. He's getting up the case."

"What case?" asked Philip, wearily.

"Why, your case, o' course. He's got it in hand. I'm only a supernumerary. Bless you, he's very clever, and as harmless as a dove; on'y I'd much rather have Old Daylight on my side than against me. That's my opinion. And now, my lord, we will go out. Mr. Forster will follow."

"Stay one moment," cried Philip, with a sudden pang, as he pressed his hand to his side. "You will let me write a letter?"

"Provided I see it, my lord, and knows to whom it is going."

Philip looked up, flushed at the insult.

"It is a private letter to a young lady," he answered. "It cannot concern you."

"That depends, my lord. I shall only look at it professionally."

Philip saw that there was only one thing to do, and that was to submit. He sat down mechanically, and wrote a few words to Winnifred Vaughan, stating that he was accused of some dreadful crime, and showed the note to the police officer, who glanced over it and the address, and let his prisoner seal it and give it to a valet. Then—as Mr. Tom Forster was quite ready, and trotted into the room with a few small objects in his lawyer's blue moreen bag—the three walked coolly downstairs, where the valet was waiting, and ready to offer Lord Wimpole his hat and gloves, and then out into the courtyard, where a hackney coach, the panels of which blazed with the arms of some rich dowager in a gorgeous heraldic mantle, was waiting for them.

How quietly the whole thing was done! In the dramas of the period, the curtain

would fall in the midst of a scene, the villain protesting his innocence, and a beautiful young lady, in a charming attitude, in a fainting fit, and in the arms of the friend of the hero. It was curious that Philip thought of this, with a smile; and felt very thankful to Mr. Tom Forster and the Inspector for their kindness. As for those two estimable persons, they behaved to Lord Wimpole with much the same gentleness that they would have shown to the poorest culprit they ever arrested. The few words they exchanged as they were driven along bore no reference to the case in hand. Englishmen are not very demonstrative, and official Englishmen are wise in their determined silence. What they have is to do, not to talk.

The rumbling coach creaked and rattled on in so quick a transit, that Philip had not recovered from his dazed dismay before he had descended from the crazy conveyance, and had passed into the private room, awaiting Mr. Horton.

That gentleman was consulting his colleague, Mr. Boom, who had been seized with an industrious fit, and good-naturedly offered to relieve his colleague for several weeks. He had been philanthropically trying to persuade Mr. Horton that half the crimes of the poor were owing to their bad lodgings and worse surroundings, and half apologizing for the easy way in which he dismissed those who were brought before him.

"My dear Horton," he said, "if you and I were to live down one of those terrible alleys in Drury-lane, with squalling children, and an untidy, unkempt, and fractious wife, don't you think that we should be glad to escape from them into a public-house? I know that *I* should. I like my glass of wine now—I should be fond of my glass of gin then."

"It is very possible," said Horton; "but poverty, which brings its trials, should bring its lessons. To a working man a momentary debauch is not an escape from misery: it rather binds him to it. The grog he drinks, which excites him for the moment, does not really exhilarate him. He ought to know this as well as I do. It maddens and poisons."

"Quite right," returned his colleague. "All that is as plain as A, B, C. Adulterated gin maddens and excites: the man is a fool, a madman, under its influence. That's why I am lenient."

"That's why I should be severe," said the other.

"Bad dwelling is the foundation to this miserable business," said Mr. Boom. "Bad wives and bad food the second step. General ignorance, ill-health, and discontent the next. And the whole is crowned by crime. Poor people! who can condemn them?"

And here the magistrate took a gilt toothpick from his pocket, and, after meditatively using it, turned to speak to the clerk, who was making out certain depositions in some case which does not concern this novel.

Mr. Horton, unconvinced, was about to answer, when the door which led from the court to the magistrates' room opened, and the square, intellectual head of Inspector Stevenson, tightly fixed on to his broad shoulders and deep chest by a military collar of a blue frock coat, which made him look like a staff officer in undress, appeared at the door, and his lips were seen to articulate the name of Mr. Horton.

That gentleman at once arose and went to his summoner.

"We've got him, sir," said the Inspector, "and all right. He is in the private room, and it is wonderful what a cool hand he is. Old Daylight's right, for a sovereign. His lordship made no more of being arrested than I should of going out to breakfast."

This—said in a whispered tone between the two doors of the short passage which led from the court to the private room—was intended to prepare the magistrate for his new charge. But it was not sufficient to prevent the good gentleman from experiencing a curious revulsion of feeling. Somehow or another, conscience seemed to whisper, "Do not try that man; give over this business to your colleague. You are not unbiassed." Then, again, old scraps of plays and poems would occur to him: "Murder most foul, as in the best it is, but this *most* foul;" and then his own conscience would make common cause with Lord Wimpole.

Nothing of this struggle was seen on the magistrate's face. He walked quietly into the room, and was about to sit down at his table—his eyes were cast down upon the ground—when Lord Wimpole gladly, almost joyously, sprang up to shake hands with him.

"Oh! Mr. Horton," he said, "I am so glad to meet you! In this trouble it is quite refreshing to meet an old friend."

The young man had stretched out his hand in the frankest and most jovial way. All his troubles seemed for the moment forgotten. Mr. Horton suddenly faced round, crossed his arms, and looked at Philip with the cold, meaningless stare that Englishmen can so well put on when they wish to be cruelly rude.

"My lord!" he said.

And his voice, often so soft and musical, grated with a hard resonancy as he spoke.

Lord Wimpole first turned red and then pale. Then, turning haughtily on his heel, he said—

"I forgot, Mr. Horton, or I would not have insulted you. I said we were old friends. I did not at once realise our altered stations. I am the prisoner, and you are my judge."

CHAPTER XX.

"I DO CONJURE YOU, PLEAD; SPEAK, BE NOT DUMB."

THE words of Philip Stanfield cut the magistrate to the heart. He was one of those unhappy men, whose name is legion, who, always watching over their feelings and intending to do the "right thing," somehow let their passions slip out of their hands just when they chiefly desire to hold them. Mr. Horton would have given the world to have received Lord Wimpole coolly, and even generously; and yet, at his first interview, he managed to insult him.

His next step was to motion Philip to a chair, and then to look in a meaning way at Old Daylight and the Inspector, who forthwith disappeared. After this, the way being cleared, he spoke.

"Really, my lord," the harsh, dry voice of the magistrate was heard to say, "I must apologise. I forgot myself. We cannot be said to have established those relations you spoke of between us yet. A man is not guilty—in English law, at least—until he is tried and condemned."

The apology was as bad as the insult. Lord Wimpole winced under it, but answered—

"Oh, sir, pray do not spare the feelings of so poor a thing as I am. I have fallen, indeed, in my own opinion, and, as I perceive, in those of others, since—since a few short days. I begin to perceive the full meaning of the Hebrew curse, when destruction cometh unawares upon a man, and his friends privily and secretly hide themselves out of his path."

These words were so simply and so pathetically said, that Mr. Horton felt somewhat uncomfortable under them. And yet Philip did not intend them as a reproach. He merely repeated what was to him a very bitter truth, and the force of which he felt very intensely. How it was that Mr. Horton felt the reproach the reader knows. That gentleman now thought that the best way to put an end to the embarrassment that was growing upon him and the prisoner was to proceed at once to action.

"We will not, if you please, my lord," said the magistrate, "talk of friends or of enemies. Justice can regard none of either. All that we have now to ascertain is the truth of the charge against you."

"Exactly," returned Philip, in a dazed state.

This dreanty dullness—occasioned, no doubt, by the force of the blow, and that force itself being intensified from the contrast afforded by the uninterrupted prosperity and happiness that he had hitherto enjoyed—now and then came over the young nobleman like a cloud, and its presence was construed variously. Inspector Stevenson thought that it was an excellent specimen of what was known as "shamming Abraham"—a slang expression which, according to Mr. Boom, was as old as the time of Shakespeare, and perhaps older than that; as, indeed, all or most of our slang is. Mr. Horton—a much deeper student of humanity—construed this half-intelligent expression as a combination of nervous dread and of innocence. Mr. Tom Forster—who was admirably clear in his own way, but not always in others—had settled it in his mind as an aristocratic method of exhibiting an impudent *sang froid*. He had read how gaily the French noblemen went to execution, and with what pains some of them sought to show their captors and persecutors how well they could bear misfortune; and, while he admired Lord Wimpole's behaviour, he confounded his impudence right royally. Thus, a great part of the world, perpetually seeking for motives, looks far into the field, while the most natural explanation of mental phenomena lies at their feet.

Philip's next exclamation would have been deemed the very height of impudence by Old Daylight, had he heard it.

"You are, of course, aware upon what charge you are brought here," said Mr. Horton.

"I really," interrupted Lord Wimpole—

"Pray don't speak yet," interrupted the magistrate. "This is quite a preliminary business. Nevertheless, every word you may say I shall take a note of, and it may be used against you. I should, were I in your place, at once send for my legal adviser. Unfortunately, in this country, we none of us study that which is so essential for us to know—the laws which affect us in every transaction of life. Pray permit me to read over the charge against you, and pray listen attentively. If you are innocent, a gentleman in your position, all whose movements are known—in fact, a person in any position—can, unless under a most unlikely and unforeseen combination of circumstances, clear himself at once."

Philip began, while the magistrate was speaking in his clear and impressive manner, to look round the room, and to awaken to the realities of his position. He noticed the pattern of the oilcloth, by the clear October sun, which threw a light into the room through a large but strongly barred window; the bare, official look of the apartment; the strong Windsor chair in which he sat; the calm, pale face of his companion sitting before his desk opposite him; and the stiff rattle of the blue official paper he held in his hand. Then the events of the last few days came back to him: the dinner and conversation of yesterday; the grief and trouble he had suffered; the misery painted upon the face of his father when he left him; the loss of all that was dear to him. As these came back—the more bitterly because of their short absence—the young man covered his face with his hands, and listened.

The cool, calm voice, no longer harsh, of Mr. Horton, fell upon his ears now clear and distinctly; and Philip heard the charge which he at first, however strange it may seem, had absolutely not comprehended. That he was taken into custody upon some direct and dreadful charge, that those who arrested him were officers of the police, and that the warrant was duly signed by some magistrate, was all that he clearly knew. For the first time, in that bare and cold room, as bare to him as the walls of a prison, he felt wholly his position.

At the charge of murder, he started and rose up. (At the name of Estelle Martin, the young man uttered a cry of despair so pitiable, so pathetic, so clear, and yet so

low, that the police officers in the inner room, who were waiting to be summoned, heard it, and were ready at once to enter—but that they heard the clear tones of the magistrate continue the interrogation.

"Surely, you knew all this, my lord," the magistrate was heard to say, "else why are you here?"

Philip explained in broken tones to Mr. Horton what he felt; and that until the present moment he knew hardly anything of the charge. The magistrate looked at him in a searching, curious way. Could he believe this young man? he asked himself. Was it possible that a man could be arrested without strictly comprehending the reason? Then he paused; and, remembering the history which Tom Forster had told him, no longer wondered, but looked at Philip with pity.

"You knew this woman, Estelle Martin?" he asked.

"I did," said Philip, simply; "and too well. I was fond of her, for she had been of service to my family. I visited her, and sent her many little presents of things she cared for in her own country."

"You were well acquainted with her neighbourhood, and with her little house?"

"Acacia Villa? Yes—it was there that I saw her. This murder, of which I now comprehend the full significance, is of terrible import to me."

"Indeed it is," said Horton, severely, looking at Philip, and beginning to waver in his opinion.

"I can assure you, upon my honour, upon my oath if need be, that I am entirely innocent of it," said the accused.

"Alas! my lord," returned Horton, "in such a case as this neither your honour nor your oath is of any avail. You do not belong to the House of Peers yet; and we do not try even the heir apparent to any earldom before his peers; nor do the jurors, especially the accused, pronounce or plead upon honour."

Philip's head fell. He thought how little claim he had to any title now.

"All that you have to do is to show me, by witnesses and by irrefragable proofs, that you were not at Acacia Villa on the night of the murder. It took place between six and nine on the night of September the twenty-ninth. It is not so far distant, that date, but that your lordship can tell me where you were then."

Lord Wimpole let his head sink into his hands, and appeared lost in thought.

"I am perfectly innocent of this crime," he murmured. "I have not been near the place for weeks."

"Where, then, were you on that night?"

The young man was silent.

"Remember," continued Horton, "that it is by favour that this preliminary examination is thus continued: the wish to spare your father and your family. It is quite possible, of course"—here Mr. Horton so inflected his voice as to convey the assurance, which was gathering upon him, that the matter to him was beyond doubt—"it is quite possible that you are entirely innocent."

"I am quite so," reiterated Lord Wimpole; "but—"

"But what? Matters are too serious for 'buts.' If you have anything to say to me, you can tell me privately."

Just then the proposal of marriage made by Horton to Winnifred Vaughan occurred to Philip in a singularly forcible way, and he answered nothing. The magistrate imagined that his prisoner was reflecting, and affected to mend his pen, glancing now and again at him. So long a time elapsed that it was he who first spoke.

"I may help your memory, Lord Wimpole," he said. "On the twenty-ninth of September, in the morning, about eleven o'clock, as I imagine, Mr. Edgar Wade, barrister, of the Temple, called upon you upon important business."

The young lord turned pale. Upon important business indeed!—upon business that had changed his whole life to bitterness!

"You must recall what you did upon that day. You cannot have so much forgotten what you have done."

Lord Wimpole was still silent. At last, and with an effort, he raised his head, looked at his questioner, and said faintly—

"I have not forgotten."

"Then," returned Horton, with a hopeful manner—for his generosity now got the better of him, and he began to plead for the young man so entangled and so terribly tried—"then, my lord, you can surely say where you were. You may tell me, and I will advise you—as, indeed, I would do any one so unhappily situated as you are—for the best."

"Pardon me," returned Philip, still faintly, but resolutely, "I cannot say."

"What you have said is quite sufficient," said Horton, curtly—for he had a lingering belief in Philip's innocence, and was annoyed at his obstinacy—"would be quite sufficient to cause me to commit you; but I must certainly remand you, and keep you closely confined in the meantime. Let me beg of you, if you have been—as other young men in your station too often have been—in improper company, and have any punctilio—"

"Then you imagine something so utterly foreign to my habit and nature—indeed, to what is demanded of me by my conscience," said Philip, proudly—"that I can only say you do not know me. I should have no punctilio in answering for a shameful companion, had I one. But I have not, and still I elect to remain silent."

Mr. Horton heard his prisoner with a kind of pity. Something within him whispered that the accused was innocent of the crime; and yet before the magistrate there was but one course.

"If," he said to Philip, "you are determined that the whole world shall know of this disgrace upon a noble family, you are taking the right course. I ask you again, and for the last time—Where were you on the night in question?"

Philip remained obstinately silent.

Thereon the magistrate rang a bell, and Mr. Tom Forster, alias Old Daylight, came in with a brisk step, followed by Inspector Stevenson. Still silent, Lord Wimpole watched the movements of these officers with a curious interest.

"I have interrogated this gentleman," said the magistrate to Forster, "and I cannot learn from him how he was occupied on the night of the twenty-ninth of September."

"Commonly called Michaelmas Day," said Mr. Forster, looking severely at the rival of his *protégé* and heir. "Vulgar people usually have roast goose for dinner: the day is memorable on that account."

Then Mr. Forster stopped, he did not want to be garrulous; but there reigned so mournful a silence in the official room that he said something out of pure good-nature.

"There's only a very little time to be accounted for," he said, slowly untying the strings of his blue serge bag, and noting that the eyes of the accused man watched his hands with curious interest. "There's only a very little time to be accounted for. Bonaparte used to say that he lost or won

all his battles—won I think it was; for he only lost some very great ones, after all—by a short quarter of an hour. I don't recollect the French, or I'd give it your worship. Well, these little jobs that we are asking about don't take long. Probably, much shorter than a quarter of an hour—so frail is human life. People don't do beating, and cutting, and hacking; an angry blow, or a stab, your worship"—here the old gentleman affected to find the knot of his bag a difficult one—"or a stab, your worship," he reiterated, "generally finishes the matter."

During this little speech—in making which Mr. Forster felt that he was taking a great liberty—Old Daylight kept his eyes on the prisoner. Philip certainly started when he said "stab," because Forster jerked out the word in a spiteful and sudden manner; but beyond that, he still watched the old fellow as if all the world were on its trial rather than himself, and he were a quiet and unconcerned witness.

By this time the bag was undone, and Old Daylight had plunged one brawny, brown arm and hand in it. At the door stood the Inspector, quiet, impassible, and like a statue, save that his eyes moved and glittered. It was plain to Philip that the interest of all three was fixed intensely upon him; but still he said nothing.

Mr. Horton arranged and rearranged his notes.

"They generally do this kind of work abroad with a stab. Here they knock you down and beat out your brains; which, in my opinion, after a good deal of experience, is much the nicer and more British fashion!"

"There's a fashion in murders, then," thought the silent Philip to himself; "and this rude old gentleman seems to be a connoisseur of the proprieties of the trade."

In spite of himself he could not help allowing a smile to slightly curl his lip: a smile not unmarked by the magistrate—nor, indeed, by either of the three.

"Well, he is a cool hand!" thought Inspector Stevenson. "He knows how to carry it with a high feather in his bonnet."

On the other hand, Old Daylight was puzzled.

"He is as cool as if he had committed a dozen murders," he muttered to himself.

"The time to be accounted for," said the magistrate—making his own deductions from the behaviour of the accused—"is, let us

say"—here he consulted his notes—"from half-past six of the evening until nine o'clock p.m.; two hours and a half. The Widow Estelle Martin was seen alive at half-past six on that day."

"And spoken to," ejaculated Mr. Forster. "At half-past nine, or something about that time, she was struck down by some person unknown, and stabbed in the back with a sharp, narrow instrument—such as this."

Here the old gentleman quietly took out of his bag the broken end of a foil.

Even Mr. Horton started. Philip seemed to regard the foil without curiosity, and without emotion.

"That is my property," he said, coolly.

"It's the property of the Crown now," returned Daylight, curtly. "Also, here is a light pair of gloves, the presence of which Mr. Horton will understand. Also a boxing or fencing glove, the thumb of which is torn; some cigars, a cigar holder, and a pair of boots, soiled—but scarcely, I think, with London mud."

"All of which you took from Chesterton House this morning," said Philip, coolly. "They belong to me. Of what use is their presence here?"

"Will you tell me," again asked the magistrate, "what you were doing during that short time on the twenty-ninth?"

Philip said, curtly, without waiting to consider—

"I cannot."

"My duty," said the magistrate, "is, then, to commit you on the charge of murder. These matters here are very important in the chain of evidence; but I will, out of consideration to yourself—"

Mr. Tom Forster here, by a deprecatory

look at the magistrate, indicated his opinion that Mr. Horton was a great deal too considerate. In his opinion, Lord Wimpole should have been at once committed. He had no doubt of his guilt. But the look had no effect. Mr. Horton continued, in his impassible tone—

"Out of consideration to yourself and family, I will give you time for thought, and also for consulting your solicitor. You must, of course, remain here in prison. Inspector Stevenson will see to your safe custody. Have you no one with whom you wish to communicate?"

The unhappy young man arose and looked around him, but said nothing for a moment. Then he said—remembering the advice of the Inspector, and glancing to his honest face as that of a friend—

"The solicitors of my family would be of little use in such a case, I presume. I know of no one to whom I could apply. I will think over this in the seclusion you send me to. But, perhaps, Mr. Horton, you may know a barrister named Edgar Wade. Will you kindly ask him if he will defend me? And now, sir, I am ready."

So saying, Lord Wimpole quietly followed Inspector Stevenson to the lock-up.

"Phew!" whistled Old Daylight. And then he whispered to the magistrate, "Well, that is cool! He wants Edgar Wade to defend him! If I were—"

"Mr. Edgar Wade will act as an English barrister always does," said Mr. Horton, sternly. "If he accepts his retainer, he will do his best for him. I myself will see to it."

"What will the world come to?" asked Old Daylight of himself, as he packed up his blue bag and prepared to go home.

EDITH.

BY THOMAS ASHE.

PART I.—LOST. CHAPTER II.—HOME.

WHEN the rector saw the troop arrive, from the window, All his heart was stirred to speak in praise of his daughter. "She is brave," he said, to Mary Trevor, his sister; "Yes, a brave true girl; I would she were not so wayward." "Impulse leads her still," his sister soothingly answer'd; "Leads, and looks a grace, nor is it always a danger. "Impulse leads her still, as Lot was led by the angels. "She will 'scape the snares, and still be wise in the issue." Quickly both arose, and met them all in the doorway.

"See what guests I bring," said Edith: "claim on your shelter,

"For my footsore friends will not be hard to establish.
"They will rest to-night, and wake with eyes that are brighter :
"Be more fit to bear a longer journey to-morrow."
Still the old gay smile, too soon to fade and be darkened !
Pleased the elders looked, and softly murmur'd approval.
Gentle Mary Trevor,—it was a boon to behold her ;
Locks now touch'd with gray, and fingers tender for pity ;
Eyes as stars at dusk, that glitter clear in the heaven ;
Mother, nurse, physician, in the hamlet of Orton.
When she took the child, she kiss'd it, bending as kindly
As the Master, once, o'er little ones, when He blessed them ;

To the housekeeper's room : the rector stole to his study.
He was not adept at handling, save in a sermon,
Griefs that love the touch and healing eye of a woman.
Kind and soft at heart, and yearning over his people,
He was stiff and cold, and somewhat hard in his manner.
He stole back to read the musty lore of his volumes.
Soon the matron spread a grateful table before them,—
Butter, cheese and ale, and milk new-drawn from the udder.
Restless grew the hands and eager eyes of the children :
She had little heart to touch the food that was offered.
"She had swooned," said Edith, speaking low to the sister.
"Come," the hostess said, "and rest awhile from your journey :
"We will make a couch in easy chair in the corner.
"You will wake refresh'd ; and soon the day will be cooler :
"Pleased shall we be then to hear the whole of your story."
When the meal was done, her head propp'd up with a pillow,
She was lulled to sleep in little more than a minute.

Now, to please the two, did Edith find in the larder
Apples, ripe, and yellow as primroses by the water.
Then she tripp'd away, and still the hand of the elder
Closed as pleased in hers as in the hand of a sister.
In the orchard grass, which, for the boughs of the fruit trees,
Fear'd no heat all day, the harmless darlings were happy.
Edith lay and dream'd : she read the words of the singer,
Writ in golden book of women ; noble as any ;
Loved of all, and crown'd of singing women the highest ;
Hid 'neath Florence flowers, to leave us lonely for ever.
Edith lay and dream'd ; and as at times on her dreaming
Broke the children's laugh or happy sound of their prattle,
Strangely stray'd her thoughts to afterdays and to Berthold ;
Strangely gleam'd through all the look and eyes of the Frenchman.

Come away, on wings of song and fancy to wander ;
Soar we high in air, across the lands and the rivers ;
O'er snug hamlets still, and busy noise of the cities.
Over heath-spread hills, and ceaseless ring of the quarry ;
O'er the sad black country, grim gehenna of labour,—
Stars with glare made dark, day with the grime, of the terror ;
Over streams how gracious, in the dells and the meadows ;
Over many a lawn, and oak and deer in the woodlands ;
O'er the million-peopled, ruling, merciless city ;
Over sleepy Kent, to cliffs and harbour of Dover.
Who is that,—a speck, high up,—who gazes to seaward ?
Does he see the gulls that wheel or ride on the billow ?

Does he think of foes in harbours over the Channel?
 Does he watch the buoy dip with the aim of the gunners?
 No; the white sails glide before his eyes, as a vision,
 While he dreams and sighs, and thinks of those that are absent.

In the orchard now how sweetly twilight is falling.
 Sunbeams, slanting, climb the knotted stems of the fruit trees.
 Now the lichen's frond is beaten gold, and the even
 Softer, cool, more still: dumb is the lay of the linnet.
 Now the nightingale, alert, his song is beginning:
 Holding night awake, and lovers silent, to listen.
 Would he sang more often! He sings but seldom in Cheshire.

They are met together, the children quietly sleeping:
 Softly watchful steps move to and fro in the chamber.
 See the rustic seat,—oak branches, gnarl'd and entwisted
 Into quaint device, the leisure-toil of the master.
 By the soldier's wife is seated kindly the hostess:
 Fast the socks she knits that will be worn in the morning.
 Like some gipsy's joy, the sunbeams falling upon her,
 Musing Edith lies, vex'd with the gaze of her cousin.
 Laughs the soft brown hair, that ripples down on her shoulder,
 In the gold sunlight, and he is charm'd with her beauty.
 He, lean'd on the bough, mid apple-leaves,—he is happy,
 In his sweet brunette, nor thinks of anger and mischief.
 Well she knows he dreams of blissful days and a wedding.
 Near, with book, apart,—do you believe he is reading?—
 Solemn, ill at ease, the rector carefully listens.
 Now, with smile or sigh, the woman labours her story.

"We were fourteen years in India; he is a soldier.
 "He was kind and good, and life was easy and welcome.
 "Clothes were dear enough, but then you wanted but little.
 "I was sadly in health, when he was order'd to England.
 "Parting, then, seem'd hard, when he must go with the others:
 "We were left to follow: there was no room in the vessel.
 "In Bombay we stay'd;—our ship was slow with its lading;—
 "Will, my first, and Ann, the little boy, and the baby.
 "Will, he sail'd before: a captain, friend of my husband,
 "Found us in the port, and took him on for the voyage.
 "Sailing bravely thro' the blue and beautiful water,
 "All at first went well, though it was far in the season.
 "There are sunny isles, made green and gay with the palm trees;
 "Flowers of all the colours of a rainbow in heaven.
 "Soon the strange-shaped hills were lost in haze of the distance:
 "Blew the wind North-East, and fast we plow'd through the billows.
 "No mishap I fear'd; and Ann, my girl, she was ailing;
 "With the heat made ill, and with the roll of the ocean.
 "All at first went well: but when we came to the Channel,—
 "Names so soon go by me,—winds arose from the Southward:
 "Still they beat us back, and night and day they were howling
 "Like the roar of cannon, and we were blind with the lightning.
 "Toss'd and beat and whirl'd, and drifting on to the breakers,
 "We could bear no sail, and we despair'd of the vessel.
 "Then with tears and shrieking did I pray the Almighty:
 "But He took the child, He took the child He had given.
 "Now I heard no more the rush and roar of the water:

"I had died, I know, but for the aid of the others.
 "All to me grew vain, and all that I can remember
 "Was the poor thin body going down in the water.
 "Days, weeks, months,—but all, a blank! To me it was only
 "Still the dull, dead woe, and helpless blindness of anguish.
 "'What will William say?' my heart was crying and asking;
 "'What will William say?' But he will not blame me, he will not.
 "So when I grew strong the ship was toiling and sailing
 "On through bright green weeds, that stretch'd for miles o'er the ocean.
 "Loud the sailors cheer'd to greet the shadowy mountains,
 "As the ship drew home, and we had favouring weather.
 "Oh! it seem'd a dream to anchor there in the Mersey!
 "Five long months and more the ship had been on the voyage.
 "We have friends in London, and we are going to find them:
 "Miss, the kind God bless you; and you, too, lady, her mother."
 "She is my brother's daughter," sweetly answer'd the hostess.
 "Much, indeed, you suffered, and you have borne it with patience.
 "We are very glad that we were able to help you."
 Stars were peering forth, as, looking round her, she added,—
 "It is chilly, Edmund; you can see in the valley
 "How the mists curl up and wander over the hillside.
 "Do you think it wise to linger here in the orchard?"
 She arose, and took the rector's arm, as she ended:
 Moving toward the house, they chatted kindly together.

THE COUNT VON MOLTKE.

AFTER the great battle of Sedan, and the capitulation of a whole French army—the capture of upwards of one hundred thousand men, of five hundred cannon, of generals by tens and officers by hundreds, men by thousands, and an Emperor to crown the whole—the King who had shared the battle with his soldiers sat down to dinner, and proposed the health of the soldiers who had fought with him. The speech is singularly plain and non-egotistic. Said the King:—"We must to-day, out of gratitude, drink the health of my brave army. You, War Minister Von Roon, have sharpened our sword; you, General Moltke, have guided it; and you, Count Bismarck, have for years, by political management, brought Prussia to its present elevation. Let us, then, drink to the army, to the three I have named, and every one else present who, according to his ability, has contributed to the present success." Of these three, General Moltke has the credit of having planned all the campaign: a campaign so wonderful in the conception—indeed, its second conception, after the first was rendered nugatory by the inactivity of the French—and so admirably successful in its execution, that we shall vainly search history for a parallel to it. Never before—

for the vast numbers of ancient armies are chiefly fabrications—were such enormous masses of men opposed to each other; never were the appliances of science and art of so advanced a kind brought into the field; never was the collapse of braggadocia and rude daring so complete; never the triumph of patient learning, endurance, knowledge, and *geist* so thorough. The Germans were as much despised by the French soldiers previous to Wöerth and Wissemburg as the "poor, patient English" were derided by the French knights who threw dice for them before the battle of Agincourt. Yet the Prussian, Bavarian, or Badenese has undeniably proved himself the better soldier: more intelligent, docile, stiffer in battle, and with a great deal more dash and activity in him. After the surrender of Sedan, the German commissioners were kept waiting for some time—an hour or so—in the morning, before the French officers had arisen, to arrange for the disposition of the captured men.

"Well," said a German, "you Frenchmen are always asleep, while we officers are obliged to be always awake. I think you might have got up a little earlier, *under the circumstances!*"

Who made the Prussian army what it is? Who has given this sweetness and light to

the heavy German soldier? Who has been the head-piece? Who could have designed this success, which was not a chance but a certainty? Who can have thrown upon French soil, on this the 30th day of September, 1870, 650,000 men, and has hitherto fed and supported them, armed them efficiently, and has dragged with them enough guns and munition to invest, not only Paris, but four other impregnable fortresses—of which one, if not two, have already fallen? It is the Head that has done this. For we must remember that amongst the astounding follies which gain a prevalence with the unthinking, none is greater than that which talks about a "soldier's battle," and repeats the rhodomontade that the men win the battle while the general gets all the glory. All that a private soldier knows is, that he enters the battle, obeys orders, hears a great noise, and is ordered to retreat or to pursue. As a rule, the battle is won before it is fought; and the German campaign was gained before it was undertaken. The head that planned this was—we have the King's word for it—that of General Moltke.

Helmuth Charles Bernard, Count von Moltke, is a man of nearly seventy; wiry, upright, and soldierly; with gray hair, and a clean cut, somewhat rigid face lighted with blue eyes: not unlike our Wellington, at his age, save that his nose is not nearly so prominent. He was born on the 26th of October, 1800, and, when a very young man, entered the Danish service; but finding hardly a fit arena for his ambition therein, he changed into the Prussian army, in 1822. Prussia had not forgotten the deep humiliation that Napoleon I. had laid upon her; and although she had in some measure revenged herself at Waterloo, and was reinstated in her former possessions, the impulse of forming a national and scientific army was strong upon her. Bonaparte had contemptuously said, in one of his orders of the day, "*Asses and savans to the rear;*" Germany, under the guidance of Prussia, was about to show the world that the true position of the knower was to the fore.

In 1832, Moltke's talents were recognised, and he was placed on the General Staff. In 1835, he went, as it were, upon a soldier's "year-wander;" going to Turkey, where he was generously received by the Sultan, whose officers he instructed in tactics. So delighted was the Sultan with this young soldier, that he asked for him an extended

leave of absence; and, in 1839, Moltke and other Prussian officers served in the Syrian campaign. But the officialism of the Turks was too strong: red tape kills as surely as a bowstring. The Turkish Pasha disregarded Moltke's suggestions, and was defeated at Nisib.

Moltke, on his return home, was again placed on the General Staff, made Adjutant to Prince Henry of Prussia in 1846; after the death of the Prince, in 1847, was attached to the chief command on the Rhine; and, in 1848, became General of Division on the General Staff.

In the days which followed, Germany, alarmed by the revolutionary ideas which overspread Europe, was carefully concentrating her forces and educating her soldiers; Herr Von Dreyse was perfecting his needle-gun; and the surveyors of the royal army were collecting that most admirable series of maps which the Germans have found of so much use. We do not hear, during the swift but unobserved progress of the state—when Prussia was, to use a favourite vulgarism, "crystallizing" into the most potent nation of Europe—much of the leading and directing minds which were gathered round the King. From 1849 to 1855, Moltke was chief of the General Staff of the 4th Army Corps; in 1856 he became Adjutant to Prince Frederick William; from 1858 he was chief of the General Staff of the army; in 1859 he was made Lieutenant-General; and during all these years, by his lectures, his publications, his continual care of the officers' education, he was advancing the interests of the army.

In 1864, he arranged for the Danish war the general plan of operations; and at the end of April, when Prince Frederick Charles was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the allied army, Moltke became chief of the Staff. After the peace and the partition of Denmark—which we English cannot look on with favour—Moltke returned to his former office as chief of the Staff; and arranged matters with a view to a possible breach with Austria. This came sooner than Prussia had contemplated, and the plan of the six weeks' campaign—which was so admirably carried out, and so wondrously and astonishingly successful—was sketched out and laid before the King by Moltke.

In 1866, he attended his sovereign to the field as a General of Infantry; and after the brilliant victory of Sadowa, where the King

took the chief command, Moltke marched on Vienna, negotiated the armistice which commenced on the 22nd of July, and the consequent peace which began on the 2nd of August. For these services he has received from the King's hands the order of the Black Eagle.

As a military author, Moltke's works are

few, but by no means unimportant. They are—"The Russo-Turkish Campaign" (Berlin, 1835); "Letters on the Condition of the Affairs in Turkey in 1835-39" (Berlin, 1841); and the "Indian Campaign of 1859;" the second edition of which was published in 1863. Certain correspondents, who have "interviewed" the great soldier, have de-



THE COUNT VON MOLTKE.

clared, as Iago did of Cassio, that he was merely "a great arithmetician," and that he—

— "Never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster."

This is, we have shown, untrue. His fields have not been all bloodless, carpet victories;

but he has shown the superiority of the "knower" over the swaggering Alsatian epauletted Philistine who knows not. One of the best pictures of the man is to be found in the anecdote which tells of him showing a French staff officer over his little study, filled with maps, plans, calculations, and ordinance surveys.

"But," said the gay, festive, *débonnaire* French soldier, full of *elan*, dash, *verve*—as bold and as lithe as a copper-coloured Red Indian brave, and as full of brag—"but of what use are all these books in a campaign?"

"Ah!" said the quiet, observant old General, "that is where you gentlemen are wrong. You do not study enough; you do not know enough of the geography of the country where you fight. This is where I fight my campaigns. Here our battle is fought long before it is determined on the field."

After reading this little sketch, will not the question occur to some of our readers—Had we a Moltke in England, would he not, ere now, have been strangled with red tape?

SOCIAL GRIEVANCES.—No. V.

MEAT TEAS.

YES—I can write calmly now. Time, with his healing wings, has lightly touched my wrongs, and brought me certain consolations; and if those who made me suffer in days gone by are suffering in this, or any other, world from remorse for the injuries they inflicted upon me, I forgive them as I hope to be forgiven myself. The reader will observe that I approach my subject with equanimity. I have endeavoured to refrain, and I hope with success, from the strong language which, if justifiable at all, is surely so in the case of that dreary, detestable, accursed meal called meat or high tea. I have chosen to begin this subject on a Monday, that I might treat it with that Christian humility and resignation so admirably depicted by our parson in his yesterday's sermon; and I trust that the soothing and sedative influences of an English country Sabbath, and the exhortations of the rector—who has some of the best port wine in the county, of which he and I drank a bottle after evening service—will be apparent in the excellent temper with which I shall deal with the painful details of my grievances. And, as the Spectator generally wrote on more serious subjects on Saturdays to prepare his readers for the solemn duties of the morrow, so shall I always choose for my Monday's paper some excessively fearful grievance which, under the benign influences above alluded to, I shall be able to discuss with dispassionate and judicial impartiality.

It is twenty years since I last partook of

a meat tea. It is only twenty minutes since, that I was invited to one for this evening. Fortunately, it is Monday, and not after luncheon, when I generally find some of my good resolutions of the day before begin to evaporate; so I merely showed the *good lady*—this, of course, is the depth of irony—the first half-dozen lines I had written of this paper and the door. She required no further answer, and went in search of other victims.

Who did invent the abominable meal? In vain I have searched the records of some of the monsters and tyrants of history, to discover if they ever gave a parallel entertainment. Nero, Domitian, Critias, Alexander of Phææ, Dionysius the younger, Nena Sahib, Robespierre, and the rest of them, when they had done their day's business, were, no doubt, good enough fellows, and jolly boon companions over their dinner; and would have scorned such a mawkish repast. They sent their victims to Orcus, it is true; but they toasted them on their way right royally. No! depend upon it, the original founder of this kind of feast was a disappointed woman. It contains in itself all the elements which make up the character of a spiteful, disagreeable, nagging, selfish, hateful, soured, crabbed old maid. And it is the favourite meal of old maids. The hour—nine p.m.—at which it is generally held, is suggestive of that age which hovers between night and day. The ghastly remnants of the early dinner—the skinny bone, the dried-up lobster, the ravages made in the tart—are, like herself, emblems of approaching dissolution and decay. Strongly entrenched behind her tea-works, the urn spitting forth its unaromatic steam, the light skirmishing of the cups and saucers, the *mamelon* of the muffin-dish, the irregular dropping, like shells, of the sugar into the cups, afford her so many opportunities for a vicious sally, and cover her retreat back behind her fortifications. Great is the experience I have had in watching her manœuvres; and many of the most disagreeable incidents of my life have occurred either directly, or shortly after, or in consequence of, these entertainments.

In the first place, it is the entertainment to which you invariably ask the disagreeable people of your acquaintance. To it my aunt Rachel invited her director, the Rev. Pitt Burns; and fed him with a lobster curry, washed down with bowlfuls of her favourite beverage to quench the flames

that consumed his inside. She was a wicked old lady, and used to take the opportunity of asking him to improve the occasion with a discourse on other flames, to which he frequently alluded in his sermons, and which were not so easily put out. To it, when I returned a prodigal from Alma Mater, I was invited, and received the paternal wiggling after broiled bones and larks with bread crumbs. It was always necessary to have something gritty, or what was likely to stick in your throat, that you might swallow the dreadful liquid with something like gratitude. To it is my mother-in-law relegated when she comes and stays with me, while I go and dine with some jolly fellows at the club, alleging heavy briefs to read, or an important consultation with the Attorney-General. If I was once to have dinner at home, and she was to get scent of my '41 port or Léoville of '58, my peace of mind and bins would be gone. She only would remain.

Did you ever see a man enter a club coffee-room and order a meat tea for himself? Were you ever asked by a regimental mess to one? We had a teetotal Q.C. on my circuit; but did he ever attempt on mess days to force that liquid down our throats, instead of the glorious port wine we possessed in our cellars?—that port which reconciled me to the brieflessness of my condition and my profession, which I did not relinquish till that particular bin was all drunk! Know ye the man with soul so dead, who's ever come to you and said, "I've a snug little meat tea to-night. I've a new sample down from Ridgway, and I want you to taste it. Only six of us; a plain crumpet, and a dish of eggs and bacon. We shall be delighted to see you?" What matron ever attempted to hook a husband for her darling Cecilia under such circumstances? Who could ever enjoy a cigar or pipe afterwards? Imagine a gin-sling, or brandy-smash, or sherry-cobbler on the top of that scented hot water. Take my own case, for example, this very day; and an awfully hot one it has been. Since ten o'clock this morning until now—five p.m.—I have been at my desk; till my eyes ache, my hand is cramped, my brain addled, and I am nearly suffocated with the heat. What has prevented me from throwing down my pen hours ago, and rushing out to lie under a big tree to smoke—perchance to sleep? The fact that I have something to look for-

ward to. In half an hour I shall leave my work, and plunge into my bath—not for the first time to-day, be it understood; and after arraying myself in a light, but elegant, costume, at six o'clock, punctually, I shall sit down with one of the most agreeable women in England to the following little dinner, which has cast an agreeable shadow over me all day. An eel, whose amiable existence in a ducal pond near here was prematurely cut short last evening by a friend of mine—not, however, before he had attained the respectable weight of two pounds; he will be eaten spatch-cocked, and the sauce will be Tartare; and prepared by two fair little hands in a manner Gouffé himself could not surpass. A chicken, served in the Piedmontese fashion, will follow; and, as it is a simple but appetizing dish, which I introduced myself from Turin into England many years ago, I will here give the recipe, so that foolish housewives may provide something better for their wearied husbands' dinner than a scraggy neck of mutton, with the eternal caper sauce. Cut up a fowl into the ordinary pieces, and boil them in oil till the pieces are of a rich brown colour. Cut up a large onion and fry it. Boil enough rice to make a bank round a vegetable dish, into the middle of which place the fowl and the onions. Don't throw away the oil, silly and wasteful woman! It will fry all your fish for a fortnight. There! the very description of it has made me hungry.

The Aunt Rachel mentioned above may be described as having been the High Priestess of Congo. She watched her tea pot and her urn as jealously as a vestal virgin her fire. Tea she howled for when day returned: tea, when day was departing, she still clamoured for. I often used to wish that continued excess in that beverage had the same results as in the case of the dram drinker. How pleasant to have had her immured within the hospitable walls of St. Winslow, or placed under the fostering care of those beneficent persons who advertise a comfortable home for ladies of intemperate habits! Are there such ladies? I don't know. Ask Gilbey, or Jean Marie Farina—not the baron of that ilk—whose admirable water of Cologne, I am credibly informed, is delicious when made into sangaree. Here is the recipe. A bottle of Cologne water to one of plain water, a slice of lemon, a lump of ice, just half a liqueur glass of Maraschino, and sugar at discretion.

However, no evil effects ensued to my dear aunt in consequence of her innocent intemperance. Perhaps the acidity which the doctors tell me is contained in that decoction communicated itself to her temper; but that was all. She used to honour us with her company, about Christmas, for a month. But it was very unusual if the following Midsummer did not find her presiding over her infernal tea pot. I was young then, coaching for Oxford; and had to submit to her tyranny. Family gatherings, as she called them, were her especial delight. More aunts and cousins—the uncles wisely abstained—lobsters, the inevitable curry, cutlets, cherries: all washed down with tea. Had I a father? Of course I had, but he was powerless; and, I am sorry to say, from force of example, became as confirmed a tea-toper as his sister. Old Growler, the butler, who had been a hundred years in the family, and was a privileged person, used to attack her proceedings.

"Lor, Miss Rachel, you'll never get no husband," he used to say, as he set down the urn, "while you drink so much of this stuff."

"Don't speak to me, Growler. Perhaps some day you'll be as fond of it as I am."

And oh! this Sycorax, this Canidia, this Brinvilliers, this Borgia was right. Poor Growler *did* take to it, and took to it so kindly that he was always trying experiments with a view to its improvement. Alas! he discovered that a tea spoonful of rum had certain admirable powers of combining with the tannin. Then he found that two were better than one; and the usual multiplication then went on; till at last he improved the tea from the rum altogether, and became a confirmed drunkard.

These gatherings, like others, usually produced a great deal of local irritation. After the second cup of tea, matters generally came to a head; and an incisive cut from one of her sisters was pretty certain to produce an outburst of temper which required a poultice of brown bread and butter and more tea to allay. It was very easy to get a rise out of my dear aunt. She had closed her tenth lustre some years before; but she still considered herself beautiful and young. Hence, you had only to say that Cousin Cissy was growing up a very pretty girl, when a deprecatory "pish!" could be heard from amongst the tea cups. Cissy's mamma immediately accepted the challenge, and

said something particularly nasty, ending with "my dear." Now, as we are perfectly sure that when the Emperor of Timbuctoo has sent an ultimatum to an adjacent state—which everybody knows cannot be accepted—and at the same time places his army of five millions of men on a war footing, that adjacent state will shortly pass a very bad quarter of an hour; so, when ladies, advanced in years, begin, after a few words, "my dearing" each other with effusion, you may safely swear that a very pretty battle will shortly rage. But, even without those signs, I never was at one of these tea gatherings but one of the party left the room—if a male, cursing—if a female, weeping and gnashing her teeth.

Nevertheless, I must not be too hard upon her. I have said above that twenty years have elapsed since I last partook of that meal. I have forgiven, but have not forgotten. After life's tea pot pleasures she sleeps well; and it is some comfort to think that, after the copious libations of her beloved Bohea she indulged in during her lifetime, it is not likely that she will awaken for some time.

I must here deprecate the possible supposition that I am not partial to old maids. I certainly have not been fortunate in my own family specimens; but does it follow that because I dislike one I shouldn't like another? I know some dear old maids, who would as soon think of asking me to undress them as of inviting me to a meat tea. No! theirs are the snug little dinners, theirs the *recherchés* little concerts, theirs the jolly little dances to which all the prettiest girls go. To them—whatever grief, disappointment, or other circumstance condemned their lives to solitude—time has whispered comfort. I never look in an unmarried lady's face, if it is a lovable one, without longing to know the romance which her smile is the reflection of—not pryingly, but with a reverent curiosity, so to speak. No! All honour to those whitening locks. All respect for that hidden sorrow—lulled mayhap, but wakeful at times; and may my ink dry up for ever, and my pen shiver into splinters when I take it into my hand, if I ever write a word that might be mistaken for a slight by their kind hearts. I take my Aunt Rachel as a sample; and I say, Away with her!

Bachelors don't give meat teas. Stop! By the way, I remember one—the arch

rogue!—who lived in the Albany, and who used to get a bevy of pretty girls—with their mammas, of course—and young fellows to his chambers, under the pretence of that meal. They wouldn't come to dinner, it was so naughty. So he used to have a nice little cold collation, formed of objects procured from the neighbouring Morel and Fortnum, the table covered with glass and flowers, and on the sideboard a large silver tea pot; but no cups and saucers or bread and butter visible. When all his guests had arrived, Bob Lackington said—

“Now, ladies, you must rough it in a bachelor's rooms, and excuse all shortcomings. I find I've only three cups and two saucers, so you must drink your tea in the glasses. I dare say it will taste just as nice.”

So, when the time came for pouring out the tea, everybody was surprised when the tea pot gave forth an agreeable rattle (like Bob himself); and, sure enough, it wasn't tea at all, but champagne, with a great lump of ice in it. Bob said it was the only kind of tea that should be drunk on his premises; and—rascal that he was—forgetting the story he told about the cups before tea, had the amazing assurance to hand round coffee after dinner—to be sure, it was dinner!—in the prettiest Dresden cups you ever saw. After which we all went—a large party—to the play.

But again I say, away with the Rachelites! Stow them away under hatches, and send them off to the Great Mogul, or the Nawaub of Mulligatawny; either of whom will, no doubt, provide for them to their satisfaction. Let them have plenty of their peculiar literature to while away the voyage out—a few of their favourite acts of Parliament, the *Police News*, and other choice prints—and let them go. The country is getting sick of them. Their books, their speeches, their pamphlets, are not fit for pure-minded wives to read, much less for their daughters. Their meat teas are doomed. What! you can't get the young man of the period to go to balls; and you expect him to come and have his inside irrigated? Refuse, young man! and again I say refuse, when bidden to one of these festivals. Do you hear? or am I the sport of an amiable delusion? I fancy I hear the smash of crockery, and a voice crying, “Only keep enough cups to serve the family at breakfast!”

THE MORTIMERS: A NOVEL WITH TWO HEROES.

By the EDITOR.

BOOK VI.—CHAPTER VII.

SIR HAROLD'S WILL.

THEY buried Sir Harold with his fathers.

In the vault of the family, in the chancel of Madingley Church, he was laid. The kindly voice of his old friend, the Rev. Hugh Mildmay, in accents faltering with unfeigned emotion, pronounced over his body the solemn and sublime service for the burial of the dead contained in our English Liturgy. The executors of Sir Harold's last will and testament were his brother and sister. Robert Mortimer had, as a matter of course, availed himself of the earliest possible opportunity, on his return from London to the Chase, of making inquiries of his late brother's legal advisers, and also a separate and private search on his own account, for the will, and such testamentary directions as might accompany it. His search was very speedily successful. In the first drawer of the secretary into which he looked, he found the document he was seeking. A neatly folded sheet of paper, tied round with pink tape, covered it. The outside of this envelope was marked—in Sir Harold's writing—“My last will and testament, February 15th, 18—.” Robert hastily tore off the wrapper, and satisfied himself that the instrument he now held was the identical one to the making of which he had himself been party. For Sir Harold had made no secret of his intentions, and had candidly told both his brother and sister what he intended to do with his personality, and such real property as he had power to dispose of.

Having been assured by the firm of solicitors in Lincoln's Inn, who had for many years acted as the legal advisers of the family in all matters relating to the Madingley estate—Sir Harold had thought fit to employ a country attorney, who lived at Malton, in matters of less importance—that there had been no other will executed by his brother, to their knowledge, he felt more easy in his mind.

By the will he held in his hand was bequeathed to him and his sister Margaret each a moiety of the personal estate, after the payment of all legacies and specific bequests, and by it they were constituted sole residuary legatees. The astute official of

the Pink Tape Office had already matured a scheme in his fertile mind, by which he hoped to obtain possession of his sister's money "to invest for her," as he intended to suggest. And further, he knew very well that the poor lady would willingly resign to him all the power given her in the capacity of joint executrix with him of her brother's will. With the main provisions of this instrument Robert Mortimer was, as we have said, perfectly well acquainted; but of the minor details he had no knowledge; and, as he perused sheet after sheet of the document before him, his opinion of the worldly wisdom of the deceased gentleman his brother did not by any means improve. His brow was frequently wrinkled in blank astonishment, and contracted in unbecoming frowns.

"But Harold always was a fool about money," he remarked to himself.

And, indeed, no man could say that with greater truth; for Sir Harold had, on every occasion of his increasing demands, behaved with foolish generosity towards his poorer brother.

The worthy baronet—who, as we have before stated, was, in all matters of business, very methodical and orderly in his habits—had indeed "set his house in order," against that day when he should be called upon to leave it. Not a paper or account was out of place, and in the will—which was entirely in his own handwriting—nothing was omitted, nobody forgotten.

Having first intimated to his solicitor his intentions, in a rough draft, they had shaped it into the proper legal phraseology and verbiage, and the worthy man had made a copy of the document himself; and this, duly signed and attested, was the will his brother held in his hand. Another copy, also duly signed and witnessed, was in the possession of the lawyers in Lincoln's Inn.

Having begun with the usual old-fashioned formula, Sir Harold commended his "soul to Almighty God," and directed that his body should be interred in the family vault in the chancel of Madingley Church, on the north side thereof; proceeded to bequeath "to my dear brother and sister, Robert and Margaret Mortimer, to each, one equal part of all and every the personal property of which I die possessed, share and share alike, being one moiety to each of the remainder and residue that shall be left after the payment of the legacies and bequests herein-after set out." To his "dear friend, Hugh

Mildmay, clerk in holy orders," Sir Harold bequeathed the sum of two thousand pounds, as a testimony of his esteem and friendship; and further devised one hundred and nine acres of land, there or thereabouts, situate in the parish of Malton Parva, to the rectors of Madingley for ever. Having thus shown his regard for the Church, Sir Harold proceeded to make provision for all his old servants for their lives, and directed that such servants of his father or himself as had enjoyed pensions during his own life should be continued in the same to the end of their days. And he begged that his successor in the estate, whoever that might be, would not behave harshly to his good servants, but retain them in his service. To his very dear ward, Mabel Despencer, "being amply provided for," he bequeathed the sum of five hundred pounds as a token of remembrance, and certain jewels; and "my portrait in my lieutenant's uniform done when I was a young man, which she always said she liked." And "to his Grace Frederick John Vavaseur, Duke of Fairholme, Marquess of Malton, and the rest, my other ward," the Baronet left an immediate legacy of five thousand pounds, and a like sum to be paid within a year after his death. And further he bequeathed to the said Frederick John Vavaseur, Duke of Fairholme, all his blood stock, provided that the successor to his title and estate chose to give up breeding blood stock, upon condition also that the legatee do undertake never to sell any of the old brood mares or horses, but to have them destroyed when they are too old to be of any service. Also, to Mr. James Campbell, of Tudor College, in the University of Cambridge, the sum of three hundred pounds, and "my thanks for his attention and kindness to those whom I placed under his charge." To his faithful steward, Mr. Johnson, Sir Harold bequeathed a hundred guineas, and expressed a hope that his successor would not supersede or displace him. As much of a man's character may be learned from a knowledge of the terms of his will, we have made these extracts from that of Sir Harold Mortimer. Having provided for all who had any claim, and made besides a handsome bequest of alms to the poor of the parishes in which he had spent his life, Sir Harold had that satisfaction, dearest of all pleasures to an Englishman, the feeling that he had done his duty. Altered circumstances, however, had

led him, some twelve months before his death, to make a codicil. This instrument, executed during the affection of his eyes, was not in his autograph. It was very short. Simply "giving to my kind and able friend and secretary, Mr. Reginald Erle, the sum of one thousand pounds, should I die before I am able to do him more substantial service. And having, partly through an affliction which I feel severely, been living very much within my income during the past year or two, I bequeath to my nephew, Charles Harold Mortimer, and to my ward, Frederick John Vavaseur, Duke of Fairholme—two young men who, I have reason to fear, have in the same period much exceeded theirs—the sum of five thousand pounds each, making the sum I have left by will to the latter the sum of fifteen thousand pounds in all. Signed, sealed, and delivered this eighth day of December, 18—"

"HAROLD MORTIMER."

The terms of this codicil, and the bequests it contained, did not tend to soothe the angry spirit of the executor in whose hands it was.

"Ridiculous behaviour!" he said, when he talked the matter over that afternoon with Mr. Watkins, the London solicitor. "My brother has fooled away thousands to people who won't thank him for it."

"I hope not, Sir Robert. I hope your late brother's generosity will be appreciated by the legatees under his will, in the way that such liberality should be appreciated."

Mr. Watkins was not afraid to say a word or two in defence of the goodness of heart of his old client, even to a member of Parliament holding an appointment in the Pink Tape Office.

"Sir Harold was the most generous man I ever met; and—and not in the least degree a foolish man, Sir Robert; on the contrary, a very shrewd man."

And, although Robert Mortimer did not condescend to reply to this remark of the professional man's, still Mr. Watkins felt well pleased with himself for having made it.

After his interview with Mr. Watkins, Robert Mortimer went up to his sister's sitting-room—a cheerful room, having a fine view across the park towards Malton Downs. He shook hands silently with Mabel and Miss Margaret, who were sitting together near the fire, for the day was very cold.

"Some arrangements must be made about the funeral without delay, Margaret. I don't like troubling you now."

At the mention of the word "funeral," both ladies burst in tears afresh.

Miss Margaret made no answer, but hid her face in her handkerchief, already wet with her tears.

"I thought, Margaret," her brother proceeded, "that I should like to mention a few names to you before I gave them instructions to invite them. You know, we must try to overcome our feelings a little"—here he put his hand in his sister's—"and—and pay some little attention to these details."

Miss Margaret's only response was a sigh drawn from her heart.

"Look at me," said Robert. "Of course, if I consulted only my own feelings, I should give way to my grief, as you do. You must not give way so, for your own sake—for ours."

He then mentioned several names to his sister, as those of persons whom it was necessary to invite to the funeral; for Robert Mortimer had the notion firmly fixed in his mind that a considerable amount of pomp and display of plumes and velvets was requisite; though, had his brother's wish been carried out, his obsequies would have been celebrated with as little of vain parade as those of the humblest of his tenants.

"The Duke of Fairholme of course will be asked," he said.

Miss Margaret nodded assent.

Mabel waited to hear another name, dear to her, mentioned; and this she felt was no more than was due.

Robert Mortimer had pencilled down a list of names, and was taking his leave of his sister, when Miss Margaret said—

"You have not put down Mr. Erle's name on your list, I think. At least, I did not hear you read it. He will come, as a matter of course. I am sure, poor Harold would have desired that every respect should be shown to him."

"I don't know. In this case, my dear Margaret, I think, only relatives or near friends should be invited; but, as you please, of course."

"I wish Mr. Erle to be invited."

"I am sure he will come," said Mabel, warmly.

"I should be much grieved if he were not asked to do so," said Miss Mortimer.

And having added Erle's name to his list, her brother left the room, inwardly resolving as he did so that Erle should be forgotten—accidentally, of course. His sister's scruples might be easily satisfied by an apology afterwards. That afternoon he proceeded to town, to wait till the day fixed for the funeral should arrive.

The day—Friday—soon came round; and, with much worthless undertakers' pomp and ceremonial, Sir Harold was laid in his last resting-place here.

Two gentlemen took the train from London which arrived at the station nearest Madingley, at an hour that would leave them just long enough to get to the church before the time fixed for the funeral.

For one, the physician who had attended Sir Harold in his brother's house, a carriage from the Chase was in waiting.

The other, who waited on the platform at the station until the carriage, which he recognised, had driven off, started across the fields in the snow, to walk to Madingley Church.

In spite of Robert Mortimer's precautions, Reginald Erle was not prevented from paying a last tribute of respect to the man whom he had loved in life, and for whose memory he felt a warm regard.

That afternoon he spent with his friend the Rector; and to his willing ear he unfolded the purport and contents of the revelation which had been made to him by his three friends, Dr. Gasc, Francis Lavelle, and Mr. Campbell—a story to which the astonished clergyman listened with many ejaculations of surprise and wondering amazement, and at the end of which he shook our hero warmly by the hand, and promised him his support, modestly adding—

"If that be worth anything to you."

The substance of that narrative will form the eighth chapter of this book.

TABLE TALK.

WITH increased culture, we shall have among us more of that most charming quality, good taste—a love of the beautiful in nature and the perfect in art, honest and unaffected: that love of art for its own sake which animated the lives of the old mediæval handicraftsmen, and inspired those cunning workers in iron and in brass, in staining of glass and hewing of stone, in their lifelong efforts after the attainment of

the Perfect. Truly, "art is long and life is short." That commercial and money-getting spirit which seems to be the genius and passion of too many of our race, along with the train of benefits it has brought us, has also introduced its fair proportion of mischiefs. Look at our modern streets, ugly past the hope of redemption; the internal decorations—as they are improperly termed—of our houses; our articles of furniture, useful, ministering to our comfort, but devoid of all taste in design; our crockery, our pots and pans! How often we see ugliness where we might, for the same cost, have beauty; disproportion instead of symmetry, and vulgar show in the place of ornament! Look at our houses as they are, and think of what they might be were the Gothic architecture, so perfectly adapted to our climate, our scenery, our habits, and the genius of our country, universally employed. But we trust that better days for English art are in store. The measures taken—late, but not too late—to educate our artisans, and place them on an equal footing with their Continental fellows, must bear fruit. We have only to wait for it, and for the more general diffusion of "sweetness and light" among the unleavened mass of insular Philistinism. Steele wittily said, in the *Spectator* for April 19th, 1711—above a century and a half ago—"What I would propose should be that we imitated those wise nations wherein every man learns some handicraft work. Would it not employ a beau prettily enough if, instead of eternally playing with a snuff box, he spent some part of his time in making one? Such a method as this would very much conduce to the public emolument, by making every man living good for something; for there would then be no one member of human society but would have some little pretension for some degree in it: like him who came to Wills' Coffee-house upon the merit of having writ a posy of a ring."

"THE MERIT OF HAVING WRIT a posy of a ring." It appears that Mr. Richard Steele uses this expression in irony, and as if Mr. Spectator thought there was little merit in having writ a posy of a ring. There is, however, a charm about some of these posies, that is engendered of their quaintness and their pith. It is with pleasure that we see them revived on many of the wedding rings

exposed in the windows of the jewellers at this present time. The immediate derivation of posy is very clearly from poesie or poesy, the *e* having been cut out. But posy is commonly applied by the country people to a large or small bunch of the flowers their gardens afford in plenty in the gay seasons of spring and summer. Bowpot is another word, applied to a homely bouquet, or bunch of rustic garden flowers. The analogy to the French bouquet is close, and it has been suggested that beau-pot is perhaps a more correct orthography than bowpot. However, in whichever way the word is spelled, it is at this day in very common use in certain districts of England. To revert, however, to posy, in its application to a short sentence of verse inscribed on a ring, and generally the wedding or a keepsake ring, we may quote a few of these inscriptions from old rings, dating from the year 1506 downwards.

"Death never parts
Such loving hearts."

There is another, equally old:—

"Love and respect
I doe expect."

This also is from a very old ring:—

- "In God and thee
Shall my joy be."

Later we have:—

"Divinely knitt by Grace are wee,
Lately two, now one, the pledg here see."
B. and A., 1657.

"Love and live happy."—1689.

"Happy in thee
Hath God made me."

"God did decree
Our unitie."

Of a still later date is a punning one:—

"Endles as this
Shall be our bliss."

THOS. BLISS, 1719.

Most of these couplets are strongly imbued with the spirit of loyalty—to wit, under date 1646:—

"I love the rod,
And thee, and God."

Which shows a spirit of feminine subjection, now rather uncommon. But all the de-

votion was not on one side, for we find on another old ring:—

"I doe rejoice
In thee, my choice."

A CORRESPONDENT: In your note concerning the scarcity of English national songs, which appeared in "Table Talk" (p. 152), you mentioned the ballads written to commemorate the victories of our great commanders, Nelson and Wellington. Some of these were immensely popular at the time of their appearance. I possess some of the original copies of these songs, on sheets of hand-made rough-edged paper. They are now rather curious, selling at the shops for a shilling apiece. Some of them are contained in a series of pamphlets—folded twice, and making eight small pages—published under the title of "A Garland of New Songs. Newcastle-on-Tyne: Printed by J. Marshall, in the Old Flesh Market. Where also may be had a large and curious assortment of Songs, Ballads, Tales, Histories, &c." In this collection, probably the most popular were the "Battle of Trafalgar," beginning—

"Obedient to his country's great command,
Led by the guardian angel of our land,
The matchless Nelson sought the Spanish shore,
And left his country, to return no more.
Soon as he saw approach the hostile fleet,
His fearless breast with gallant ardour beat.
'They come,' he cried. 'My glory's now complete.'

'They come,' &c.

The Duke of Wellington's praise was sung in "The Battle of Salamanca; or, Wellington's Triumph;" tune, "The Bay of Biscay, O!" It is of course in a metre suited to that fine tune, to which it was set, and begins thus:—

"Loud roared the British thunder,
Near Salamanca's tow'rs;
French ranks were cut asunder
By Britain's daring pow'rs.
The fields were bathed in blood,
For Spain and England's good.
On that day,
Thousands lay
On the field of battle, O!"

The two quotations we have made show something of the ring and "go" which should animate a national war song. A verse we now give from "The Battle of the Nile" exhibits a more pretentious but less telling style of composition:—

"In congress above, the Deities of War,
Searching to give true valour to renown,

And soon exalted on a British seaman's brow,
 Was implanted every splendid crown.
 The loud triumph of fame thro' the vaulted arch
 rebounded,
 And Howe, Jervis, Duncan, and Nelson's names
 resounded ;
 And the battle of the Nile
 Was recorded, and the while
 Th' angelic host responsive sung the glories of the
 day.

Then huzza," &c.

Though it is to be hoped that they sang it in a less halting measure than that hit upon by the mortals here below. Jemmy Thompson's "Rule Britannia," written for his masque of "Alfred," of course has a place in this "Garland of War Songs." The first two verses are spirited and fine, the remaining three weak enough; the appeal to the Muses in the last verse being very feeble indeed. Perhaps this is why the chorus is the only part of this song now really popular. One of the first copies of the "Garland" contains "God save the King." The first verses of the national hymn on the old weather-stained sheet before me are identical with those of our modern "God save the Queen." The last verse of the old version runs—

"From ev'ry latent foe,
 From the assassin's blow,
 God save the King!
 O'er him thy arm extend,
 For Britain's sake defend
 Our Father, Prince, and Friend—
 God save the King!"

Has it ever been settled who wrote the music of this fine hymn? Was the air composed for the words, or adapted, or borrowed from a German psalmody?

SOME CORRESPONDENTS of *Land and Water* recently mentioned some examples of ecclesiastical robins. And one correspondent even goes so far as to state, on the authority of "a gentleman of undoubted veracity," whose name and address he gives, that during the administration of the Holy Communion in Winchester Cathedral, a robin twice fled on to the altar table and carried a piece of bread from the paten. Another robin is mentioned as perching on ladies' bonnets during divine service at Marston Magna, Dorsetshire, "and pecking their blooming flowers, or making choice of some shining bald head to gaze at its own reflection—all of which, doubtless, endeared him to the congregation." Are we expected to believe these remarkable anecdotes?

They are signed "B. A. H.," and we are inclined to echo, Bah! That robins are most confident, not to say impudent, is well known. We have seen them, this summer, hopping about among croquet balls, apparently taking an interest in the game that was-being played. We remember, too, in the winter of 1848, that a robin lived in Durham Cathedral, where he was regularly fed by Mr. Hartley, the verger, and would come at his call; and that, during each service, the robin always joined in the singing, so loudly as to be heard above the organ and choir. It is scarcely possible to mention such a circumstance without recalling Keble's exquisite poem, the "Redbreast in Church," in the "Lyra Innocentium" ("Holy Places and Things," xii.); but it must be too familiar to be here quoted. It may not, however, be so well known to our readers that, in Keble's other well-known poem on the redbreast ("Christian Year," "Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity"), the "friend" from whom he borrowed the expression "calm decay," and from whose pen he subjoins two stanzas in a foot-note, was the Rev. George James Cornish (see Coleridge's "Memoirs of Rev. J. Keble," 2nd edit., i, 31).

IN MR. WILLIAM BLADES' recently published little book, "How to Tell a Caxton," the author has coined the new word "bibliotaph," by which he means a collector of books who has got together more volumes than he can arrange, and therefore buries them. This is quite a new word. We have had bibliopole, bibliopoliſt, bibliotheca, and bibliomancy—which was the term given to divinations with the Bible—but "bibliotaph" is altogether a novelty; and we are not sure that we can say, "We thank thee, Blades, for teaching us that word."

MR. GOLIGHTLY; or, the ADVENTURES of an AMIABLE MAN, a Novelette in Twelve Chapters, will be commenced on the conclusion of "The Mortimers." "Mr. Golightly" will be illustrated by Phiz.

Rejected MSS. will be returned to the authors, if stamps for that purpose are sent.
 The Editor will only be responsible for their being safely re-posted to the addresses given.
 Every MS. must have the name and address of the author legibly written on the first page.

The authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 146.

October 15, 1870.

Price 2d.

ONE OF TWO; OR, A LEFT-HANDED BRIDE. By HAIN FRISWELL.

CHAPTER XXI.

WHAT FOLLOWED AT CHESTERTON HOUSE.



MAGISTRATE was left sitting in his room—revolving, like the pious Æneas, many things in his mind—while Philip Stanfield was led quietly across the yard, upon each side of which stood a series of small closets, that looked as much like the tool-houses of

a country house as anything else. Inspector Stevenson was much struck with his prisoner's behaviour. Here was a great question to him: Was this swell a rogue or a fool? As regarded Old Forster, it was certain he could not make a mistake. Mr. Forster was too clever to be taken in: he had got the right man, he had. Well, then, what on earth did this swell mean by not having an alibi ready, and not pressing for bail, and having his old governor up?

His old governor! Poor man! the bitterest feeling, which came every now and then with recurrent force, was that which told Philip that his father would soon find out the new disgrace that had befallen him.

In the meantime, the whole basement of Chesterton House was revolutionized by

the news. We, who live in the parlours, think that our servants know nothing about our private affairs; and that we can do this or that without being observed. How loftily we say, "Oh, those people take no interest in us. We can discuss these matters before them quite easily; they are beyond their comprehension." And all the while Jenny knows more than her mistress; and Joseph, the page boy, with his smooth face, is in possession of one or two secrets which, if *you* knew that *he* knew, your ears would tingle.

Chesterton House was as well ordered as any house in the three kingdoms, especially below stairs. The servants, who reflect the habits of their superiors—as, indeed, most of us do, if we be not superior ourselves—were thoroughly orderly and good; indeed, the steward's room was a pattern to many a gentleman's house.

Mr. Roskell, when he creaked back again, in his pumps and Scotch cap, after his morning's walk, quietly read the *Morning Post* and Mr. Rumford Coaster's "News of the Aristocracy."

"Let me see," he would say, "what is doing. Is Lord Splinterbar going to sell his stud yet? Is young Lord Boohoo coming of age?—'cos we are going down there when he does do so, to assist at those festivities. Bother festivities! say *I*, from my point of view. What's old Mother Guernsey going to do? *Thé dansant!* is she—a mean old hunk? Whenever Lord Wimpole goes to one of them *thés dansants*, he comes home as hungry as a hunter."

In the steward's room, the company, duly waited upon by the lower servants, consisted of the Earl's valet, out of livery; Mr. Roskell; Mr. Gurgles, the butler; and young Mr. Checketts, Lord Wimpole's valet, also out of livery. These gentlemen were honest, honourable, good servants; quite content to do their duty—and doing it, too, very much better, and with very much less

noise and fuss, than some of the upper class of society.

Mr. Gurgles, the butler, had good wages and certain perquisites. These he strictly adhered to. Out of these perquisites he furnished his friends with a very good bottle of wine now and then; and he and Mr. Roskell drank as good wine as did the Earl. But for these perquisites and wages—and the Earl of Orford, the Prime Minister, the Marquis of Bute, the Mistress of the Robes to Queen Caroline, and a few other noble swells of the bluest blood, have looked after their perquisites as well—Mr. Gurgles did his duty thoroughly. The Earl, he took care, never had a bad bottle of wine at *his* table; and, indeed, never bought a bad bottle of wine—which is more than many a nobleman, or many a king, can say; nor did any one take away or waste a bottle. Mr. Gurgles was severely honest, read the “Gospel Magazine”—which he called the “Gorspel Mag”—and quoted it upon occasion, and tried to improve the morals of the servants below him.

The Earl's man, Mr. Slates, was a good, quiet, solemn man, with no observation, no penetration, no smile nor laugh nor fun about him at all—one who did his work well, was always *at* his work; who was thoroughly absorbent of jokes, talk, or anything else. Whatever he heard never came out. He was, however, a capital man to listen; and, next to the Earl, he loved and admired—in the quiet manner that an orderly old cow or a walrus might love and admire—Mr. Roskell.

We have said that he was absorbent: he was so, in more ways than one. Now and then, when he was left at home, and when the Earl went out, as he often did, attended only by Mr. Roskell, or when he had asked permission to go to the theatre, Mr. Slates would get quietly and thoroughly drunk; and then, with a headache, a pale face, and a languid gait, would go on with his work the next morning as well as ever. Upon these occasions Mr. Gurgles would quote the “Gorspel Mag” to him, with the weight and authority of the Bible itself. Indeed, it must be said that Gurgles, who apparently read the Scriptures very seldom, usually quoted St. Paul, or David, or St. John himself, as the editor's own words.

“Now, my dear friend, Slates,” he would say, “why do you do these things? The editor of the ‘Gorspel Mag’ says expressly,

‘Be sober, be temperate,’ and he urges with great force that ‘strong drink is as a raging lion.’”

“‘Twasn't at the Lion,” said Slates. “They give you good stuff there. We had a little dinner of our society, and—in short, it's the mixed stuff they give you.”

“The ‘Gorspel Mag’ says,” urged Gurgles, “that ‘men are deceitful upon the scales,’ and ‘above measure.’ And he says this with force, although I think he might have said below measure; for they give you too little when they can.”

Here Mr. Checketts broke in with a song. Mr. Checketts had risen in life. He had been a groom; but being as honest a fellow as ever lived, and having risked his life to save Lord Wimpole's with as much *sang froid* as he would have cleaned his boots, he had been promoted.

“Born in a kitchen, in a garret bred,
Promoted thence to deck her mistress' head”—

was, as we know, a terrible offence in Lord Byron's eyes. Mr. Checketts had not been born in a kitchen, for his father was a respectable publican; and his mother's first floor, where Checketts first saw light, was as nice a bed-room as one might well desire. But Checketts had been promoted; and he was full of fun, good-humour, slang, and poetry; so that he exercised the soul of Gurgles greatly. But, for all that, he was a great favourite of all the inhabitants of the steward's room. Mr. Roskell, Gurgles, and even the dull Slates, whose eyes were as brilliant as those of a codfish, missed him when he was absent. When Gurgles quoted the ‘Gorspel Mag’ as having accused men of being deceivers, Mr. Checketts broke out with the convivial and Shakspearean song—

“‘Men were deceivers ever;
They water your gin and they salts your beer,
And they says, oh, aint it clever!’”

Checketts had this peculiarity about him, that he recollected only the first line of any quotation; and, having a good ear for rhyme, filled it up in his own fashion.

“Really, Mr. Checketts, you must not show unbecoming levity. Mr. Slates's little fault, which we will not mention—”

“‘Oh, no, we never mention him,’
I will not say a word;
A friend of mine got out last night,
As chirpy as a bird.”

Well, you was chirpy, wasn't you, Mr. Slates? I like to see you gettin' on that

way now and then—not always. It brightens you up; it does, indeed. Well, you need not look so glum, Mr. Gurgles.”

“Mr. Checketts,” replied that venerable man, “the prophet, as the ‘Gorspel Mag’ remarks, going down to Jericho, met with a lion in his path—”

“ ‘We met, ’twas in a crowd,’
And I thought he would shun me;
He bolted down a court,
And I knew that he’d done me.

Yes, he had indeed, Mr. Gurgles”—all these gentlemen were very careful to put Mr. before the surname of their fellows when they addressed them—“he had indeed. It was only half a crown, but I call it mean to rob a poor man of his browns.”

Upon this, bursting out like a lark in full song, Checketts whistled an operatic air like an angel. He was a dab at whistling. He had acquired that accomplishment when collecting or polishing the paternal pots; and many a time, in the country or in town, had the artless young fellow enlivened the steward’s room with his whistle.

The conversation was but a slow one between Slates and Gurgles; partly because Slates was a languid fellow at any time to talk to, and partly because Gurgles had very little to say which he had not urged before. The two men, therefore, listened to Mr. Checketts’s whistle, and he gave them the “Bay of Biscay” in fine style. In the midst of the *da capo* he broke out with—

“Why, them’s my lord’s boots outside. Dash my brass buttons! does that boy call them cleaned? Day and Martin is all hookey, if they won’t polish no better. The cat as is looking into the back of a gentleman’s Hessian boot, previous to shaving off his own whiskers, would fly at ’em. I’ll give ’em a turn myself.”

And away went Mr. Checketts, to the surprise of the scandalized Gurgles, who, though he quoted the “Gorspel Mag,” did not seem to have found in that excellent, and even then venerable, publication any text which bade him do his fellow-servants’ work. As he remarked to Mr. Slates—

“As the editor justly observed, a ‘merry heart doeth good like a medicine.’ Our young friend here is very impulsive; but he bemeans himself too much.”

At this time Mr. Slates was summoned by Lord Wimpole’s bell, since he was good-natured enough to answer for his fellow-servant. He returned very soon. Paler than

usual, his stolid reticence seemed to be melted out of him by fright. His fish-like eyes were wider open, his jaw had fallen.

“Why, good gracious, Mr. Slates! what is the matter with you? Are you going to have a fit?”

Mr. Slates sat down, wiped his forehead, and pointed upwards.

“Your master,” said he to Checketts, “is—”

“What, man?” cried the *ci-devant* groom. “Is he ill—is he in a fit?”

He dashed down the boots, and prepared to run upstairs.

“Don’t go!” cried the startled Slates. “It’s of no use. I know them before, where I lived. It’s officers!”

He laid his hand upon the sleeve of Checketts.

“If it was the devil,” said that young enthusiast, “I’d slip into him.”

“Stop!” said Mr. Roskell, very authoritatively. “Don’t stir. This is some awful mistake, and the fellows will get into no end of a row. Are you sure what you say, Slates? Who is it?”

“On’y Stevenson, that was of Bow-street. In the new uniform, but I know him. There, the door opens. They are going to take him off, so help me Davy!”

Even Mr. Roskell was no proof against this new and terrible news. Leading the van, he crept and creaked upstairs, and heard the door close; and then, peering through the side windows at the hall door, they saw Lord Wimpole quietly ascend the hackney coach with the heraldic panels, followed first by Inspector Stevenson, and then by Mr. Tom Forster.

“Tis Stevenson. I know him before,” said Checketts, turning very red. “What has he to do with our house, d—”

“Don’t,” said Gurgles, putting his hand on the young man’s mouth, and stopping the word cleverly. “ ‘Be angry, and sin not,’ as the ‘Gorspel Mag’ says. At the same time, I’m free to own that you might knock me down with a feather.”

“Is my lord awake?” asked Mr. Roskell. “There’s some horrid mistake here.”

“He’s not the man to make a mistake,” said poor Checketts, as if he knew all about it. “That man Stevenson knows his business too well, I am afraid. My poor master, what has he been at? I’ll lay my life he’s innocent.”

“That was the man,” said Roskell—“the

man with the boots and the curled hat—that I saw this morning prowling about this neighbourhood. What right has he about a house like this?"

There these men stood, in the hall, utterly dumbfounded, and knowing not what to do, when a rustling was heard, and the housekeeper stood before them. It was Mrs. Preen, stiff and rustling in her silks—prim, pretty, and precise. She, even, who was never caught napping, was astonished at the different attitudes of grief and astonishment of the men.

"Gentlemen," said she, "pray tell me what is the matter."

Mrs. Preen dropped her keys, and was really ready to drop.

"What! do you mean to say that the Earl of Chesterton—?"

"No 'tisin't him," said Checketts. "Wish it was, almost. He'd make it all right with the House of Lords. No, mum; they've been and nabbed my master."

"'Tis some matter of debt—a quarrel—probably a mistake," urged the housekeeper. "Does the Earl know of this?"

"No; and he's not to know just yet," returned Slates. "A sudden trouble has fallen upon us. But it is no use waiting here. Come downstairs, and let us say nothing about this. Lord Wimpole evidently did not mean any one to know of it—at any rate, down below."

At this speech Mr. Gurgles went to console himself with his favourite magazine. Mr. Roskell, like a man demented, betook himself upstairs to see that Lord Chesterton's dressing-room was in order; and Checketts, rushing upstairs, saw the door of the study and bed-room open, and looked round with dismay. There was the morning coat, there the cravat of his lordship. With an eye to everything, and knowing every article in the house, Checketts soon discovered that some strange hand had been at the drawers.

"There's a pair of trousers gone, and a pair of boots, some gloves, and a cigar tube his lordship smokes. I put it on that mantel-shelf myself. Now, what is this? Let me think back."

Checketts did think back. What had Lord Wimpole been doing? He had been out several times very late, very late indeed. That was nothing unusual. If he had been like any other of the young fellows, fond of twisting off knockers; if, like a certain marquis, he had carried a prizefighter about

with him for the express purpose of beating the New Police; if he had delighted in painting the inn signs of a brilliant scarlet colour, and had taken pleasure in using his "bunch of fives," like Corinthian Tom and his elegant friends in the "Life in London"—Mr. Checketts could have easily fathomed the matter. In that case, in fact, he would have been used to such little episodes in the life of a young nobleman. But, as Mr. Roskell had said, Lord Wimpole was a pattern. He had been out late during the past three or four weeks; and, contrary to all custom, Mr. Checketts had not been with him.

"Let me think again," muttered the servant to himself. "Why, he was out precious late on the twenty-ninth as was—Michaelmas Day. I won a goose at a raffle, and sent it to grandmother; and it turned out a rum 'un, I hear. If he wasn't in love now—

"She's all my fancy painted her;
She's lovely, she's divine!"

But what he is arrested for—well, I'm blowed if I can guess! I wonder what that lawyer called for, and what he has to do with it? He has something, I'll swear. His father not to know just yet! Well, 'just yet' has passed. He shall know, by jingo!"

With this oath of mickle might on his lips, Mr. Checketts jumped suddenly on his feet, like one who has taken a hasty resolution. He hurried to the door to open it; but a hand was on the outside. It opened inwards. Slowly and feebly it opened, and Lord Chesterton stood before him—not the erect, stalwart nobleman of yesterday, but an older man, with stooping shoulders and hesitating gait, his feet hastily thrust into his slippers, his dressing-gown pulled closely over his thin shoulders, his hair unkempt, his cheeks fallen and thin.

"Philip," he murmured, "I have sought you—"

"My lord," said Checketts, humbly, "I beg pardon. I have come to see whether my lord's room is all right."

"Well, Checketts, well; and his lordship, Lord Wimpole"—the Earl seemed to hesitate and search for a word—"is he well? Perhaps not so. Where is he?"

"Why, please your lordship, his word was given not to tell you. He is gone out."

"Gone! Where—when? You hesitate—you gasp, man! Are you afraid? What is it?"

"He's gone out with two—gentlemen,"

stammered Checketts. "Not the kind of gentlemen he usually knows—with two officers."

"Two officers!" gasped the miserable father. "What officers?"

Then, with a sad, silent stupor, he looked straight before him; and the words that his son said, about trials that it was impossible to endure, came back to him. The room swam before him, and he caught hold of the arms of the chair to support himself.

"Great heavens!" he thought, "my dream has come true! My unhappy son is arrested—and for the murder of his own brother!"

Mr. Checketts opened his eyes with even greater wonder as he saw the grand old nobleman, whom he thought as firm as a rock or the Bank of England, fall quickly, but very gently, back in a swoon.

"By all that's good, I've been and killed the Earl of Chesterton," cried Checketts to himself, as he knelt, in a confused and helpless manner, at his master's feet, after nearly "pulling the bell out by the roots," as he afterwards described his action.

CHAPTER XXII.

VISITORS TO MR. HORTON.

IT followed, from this escapade of Mr. Checketts, that Mrs. Preen and Mr. Roskell soon attended to Lord Chesterton; and that his lordship, under the feeling that his servants were gazing upon him in his grief, regained something of his composure, and, after the space of half an hour or so, walked out from Chesterton House almost as composed—at any rate, to outward appearance—as when he entered on the previous evening with his son.

Notwithstanding the urgent request of Mr. Roskell, the brave old gentleman would not have one of his carriages brought for him; but, hiring a hackney coach, he was driven up to the police-court, where he found Mr. Horton in the same position—not, indeed, having long parted with his prisoner, and still debating with himself the question of Philip's guilt.

Lord Chesterton had left his house with not a fixed idea of endeavouring to get his son restored to him; and with a confused but terrible certainty upon his mind that, in the horror of the discovery, Philip had either dyed his hands, or endeavoured to dye them, in the blood of his rival. For, although the denizens of the servants' hall were very well up in the criminal proceed-

ings of the day, and were as anxious as most persons to penetrate the Kensal-green mystery, it had not occurred to them that Philip was, or could be, connected with so vulgar a crime. A terrific duel, a death in a gambling-house, the murder of some rival in the affections of some beautiful and enchanting young woman—such rather was their notion of a crime perpetrated by their young master; and, indeed, before knowing who the victim was, the partizans of Lord Wimpole were very willing to believe that the murderer, if he were a murderer, was somewhat justified. It is astonishing how lenient we are when we know the criminal. Why does the murdered party get in his way? we naturally ask. And, indeed, this feeling spreads not only amongst the friends of the murderer, but amongst the public; and, after a certain time, the victim is forgotten and the crime is condoned.

While the servants at Chesterton House were still in ignorance of the cause of the arrest, and were letting their imaginations run riot upon various surmises, his lordship was shown into the private room of the magistrate, and received by that gentleman with the tenderest and most respectful regard.

Mr. Horton had known Lord Chesterton as most middle-class gentlemen know noblemen—at a distance only. We are not allowed to approach to a near familiarity with those above us. We move in circles, we Englishmen; and forty years ago these circles were more sharply defined than they are even now. Mr. Horton, therefore, was more than respectful in his greeting, when he saw this old nobleman, or rather his shadow, move into his room, with his grief upon him like a burden, with his voice hesitating, and his proud direct look lowered and abashed.

He arose at once, and motioned him to a chair.

"You can guess, Mr. Horton," said his lordship, "why I call. An officer has arrested my—"

He would have said "son," but his voice faltered, and refused to say the word.

"You are unwell, my lord," said the magistrate. "Shall I summon any one—a medical man—to attend to you?"

"No," said his lordship, quietly, yet very decisively. "I have merely an old attack. I am not so young as I was, and these little things touch me."

Little things! There was something of the old patrician pride in this.

"And, besides," said his lordship, "we cannot conceal from each other—we, who are men—that this humiliation is, indeed, dreadful. Where is my son? Can I see him?"

"It would not be well at present," returned Mr. Horton, pouring out a glass of water. "Everything goes well. There is only a little mystery which must be cleared up, my lord."

Here Mr. Horton spoke as cheerfully as he could, very much against his own conviction.

"In this murder, my lord, there are certain circumstances which press heavily against your son."

"Unhappy boy!" said Lord Chesterton, looking back, no doubt, for years upon the image which his mind formed of his Philip, when he was but a boy, and when he was once the curled darling of his father's heart. "I am afraid it is too true! Horrible as it is, it is but natural. He has fought with him, and killed him."

He uttered these words aloud; but they were addressed more to himself than to Mr. Horton. Then he seemed to recover himself, and said:—

"But I assure you, sir, that Lord Wimpole had great and immense provocation."

"Provocation, my lord!" ejaculated the magistrate with astonishment. "He could have had none. This unfortunate—"

"Pardon me, sir," returned Lord Chesterton. "I know something of this; indeed, I am the more guilty of the two."

This confession, which astonished the magistrate not a little, seemed to take a weight off Lord Chesterton's mind. He lifted up his head, and sat erect upon his chair.

Mr. George Horton looked at him. "Well!" he thought to himself, in the short pause that occurred, "here is another mystery. Old Daylight will have to be set to work again; and here, again, I may find him a clue."

"Yes," continued the nobleman, more freely, "I am the more guilty of the two. I prepared the train which has exploded, and will bury my house in the ruins."

George Horton, one of his Majesty's stipendiary magistrates for the county of Middlesex, was utterly amazed, and thought, very properly, that his best way was to keep

silence. He imagined that misfortune had turned Lord Chesterton's brain, and that he had better let him talk on until a lucid interval occurred.

"As I am not at present accused of any participation in this crime," said the Earl, "I may tell you, sir, as a gentleman of the law in whom I have the utmost confidence, some of my unhappy history."

Misfortune makes old gentlemen garrulous. How willing they are to talk of their ailments; how glad they are, when lowered in their pride and helpless in their trouble, to tell of their sorrows! So thought Mr. Horton.

He sat still in his chair, in a good-natured, pitying way, ready to let the nobleman, whose pride had been so cruelly wounded, tell his tale.

"You must indeed pity me, sir," said Lord Chesterton, in answer to the looks of the magistrate. "I can quite understand the courteous sorrow which you express in your looks. Consider, sir, the heir to the house of Chesterton accused of murder; and, it may be"—here the Earl looked round, and spoke in a low tone, as if no one should hear him—"it may be, tried at the Old Bailey, like any common felon, and condemned. It cannot be allowed to be, sir. You must help me."

"My lord, it is impossible," said Mr. Horton. "I have really personal reasons why I should rejoice if this young gentleman were innocent; but it is not in my province."

"It is in your province," said the Earl, eagerly, "to feel like a gentleman, and to feel with a gentleman. I only want you to help me with your knowledge of the law. This—what shall we call it?—this homicide cannot have been a murder: it must have been a duel."

"A duel?" asked Mr. Horton, in astonishment. "Is your lordship aware that the victim was a woman?"

"Thank God!" cried the Earl, with a sigh of relief. "I was afraid—for I will conceal nothing from you—that one of my sons had stained his hands with the blood of the other. Now, however, there is hope. Philip cannot have been guilty of this crime. Who is the unhappy person?"

"Estelle Martin. Your lordship may have seen the—"

But Lord Chesterton did not give Horton time to finish the sentence.

"Estelle Martin!" cried he. "Why, she was a servant of the family—a pensioner of mine, whom I brought from Normandy. Why should Philip murder her? He has visited her with me."

Some hope began to dawn in the father's breast of the innocence of his son; but it was soon to be extinguished. Mr. Horton begged him to be composed; and, in a dry, calm way—as calm, indeed, as he well could be—he told him the story. Lord Chesterton read the debates in the House, or now and then he might read the leading articles in the vigorous *Morning Chronicle*, or its rising and powerful rival, the *Times*; or, indeed, he might have amused himself with the sparkling vigour of that young giant of literature, the *New Times*, which met with so early a death; but he left the criminal records to the *canaille*. He had not read the report of a good murder since his college days, in the last century.

Not having being enlightened by the lucubrations of Mr. Barnett Slammers—to whom a good murder, especially if a mystery, was a small silver mine, and who started a new theory concerning it every evening—the old nobleman listened with eagerness. As he listened, his hopes in his son's innocence fell. Old Daylight's chain of evidence was so strong that Lord Chesterton, in spite of his love for Philip, was almost as strongly convinced as Daylight himself.

When Mr. Horton had concluded, Lord Chesterton remained silent for a long time. Then, speaking as if he were partly talking to himself and partly to a clergyman in a strange shrift, he said—

"You must know, sir, that although the person of the victim is different, the crime is the same, and the cause is the same. All the antecedents I laid down. How unhappy is man, that there is no step that he can take but that will lead him, either ultimately or proximately, into desperate guilt!"

"Not so, my lord," said Mr. Horton, quietly; "a man's fate is in his own hands. If he chooses to push away crime, he can. It is but a wild doctrine which declares that if a man is tempted he must fall."

"He generally does so," murmured the old man. "He is surrounded with things that are dire to him. The circumstances of the Greek tragedies occur again. It is we who are Orestes struggling against the Fates! When I was some ten years younger than my dear son now is, I was dominated

by a father who assumed a power over me to which he had no right. He was, I can now see, a smaller man, spiritually as well as physically, than I. He was as lithe gliding, compact, and well-finished as a small serpent; and as a serpent all men dreaded him. He had a pale, clear face, like marble, which flushed, but gently only, on the cheek bones and the side of the eye, when he was excited or annoyed. He never showed more anger than this, and did and said little; but what he did was calculated to wound dreadfully. Sharp words darted suddenly from him, as the tongue darts and plays from the slimy lips of a snake; and they were as poisonous to the sensitive and the young. I dreaded this father of mine; and, though I was much taller, finer, and, indeed, more clever, my spirit bent before his. He ordered me to marry for the sake of the estates. He conveyed to me, somehow, the feeling that we were merely part and parcel of some feudal system that required certain duties of us, whereof the propagation of the name and race of the Chesterton family was the prime duty. He made me hate myself and my race, my fate, and my country, by his bitter sayings. After my career at college, where I won readily a degree—which otherwise my rank would, in those days, have easily assured me as honorary—I went on a tour to France and Germany. In Paris, I met with one of the sweetest, noblest, and most beautiful women I ever saw. I was delighted with my freedom, and only too happy to be away from my father. I fell in love with Eugenie, and she with me. We were delirious with passion and love; and I regarded not the difference of our rank any more than my late Lord Stanhope would have done, who wished his daughter to marry his footman. Eugenie, only too ready to comply with my wishes, for she loved me—at least, I thought she did—fondly and devotedly, followed me to Germany, where, in deference to my rank, and out of fear of my father, we were united by a Morganatic marriage. No sooner was I married to Eugenie than I was summoned home; and fearing—dreading, indeed—my father, I was forced to marry the Countess. Pity me, sir," said the Earl, stretching forth his hands; "the ceremony was indeed vain, the marriage a wicked mockery. I was weak and wicked; but now I am punished indeed!"

"Spare yourself the narrative," said Mr. Horton, "I know something of this."

But the Earl went on.

"The Countess and Eugenie became mothers almost at the same time; and I loved the one—and, indeed, despised the other. Then it was that I conceived the notion of doing justice—not, indeed, to the mother, but to the child of my first marriage. With some hesitation I broached the subject to Eugenie; but I had mistaken her. For months I had to struggle before I could overcome her repugnance to my plan. At length she yielded. By the aid of a valet—who is since dead—the children were brought together and suddenly changed. They were not unlike each other; and the Countess—who was ill at the time of a low fever—saw her child so little, and apparently cared so little for it, that she never suspected my plan. All succeeded for years; until at last, when all seem sleeping quietly, when the grass is green over the grave of the faithful valet, and the Countess rests in her mausoleum, as cold and as contented as she was when alive, a sudden explosion blows the fabric to the air, and I am left stunned, wounded, and naked, hoist by my own petard—my beloved son a murderer—myself a plotter, a forger, a conspirator against my own flesh and blood. Oh, Mr. Horton! Mr. Horton! I have despised the truth, and the truth has slain me. I have not thought of God, and suddenly He has struck me. How true is that text—which I remember now—'Be sure your secret sin shall find you out.' But alas!" he continued, "I was punished, even in my sin. I was told—nay, I was assured—that Eugenie, upon whose love and purity I would have staked my life, was untrue to me. I believed it, and I made her unhappy for life: we never saw each other again. Oh! sir. Do you know what that means? Separated from her whom you love! Why, you may as well die! You live on; but how do you live? I tell you, old as I am—I swear it, even now—there is nothing worth living for but love!"

The old man tossed his arms wildly over his head, and sobbed outright. The world had thought him so happy, so calm, so cold, in his subdued sorrow. Here, indeed, was a revelation to the magistrate; and to *him*—to him who felt the weight and truth of every word. There was nothing worth living for but love!

Both of these men—one old, the other of

mature age—were for a time silent, wrapped in sad thoughts, victims to the passion that they and the world daily affected to despise—did, perhaps, despise in every case but their own. Mr. Horton was thinking of his prisoner, and of her who loved him; the Earl was living in the past; when, in sunny France, he was so happy, so filled with love; and then his thoughts would wander to his unhappy Philip—when a knock, loud and official, followed by a heavy step upon the boarded floor, announced the presence of a police sergeant. The door opened, an official cough preceded a half-military salute, and the words—

"Please, your worship, a young lady—she will take no denial. Here's a card."

The gentleman in blue offered a stiff piece of pasteboard, as thick and as large as a playing-card, upon which were engraved, in a fine, free, small hand, the names—

The Countess of Guernsey.

Miss Winnifred Vaughan.

Park-lane.

But the name of the Countess had been drawn through by a trembling hand. The magistrate's hand shook as he read the words on the card.

"Will you excuse me, my lord, if I request you to withdraw for a moment into this inner room? This visitor demands privacy."

Lord Chesterton, docile as a gentleman, and even more docile now, withdrew; and Winnifred Vaughan stood before her lover.

OUR LAST JOURNEY.

I WAS buying soap one day in a shop at Bonn, when a funeral came down the street. That particular cake of soap—pink it was, and almond-scented—and that particular funeral were ever after connected in my mind. Even when the last small fragments were slipping through my fingers, melting away altogether in the diminutive German washing-basin, they recalled to my imagination the brown-froked monks, the cross-bearer, the boys white-robed and singing, the voices of the priests, and the wreath of flowers upon the pall. Pious people

crossed themselves as the train passed down the middle of the street, where everything made way for it—not that there was then, or ever is, much going on in Bonn, or much traffic to be disturbed by Death passing through its midst. Some one was taking the last journey that day with befitting solemnity, and it set me thinking of others I had seen pass along the same road.

In Italy I have met funeral processions at night, when the streets were quiet, and the solemn sound of chanting could be heard far off. I have seen the hearse with black nodding plumes, and followed by its train of mourning coaches, blocked up by the crowded traffic of the London streets—jostled by cabs and omnibuses—Death flouted by a busy tide of life, which scarce consents to let it pass. In a green lane in Ireland, when the hedges were bursting into leaf and the birds all singing, I came once upon a party of peasants, some score of them, waiting by the roadside. There were women wearing cloaks of dark blue cloth, young girls with shawls over their heads, men in the long coats so familiar in Ireland, and so unlike anything one sees elsewhere. From the distance, the sound of voices was heard mingling in a wild musical strain, and by and by the funeral came in sight. The train, already long, was joined by those who had been waiting for it; and so one amongst the people took his last journey away through the lanes to the old burying-ground of his fathers.

Not so striking are village funerals in England. There is nothing picturesque about the poor procession following on foot the cart in which the coffin is placed. No long train of friends and neighbours, no wild strain of music accompanies it upon the road. The few mourners are the immediate relatives of the dead. The neighbours look, perhaps, from their windows as the sad group goes by; but they would not dream of shortening a day's work for the sake of accompanying one amongst their number to the grave. The manner of their starting, too, jarred upon my feelings the first time I chanced to witness it; for, in several instances, they may be seen to leave their lowly houses, not carried solemnly "feet foremost" over the familiar threshold, but pushed abruptly through the window of an upper room. My own windows command a view of a little house, where one day the close-drawn blinds spoke of death.

I knew the inside of that room so well, in imagination, that, looking through the drawn blind, I pictured to myself the quiet form upon the bed. I was thinking tenderly of the day's work done, the patient, homely life ended, the burden laid down at last, when suddenly—(the volunteers were passing at the moment, I remember, with the band playing, and pursued by the usual crowd of shouting urchins)—the window was thrown open, a long plank thrust out, one end of which rested in a cart standing at the door below; the coffin appeared upon the sill, went with a run down the plank, was dexterously caught by the carpenter, officiating just then as undertaker; the family emerged at the same moment from the house, formed two and two without delay, and so they started. What particularly disturbed me in this contrivance of plank and cart was the fact that my poor friend was one so extremely unlikely, under any circumstances, to have left her house by the window. A staid, quiet, trouble-worn woman, there was a certain startling incongruity in her apparently adopting, after death, a mode of egress which would have scandalized her when alive. Besides, I was not used to it then. I have seen many such exits since; and, indeed, hardly know what else my neighbours can do, considering the narrow, winding stairs common in the village. Yet, looking round upon the many windows visible from my own, those from which I have chanced to see a coffin rattle down into a cart never seem to meet my eye with the same friendly glances that the others do. Even on bright afternoons, when the sunshine is reflected from the panes; or at evening, when a crimson sunset fires them, for me they wear a weird look, a look recalling Death.

Dignified enough was the last solemn ride of the old Northern heroes—the body placed upright upon horseback, and so borne into the centre of the mound, whose heaped-up wall of earth was closed over horse and man alike. These mounds may still be seen in Jutland—out on the moors where purple heath and wild thyme grow; and where, on some rare occasions, Fata Morgana, wondrous Cloud Fairy, may be surprised by the lonely wanderer, whose eyes she delights to cheat with her cloud palaces and visionary landscapes. Those who dare disturb the repose of the dead find strange relics in such mounds, swords,

gold ornaments, and drinking horns, curiously carved.

The Indian takes his last journey armed. His bow lies beside him; provisions also are provided for his use until he reach the "happy hunting-grounds." I have seen in foreign cemeteries, as also in the Catholic quarters of our own, a child's favourite toy placed upon its little grave. It makes one think of Luther's letter to his little son Hans, and recall the happy "play-place" which the great Reformer described Heaven to be. Oh, those innocent children, who play amongst us for a few short years, and then go home to God! May there not be some such innocence in the ignorance of the untaught savage? Are either the hunter's bow or the child's toy quite out of place upon a grave?

In Spain, when a baptised infant dies, a feast is spread, and all the neighbours round come, not to condole with, but to congratulate the parents. "We rejoice with you that you have a child in glory," they say; and the last—nay, the *first* journey of the sinless babe is a triumphant march, the funeral a festival, the music glad. Only the mother weeps.

Strange voyage that of a defunct Chinese, absent from his home, whose last wish has been that his body, packed in a square box, should return to the Flowery Land.

In Greece, the last journey follows quickly upon death. The next day, at dawn, the train of white-robed priests and choristers may be seen winding along the road towards the church. There, dressed as in life, and having the face uncovered, the dead lie at rest before the altar until the moment comes when they must be committed to the earth. It is in the church that the last farewell is taken, that the last kisses are given.

On the whole, I am not at all of the old woman's opinion, who declared she "had rather live for ever than have a walking funeral." Methinks it would be pleasanter to be borne of the shoulders or men who knew us when alive, and who would carry us tenderly along the familiar way to our quiet rest in the churchyard, than to drive there in a gloomy hearse, followed by gloomy mourning coaches. Yet, how little it would matter to us! How little it *does* matter to real mourners! However, æsthetically considered, the English custom in the matter of funerals is hardly one to be admired.

What of that terrible last journey in the

cold North, where the dying Esquimaux is built up in his snow house, and left to draw his last breath alone? Or of the African tribe, who bury the hopelessly sick before death—hurry them out of the world altogether? They have been described as taking an affectionate leave of their relatives, and performing this burying with the consent of the person chiefly concerned. Habit is everything, and they are used to it; only one fancies it must fall rather hard upon each individual as it comes to his own turn.

Marcus Aurelius speaks of life as "a journey in a strange land;" and this, as well as the last journey of the body to the tomb, is one common to us all. Hitherto, in my fireside travels, I have followed a path trodden only by myself; but the way from the cradle to the grave is a road along which each one of us is passing. And how soon we begin to look back! Already, from the summit of the first hill, the road we have passed charms as much as that which lies before. Has any one ever noticed how soon children begin to say "do you remember?" The old plays in the old home, the daisies we first gathered, the old toys, are one and all "remembered." True, in youth the future is delightfully dazzling; but the past also eclipses the present. In renewed intercourse between friends once parted, and meeting farther on upon the road, the key-note is still, "do you remember?" Those lines are sad where the burden of the song is only "*I* remember." The tie is strong between those who were fellow-travellers at first starting. Even when we pass our friend upon the road, outstrip him quite, and leave him far behind, as *must* sometimes happen, in fireside travelling at least we may and do live over old days again, and spend them once more in his company. We take up our old self again, the self to which he was a congenial spirit, and love him as of old. A real friendship, even when it lies behind us as we go on through the "strange land," is a pleasant wayside mark to look back upon.

There are pleasant wayside meetings, also—very pleasant where the two who meet join hands, and agree to travel on together all the way. And objects of interest succeed each other in this as in ordinary journeys by road or rail; and here, also, retrospective travelling has a charm of its own. How often do the inconveniences, the disappointments, the dangers even of a

journey, which were trying enough at the time they occurred, become the subject of merriment later—grow to be actually happy memories? So in life, troubles and discomforts, sorrow which perhaps we dreaded to meet, and which well-nigh crushed us when it came, all glow in the distance with a soft, chastened beauty of their own. What would the fairest landscape be without its shadows—the gayest music without one minor chord?

Each point we wish to reach upon a journey gives place in turn to others. Nowhere do we linger long. Cities display their treasures of art; bright scenes charm us one after another. We are ever looking back as each future becomes in turn the past. Is it not so in this other journey which all of us are taking? And will it not be always so? Shall we not pass the grave itself upon the road—as we have passed so much else—and look back upon it from out of the new future beyond?

THE SLOWBOROUGH INAUGURATION.

A READING.

BY LITCHFIELD MOSELEY.

READER, were you ever at Slowborough? I dare say not. Few persons out of it know of its existence; and yet it is a corporation town, too. It is a sleepy, out-of-the-way, dead-and-alive place enough, situate in one of the midland counties; and its principal objects of interest are the town hall, the market-place, the bank, and a literary and scientific institution; and it has, also, a weekly newspaper, called the *Slowborough Observer*, devoted to its interests. The glory, however, of its literary and scientific institution has departed, as the edifice dignified by that title has long since been perverted from its original use. It was started, some fifteen years ago, by a few of the leading townspeople; but tradition states that it never had more than eight members, and that after the first season they declined to renew their subscriptions. Tradition also states that it has been let on three different occasions to as many travelling entertainers, who were considerably out of pocket by the venture; and at last it closed finally as a place of public resort. Then an enterprising individual tried it in the bath line, but without success. Afterwards it was used as a furniture wareroom; and it is now jointly

tenanted by a photographer, a coal merchant, and an auctioneer. Last week an event of considerable importance occurred in the little borough; and I will, with your permission, give you the full report of it as it appears in the *Observer*. Here it is:—

“Inauguration of the New Drinking Fountain, at Slowborough, the gift of the Worshipful the Mayor, Drinkwater Fish, Esq.

“This highly interesting and impressive ceremonial took place, with the greatest *éclat*, on Monday last. The weather was propitious; and, from an early hour, the town betokened that an event of considerable importance was about to occur. Many of the houses in the High-street had their windows cleaned, and in most of the shops an extra amount of merchandise was exhibited; while the eminent tea dealers, Messrs. Young, Highson, and Co., displayed an elegant transparency in colours over the shop window—subject, a Chinaman carrying a tea pot, inscribed ‘Try our Two and Eight-penny Mixed.’ In the evening this work of art was illuminated, and elicited the warmest approval from all who witnessed it. About ten o’clock the eyes of the stragglers who had collected in front of the town hall were gratified by the appearance of the turncock, in an entirely new suit; and this functionary was loudly cheered as he entered the building, from which, at a quarter to twelve o’clock, a procession was formed as follows:—

“The Children of the National Schools of Slowborough and Mudleigh-cum-Slugger.
(The girls bearing bouquets, and the boys carrying fire-buckets.)

Banner of the Worshipful the Mayor.

The Town Fire Engine.

Banner of the Slowborough Temperance League.

The Members of the Corporation, headed by the Town Clerk.

The Turncock, with the implements of office.

The Crier, with his Bell.

The Dustman, with his Bell.

The Band of the Drowsyshire Volunteer Yeomanry

(By the kind permission of Capt. the Hon. Lushington Boosey).

Deputation from the Slowborough Temperance League

(Three boys and an elderly lady).

The Worshipful the Mayor, Drinkwater Fish, Esquire, in his private carriage,

Accompanied by Mrs. and the Misses Fish.

The Members of the Market Committee.

The rear being brought up by the—

Six Policemen of Slowborough.

"Never in the annals of the borough had the market-place worn a more gay and festive appearance than on Monday last. A commodious platform was erected at the north-west end, beside the fountain, which was shrouded by a tarpaulin, to veil it from the public gaze. Mr. Linsey, the upholsterer, had, in the most generous manner, laid down six yards and three-quarters of rich druggeting; and half a dozen pots of evergreens, kindly lent by Mr. Spudds, the florist, imparted an air of botanical elegance to the scene—so much so, that one of the spectators was heard to remark 'that the *tout ensemble* was almost fairy-like.' When the procession arrived, a large number of spectators had assembled—indeed, it is computed that no less than ninety-five persons were present; and the cheers that greeted the Mayor and Corporation from this vast multitude were positively overpowering. The town clerk having read an address, the Mayor ascended the platform, while the band of the Drowsyshire Volunteer Yeomanry struck up its inspiring strains. The Mayoress, who looked younger than ever, wore a white lace shawl, over a scarlet bodice à la Garibaldi, with jupon of blue silk, *garnis avec des fleurs de soleils*; and the elegance and simplicity of her attire were the theme of general admiration. The two charming and accomplished daughters of the Mayor were radiant with the colours of the rainbow; and Drinkwater Fish, junior, Esq., the eldest son of the Worshipful, created quite a sensation in a new *chapeau de Paris* and pink kid gloves. The band having ceased, the Mayor delivered the following address:—

" 'Ladies and Gentlemen, and Fellow-Townsmen—Believe me, it is with feelings of the deepest emotion that I venture to undertake the arduous, though pleasant, task of addressing you from this platform. Hitherto, I have only been associated with you in matters connected with the corporation of this great and important borough; but to-day it is my privilege to sink the tribune in the private individual—although I assure you, from the bottom of my heart, that to promote the wealth, industry, happiness, welfare, and commercial integrity of Slowborough has ever been my fondest aim, my choicest wish, my most cherished desire. (Loud cheers.) Townsmen! I thank you for those cheers; for, emanating from your

hearts, they strike upon a key-note which pervades my whole frame with feelings of the liveliest satisfaction. Gentlemen! I may safely say, without exception, that this is the happiest moment of my existence; and that the reception I have just met with at your hands will live in my memory when I am no more. (Louder cheers.) Such being the case, I trust that it will never be said of Drinkwater Fish, Mayor of Slowborough, that he was averse to improvement, when that improvement could be effected at small cost and much profit to himself. No, no!—I mean to say, when it could be effected at little cost and much profit to the townspeople; and it is with that intent, and that solely, that I now offer this drinking fountain to the Corporation and the inhabitants, believing it to be the first attempt ever made by our borough to alleviate the famishing and thirsty wayfarer. Only a few days ago, I saw a man in the High-street deliberately thrusting his head into the horse trough in front of the Plough Inn. True, he was in a state of intoxication; but the thought flashed across my mind that, thanks to the humble individual who is now speaking, the accommodation so plentifully supplied for beasts would, ere long, be available for man. In my public capacity, it was my duty, shortly afterwards, to commit that man to prison for a month; when he assured me, with tears in his eyes, in reply to a question I put to him, that had there been a drinking fountain in the town, he would not have become inebriated; but that he was naturally of a thirsty disposition, and his complaint demanded much liquid sustenance. Being deeply affected by his words, I remitted his sentence to a fine of eighteenpence; and I trust that my friend is here to-day, and that he will now drink copiously and freely. (Cheers.) Believe me, gentlemen, that for many weeks, and even months, this work has been to me a labour of love; feeling perfectly convinced, as I do, that nothing debases a man more than the use of vinous, spirituous, or malt liquors.'

("Here a voice was heard to exclaim, 'You made all your money by them, anyhow.'")

" 'My friend in the crowd tells me that I made my money by them. True! In the vocation of a wine and spirit merchant, I succeeded in amassing a consi-

derable fortune; but, having retired from business, I have become a teetotaler. During a great portion of my life I was compelled to stifle my convictions; but now, being untrammelled, I at least possess the liberty—that liberty so cherished by every free-born Englishman—of doing as I please. (Cheers.) Speaking from this platform upon which I stand, a structure representing at this moment the stability of our borough—

“Here the platform suddenly collapsed, shooting corporation, town clerk, crier, dust-man, and policemen pell-mell together to the ground, and overturning the Mayor against a portly personage who stood behind him, from whom he rebounded into the basin of the fountain, in which, owing to the obesity of his person, he became firmly wedged, and was with great difficulty extricated.

“This unfortunate occurrence was deeply to be regretted, as it brought the Mayor’s speech to a sudden and unexpected termination—as, on being assisted to his feet, he merely added—

“‘I hereby declare this fountain the property of the townsmen of Slowborough, for all perpetuity.’

“The turncock now disappeared behind the hoarding to turn on the supply, while the school children sang a stirring ode, written and composed by our talented townsman, Alonzo Wordsworth Jones, commencing—

‘Freely flow, ye limpid streams.’

But, to the surprise of every one, the limpid streams refused to flow. The ode was finished, the children repeated it, and then, to vary the monotony, tried a novel effect, and sang it backwards; the band played every tune it could think of, and still the water made no sign.

“Something had evidently gone wrong. The town plumber was fetched in a hurry; and, after a delay of about an hour and a half, he discovered that a large rat had committed suicide by wedging its head into the base of the pipe, and had thus prevented the flow of the water. The obstruction having been removed, and the pipe repaired, the crystal element gushed forth abundantly; and the market-place re-echoed with cheers as the Mayor and Corporation

tasted the water, and pronounced it excellent.

“But a louder cheer arose as Twaddleton Torker, Esq., President of the Slowborough Temperance League, alighted from a fly, walked briskly over the drugging, and grasped the Mayor’s hand in the most cordial manner. For a few moments he appeared to be overcome by emotion; and it is asserted, by those who were near him, that the worthy gentleman actually shed tears of joy. Having somewhat recovered himself—

“‘My excellent friends,’ he said, mounting a pair of steps, kindly lent at a moment’s notice by Mr. Catt—‘permit a brother labourer in this good work to add a few poor words on this memorable, this auspicious, this blissful occasion. Oh! my dear friends, what a joyful period it will be when man shall indulge no more in spirituous drinks; when the crystal stream shall be the universal beverage, and the tea pot shall flourish! Alas! alas! why do so many millions of my fellow-creatures continue to indulge in strong drink, when this healthful and invigorating liquid may be obtained free gratis—that is to say, for nothing at all? Oh, then, my hearers! let me beseech you to renounce the degrading habit, and to devote the amount you will thereby save to the funds of the League—which are, I am sorry to say, at a very low ebb. And here I may fitly state that this great, this glorious work does not prosper as it deserves. At the commencement of this year the League consisted of fourteen members, four of whom have since died; so that at present we have but ten members upon our books, several of whom are of tender years; and the subscriptions of most of the others are sadly in arrear—insomuch that we have been compelled to give up our committee-room, and leave our furniture and effects with the landlord—a worthy man—who insisted upon taking charge of them, thereby saving us the expenses of removal. I need hardly mention how grateful we all feel to this generous and disinterested man for his kindness. Oh! my young friends, and also my old ones, let me urge upon you the necessity of subscribing to this noble society. I shall be happy to supply you, on application, with small green boxes for subscriptions; and the agent of the League will call upon you every week to receive any sums

that may have been collected. I will not detain you longer, but merely adjure you in conclusion to renounce all cups but the tea cup, and let no bottle but the medicine bottle ever be seen within your doors. In your name I beg to thank my worthy friend the Mayor for his princely munificence, his far-seeing benevolence; and I trust you will all join in this chorus with my young friends here—

‘Oh, we’ll drink nothing but water,
For it’s cheap and there’s nought to pay;
So we’ll drink nothing but water,
Till we’re as old as Methuslay.’ (Cheers.)

“This chorus having been sung, and more cheers having been given for the Mayor, the ceremony concluded, and the vast assemblage dispersed. An elegant *déjeuner* was given at the Mayor’s residence, and the town was *en fête* during the remainder of the day. The architecture of the fountain is of the earliest Saxon order, and its beauty and simplicity are not marred by excess of ornamentation. The water flows through a leaden pipe inserted in the wall of the churchyard; the basin beneath being hollowed from a piece of Scotch granite, about eighteen inches square, round the edge of which runs the following inscription:—

“‘This fountain was designed and erected at the sole expense of Drinkwater Fish, Esq., Mayor of Slowborough, 1870.

NATHANIEL PODGER, } Church-
EPAPHRODITUS TUBBINS, } wardens.’

“[Editorial Note.—We are sorry to state that the excitement and exertion of the day proved too fatiguing for the worthy President of the Slowborough Temperance League; as, on our reporter happening to pass the Mayor’s house at an advanced hour of the evening, he was greatly distressed to see Twaddleton Torker, Esq., apparently suffering from a fit, being carried down the steps by two men servants, who placed him in a fly, and directed the coachman to drive him home. Our reporter at once proffered his services to the well-known gentleman, who was sufficiently recovered to decline his aid in the following words:—

“‘Thanksh! I’m all righ’. Nev’r bett’n all m’ life. Good ni’. Tak’ care o’ y’rshelf, old f’ler!’”

And that is the way in which things are done at Slowborough!

THE MORTIMERS: A NOVEL WITH TWO HEROES.

By the EDITOR.

BOOK VI.—CHAPTER VIII.

A STORY BY THREE HANDS.

THAT narrative which Reginald told to the Reverend Hugh Mildmay, on the evening of the day of Sir Harold Mortimer’s funeral, was surprising enough to have startled much less simple personages than the unsophisticated parson who ruled supreme in spiritual affairs within the bounds of the wide-spreading parish of Madingley. It was in substance the communication he had found awaiting him in his room in Bartholomew-square. When the news of the death of the owner of Madingley had been told by Mr. Campbell and Lavelle to Dr. Gasc, Reginald was absent. That unlooked-for event—Sir Harold’s death—had caused very considerable alterations to be made in the plans these three gentlemen had laid. And as Dr. Gasc’s adopted son was the person most interested—as they were prepared to prove—in the changes brought about by the altered circumstances which had on a sudden arisen, the resolution came to by his three friends was to lay before Reginald, at length, that history of his near connection with the family of Mortimer which he already guessed; and from further inquiry into which matter he had been restrained, on the earnest and continued representation of his three friends that it was best for him to be quiet, exercising his patience, and entrusting the issue confidently to their skill and zeal in his cause. This arrangement had principally been brought about by Lavelle, who loved nothing better than mystery, and plotting, and secret negotiations of all sorts. Though, in fairness to our friend Mr. Campbell, it must be told that—with that caution and prudence which are commonly taken to be the attributes of all of his nation—he was most unwilling to make the slightest avowal or admission of his progressive steps towards a complete disclosure of the whole truth, until he had satisfied himself that the ground on which he stood was very firm, and that he was supported in his conclusions by an overpowering weight of evidence.

The three gentlemen, having judged that the time had now arrived for laying their case before the person most interested in its success, and being likewise unanimously of

opinion that they could gain nothing by further delay, set to work at once in Dr. Gasc's study.

"I may put this away, I suppose," the Doctor said, closing his book.

"You will be the president," said Father Francis, whose doings with the patriots always took place in a formal and business-like manner. "Now, I will take the pen and be clerk of the council."

"Date," observed Mr. Campbell.

And Lavelle wrote "December, 18—," at the head of his first sheet.

And then they proceeded to work hard at their task, in order to have it finished by Reginald's return: the nimble pen of the Jesuit scratching and tearing rapidly over the sheets of blue paper that lay on the table before him.

The contents of the neatly folded document that our hero found on his desk were as follows:—

"In the year 1790, there was born, at the Château Gasc—standing on a hill a little way without the town of Amours, in the province of Gascogne—Achille Esmé, Count de Gasc, your father by adoption—he who was called in your childish days the 'Good Uncle.' Five years later there was born—in the same town of Amours—the writer of this, Francis Lavelle. We two were together boys and young men. At the College we studied together. It was for one of the name of De Gasc to choose arms for his profession, and follow the leaders of his country's troops to battles that shed glory like a flood on the name of France. I chose another Leader. I entered the Jesuits' College, and became the humblest and least deserving member of that glorious brotherhood.

"Before, however, we had severally become soldier and priest, there were the days of our student life. We had learned the first elements from Jean André, in our native town. Jean had a child: loveliest of the daughters of Eve. Marie, her name was; and the only quarrel we have had in our lives was about this same Marie André. She had given Achille a rosebud—we were but children then, all three of us—and Achille de Gasc and Francis Lavelle, like two mad boys, very nearly fought a duel to settle the vexed question of which of us Marie loved better.

"Time passed by. Marie loved neither of us. Achille was gone from France to the

wars. I remained. I was a priest. My church was St. Francis Xavier's, near the Rue Madeleine. One day it was my duty to receive some infants into the bosom of the Church. A beautiful young mother, with her infant in her arms, and closely attended by a tall, fine-looking man, presented her baby at the font. I knew the face of the woman. It was Marie, the daughter of Jean André, my old schoolmaster. The infant was a girl. I baptized her Marie. I spoke not then of the thoughts in my mind. The service was over. I hurried to remove my vestments. Marie and her husband lingered in the church, near the door. She, too, had recognised her father's pupil. We saluted each other warmly. I was much pleased to see her. She blushed deeply as she renewed an acquaintance with the admirer of her girlish days. I was a priest. Her husband could not feel jealous, even when he knew the love-passage of childhood. I accompanied the little party, in a hired carriage, to their home. It was a top flat, not very far from the church. There had been for years before this time many English prisoners in France. Though, at the time of which I now write, we were at peace, some of these men had chosen still to remain. George Erle, Marie's husband, was one of these. She had married him against the wishes of her father and mother; and I was not surprised at it. He was a fine fellow enough for any girl of eighteen to fall in love with. He was not of aristocratic parentage, neither was he ignobly born. He was the son of an English advocate. He had no friends to help him, after the peace was declared; and, he told me, he had at last taken to giving lessons in fencing for a livelihood, in which art he was very expert. Poor Marie died not many months after that christening of her only child. I still saw much of the bereaved father and of his little daughter, who grew up the precise image of what I had recollected of her mother. Years rolled on. I still remained at the church of St. Francis Xavier. Achille, my old friend, had remained, after the peace, in England, and adopted that country for the practice of the profession he had learned—as Mr. Erle, the fencing-master and poor Marie's husband, had chosen to remain in France. There succeeded that long peace between the two great nations. May it never be broken! Crowds of English came to spend a portion

of their time in the gaieties and pleasures of the capital of Europe. Among them were many who found their way to the gallery of Mr. Erle. All liked him, with his honest face and his fine beard flowing over the largest chest I ever saw. One of his pupils, whom I often saw walking with him, was Mr. Mortimer. This gentleman—a young officer in the English army—paid two visits to Paris in the two successive years. I saw him on each of those occasions. He was with Mr. Erle when I went to bid them adieu. I was coming to be near Achille. I had left my church in Paris for the Oratory near Bartholomew-square.

“I was absent from London on a mission. I came back and found that my old and dearest friend had taken into his home a little boy to adopt as his own son. I was not surprised. Achille would always be the philanthropist. You were that boy. You sat on my knee to receive your first lessons from me. The improper notions of my friend made him remove you from my care. I was again in Paris for a time. Mr. Erle had died, I learned. His daughter had been taken from the house in which they had lived by the young officer I had seen. Nobody knew more of her than I could discover. I feared the worst. I forgot in my grief that your father had always seemed the honest man he was. I mourned for the loss of Marie as for a dear sister.

“I returned to London. I told Achille of all this. Then he told me the story of your birth in Wilderness-row—of your mother’s inquiries for him. Often had she heard his name from me. ‘Who,’ I asked, ‘brought her from Paris?’ Mr. Mortimer. Her papers were all destroyed. There was no clue but the locket. The initials ‘R. M.’ deceived us. The lie Robert Mortimer told your adopted father deceived us more. We believed you had no right to your father’s name, before the laws of the land of your birth. Therefore you have borne your mother’s name till now. This day, proudly take your father’s name—your uncle’s title.

“Through our friend Mr. Campbell, we have learned much. Sir Harold Mortimer’s father left three sons: his eldest, your worthy uncle, now no more; Robert and Reginald, his half-brothers. I never saw Robert’s face, or I should have detected the cheat. He knew his elder brother Reginald was your mother’s husband. He

knew that, if you were born a boy, his and his children’s succession—he had none then—was barred for ever. He received a communication from his dying brother that he had married. The letter begged him not to tell his father, but to come and succour his brother’s wife, and do justice to her child when it should be born.

“Incapable of the fatigue of travelling, Robert Mortimer tore your mother from her dead husband’s side. He is answerable before God for her death. His justice was to cast on you a slur that should make you dishonoured for life. Almost before your mother had died in her obscure lodging here in London, he said you were his son. All his efforts were to get you away from the care of the good Achille—my friend—your father by adoption. He succoured and nurtured you when the man who should have been kindest to you had done his worst. For him the day of retribution is near at hand. It is ours to restore you to your own; but to avenge is with God. You owe much of this discovery to Mr. Campbell, our good friend. But there was treachery in the enemy’s camp. Already we have been offered information we no longer want by one who lately was the creature of the man who has wronged you from your birth.

“Thank God, Reginald, my son, this statement rests on evidence nothing can shake. If conscious guilt does not make your shameless uncle let go his hold, the strong hand of the law shall do so. The death of Sir Harold Mortimer has precipitated our measures. Share now our counsels: nay, act for yourself. We thank heaven that we have been the instruments of giving you your own; and we address you by that name and title which are, beyond dispute, your own.

(Signed) “ACHILLE ESME’ DE GASC.

(“Except as far as regards the silly nonsense about me, which I cannot prevail upon Francis to take out.”)

“FRANCIS LAVELLE.

“JAMES CAMPBELL.

“To Sir Reginald Mortimer, Baronet.”

CHAPTER IX.

THE HAND OF FATE.

FROM the moment of his brother Harold’s death, Robert Mortimer had been casting about him nervously—feeling,

as it were, the pulse of his destiny. His anxiety about the contents of his brother's will had been chiefly as to the disposition of the personal property, which, if the worst came to the worst, he hoped to hold. That suspicion which so certainly haunts the guilty mind, and destroys the peace of the dishonest man, was ever with him. He hardly slept or ate in the days that elapsed between his brother's death and his funeral: plotting and scheming, not now for ambitious hopes, but for safety for himself. As certain conjunctions and combinations of heavenly bodies smote fear into the hearts of the old astrologers, so did the union between Reginald and Mr. Campbell strike alarm and terror into the cowardly breast of Robert Mortimer. He feared the worst. He had lost Brady, the once ready tool in all his knaveries. He stood alone, troubled only with the company of his guilty conscience, anxious only to save himself. His presumed succession to his brother's title and estates had already cleared the air for him. Not one of the numerous host of creditors wanted money from him now. All were only too ready to wait his pleasure in the matter of settlement. The Jewish fraternity would have done little bills or large ones, with his name at the back; helped him to fly his kites, or given new tails to those already up in the air, at rates of interest ridiculously low compared with those they had had the conscience—or, rather, want of conscience—to demand only a few weeks before. Little Hawk Moss, whose brougham had so often stood at the door of the house in Grosvenor-square, was not likely to be seen there again. And the gentleman of fortune to whom it belonged had, with a gush of affecting generosity, offered, in a letter he wrote to Robert Mortimer, to render him any assistance he could in the arrangement of his accounts, or to make advances to any amount—these words were underlined twice in the little rascal's letter—until affairs could be adjusted. Mr. Robert Mortimer's paper, of which there was a good deal out, suddenly jumped up to a high premium. Mr. Hawk Moss, the instant he got the news of Sir Harold's death, rushed about, visiting half the fraternity in his eagerness to buy it up. Another gentleman of our acquaintance, who heard the news even before that respectable scoundrel, Mr. Hawk Moss, did likewise. Mr. Horatio Grobey, acting as the agent of

Mr. Hardwick, did his best to procure all the slips of blue paper he could with the name of Robert Mortimer across them; but it is hardly necessary to relate that the gentlemen who possessed them "shmett a rat," and held on in the most provokingly tight way till the news was in everybody's mouth. And although both Mr. Moss and Mr. Grobey told as many outrageous fibs as it was possible to tell in the space of time, they did no good for themselves by so doing. The former, with his hand on his coat, saying—

"Ba ma honour, I aint in no 'know.' It's cruel of you, sir, to think I'd come here to do you. You're an old pal, you know. I represent Mr. Mortimer's own family, who are anxious to free him from difficulties. There now—if that aint the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me Jingo!"

Which expression, probably, made Saint Gingulph—or whichever of the saints we derive Jingo from—frown very much indeed, if he heard Mr. Moss's appeal to his name.

Nor was the Christian, Mr. Grobey, one whit more successful in his negotiations than the Jew, Mr. Moss. For it is to be remarked, that the gentlemen who make a profession or business of dealing in these bits of blue paper are invariably very wily and wary birds, and not on any occasion to be caught with such poor chaff as was offered them by the individuals above named. Accordingly, they held on until they heard the news; and then declared, with sagacious unanimity, that "not one farthing less than the whole lump would they take for hish billsh, so help them—" the saint before mentioned.

Charles had carefully avoided his father, and it was not until the day of the funeral that they met, and then they said no more than "good morning" to each other. There were other persons present. It was in the study at his own house that Robert Mortimer next day saw his son.

"Oh, you have come, Charles, at last," said he, walking up and down the length of his hearth rug. "I have waited to see you in private for a week past."

"I am come, sir, as you see," replied his son.

"Let us help each other, Charles. If not, I am—we are both—ruined!"

"Indeed," said Charles, coldly.

"All my efforts to advance your interests

—all my work of years, toiling day and night to serve you—”

“You never thought of yourself—”

His father, without noticing the interruption, went on:—

“I had hoped to see you rise in your profession; to some day become what your poor uncle was before he left the army; and then you would have settled at Madingley as he did. But your abominable conduct has ruined all. I have been deceived, basely and cruelly deceived, by an only child. There is time yet, perhaps, for you to save yourself. Do so, Charles; do so, for God’s sake. Think of your mother—your name—of Mabel.”

“I will be party to nothing dishonest.”

“Do you call your father dishonest, Charles?”

“I know as much as Brady knew, or anybody else, of the reason why he was kept on for years.”

The father winced, and shrank back farther from his son.

“Will you do as you have always done? Am I to be ruined by my own son?”

“I will behave like a man of honour, and tell the truth. I am married.”

“Married, Charles!” his father exclaimed, as if he had never read Brady’s letter. “Nonsense. Where is the proof? How married? You are only trying to frighten me. You will marry Mabel. If some woman has inveigled you into her clutches, she can be bought off—you understand me. Money will do anything.”

“Do not speak so of my wife,” said the son.

“Sir,” cried the father, “say that word again, and I will make you a beggar.”

“You cannot do it, or I do not doubt you would.”

“I can, Charles,” exclaimed his father, almost provoked into disclosing the secret of his life. “I know all,” he continued, suddenly becoming calm. “As I have often told you, nothing is hidden from me. This is no marriage. The woman shall be bought.”

“I will hear no more of this,” said Charles, advancing to the door. “I will never do hurt to Miss Despencer, in word, thought, or deed. She does not love me; but another, more worthy of her. Let her marry a man more worthy of her than I could ever have been.”

“Fool! you don’t—you can’t mean—”

“Reginald Erle,” said Charles.

He pulled the door to behind him, and left his father foaming with rage.

“I am ruined, and by that son for whom I did not hesitate to risk everything. Truly, an ungrateful child is sharper than a serpent’s tooth—or whatever it is.”

He drove down to the Pink Tape Office. Everybody knows it. An ugly Italian structure at Whitehall, approached by twenty broad stone steps. The day had been frosty, but the sun had thawed the ground, and the streets were in a very slippery state. At the crossing in Trafalgar-square an old man was picking his way. Before the coachman could pull up his horses, the pole of the carriage struck his shoulder, and knocked him down. The footman jumped down from the box, and set him on his legs. He moved stiffly, and as if in pain from the shock. It was a wonder he had escaped so easily.

“Drive on,” said the Pink Tape Department official; “there’s nothing the matter with him. I’m in a hurry. Drive on.”

So he was driven on to that imposing structure at Whitehall.

He spent the rest of the day there. Darkness came on, and with the evening, frost. The streets, slippery with half-frozen mud in the day, became more slippery with ice at night. His carriage waited for him nearly an hour in front of the Pink Tape Office. At last he came—the horses shivering with cold, and the coachman nearly frozen to his box—putting on his gloves, and adjusting his muffler round his neck. He stepped forward, missed his footing, and slid down on his back from the top of the steps to the bottom. The stones were a sheet of ice. He was picked up insensible by his servants, and driven home.

BABY-OAKS.

THOU wilt forgive me, wilt thou not, O gentle reader and lover of Tennyson, if I remind thee that “baby-oak” is not a term of my own brain-coinage, but is the Laureate’s synonym for acorn? Whatever may be Tennyson’s fondness for a real and genuine baby—and he would seem to know much about them, for he speaks of the world being—

“As ruthless as a baby with a worm”—

yet he certainly shows an affection for the

word "baby;" though he often uses it as an adjective, and not as a substantive. Thus, in "Eleanore," he speaks of "the baby thought;" he tells us of Lilian's

"Baby roses in her cheeks."

In "Locksley Hall" there are the "baby lips" and the "baby fingers;" and, in "The Talking Oak," Olivia

— "Gambolled on the greens,
A baby-germ;"

and eventually received from the tree "an acorn in her breast," in which acorn was "the baby-oak." Now, gentle reader, you will remember the phrase; because I feel sure that you will remember "The Talking Oak," which is one of the most delightful and fanciful poems ever written, even by Tennyson.

But the baby-oaks of which I now write are not Tennysonian acorns. I am not about to "magnetise" them "to riper life," and to show you how they grew to be antlered trees, "half hidden to the knees in fern," like the famous "broad oak of Summer-chace," and how they were then cut down and shaped into timbers for the framework of the wooden walls of old England. I am not about to do this. Nor can I excuse myself on the plea that our wooden walls are now converted into armour-plated ships; but I am about to give you an example of bathos. From Tennyson and his fair Olivia, "gamesome as a colt"—from the Laureate's baby-germ and poetical baby-oak—I am about to descend to—pigs! Oh, what a fall was there! Yet, if pigs are fond of baby-oaks, and baby-oaks are good for pigs, why should not the two be brought together? It might certainly have been more appropriate to have introduced the subject with a succession of grunts than by a flourish of trumpets, or an overture on a soft, poetical lute; but, after all, that is a mere matter of taste; and—which brings me to the point—a pig's taste is for baby-oaks—*Anglicæ*, acorns.

October is the month in which piggy is wont to gratify his taste in this respect; though, this year, he has been able to anticipate the date. For, like all other crops, the acorn crop has been prematurely ripened by the heat and drought of the past summer; and, before September had passed into October, the ripe acorns had begun to fall from the trees, and to strew the ground

underneath with a welcome feast for the pigs.

It was on one of those heavenly autumnal days that brought the past month of September to its sunny close, that I stood in Helpstone churchyard, beside the memorial recently erected by subscription to the memory of John Clare, the Northamptonshire poet; and I recalled to mind some of his faithful pictures of the scenery of that neighbourhood. Speaking of the autumn evening, he says—

— "The hurried mill
Is stopt at once, and every noise is still;
Save crows, that from the oak trees quawking spring,
Dashing the acorns down with beating wing,
Waking the wood's shorn sleep in noises low,
Patting the crimp brake's withering brown below."

And elsewhere the same true describer of Nature says—

"The cotter journeying, with his noisy swine,
Along the woodside where the branches twine;
Shaking from mossy oaks the acorns brown,
Or from the hedges red haws dashing down."

The poet Bloomfield, in his "Farmer's Boy," writes on the same theme from a practical knowledge of the subject:—

"The trudging sow leads forth her numerous young,
Playful and white and clean, the briars among,
Till briars and thorns increasing, fence them round,
Where last year's mould'ring leaves bestrew the ground;
And o'er their heads, loud lash'd by furious squalls,
Bright from their cups the rattling treasure falls;
Hot, thirsty food; whence doubly sweet and cool,
The welcome margin of some rush-grown pool,
The wild duck's lonely haunt."

He describes the pigs, startled by the wild ducks, rushing in a panic from the pool; and afterwards seeking their own covert for the night, heedless of the calls of Giles, the swineherd, who would have drawn them into the wattled enclosure especially provided for them. Bloomfield has very correctly described the baby-oaks to be "hot, thirsty food;" and it is dangerous to give acorns to pigs unless they can get at a sufficiency of water. By themselves, they are considered to be both heating and dry; and an old cottager, who lives not far from me, keeps a drawer full of choice acorns, which he pounds and grates, and administers to his rustic friends as an invaluable medicine and certain cure for diarrhoea. This same old man—who is, in truth, our oldest inhabitant—told me that he never remembered

seeing so many acorns as there are in this present autumn. He calls them "akkurns;" and I fancy that this vulgar pronunciation is the old and "gentle" way of speaking the word. At any rate, it is etymologically correct; for "accorn" is a Saxon word, and it means the corn, grain, or fruit of the aac, or oak; and thus Ac was occasionally the prefix to the name of some town—as Acton (oak-town), Acrington (Oak-ring-town). And the word thus pronounced "akkurn"—as my old rustic friend pronounced it—makes it to run rhythmically in such lines as that in the "Midsummer Night's Dream"—

— "That all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn-cups, and hide them there."

And again, in Prospero's speech—

— "Thy food shall be
The fresh brook mussels, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled."

Fashions change in the pronunciation of words, as in other things; and there are many words that have gone out of ordinary use, which are yet retained, in a true conservative spirit, by our peasantry. And I have no doubt but what my old cottage friend calls his baby-oaks by the same word that would have fallen from the lips of Shakespeare, and that word is pronounced akkurns.

The term "mast," as applied to acorns, is somewhat generic, for it is used to signify the fruit of the wild chestnut and other trees, but especially the beech. Shakespeare, however, says, "The oaks bear mast." And we are reminded by another poet, that in the early ages of this country, men—

— "Fed with the oaken mast,
The aged trees themselves in age surpassed."

So that they were very Methuselahs in those days; for, according to Dryden, the oak's longevity is for nine hundred years:—

"The monarch oak, the patriarch of trees,
Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow degrees.
Three centuries he grows, and three he stays
Supreme in state, and in three more decays."

But we may excuse the poetic hyperbole, from the consideration that it contains—though it exaggerates—a fact. There is an old country saying, in which the mast of the beech or chestnut is discriminated from the acorn:—

"A good October, and a good blast
To blow the hog acorn and mast."

When the Domesday Book was written,

mention is made not only of the "carucate" land for ploughs and the meadow land in each parish, but also of its "pannage," which was the feeding in the woods which produced acorns and beech-mast, for the support of hogs turned into them in summer and autumn to maintain themselves. This was esteemed a valuable property, and was often granted by the wood-owners in exchange to persons who supplied them with something else that they required. Thus, Domesday records that the Abbot of Peterborough gave to the Abbot of Thorney pannage for a hundred hogs, in return for some rights of fishing in Whittlesea-mere. In Domesday, too, the extent of the woods in each parish is usually measured by their pannage. Thus, of the parish in which these lines are written, it is said, in the Domesday Book, "there is wood for pannage one mile long and seven furlongs wide." Not that hogs are permitted to enter it. My lord's head gamekeeper would be horrified at such an idea, and would protest that, if his master wished his pheasants preserved for October, he could not allow any one to enter the wood, even to pick up the fallen acorns. Our farmers, therefore, are obliged to rest content with sending their pigs, in charge of a boy, to spots where there are hedgerow oaks; while the wealth of acorns in the woods is allowed to be wasted.

The rector of a parish on the borders of the New Forest wrote a letter in the newspapers, this last September, saying that his poor parishioners gathered acorns; and that he would send, on their behalf, a sack of acorns to any address for five shillings. I myself saw a woman busily employed with her children picking up acorns. She told me that she took them to a pig-feeder in the neighbouring town, who gave her fivepence for each peck of acorns. I do not know if this particular pig-feeder followed out Evelyn's recommendation, which was—"a peck of acorns a-day, with a little bran, will make a hog increase a pound weight per diem for two months together." Paulus, a Danish physician, says that "a handful or two of small oak-buttons, mingled with oats, and given to horses which are black, will, in a few days' eating, alter their colour to a fine dapple grey; and this because of the vitriol abounding in the tree." A very questionable statement; though the astringent properties of oak-bark are well known: and this astringency also belongs to the acorn.

Squirrels are fond of acorns, as well as beech-nuts; and, as no acorn will grow to a tree beneath the shade of the parent tree, it is possible that we may owe to the squirrels the burying of many an acorn that has sprung up and grown to be a lord of the forest. Deer are also very fond of acorns. There is a large deer park near to me; and many of my cottage neighbours gain several shillings, wherewith to help in paying their Michaelmas rent, by gathering acorns and selling them to the keeper for the deer. Not that the deer have to depend upon the cottagers for the supply of the baby-oaks, for they are able to pick up acorns for themselves, as fine oak trees surround and stud their park. It was only the other day that I was witness to a sight in this deer park which I greatly desired could have been seen by Mr. Harrison Weir, whose skilful pencil would have admirably portrayed the pretty group of deer gathered under a wide-spreading oak. A fine stag had reared on his hind legs, and, standing in this heraldic position, had reached with his antlers to an oak bough, to which, by aid of his antlers, he gave a vigorous shake; as he did so, the acorns showered down among the deer and their hinds, who were awaiting the result of the antlered stag's labours of love. It was a pleasing picture; and both deer and fawns seemed to enjoy their sylvan dessert of baby-oaks.

TABLE TALK.

MRS. MALAPROP has subscribed her guinea to the funds of the Société au Secours des Français blessés. She is more than ever satisfied of the overwhelming superiority of her native tongue, as she says she regards "the sick and wounded as pitiable objects, and rather cursed than blessed."

THE ADMIRALTY authorities have succeeded in shifting the blame for the loss of the *Captain* on to the shoulders of the projector and designers. It is, however, very clear that the *Captain* ought never to have been despatched on a voyage until her capacity for weathering a storm had been experimentally tested by means of models, the cost of which would not have been more than a few hundred pounds. It is quite possible to raise her, and bring her back to England. She lies now, it has been ascer-

tained, at a depth of about nine hundred feet below the surface of the sea. Of course, what the expense of raising her would be can only be guessed at. New machinery of immense power and strength would have to be specially constructed; and, in all probability, it would cost as much to raise the *Captain* from the bottom of the sea as to build a new vessel of equal size. For the purposes of harbour defence, such a vessel is without a rival. Whether the low free-board can ever be successfully applied to a vessel intended for ocean voyages, it remains for the future to determine. The loss of such a vessel is a very terrible disaster, and the misery attending upon it widespread. All that Government will do will be to give one year's pay to the widows of petty officers, seamen, and marines, under the Greenwich Hospital Act, 1863. Money out of their wages had been allotted by seamen on board the *Captain*, and regularly paid by the Admiralty to their relatives, whose main support is now gone. The list of these persons includes 108 widows, 330 children—most of whom are young—65 mothers, 2 brothers, 1 stepson, 1 grandfather, 5 fathers, 9 aunts, 1 father-in-law, 15 sisters, 1 uncle, 1 grandmother. No doubt many fresh applications will be made; but the above list alone gives some idea of the distress attendant upon the calamitous loss of the vessel.

A FINE EXAMPLE of the fleeting nature of all human glory is to be seen in General Garibaldi's fate. Who would have believed that the man who, a few years ago, did so much towards the establishment of a free and united Italy would be a prisoner in his own country, when Rome, the great hope and coveted prize of his life, at last fell into the hands of the national party? The General, however, seems resigned to his fate, and is engaged in arranging a Universal Council for the settlement of the disputes of nations. "The United States, England, Scandinavia, France, and Germany, under whose protection all the lesser powers might range themselves, would form a magnificent basis for this world-wide union." The brave but headstrong patriot plaintively adds:—"I am here a prisoner, through the influence of Bonaparte over the Florence Government; and if I could get out of this island, and effect an entrance into France, I should be most certainly arrested there." Probably we may conclude with safety that the Italian

Government knows best how to consult for the safety of the country; but to outsiders it seems rather hard that that man who we expected, when Rome fell into the hands of the Italians, would be drummed in with all the military honours of an heroic commander, should be left on an island out of sight, and almost out of reach of the news of the great events in which at one time he seemed destined to be the chief actor. "So passes away the glory of the world." The patriot and liberator may add also, as he munches the crust of captivity, "Save me from my friends."

A MOST INTERESTING exhibition has just been opened at Tromsø, which we should have deemed it unnecessary to state is the capital of the southern province of Finmark, and lies in lat. $69^{\circ} 30'$, had we not, on lately suggesting it as a "pasture new" to our curate, a very distinguished young Oxonian, been startled by his remark: "Oh! Ah! Yes. Should enjoy it of all things; and would make out all the localities described in 'The Pirate!'" The exhibition will contain the products and appliances used in the fisheries, those of agriculture, and of mechanical and domestic industry; together with objects and products illustrative of the mode of life and state of civilization of the inhabitants of the surrounding regions. The mineral riches of the province have been arranged by a high scientific authority; and the collection of specimens well show the appearance of gold along the Tana river, and the deposits of coal on Andöven. The ethnological part depicts the mode of life and national peculiarities of the inhabitants of Finmark generally, and more particularly that of the nomadic mountain Finns, commonly known as the Lapps. As Tromsø is situated in the centre of the district in which the Lapps, together with their reindeer and dogs, spend the summer, and as at this season there is a Finn town at Tromsødal, on the mainland, in the immediate vicinity, ethnologists will have an excellent opportunity of studying this rapidly decreasing race; while geologists, naturalists, botanists, and sportsmen will find an abundance of stores in their separate departments. We may hint that a call at a good purveyor's would be highly expedient before setting off for Finmark.

AT NO. 19, QUEEN'S-SQUARE, an institution has been established, since the year

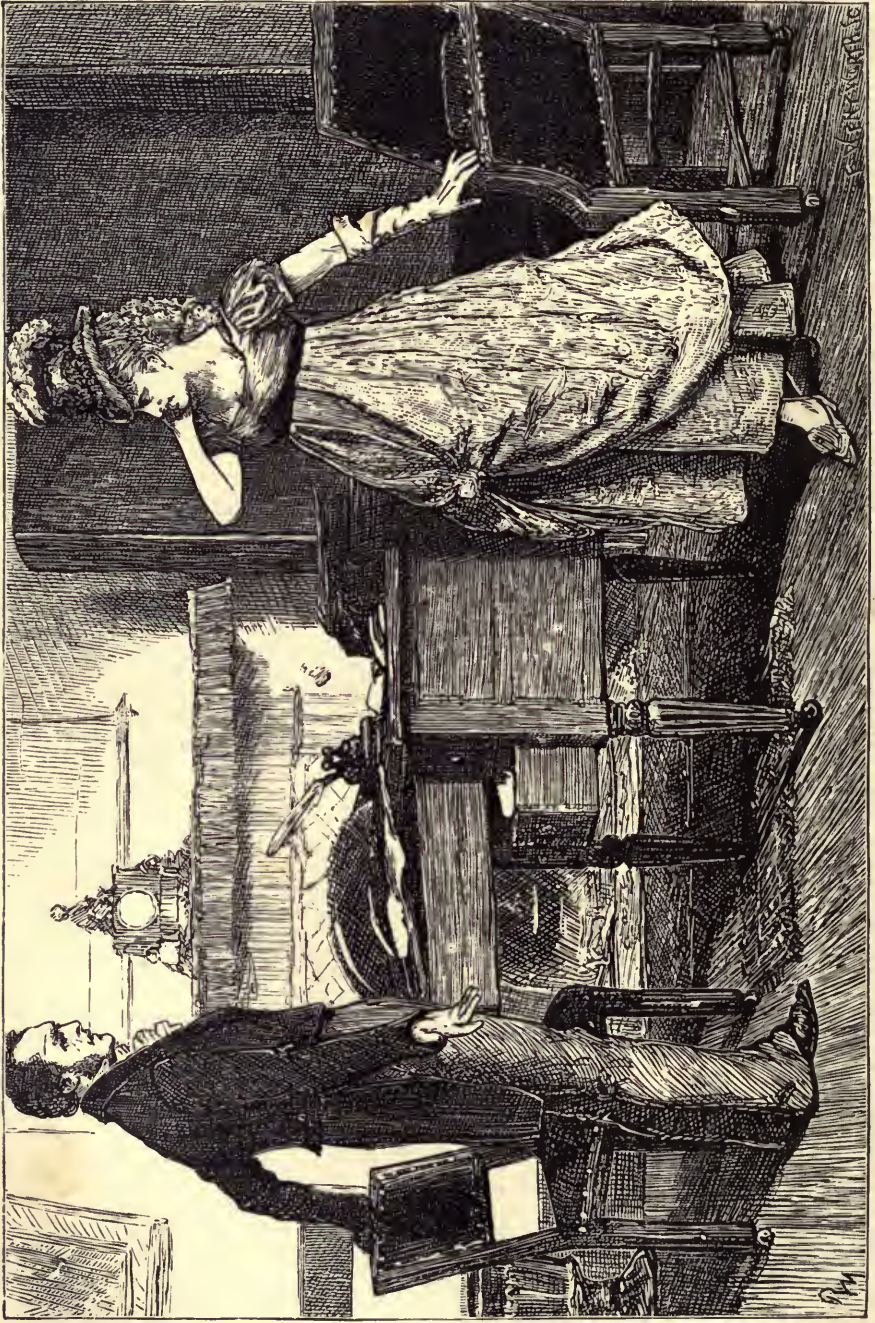
1867, for the relief of children with chronic diseases of the joints. Here some few of those poor little ones who suffer from hip disease find a happy home, good attendance, and, we believe, in almost all cases, a complete cure. The surgical treatment is very simple. An ingenious contrivance of weight and pulley is so arranged as to keep the injured limb constantly extended, and to allow free movement to the rest of the body. This at once relieves the pain, while fresh air and wholesome food are left to do their part in restoring health and strength to the poor little sufferer's wasted frame. It takes, however, under the most favourable circumstances, a very long time to cure some cases of hip disease, and other hospitals are unable to keep patients for so long a time. This year a new experiment was tried, which has borne good fruit. The committee rented a small house at Wimbledon, for the purpose of a convalescent hospital. Ten little children, who had for three years lain under treatment in the London Hospital, were taken there, and they have benefited much in general health and spirits from the pure country air and change of scene. From the windows of their rooms they have a fine view, stretching across country to the Epsom Downs. This is a step in the right direction, but it is at present done on far too small a scale. Applications for admission are constantly received, and only too many have to be refused. There is at present accommodation for thirty-one beds. Could a hundred be provided, they would be soon filled. There can be no greater charity than the relief of these suffering children, and we can vouch for the economical application of the funds placed at the disposal of the committee. Contributions, whether of money, wine, linen, flannel, oil, or toys and picture books, will be thankfully received by the Hon. Secretary.

MR. GOLIGHTLY; or, the ADVENTURES of an AMIABLE MAN, a Novelette in Twelve Chapters, will be commenced on the conclusion of "The Mortimers." "Mr. Golightly" will be illustrated by Phiz.

Rejected MSS. will be returned to the authors, if stamps for that purpose are sent.
The Editor will only be responsible for their being safely re-posted to the addresses given.
Every MS. must have the name and address of the author legibly written on the first page.

ONCE A WEEK is registered for transmission abroad.





Once a Week.

“YOU KNOW, SIR, WHY I AM HERE.”—Page 243.

[October 29, 1870.]

ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 147.

October 22, 1870.

Price 2d.

ONE OF TWO; OR, A LEFT-HANDED BRIDE.

BY HAIN FRISWELL.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"WHAT, SHALL I NOT DEFEND HIM? WHO BUT I?"



VAUGHAN was, under ordinary circumstances, one of the mildest young ladies that could be met with in a day's march.

That was, however, no reason why she should not be very fierce upon extraordinary occasions; and this was one. She walked into the office with all

her wrongs upon her heart. Her lover had been arrested—and, of course, wrongly arrested. What woman could ever doubt that? Winnifred wore, therefore, a determined, brave look as she entered the magistrate's room; and her bright eyes did not convey to him any gracious or friendly recognition. Like all women in love, she reasoned rather from her heart than her mind, and she did not wholly acquit the magistrate in this matter of the arrest. In some way—how, she did not pause to ask herself—she believed that Mr. Horton should at once have freed the innocent. The intricacies of the law, the network it spreads around any one who is caught in its meshes, she would have had at once broken. Of what use is a magistrate unless he can at once decide between the guilty and the innocent?

Mr. Horton's eyes fell before her direct and angry gaze. When a man has been once in love with a woman, there is assumed between them a tacit bond that is never broken. The terrible accusation against Lord Wimpole was unknown to Winnifred, but his note had told her that he was arrested for some very serious crime; and directly it had been delivered she had come to Mr. Horton, as her friend, to ask his aid. By some means—perhaps by a persuasive eloquence, not unknown to beauty—she had learnt from Inspector Stevenson that Lord Wimpole was not only at the Marylebone Police-court, but that he was detained by Mr. Horton's will. Hence Winnifred walked somewhat angrily up to the perturbed police magistrate, and said, abruptly—

"You know, sir, why I am here. I am come to—to—" here she hesitated a little—"to appeal to you to at once release him."

George Horton looked at her aghast.

"My dear young lady," he said, after a pause, "pray sit down; we can talk together about this matter. There is a great deal to be said."

"No," she said, resolutely standing before his desk; "there can be but little to be said. I will not sit down. There is some terrible mistake here. Of what use are the law and its professors, with their learning and their studies, unless it and they can render justice?"

She stood looking at him, flushed a little, more charming than ever, more resolute than soft. Her girlishness had disappeared, and she seemed to have grown suddenly into a beautiful woman, strong in her love, her purity and truth.

Well might he pause—well might he pity her. His love for her had never diminished—say, rather, that it had increased tenfold from his non-success. He was a true man, she a true woman. How could he break the news to her? Could he tell her that, within a few feet of her, the proud father of

the man she loved sat broken down and disgraced at the guilt of his son—guilt that was borne in to him as it would be to all by the evidence which Old Daylight had prepared, and which Lord Wimpole did not deny?

His silence irritated Winnifred. She tapped the floor with her little foot, and flushed pale and red as she looked at the magistrate. "And this man," she thought to herself, "said he loved me; and yet he keeps me on tenter-hooks."

"Why do you not speak?" she said. "Lord Wimpole is here, in this dreadful place; perhaps shut up in prison. Let me go to him, let me speak to him. He will tell me the truth."

"The truth, Winnifred Vaughan!" returned the magistrate, bitterly. "Would I withhold the truth from you for one moment, if I thought it could give you comfort? You call him Lord Wimpole—him whom you love, and whom you told me I should love and honour. Do you know what misfortune has fallen upon him, and upon his house? Do you know—can you bear to know—that the man whom you rejected, and who speaks to you now, will be more honoured in the world than he will be whom you preferred? If you can, then I can tell you more."

Fire flashed from Winnifred's eyes as she heard this speech, which was certainly not uttered without a little bitterness on the part of the magistrate. Partly, this was owing to jealousy—which is, after all, a mean passion, although it is indulged in by noble natures. Partly, again, it was owing to Mr. Horton's ignorance of woman's nature. He thought he would break the news to her little by little. He was a very coward—as many good men are—when a woman cried, swooned, or fainted; and he was very much troubled by the thought that Winnifred might faint, or fall down in a fit.

The young lady did no such thing. She looked at her interlocutor with great scorn, and walked once or twice up and down the room; then, turning and facing Mr. Horton, with a quiet smile, she uttered the words—

"Go on, sir. I can listen quite calmly to what you say. Soon, perhaps, you will condescend to speak about my immediate business."

"Your business!" he said. "Good God! is not this your business? Do you not

want to know who he is to whom you propose to trust your future?"

"I know who he is," she said, calmly. "He is the most noble of mankind. Had you been struck down by misfortune, he would have been the first to shield you and to help you."

"But, Winnifred," pleaded the magistrate—"pray pardon me, Miss Vaughan—this young gentleman has suddenly discovered matters which place him in a totally different position: he is not what he thought he was; he is—"

"He is my Philip still," said the girl, looking upwards with a fond devotion. "Whatever happens, whatever calumny may be invented, he is *himself*."

This young lady had arrived at that chief morsel of wisdom which so many men and women miss throughout life—that which sounds so like a platitude and a truism, and yet which so few know—that a man or woman can only be him or herself, whatever rank or fortune may shower upon them.

It is not uncommon in daily life for a man to be called a nobleman, a duke, or a king; and to fancy that all through his life he is a Real King, Duke, or Nobleman—that he is a leader of thought and of the people. Some unfortunate men have been promoted to be generals, and have actually imagined that they were real Generals, until, in actual battle, they and the unfortunate men they lead have found out their folly and their incompetence. England, being a very simple as well as a maritime nation, has now and again trusted valuable fleets, and more valuable sailors, to the tender mercies of these men, who have thrown them away with the greatest calmness. Of course we are too loyal ever to suppose that fortune has entrusted the Crown to people of the sort who believed that they were Queens or Kings, when all the time they were mere Lady Bountifuls or Gentlemen Farmers. Sometimes, proprietors of papers entrust them to Editors who are mere imaginary editors; Parliament puts itself under Prime Ministers who are mere leaders in debate, or talking-machines; and the Church itself has been known to be superintended by bishops, and even Archbishops and Popes, who dressed the part, and who looked very well, but who were mere bishops and popes after all. In all these cases it is found that, sooner or later, the newspaper, the Govern-

ment, and the Church come to desperate grief, often to an utter ruin and break-up; upon which the world stands aghast, and declares that fate or misfortune has brought about the matter, and that the Prime Minister was a patriot and the bishop a saint. Very often the editor is pensioned by a grateful politician to whom he has sold his pen; but, as a rule, the knowers laugh at the folly: they have seen the rottenness of the matter, and have predicted the ruin long ago. All this arises from men not knowing themselves, and endeavouring to pursue a *métier* for which they are entirely unfitted.

The tone in which Miss Vaughan declared that she loved Philip solely for himself carried conviction to the unhappy magistrate's heart, just of a sort that he did not want. To do him justice, had not Winnifred come to him, he would never have sought her. He was one of those men who took "No" for an answer, and quickly went his way; and, as long as the temptation was out of sight, was quite content to try and forget it. But here before him, more beautiful than ever, showing love and devotion for another—this temptation was far too strong for him. He started from his chair, and paced the room.

"Miss Vaughan," said he—and then he stopped.

"Go on," she said, quietly. "You were about to speak."

Her interruption galled and confused him. Why, he asked himself, should he not tell her all? Why should she hate him if she heard the truth from his lips?

"I was about to tell you something that must pain you, but which you must sooner or later hear. Although it will give you pain, I will not be coward enough to shrink from it."

Winnifred was silent. Burning as she was with a desire to see Philip released, she listened calmly. She began to find that it is the province of law to speak and to instruct, and not to act immediately.

"If you will allow me to sit down," she said, with a calm and cool contempt—for her anger was great against this man—"I will listen to you."

She took the chair vacated by Lord Cherterton, and prepared, with a calm demeanour and cast-down eyes, to listen.

"Oh, Miss Vaughan!" said Horton, "if you now could see my heart, you would pity

me. What shall I say to you? how shall I begin?"

"You know best," she said. "What is this mystery? You will speak; and, in the meantime, I suffer, because Lord Wimpole suffers."

"Lord Wimpole!" he said, with half a sneer, which was natural but ungenerous.

"Yes," she said again. "It is he who is chiefly concerned. It does not matter for you or for me. No wild or wrong accusation lies upon us."

"Oh, Miss Vaughan!" said Horton, "I must tell you, and tell you at once. At the base of this accusation, the cause of this crime, lies the fact which will startle you. Lord Wimpole is not what he pretends—"

"He pretends!" said Winnifred, starting to her feet—"he pretends, Mr. Horton! Dare you use such language to me?"

"You will force me to speak then, madam. Philip Stanfield is not Lord Wimpole—he is not his father's legitimate son."

As he said this dreadful thing, Mr. Horton approached the young lady—who had risen to her feet in the energy of her indignation—thinking that she would fall to the ground. But to his surprise she said little, and did not stir. Her face was flushed, her hands clenched on the back of the chair. Then, after a pause, she said, quietly—

"I know that this is asserted. There have been some papers found, possibly forged. It may be true. What does it matter to me?"

"You know it, then!" cried the magistrate, with astonishment.

"I have known it for several days, sir."

"And who told you?"

"Who should tell me but Philip himself. Dear Philip!—his first action, when he found this out, was to come to me. That was the action of a true man."

This was spiteful, because it insinuated that Mr. Horton's actions were not those of a true man; and, poor fellow, he who was playing the losing game had the greatest difficulty in knowing how to play it. His next move showed it.

"And," said he, looking with unconcealed admiration at Winnifred—"and you love him still?"

"Love him still," she said, quietly.

Horton turned on his heel when he saw the pretty, flushed, triumphant face. The look went to his heart. His old jealousy blazed up. He could have been guilty of

any meanness, if he could have found an answer sharp enough.

He envied the man who was accused of murder, and who was sitting—quietly and resignedly enough, poor fellow—in one of the police cells across the yard. Horton would have gladly changed places with his prisoner, and his pale face told something of his story.

Winnifred saw this, and pursued her triumph. He had willingly said bitter things against her Philip. He had put his heart in her hands, and had dared to tell her that he loved her; and this was the way he showed it.

Quietly rising, therefore, she faced him, and said, with a calm irony—

"Oh, you clever men! Mr. Horton, how little you know of us women, to whom you, some of you, believe you are so superior. Love him—love my Philip now! why, I love him ten times more. Do you think that I loved him for his rank, his coronet, his riches, or his place? No, Mr. Horton—I love him for himself. These accidents of birth prevented the free growth of my love. Now, I can love him with *all* my heart. Now he is stripped and fallen, he has risen *here*."

She placed her hand upon her heart as she spoke this, leaning back, with one hand upon the chair—as if that pure, soft heart was a shield she placed before the object of her love.

The magistrate, staring at her, was smitten again with desperate jealousy and an intense love.

"You will have it, then; you will have the truth of your hero—your perfect knight, '*sans peur et sans reproche*'?"

"My perfect knight," she said, softly, a smile parting her full lips, as if it made her happy to repeat the words. "My perfect knight—my Philip!"

"Your Philip!" said the magistrate, fiercely. "Your Philip, my poor young lady, is accused of *Murder*!"

The blow struck. Winnifred sank down in her chair, looking up, amazed.

"This lie," she said at last, slowly and deliberately, "is too dreadful. Whom has he murdered? Whom could he? Did he hate even to strike any one—not even his rival, not even you, who can repeat these scandals?"

"His victim was a woman," cried the magistrate, suddenly and with malice. "And,

from what I see, the evidence is sadly against him."

When a woman is in any case, any other woman becomes suspicious. Winnifred was shaken, and said, tremulously—

"Mr. Horton, upon your honour as a gentleman, upon your credit as a magistrate, are you telling me the truth?"

"Upon my *soul*, Miss Vaughan, I am. I have struggled with myself—how much, how terribly, I cannot tell you. I did not issue the warrant until I was forced by evidence to do so. Let alone all other considerations, Winnifred, believe me that I did so to spare you."

"Go on," said Winnifred, no longer fierce and triumphant, for the tone of Mr. Horton carried conviction even to her. "Go on. I will bear all. Who was this woman?"

"Estelle Martin—a Frenchwoman."

Winnifred grew pale. The name was pretty. She had not heard it before; for the outline of the story Philip had given her did not necessarily include any reference to this woman; and jealousy and suspicion, born of the devil, began to act upon her.

Could it be that Philip was really guilty? Had he destroyed his victim from love of her? Terrible doubts! Winnifred had heard from that astute dowager, Lady Guernsey, quite enough of men's doings to render her suspicious of the whole sex; and does any woman really trust them? We need not ask whether they have any reason to do so; but surely they might be generous. If we add to the general want of truth in man an equally general distrust of her own sex, which sadly prevails with woman, we may, perhaps, excuse Winnifred if she trembled in sad doubt of "her Philip, her knight," as she listened to the weighty words and certain tones of Mr. Horton.

Her heart sank, indeed, within her as he told her all. She was relieved when she heard that Estelle Martin was no rival, but an old nurse; but the chain of the inductive philosopher was too strong, and her belief almost began to waver as Horton, evidently with a generous desire to spare her, weighed but lightly upon each piece of evidence. Had he not done so, she would have been less convinced. She loved Philip none the less; but her faith wavered a little—too much, indeed, for her strong love.

When the evidence was concluded, Mr. Horton began to relate the story of the interview between Lord Wimpole and himself;

and then, to his astonishment, Winnifred began to revive, and her colour came again.

"You see," concluded the puzzled Mr. Horton, as he looked upon her whom he loved so well, "he will not tell me where he was on that night."

"Then," said Winnifred, "I will tell you: he was with *me*!"

Horton started to his feet.

"With you, Miss Vaughan?" he said, with amazement.

"Yes!" she said, calmly; "he came on purpose to tell me all that Mr. Edgar Wade had told him; and he spent the time with me, from six in the evening until nearly midnight. Dear Philip!" cried the girl, the mists of doubt beginning to clear away, "did I dare to doubt him? Oh! my love, my love! I will ask his pardon on my knees. My own true knight, indeed!"

"Can you tell me this, Winnifred?" cried Mr. Horton; for if love gave her a right over him, it gave him, too, some right over her. "Can you publish your own ——?"

"Shame!" she said; "you are dreaming. There is no shame for me or for Philip. Come, lead me quickly to him. Release him; there is no evidence against him. He was with me. I will swear it!"

"Alas!" cried George Horton, beside himself, "you save him by condemning yourself. This is not true. You could not——"

"Could not! Why, I am Philip's *wife*!"

"Great God!" said Horton. "Have you other witnesses to your meeting?"

"None! not one. Why should we have?"

"Alas! then, he is lost. If he be your husband, your oath is negated. You may speak the truth; but the Law refuses the evidence, either for or against."

Winnifred heard this, and heard no more. Horton's words carried conviction to her; and it was like a death-warrant. With a low, plaintive cry, like that of some weak and sorely wounded animal, Winnifred fell fainting to the floor.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"HERE IN HIS CHAMBERS SAT THE MAN OF LAW."

HIDDEN amongst a mass of buildings, from which the smoke beats down upon the foggy November days, and upon the roofs of which the sun sheds rays which seem to get more hot and wearied from having to pierce through so much fog and dust, is the little fountain which throws

up its sparkling sprays in Garden-court, Temple.

How the dry old benchers, spinning their dusty webs in the musty, old, cruel days of Eldon and Scarlett—when, as Sydney Smith said, every possible iniquity was perpetrated in the name of the law without one lawyer of eminence, except the "gigantic Brougham," ever dreaming that anything was wrong—how these old benchers consented to allow so fresh and so pure a thing as a Fountain of water to be near, it is quite impossible for us to say. Their Philistine old heads were occupied in making law as distasteful as it could be, so far as in them lay; in poring over deeds which were only full of deadly traps for future clients; in trying to expound marriage settlements which no poor bride could ever understand; and in dreaming at odd times of the awful troubles they brought upon their own flesh and blood—if a decoction of parchment and pale ink can be so called—by making their own wills. For it is an axiom laid down by a learned Lord Chancellor—himself a wondrously proficient legal authority—that no barrister or adept—even if he be as wise as Solomon and as learned as the learned Selden—can make his own will! Wise solicitors, over the walnuts and the wine which they have obtained by the money of their clients, shake their heads, and chuckle over this mystery; and clerks who are picking up "Noy's Maxims," and serving their articles, quote this as one of the profound mysteries and most cherished beauties of the law. But it is not until a man has been thoroughly *uneducated* of every good and honest principle that he sees the whole beauty of this admirable system. Sometimes a student finds that his conscientiousness is too much for him, grows melancholy, and foregoes the honour of becoming Lord Chancellor; but usually he gets accustomed to his work, and accepts the stale consolation that, if clients were not so selfish, lawyers would not be so bad.

Sometimes—and this was the case with Mr. Edgar Wade—he allows himself to be persuaded that law is very beautiful in theory, and that there really is no wrong without a remedy. After such a conclusion, he looks upon the writhings of the victims of delay, false judgments, errors, and cunning contrivances, as an ignorant impatience on the part of the clients. He makes up his mind that what he has to do is simply

the best he can, for himself first, and his client afterwards; and he "gets on." But, after all, the education the law affords is not beneficial to the conscience. We have had barristers who have offered up an oath that their client was innocent; when it may justly be inferred that they knew he was guilty, and merely shut their eyes to the fact. When these gentlemen, after a number of years spent in defending criminals, have themselves sat on the bench, we have seen them "deeply affected," and betraying "visible emotion," even to shedding tears, when they were forced to condemn a criminal. This must be taken as a proof that the law does not always harden the legal heart—indeed, the proof is not necessary: there are always a number of excellent gentlemen at the bar, admirable for their tenderness and Christian virtues; but they are not, as a rule, successful barristers—they employ their time as critics, and their merciful behaviour and great leniency to novelists and rising authors is too well known and appreciated to be more than referred to in passing.

Edgar Wade was successful as a barrister; for, although he had not "hugged an attorney," he had attracted the notice of the head of a busy firm of solicitors, and did not want for briefs. His chambers on the first floor were reached by a dirty old staircase—all the dirtier then than now, since sweetness and light were matters little recked of in the chambers of the law. The principal room was occupied by the barrister; a dusty and ill-ventilated bed-room, seldom used, lay beyond it; and before it—boarded off from it by old painted panels, cracked, yellow, and worn—was a slip of a chamber, occupied by his clerk, a man of five or six and twenty, who looked like a dried-up boy of nineteen—whiskerless, shabby, and badly provided as to shirt collar and complexion, both being equally yellow. This old young gentleman occupied his time chiefly in catching flies and taking in the names of visitors—written by himself, in a legal hand, and on slips of blue paper, neatly cut to size for the purpose. Like all barristers' clerks, he had a great belief in the talent of his master, and looked forward to the time when business should increase so much that he, the clerk, Mr. John Scorem, should make some hundreds a year in clerk's fees, and be able to purchase a little freehold at Peckham or

Clapham, with an apple tree, or various apple trees, in the garden. For Mr. Scorem was already a clever pomologist, if we may coin such a word; and knew a ribstone, a stone apple, a cat's-head, or a Kerry pippin at a distance. He always had an apple in his pocket, bulging out like a cannon ball, and ready to be furtively produced and munched. He smelt of apples, and his office smelt, too, like a fruiterer's shop. Sometimes, passing through "the Garden," as he fondly called Covent-garden Market, on his way to the office from Knightsbridge, he would purchase a whole bushel, and store them in the wooden cupboards which some former proprietor of the chambers had fitted up with a tolerable liberality, until they ripened, with a greasy consistence on their coats, which Mr. Scorem fondly polished off with his pocket handkerchief. The aroma from this delicious fruit was strongly objected to by Mr. Edgar Wade, and was referred to by his clerk as "mysterious," as if it were the scent of some dead bencher.

"It is curious," the guilty Mr. Scorem would say, with his pocket nearly bursting with a yellow cat's-head. "I often think, sir, what it can be. I often get a whiff of it as I come in fresh of a mornin'."

Then he would open the windows; and as the scent strictly and conscientiously confined itself to the clerk's room, Mr. Wade did not trouble himself about it, and passed in to his own sanctum, leaving Mr. Scorem to digest the huge lump of apple he had hastily swallowed.

Mr. Scorem's greatest pride was to see his master properly "robed," and to dream of the time when he should exchange a stuff gown for the silk. His second was to preside at the Coger's Hall, or some such august assembly, and there to lead a debate upon the law. He was a Church and State man, hated the Radicals, treated Lord John Russell and Sir Francis Burdett *de haut en bas*, and spoke with the dignity of a peer of the realm, and the weight of a city councillor. In those days they debated great matters, and the minds of the Cogers were exercised by the question whether it was the duty of a reformed Parliament to abolish the House of Lords and to depose the Sovereign. And to Mr. Scorem it was deputed to tear this supposition to rags, and to cast it to the four winds. Scorem—we beg pardon, Mr. Scorem; so he was always termed, with scru-

pulous politeness, by his master—had risen to the height of the occasion, and had determined to call the eloquent Brougham a “tongue-gifted traitor,” and Lord John Russell “a viper, battenning to fatness on the ruins of an ancient Church,” in his speech that evening. So far had rancour spread—for the debate on Reform had been carried on in our slow-thinking land for many years—and, while the victory of the Reformers was not far off, the feelings of the opponents of Reform had become more and more intense.

“Yes,” said Mr. Scorem, jotting down the choice epithets, “the Russells still live at Woburn Abbey. I think I have fitted the cap there. Hallo! Come in.”

As the person did not come in, Mr. Scorem gathered up the few sheets of blue wove scribbling paper, pocketed a half-eaten apple, and opened the door.

Mr. Checketts, out of breath, and somewhat confused, stood outside the door.

“Does Mr. Edgar Wade live here?”

The barrister’s clerk, with his mouth partially engaged with an apple, tapped with a ruler on the name of his master duly painted up on the door.

“Ah! yes,” said Checketts, confusedly. “Can I see him?”

“He is engaged with a lady.”

“I want to see him, particular and immediate,” urged Checketts, regardless of adverbs.

“What name, sir?” asked Mr. Scorem, taking out a slip of blue paper.

“Checketts. Say I come from the Earl of Chesterton.”

The name was one of might to the conservative and aristocratic Scorem. He took a fresh piece of paper, and wrote “—Checketts, Esq., from the Right Honourable the Earl of Chesterton.” Then begging the messenger to be seated in his apple-scented office, he apologized for the delay; and gave Checketts shortly to understand that Mr. Wade’s time was very precious indeed, and in some mysterious manner hinted that he was about to do the Earl a personal favour in daring to break in upon his master’s privacy. Then, with an important knock, he gave notice of his approach; and entering in a business-like way, as if he had not a moment to spare, he marched up to his master’s desk, and laid the paper upon it.

“Stay a moment, Mr. Scorem,” said Edgar Wade.

For the faithful clerk, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, had again reached the door, as if his life depended on his finishing his business—say of copying out a most important brief, in which Mr. Wade was coupled as leading junior with the Solicitor-General.

“What is this messenger?”

“A kind of a gentleman, sir. Wants to see you, he says, ‘immediate and particular.’”

The lady arose at this. She was admirably dressed, as to neatness and selection of colour—evidently a French lady; indeed, no other than the companion of Mdlle. Natalie Fifine.

“I shall be disengaged in one moment. Pray sit down, Madame. Tell the gentleman I will see him shortly.”

Mr. Checketts heard the words, and repressed his impatience. Perhaps time never seems longer than when waiting at the office of a lawyer, or in the waiting-room of a fashionable doctor. Checketts’s state was not to be envied. His love for Lord Wimpole was rude and rough possibly, but very great. His belief in the power of the great house he served—which had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength—had been put to a severe test. The entrance of police into Chesterton House was to him a perfectly revolutionary proceeding; and the faithful Cléry, valet to Louis the Sixteenth, could not have been more rudely shocked by the entry of the rough *canaille* of Paris into the King’s chamber than was Checketts. For the servants and underlings of great people feel their position even more than the great ones themselves; and the loyal Checketts had an *esprit de corps* in regard to his “family,” as warm as any soldier in the most crack regiment of his Majesty’s army. Down in the steward’s room the movements of “our family” were debated in a kind of imprinted “Court Circular,” of which Mr. Roskell was the chief editor.

While Checketts fidgeted, and Mr. Scorem, admiring the coolness of his master, went on writing out his speech with an air and business manner that fully persuaded his companion that he was drawing out an important brief, Mr. Wade coolly finished his discourse.

He had on his table a beautiful bouquet of autumnal roses and other flowers, which scented the dull room; and as he softly talked, the splash of the little fountain, which

spouted upwards from a single three-quarter inch pipe, in a most inartistic and artless manner, could be heard at intervals; drowned sometimes by the hurry of steps in the paved court below, or borne away from them by a gust of wind. It was not an unpleasant room for a student. Books duly bound in law-calf lined one side of it; a table, covered with briefs, was on the other; and a fire burnt cheerfully in the high-cheeked, tall old grate, which reached half up the chimney, and came down between its broad hobs like the letter V.

Outside, in the waiting-room, poor Checketts, fretting himself for his master, experienced some slight foretaste of the law's delay. He, too, could hear the fountain, the regular rise and fall of Mr. Wade's soft and sonorous voice, the racing of Mr. Scorem's pen upon his blue-lined brief paper, and the hurry of the feet below. A quarter of an hour seemed an age to him—to him whose master's name had hitherto been a passport for immediate attention.

At length Edgar Wade stopped short, and drew to an end. All Mdlle. Fifine desired was, that he should take some tickets for her night. The young lady, who afterwards created so great a sensation, was not then of importance enough to have a benefit for herself; and was—after the manner of our friends the actors and actresses of to-day—eager to get the house packed with her partizans. And although Mr. Wade, in his blind passion, had been perfectly prodigal of the presents he had made her, Fifine—with the genius the ladies of her class and nation have for saving money—looked as sharply after the shillings as she did after the fifty-pound notes. The elephant, in the simile which has been used a few times before this, is said to be able to pick up a pin and to rend an oak. Fifine had the same wide range in picking up gold: she would stoop for a farthing, and scramble for a sovereign; and the same quality may have been observed in all who love money for the money's sake. And, after all, was Fifine to be blamed? She expatriated herself from beautiful France, from her blue skies, from her gay—and, at that time, somewhat redolent—city; and took up her temporary residence amongst us cold islanders, for the purpose of making money. Why should an actress be less active, wary, and capable of attending to her business than a merchant, a grocer, or any other man who devotes

himself to the one purpose? Why should we publish laudatory notices of the industry and money-making capacity of a merchant or a tallow-chandler, and not praise the same qualities in the little merchant of *roulades* and *glissades*, who sold her glances, smiles, wiles, her dances, activity, high notes and low notes, for as much money as she could get?

"You will tell Mademoiselle, then, that I will be sure to be there. I have the two stall tickets, and I am provided with a bouquet. Here is the money."

Edgar Wade packed the sovereigns in a neat envelope of his own making, and handed it to the *dame de compagnie*, who was kept purposely by Fifine to play propriety, and to be as a watchful dragon over those golden charms of hers.

"Be sure to come!" Edgar Wade's infatuation was so great that he would have gone to Nova Zembla for her. Men of mature age, who have never loved before, love strongly indeed; and young ladies of very tender years universally show a wise and prescient intelligence in preferring the love of a man of thirty, or thereabouts, to a boy's love. Fifine was herself a female philosopher in these matters, and had quite a *tendresse* for somewhat advanced admirers.

"They were," she said, "so generous. Boys, as a rule, were so selfish."

As the lady prepared, with the most polite courtesy, to depart, Mr. Wade, who had risen, said, with what the French call *empressement*—

"You will be sure and tell Mdlle. Natalie that, in coming to her benefit, I am paying her a compliment I would not pay any other artist in the world."

The lady bowed.

"And I may tell you," continued the bar-rister, "that my mother, Mrs. Wade"—here he passed his hands over his weary, sunken eyes—"is, and has been now for some time, very ill, and that properly I should be with her during the night at least, since business detains me during the day; but, nevertheless, assure her that I will not fail. I shall be sure to be there to cast these flowers at her feet."

"Cast these flowers at her feet!" Yes, those were the words that Mr. Checketts heard from the opening door as the veiled lady passed out. The faithful valet was in a half-dreamy state from having had so long to wait, from the room redolent of apples,

the monotonous plash of the fountain, and the half-awakened, slow, dull atmosphere of law which had fallen for some hundreds of years upon the Temple and its buildings: an atmosphere which lies like a thick fog upon our venerable laws and ever-to-be venerated law-makers.

"Cast flowers at her feet!" murmured Scorem, as he noted down the phrase, to be used before the assembled Cogers, or Lum-ber Troopers, as a pretty figure in connection with the Majesty of Britannia, the Queen of the Seas, and the Leader of Order and Civilization.

"Casting flowers at her feet!" thought

Checketts, in his dreamy state. "Why, he is talking poetry and play-making, not law. And my dear master in prison, and the old Earl in a fit, and old Gurgles—God bless him!—beside himself, and swearin', quite forgettin' the 'Gorspel Mag.' Half of us mad, and this cool fellow talking like that. Dash it! there's always a woman at the bottom of it."

The door shut, and a little bell was heard to ring.

"Now, — Checketts, Esquire," said Mr. Scorem, jumping off his stool and into his business way always kept for clients—"it's your turn next, sir! Pray walk in, sir!"

EDITH.

BY THOMAS ASHE.

CHAPTER III.—THE STRANGER.

Active, up betimes, the rector, proud of his garden,
Bound the gadding rose, or set a nail to his peaches;
Wander'd round his lawn, and to the gardener near him
Noted leaf or weed with watchful eye of a master.
So, well-pleased, went in; and while the steam of the kettle
Sang, and grateful scent of the Arabian berry
Fill'd the room, he read the solemn words of the Gospel.
Low and grave his voice, and brief and able the comment.
Then they knelt in prayer: the woman kneeled with the household.
Quickly pass'd the meal, with talk of day and its duties.
Edith rose and Berthold, as, in his bounty, the rector
Gave his nephew gold to help the three on their journey.
Said the good man, laughing, as he gave it with pleasure,
"Truly, when I ask, the land is bound to repay it."
So the three, light-hearted, in the charge of the cousins,
Left the happy region, to them a Garden of Eden.
Soon the carrier, waiting by the door of the Heron,
In his van made room, and briskly drove to the station.

Down the village street, the cousins wandered together.
Many words they had at cottage doors by the wayside,
Of the sick they thought, and of the old and the cripple;
Bade the wife good-morrow, and gave the labourer greeting,
At the schools looked in, to cheer the soul of the mistress.
Yet what danger frown'd beneath the smiles and the chatting!
He, as shy as flowers, she as a bird by the sea-shore,
Pluming wings to flee to bliss unknown in the dreamland.

Deep as truth his love, his spirit noble and manly;
But in book-dreams lapp'd, and oversadden'd with study.
Childish seem'd to him the craft and cooing of lovers,
Him, in love unlearn'd, and all the ways of a maiden.
Edith loved him well: she had been wholly contented,
Had he had the will to grasp the prize and to win it.
Now since yesternorn her heart had harden'd against him,

Taking thus his own, thus, at the hand of another.
 She was shamed and vex'd that she had promised to wed him,
 All unask'd, unwoo'd, and she rebell'd in her anger.

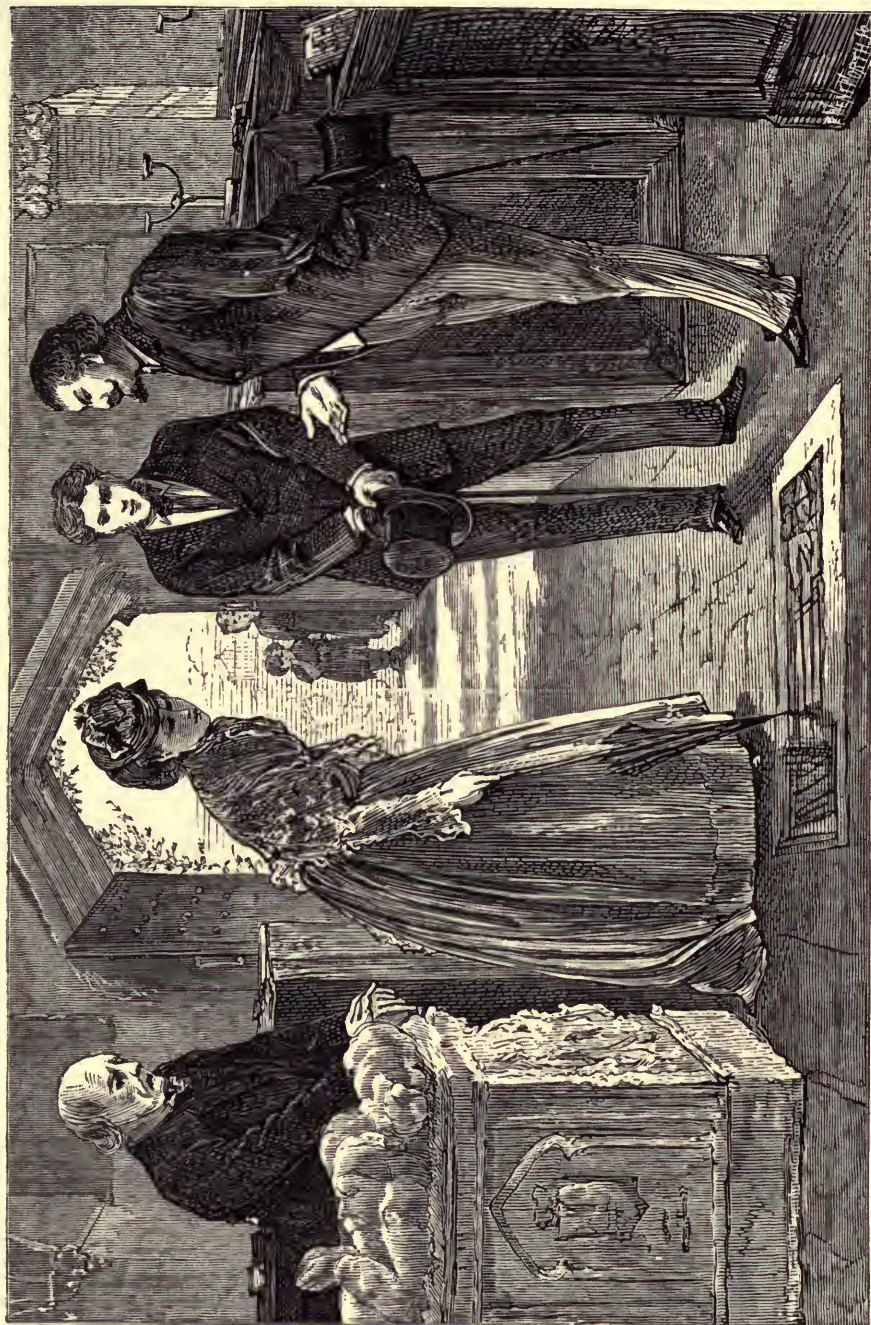
"When will they be wed?" the people said in a whisper:
 Yet as clouds unseen o'erhead will quickly mingle,
 Each at heart quick fire, and swiftly follows the thunder,
 So, 'neath talk, still calm, her subtle anger was hidden.
 As a wild thing rear'd, and pleased awhile to be fondled,
 By the warm fireside, lets peer a gleam of its nature,
 O'er the lawn she sprang, and through the door, which was open;
 Long her scornful laugh rang in the ear of her father.

"Edith, child! my child!" the rector cried in amazement:
 Now the damsel blush'd as sweetly fair as the morning:
 For the twain she met rose up and smiled as she enter'd.
 Viot's hand she took, and with a bow to the stranger,
 Thus she spake, quick-witted in a moment to answer:—
 "You will deem me child, indeed: I pray you to pardon
 "One who has not learn'd to be so grave as a statue."
 Thus she said, and shook her locks, and musical laughter
 Curved the little lips, and made the room as a garden.
 "Hold it yet no crime," he answered:—"I was a gainer;—
 "Hold it yet no crime to be as birds on the branches:
 "Nay, if it should chance that in the days that are shadows,
 "We should meet again, may I again be so happy."
 Quickly Viot turn'd to meet the gaze of the rector.
 "We would see your church: my friend, a stranger in England,
 "Little knows our customs; he loves the sight that is novel."
 Well the rector caught the covert aim of his meaning.
 "We shall feel a pleasure," said he, smiling, "to show him
 "All we have of strange, or what is strange to another."
 Low the Frenchman bow'd, with restless eyes on the maiden:
 "It is good," he said; "and you will go with us also."
 Berthold brought the keys; then went the four on their mission,
 Edith, Foulque Dubois, the Cousin, Paul, and the rector.

So, through wicket small, hid in the green of the laurels,
 By the graves they went, the leaning stones, and the hillocks;
 Marking quaint device men used of old to delight in,
 Toothless skull, or scythe, or seraph wing, or the crossbones.
 Nature, she grows here half sad and strange, with the meanings
 We have wrapp'd around her mystic forms of expression:
 Grass and short-lived flowers, and fading wreaths of the mourners,
 Told of grief and joy, of one that dies as the other.

"We," the rector said, and linger'd proudly to show it,
 "Boast a cross, you see, and you must pause and admire it.
 "Beautiful it is, though ruthless hands have defaced it!
 "Beautiful it is, with daisies round, and the eyebright!
 "It is gray and old, of other days: it is broken.
 "Symbol once of faith, now it is rather an emblem
 "Of the zeal and rancour that are the bane of religion.
 "Truth is hard to fix, and if it fall that we differ,
 "We should still forbear: so much we learn of the Master."

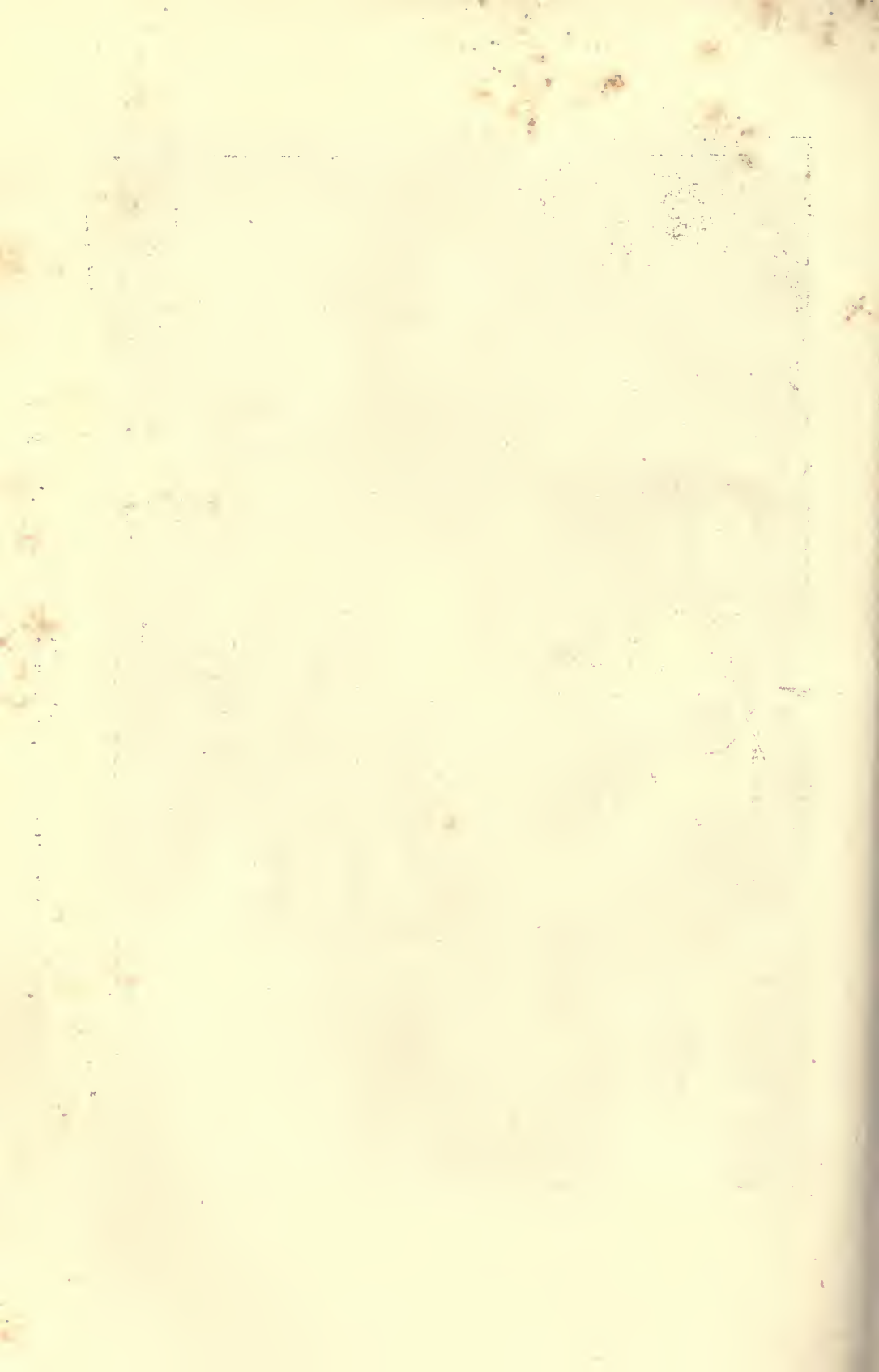
In the porch they paused, with ivy climbing about it;



Once a Week.]

[October 22, 1870

"In the porch they paused, with ivy climbing about it ;
Saw the rustic church, which had an air that was olden." —Page 252.



Saw the rustic church, which had an air that was olden ;
 Pews and desks of oak, and sculptured font by the doorway ;
 Benches near the desk for old ones, eager to gather
 Smallest crumb of the Word ; and a tablet over the altar.
 " We," said Foulque Dubois, " We love the daubs of the artists :
 " Some are good, no doubt, but most are vile as an inn-sign.
 " Priests go to and fro in gold and scarlet and crimson,
 " Though it well may hap that I may err in the colour.
 " Soft the incense curls, and candles flame on the altar.
 " We have toy-shop shrines, and crosses, banners, processions ;
 " Gilded saint or two, and not unseldom a dozen ;
 " Bones and curious scraps of folk forlorn and forgotten.
 " I should miss at first the vain display of my country.
 " I will call it vain :—I do not say, in the minsters,
 " If a king be crown'd or holy day be to honour :
 " But how much of plaster, how much art and imposture !
 " What a power of paint, how little power of religion !
 " In the minsters sits some woman weird, in a corner,
 " With her wares spread out, as huckster vile by her basket ;
 " You but risk the coin, she sets you burning a taper,
 " Cheers your comrade's soul, deep in the regions infernal.
 " Too much trash, I say it ; and, of the Saints and Apostles,
 " Half the gems are paste, the bones are those of a mummy."
 So spake Foulque Dubois, with careless twirl of his whisker :
 Still his tone rang false, and it offended the rector.
 Vex'd and grieved he walked, as back they sauntered together.

Laugh'd the Frenchman, then, and in the eyes of the maiden
 Look'd as one that sees the sudden gleam of a treasure.
 Shafts of crafty praise but little able to parry,
 She was all too gay, held in the snare of his glances.
 Still she heard his talk, as thirsty ground in the summer
 Drinks the welcome rain, and chatted on, and was happy.
 Easily she read the sullen anger of Berthold,
 Easily she read the grief and rage of the father :
 Yet was inly glad, and still a devil within her
 Made her eye more bright, and added art to her laughter.
 Foulque Alphonse divined the mischief born of his presence ;
 Shaped his subtle speech to be as oil to the burning.

She was sad as Viot and the stranger departed.
 Here at least was one who deem'd her worthy of honour.
 How would he despise her, yielding tamely to Berthold
 Love's sweet flower unask'd, too little prized to be gather'd !
 Ah, the dreams of youth, the simple dreams of a damsel !
 Sweet to her his words and looks, the heralds of passion.
 Fresh, the drops of rain, that set the lilies aripple
 On the tranquil lake, that fall in van of the thunder :
 Bright the little spark, that fires the silent Savannah,
 Soon to rage as a fury, leaving round it a desert.

OUR ALCOHOLIC DRINKS.

ALTHOUGH alcohol, in an impure form, must have been known from a very early date, pure hydrated alcohol—or true alcohol mixed only with water—was not

discovered till about seven or eight centuries ago.

Homer, however, describes the famous Pramnian wine, which, when diluted with twenty measures of water, would produce intoxication, and must therefore have been

much stronger than the ordinary spirits of the present day.*

There is considerable discrepancy of opinion regarding the chemist who first obtained alcohol by distillation; but it is generally admitted that Raymon Lull—who, according to the fashion of the times, Latinised himself into Raymundus Lullius, and lived from 1233 to 1315—was the first who attempted to separate it from the water with which it is invariably mixed, and to obtain it in a partially dehydrated state. It was not obtained in the perfectly anhydrous state, or as absolute alcohol, till the end of the last century; when Lowitz, of St. Petersburg, succeeded in isolating it. It took, roughly speaking, another quarter of a century to teach us its ultimate composition—that is to say, that it is composed of a certain number of atoms of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen; and now it is known to be not merely a fortuitous grouping of the atoms of these elements, but to have these elements arranged in a definite manner. Its true composition is represented by the formula C_4H_6O , HO .† The group C_4H_5 constitutes what is called an organic radicle, termed ethyl; hence alcohol is known as the hydrated oxide of ethyl, and it has just as definite a composition as caustic potash, chemically known as hydrated oxide of potassium, which has the formula KO , HO . The two formulæ are perfectly similar in type—the ethyl in the former representing the potassium in the latter. Similarly, the compound known as sulphuric ether, the correct name of which is ethylic ether, is the oxide of ethyl, and has the same formula as alcohol, if we omit the HO , or atom of water. A few of the chemical reactions of alcohol—some of which bear upon

the subject of this paper—deserve special notice. By gradual oxidation, alcohol first yields a volatile, inflammable liquid, with a pungent odour, termed aldehyd; and if this aldehyd be further oxidized, it yields acetic acid—the basis of vinegar; while, if the process of oxidation be carried to its extreme length, the final products are carbonic acid gas and water. A very characteristic reaction of alcohol is its power of forming fulminate of silver. When one grain of silver is dissolved in 20 grains of nitric acid, and about 50 of alcohol are added, crystals of this salt are gradually deposited.

Perfectly pure absolute alcohol is a colourless liquid, with an agreeable odour and taste, and burning on the application of a flame. To obtain it, however, with these pleasant properties, we must pass the alcohol about fifty times over animal charcoal. Until this somewhat wearisome process has been accomplished, the distilled alcohol has an extremely disagreeable burning taste, in consequence of the presence of traces of other products that are simultaneously evolved. Its specific gravity at the freezing point of our thermometer is .8095; and at 59° F.—which is about the ordinary temperature—it is .7939. It boils at 172° F.; while at the lowest attainable temperature—220° F.—and on simultaneous exposure to intense pressure, it cannot be rendered solid, being merely transformed into a viscid fluid. It has a marvellous power of attracting moisture from the atmosphere, and hence the air should be carefully excluded from it. When mixed with water, it evolves heat and contracts in volume, thus showing that a chemical union takes place between the two fluids.

Every one knows that sugar, in a state of solution, is the substance from which—under the influence of a ferment such as yeast—alcohol is obtained. And, until a few years ago, it was thought that the sugar was directly transformed into alcohol and carbonic acid gas. Now, however, we know—thanks to the laborious investigations of Pasteur—that the decomposition of the sugar yields a larger crop of products, including glycerine, succinic acid, and cellulose: 100 parts of sugar yielding 3.5, 0.5, and 1.5 of these substances.

Until a few years ago, the brandy—obtained, as our readers doubtless know, from the distillation of wine—which was imported into this country from certain districts in France, was found, on examination, to con-

* This wine is referred to by Homer on several occasions. It is the main ingredient of the drink "the fair-haired Hecamedæ" mixed ("Iliad," Book xi.). It was by "strong Pramnian wine," aided by "baleful drugs," that Circe beguiled the companions of Ulysses ("Odyssey," Book x.). And it may be fairly assumed that this is the wine which Maron, priest of the Ismarian Apollo, gave to Ulysses, and which is described as being so potent that—

"Scarce twenty measures from the living stream,
To cool one cup suffic'd."

It was with the aid of three cups of this wine that Ulysses disposed of the giant Polyphemus ("Odyssey," Book ix.).

† We have retained the old atomic weights of oxygen and carbon in these formulæ, as being those with which our readers are probably most familiar.

tain rather more than 50 per cent. of absolute alcohol. Now, however, the distillers—by means of a special apparatus, known as Coffey's still, which has come into extended use—can obtain a very much stronger fluid, but yet one that contains 10 per cent. water, or more. To get rid of this water, the trade, acting on a large scale, pour the alcohol over burnt lime, which they place in large vats. The lime abstracts and retains the water, and anhydrous alcohol comes off. The chemist, operating in his laboratory on a smaller scale, employs sulphate of copper for a similar object. This salt in crystals contains a certain per centage of water, and is blue; hence its popular name of blue vitriol. If, however, we expel the water by the aid of heat, the anhydrous copper salt is white. On shaking this white salt in strong alcohol, it extracts the water of the latter, and again becomes blue and hydrated. The use of this salt as a test for the purpose of deciding whether alcohol is perfectly anhydrous is obvious.

In the analysis of wines, spirits, malt liquors, &c., it is often necessary to determine the per centage of absolute alcohol. The scientific mode of procedure, when we have separated the merely alcoholic solution from the other ingredients, is by taking the specific gravity by means of a delicate instrument called the hydrometer (or water measurer). Having ascertained by this means the specific gravity of a mixture of alcohol and water, we can tell, by a reference to certain carefully constructed tables, the per centage by weight of the alcohol. England is the only country in which this system is not adopted, and we have a standard of our own, which is called "proof spirit." By an act of Parliament, passed in 1816, it is enacted that we shall "denote as proof spirit that which, at a temperature of 51° F., weighs exactly $\frac{17}{16}$ parts of an equal measure of distilled water." It consists of 50·76 parts of water and 49·24 of alcohol, by weight; and indicates alcohol of specific gravity 0·920 at 60°.

The term proof spirit originated in the following way:—In the sale of alcohol in olden times it was usual to take a saucer and put a little gunpowder in it, and then pour a little of the spirit which was to be tested over it. The spirit was then set fire to; and at the end of the combustion the gunpowder should burn, provided the spirit were of the standard strength. If at the

end of the experiment the gunpowder had absorbed so much water from the spirit that it would not burn, the spirit was declared "below proof." Spirit with a specific gravity below 0·920 never satisfied the required condition.

In testing for the presence of alcohol in organic fluids—as, for example, the secretion of the kidneys—we have, in the first place, to isolate its watery solution, and then to determine its presence and its quantity. To achieve the first of these points, we distil the fluid, with no addition to it but a little tannin—as recommended by Dr. Thudichum—which prevents frothing and bumping. We re-distil it with a little caustic potash, which removes any acids that may be present. And we distil it a third time, after adding a little sulphuric acid to retain any volatile alkalies that may be present. In the third distillate—which is scarcely one-eighth of the bulk of the first—no organic compounds, except alcohol and ether, can be present. To detect the presence, but not to determine the quantity, of alcohol in this prepared distillate, chemists employ a dilute solution of chromic acid, which, if properly applied, will detect, by the change of the red colour of the test fluid into a grass-green colour, as small a quantity as one-tenth of a grain of alcohol in half an ounce of water; while, in a smaller quantity of water, one-hundredth of a grain may be discovered. In determining the amount of alcohol when it is present in small quantities, we obviously cannot have recourse to the specific gravity test; and, till lately, we have had no means of accomplishing this object satisfactorily. It is a substance that does not form any insoluble compounds that can be separated or weighed; but by a subtle process—for the application of which we are indebted to Dr. Dupré, of the Westminster Hospital School—it can be oxidized into acetic acid (or the acid of vinegar), the amount of which can be easily ascertained by noting how much of a standard solution of caustic soda it can neutralize.

From these introductory remarks upon the chemical and physical properties of alcohol, we now proceed to the essential part of this article: What changes does alcohol undergo in the organism? or, in other words, what becomes of the alcohol which, in one form or other, most of us daily imbibe? And what are its good or bad effects when taken in moderation?

Previously to the year 1860, Liebig's view that alcohol is a respiratory or heat-producing food, like sugar, starch, and fat, was generally adopted—except, of course, by teetotallers, who looked upon it simply as a poison. He regarded it as a fuel which is burnt or oxidized in the circulating blood, and whose final results are eliminated from the system by the lungs and skin in the form of carbonic acid and water.

During that year, however, an elaborate work, abounding in experiments, and entitled "*Du Rôle de l'Alcool et des Anesthésiques dans l'Organisme*," was published by three distinguished French physiologists—MM. Lallemand, Perrin, and Duroy—and received a prize from the Academy of Sciences.

In this work, not only the authors, but the eminent physiologists who were appointed by the Academy to report on it, believe that it was proved beyond all doubt that alcohol remains for a time in the blood; that it exercises a direct and primary action on the nervous centres, whose functions it modifies, perverts, or abolishes, according to the dose; that neither in the blood nor in the expired air are any traces to be found of its transformation or destruction; that it accumulates in the nervous centres and in the liver; and that it is finally discharged, unchanged, by the ordinary channels of elimination—viz., the kidneys, the lungs, and the skin. It was also found that, so far from carbonic acid being one of the final products of decomposition of alcohol, a dose of the last-named fluid causes a diminished exhalation of carbonic acid gas; that alcohol, when it has entered the blood by absorption from the stomach, is diffused over the whole organism, and remains for different periods in different organs, from all of which, however, it almost immediately begins to escape at varying rates; that if a man takes as much wine or spirit as contains two ounces and a half of alcohol,* the presence of the latter may be detected in the breath for eight hours, and in the renal secretion for sixteen hours or longer; and that in animals destroyed when intoxicated, portions of the brain and of the liver are found to yield, weight for weight, considerably more alcohol than the blood—a point of great practical

value, as elucidating certain special diseases of drunkards.

Valuable as the essay doubtless was, it has been found by later investigations to have been permeated by one great and, in some respects, fatal error. The French physiologists based their conclusions almost solely on the chromic acid colour test—although in one or two instances they obtained sufficient alcohol by distillation to burn; and hence they rashly concluded that, as *some* of the alcohol taken into the body passes out of it in an unchanged condition, *all* of it must do the same; and that, consequently, it could in no point of view be regarded as a food.

The later investigations of Schulinus, in Germany, and of Drs. Thudichum and Dupré, and of Professor Parkes and Count Wollowicz—published only a few months ago—in this country, seem clearly to show that only a small part of the alcohol that is given to men and animals can be recovered from their excretions. The impossibility of collecting and analysing all the *excreta*—those yielded by the kidneys, skin, lungs, and intestinal canal—renders the question as to the elimination of unchanged alcohol, or of its products of decomposition, very difficult to answer.

The following experiments, made by Dr. Dupré, show how very minute a quantity is eliminated by the kidneys. 1. A man took ten ounces of Rhine wine, containing one ounce by measure of alcohol. The renal secretion yielded only one-tenth of a grain of alcohol, or less than $\frac{1}{4000}$ th of the quantity taken. 2. A healthy man took two ounces of rum, of almost proof strength, just before going to bed. Of the whole of the alcohol contained in this spirit, less than one-fifth of a grain, or $\frac{1}{2000}$ th of the whole, was recovered from the above-named secretion.

It is well known that of late years certain forms of disease, and especially fevers, have been treated, according to the system of the late Dr. Todd, of King's College Hospital, with enormous quantities of alcoholic stimulants: thirty or even forty ounces of brandy being sometimes administered in the course of twenty-four hours to a patient. As half the quantity of alcohol contained in these doses of brandy would probably kill a healthy person, it becomes an interesting question to decide what, in these abnormal conditions of the system, becomes of the

* By the term alcohol we here, and throughout the rest of the article, mean absolute or anhydrous alcohol.

large quantity of alcohol. Dr. Dupré attempted to elucidate this difficulty by a series of experiments, for seven consecutive days, on a patient with typhus fever, who unfortunately took only the moderate dose of six ounces of brandy daily, and sometimes wine additionally. We shall quote three of his results:—

On the second day, in addition to the brandy, eighteen and a half ounces of wine were taken; and yet only a little more than one-third of a grain of alcohol could be proved to have been separated by the kidneys. On the fifth day, no wine was taken; and then only a little more than one-tenth of a grain was carried off by those organs. On the seventh day, no wine having been taken, the alvine discharges were similarly tested for alcohol, and less than one-tenth of a grain was found to have passed through the bowels. What, then, becomes of the vast difference between the amount of alcohol swallowed and the amount which passes through the body unchanged? To this we can at present only reply generally, that it must be oxidized more or less completely in the body; but that whether it is converted into its final products—namely, carbonic acid gas and water—or whether the oxidation does not proceed so far, we do not definitely know. The French experiments tell against the former view—a diminution in the amount of carbonic acid in the exhaled air being observed.

We shall now proceed to investigate the effects of small and gradually increased doses of alcohol on an average healthy man. And here we shall take as our guides two very trustworthy and careful observers, Professor Parkes and Count Wollowicz. These gentlemen selected as the subject of their experiments an intelligent, healthy soldier, F. B., twenty-eight years of age, five feet six inches in height, and usually weighing about one hundred and thirty-six pounds. The plan of observation was as follows:—For ten days before the experiments began, F. B., who had usually taken on an average two pints of beer daily, abstained from any alcoholic liquor. For the next twenty-six days during which the observations were made, he remained on a diet precisely similar as to food and times of meals in every respect, except that for the first eight days he took only water, either pure or as tea or coffee. For the next six days he

added to this diet rectified spirits in divided doses: so that on the first day he took one fluid ounce of absolute alcohol; on the second day, two ounces; on the third day, four ounces; on the fourth day, six ounces; on the fifth and six days, eight ounces. He then returned to water for six days; after which, for three consecutive days, he took half a bottle, or twelve ounces, of brandy, containing 48 per cent. of alcohol. Then for three days more he returned to water.

Thus, besides the preliminary ten days, there were five periods—viz., of water, alcohol, water, brandy, and water drinking. In illustration of the completeness of these experiments, it may be mentioned that, throughout the twenty-six days, the weight of the body was taken daily, and the temperature in the armpit eight times daily; while the pulse was usually noted every two hours, and more than one hundred and fifty tracings of its action at the right wrist were taken with the instrument known as the sphygmograph.

Amongst the most important conclusions at which these observers have arrived, we may mention—(1.) That, other conditions remaining constant, the effect of alcohol in modifying the weight is quite unimportant. During the last day of the first water period, the six succeeding alcohol days, and the next two water days, the weight was invariably one hundred and thirty-six pounds—except on one day, when it was a quarter of a pound less. (2.) That, while it is most probably true, as several observers have maintained, that large and narcotic doses of alcohol lower the temperature, the moderate amount of alcohol given in these experiments to a healthy man produces little change in the temperature, and that rather in the direction of increase than of diminution. It produces, however, subjective feelings of warmth in the stomach, in the face, round the loins, and over the shoulders; but at the time when these are felt—for about an hour after tolerably large doses—the thermometer showed no rise: the feelings resulting from the enlargement of the vessels, and the greater flow of blood through them. (3.) That, combining the evidence derived from the pulse as felt by the finger, from the state of the cutaneous vessels, and from the sphygmographic tracings, it may be concluded that the chief effects of alcohol on the circulation in health

are on the ventricles—greatly increasing the rapidity of their contraction—and on the capillaries, which are dilated, and allow blood to pass more freely through them. The average number of beats of the heart in twenty-four hours during the first or water period was 106,000; in the alcoholic period it was 127,000, or about 21,000 more; and in the brandy period it was 131,000, or 25,000 more. "Adopting," they observe, "the lowest estimate which has been given of the daily work done by the heart—viz., as equal to one hundred and twenty-two tons lifted one foot—the heart during the alcoholic period did daily work in excess equal to lifting 15·8 tons one foot; and in the last two days, when the beats reached their maximum, did extra work to the amount of twenty-four tons lifted one foot." It is worthy of notice, as showing the probable cumulative property of alcohol, that it was not till the end of the sixth day after it had been left off that the whole of it was eliminated or got rid of. (5.) That—in opposition to the generally received view that nitrogen (which, when it occurs in the excretions, is taken as measure of the amount of destroyed muscular tissue or flesh) is largely retained in the body when alcohol is used, and that in this way alcohol both increases the assimilation of the food, or, where the latter is deficient, saves the tissues from destruction and husband strength—the observers are quite certain that in health the ingestion of eight ounces of alcohol, or twelve ounces of brandy containing nearly six ounces of alcohol, has at most only a trifling or, probably, no effect on the separation of nitrogen. (6.) That, in accordance with views previously advanced, a portion of the alcohol is carried off by the lungs, skin, kidneys, and bowels; but that whether all the alcohol thus passes off, or whether some of it is destroyed, their experiments do not show. Indeed, they trusted almost entirely to the chromic acid colour test, and only once tried to determine the quantity of recoverable alcohol; when they succeeded in obtaining 2·7 grains of alcohol from the renal secretion after the ingestion of twelve ounces of brandy. (7.) That one or two fluid ounces of absolute alcohol given in divided quantities in twenty-four hours to a perfectly healthy man seemed to increase his appetite; while four ounces considerably diminished it, and larger quantities almost entirely destroyed it. In the man, F. B.,

some point near two fluid ounces of absolute alcohol seemed the limit of the useful application of alcohol. In other healthy persons, they observe, it may be different from the above; and in most cases of disease, when digestion is weakened, it seems probable that a much smaller quantity of alcohol would destroy the appetite. It is but fair to Dr. Thudichum* to state that he had previously arrived at similar results, both in relation to the appetite and to the feeling of warmth indicated by a moderate dose of spirit. He finds that alcohol taken to the extent of two ounces daily, or wine to the extent of ten or twelve ounces at dinner, slightly warms the body, and, when we are fatigued, is a great restorative and stimulant, and one of the greatest necessities of human life.

We cannot too strongly impress upon our readers the final remarks of Professor Parkes and Count Wollowicz, which, it must be recollected, apply merely to alcohol and brandy, and do not apply, for various chemical reasons, to wine and beer:—"While we recognise in these experiments the great practical use of alcohol in rousing a failing appetite, exciting a feeble heart, and accelerating a languid capillary circulation, we have been strongly impressed with the necessity for great moderation and caution. In spite of our previous experience in the use of alcohol and brandy, we were hardly prepared for the ease with which appetite may be destroyed, the heart unduly excited, and the capillary circulation improperly increased. Considering its daily and almost universal use, there is no agent which seems to us to require more caution and more skill to obtain the good and to avoid the evil which its use entails."

* Dr. Thudichum's claims to accuracy as a chemist were strongly called in question, by the leading members of the Pharmaceutical Society and others, when, after the conviction of Dr. Smethurst for murdering his mistress, he materially assisted in obtaining a remission of capital punishment by discovering that one or more of the poisons found in the unfortunate lady's body were just at this period present as adulterations in a preparation known as gray powder, or mercury and chalk, which had been administered during the illness; but which never before or since has, so far as we know, injuriously affected a single patient. (See *The Medical Times and Gazette*, August 27th, 1859.) Even if in this remarkable case he made some accidental error, he has since done an abundance of work which, so far as we know, has passed unchallenged; and, in the present case, he decidedly anticipated Dr. Parkes and Count Wollowicz.

THE MORTIMERS :

A NOVEL WITH TWO HEROES.

By the EDITOR.

BOOK VI.—CHAPTER X.

A CONFESSION.

WHEN the news of the accident which had befallen her brother Robert reached Miss Margaret at Madingley, her grief at the loss of the good Sir Harold had not yet been dulled over by the lapse of time. In that greater grief she was too much absorbed, and by it she was too much stricken down, to admit of increased pain taking possession of her gentle spirit. She received the intelligence of her brother Robert's dangerous condition with meek resignation. The truth of the old proverb that misfortunes never come single, seemed to be brought home to her. She summoned resolution to write an affectionate note to Mrs. Robert, her sister, offering such consolation as she could, and promising, as soon as her health permitted her to make the journey, to set out for London if her brother's condition did not improve. Mabel also wrote in a similar strain. But what consolation could they offer? None. The end of a bad career had come at last, and by a most unexpected stroke. The mischance that had laid Robert Mortimer on his bed seemed, in all human probability, about to terminate fatally. He was paralyzed, and lay helpless as a child on his bed: speechless—for his utterance was so much impeded by his palsied condition, that it was with the greatest difficulty that his words could be understood by those about his bed. Several days were passed by the sufferer in a state of utter prostration. The surgeons about him applied the usual tests. A needle was inserted in his spine, but there was no answering recoil of sensitive nerves; but with all this bodily insensibility to pain, powerlessness to move even from side to side, his eyes, as they looked piteously at those around him, seemed to indicate that his mind was not affected as his body was. He moaned at intervals, and moved his head—the only part of his body he had still the power of moving—as if in mental distress. The bold, speculative spirit—the scheming, grasping ambition—was no longer in him. Weak, and stricken with death, he could no longer dare to look forward. Over the black part of his life his thoughts took their rapid flight. Too often

with us the Past is mist, the Future darkness. With him, as he lay on his bed of death, the past actions of his life were lighted with memories as vivid as those of events but of the day before. Well is it when a man can look upon the past with gaze as calm as that with which he can regard the future. Days passed slowly by, and there was some change for the better. His wife, forgetting her own ailments in her great trouble, moved noiselessly about the chamber of the invalid, assiduously waiting upon him, and endeavouring to anticipate his wants. They wrote to him on a little white porcelain slab—for he was deaf as well as motionless—and he signified his pleasure or displeasure by nods and shakes of the head. The critical state in which he lay was duly notified to his relatives at the Chase, and the telegram quickly brought the ladies to his bedside. At the sight of Miss Margaret, his features wore a look of satisfaction; and when Mabel Despencer took his paralyzed hand in hers, he shook his head mournfully, and tried vainly to articulate something he desired to say. When his son Charles entered his room once or twice, and approached his bedside, he contracted his brows into a frown, and, shaking his head to and fro, seemed to say "No! no!"

The state of Robert Mortimer had been daily reported to the household of Dr. Gasc, in Bartholomew-square, by Mr. Campbell, who inquired himself, or sent a messenger every day. One day, about a fortnight after the accident, the bulletin issued by the doctors in Grosvenor-square was somewhat more reassuring than those of the past days. The unlooked-for prostration of their foe had again retarded the plans of the little camp.

"We can do nothing at present," said Lavelle. "We must await the result of this attack. If he recovers, we shall know how to act. If he sinks under the malady, likewise we know what course to take. But it seems that, for the present, we must again be content to wait the issue at the hands of God, the giver and taker of life."

Erle and Dr. Gasc, who were present, signified their assent in silence.

"I called yesterday myself," said Mr. Campbell; "and Mrs. Mortimer and Miss Margaret expressed a strong desire that I would see the wretched man. I felt that I was unequal in nerve then to witness such a sight. I have thought the matter over since.

I could do so now, if duty seems to point to it."

"By all means do so," said Lavelle. "You are the old and trusted friend of the family. Your presence in that sick chamber could hardly be deemed an intrusion by anybody—not even by the sufferer himself."

"Pray do not," urged Erle, anxious to save his friend Campbell the pain of such a meeting, "unless it is your own wish to do so. I mean, do not do it on my account."

"Yes," was Mr. Campbell's answer; "I think it is perhaps right I should do so, and I will no longer shrink from the task."

But it was several days afterwards when Mr. Campbell presented himself at the door of Robert Mortimer's house.

The servant, standing at the window, saw him on the steps; and the battant of the door instantly opened, and was immediately closed behind him.

"How is your master to-day?" he asked of the man.

"Well, sir, thank you, sir, the master's, if you think, a leetle better to-day nor he was yesterday, sir. He can speak a little to-day, sir."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Campbell, with a look of surprise.

"Yes, sir. If you please, will you step into the library, sir? Miss Margaret Mortimer, Miss Despencer, and the Dook of Fairholme is there, sir, and desired—that is, Miss Mortimer did—as you should be shown in, sir, if you called."

The servant was an old retainer from Madingley, who had accompanied the ladies from the Chase, and had remained in Grosvenor-square, to lend what assistance he could in that now disordered establishment.

Mr. Campbell was ushered into the library, and found Mabel, Miss Margaret, and the Duke seated there. All were, of course, in deep mourning for Sir Harold. The meeting was a sad one. Mr. Campbell shook hands silently and affectionately with the two ladies, and with his old pupil.

"I hear that there is some improvement to-day in your brother's state, Miss Mortimer," said he.

He could not say he felt glad to hear such news; and the honest Scotchman felt, perhaps for the first time in his life, that he was playing a dishonest part in concealing from the open-hearted, simple-minded gentlewoman, whose hand he held, the secret of

her brother's life, which he held in his keeping.

"Yes," replied Miss Margaret, without rousing herself from the deep melancholy that enshrouded her. "Robert was able to articulate a few words yesterday, and to-day his power of speaking seems a little better."

Suddenly she burst into tears. Mabel ran to her side. She compressed her white lips tightly, and with an effort overcame her tears.

"Mr. Campbell," she exclaimed, "my poor brother has something on his mind that troubles him—more than we know of," she added, with a meaning glance at Mr. Campbell's eye. "I wish you would see him alone—or, stay, take Charles in with you. His father won't bear the poor boy near him. It distresses me more than I can tell you. Oh, I hope"—she cried again, overcome by her feelings—"I hope we have never any of us been harsh or unkind to poor Robert. He might have lived to be very different now—now Madingley is his."

Mr. Campbell expressed his willingness to comply with Miss Mortimer's request. Charles was summoned, and he and Mr. Campbell together entered his father's chamber. A nurse stood by the bedside. The eyes of the invalid were closed when the visitors approached the bed. Mr. Campbell stood on the right hand side, while his son Charles stood looking at the shattered form of the unfortunate sufferer from the other side of the room, where he was partly concealed by a curtain. The young man was visibly affected at the sight of his father. Neither spoke, but they stood in silence for several minutes, waiting till the patient should disclose signs of consciousness. Presently Robert Mortimer's eyes were slowly opened. He saw Mr. Campbell, and it was plain to them both that he was pleased to see him there. His utterance was very thick and indistinct, as he said—

"Campbell"—and seemed to add further—"I am a poor creature now."

Mr. Campbell took his hand in his. In his extremity, he felt no resentment towards him. Feeling that he could not survive many days softened his anger towards the former man of ambitious schemes and unprincipled practices. He was inclined to forgive all at that critical hour.

"I can't feel—I see you shake my hand—I can't feel your touch," said Robert Mor-

timer, in a low voice, but with increased distinctness of articulation.

"Do you hear me speak to you?" said Mr. Campbell, putting himself close to the sufferer's ear, and speaking in a loud tone.

"I can't hear," was the reply. For Robert Mortimer followed the motion of Campbell's lips, and knew he was trying to make him hear something he had to say. "I can't hear—write."

He looked irritably about for the slate.

The nurse brought the white porcelain slab, and the pencil and sponge, from the dressing-table.

The crippled man frowned and moved his eyes restlessly about.

Mr. Campbell wrote on the tablet:—

"Your sister Margaret desired me to see you."

Still taking no notice of this, when the slate was held before him, Robert Mortimer continued to display symptoms of great irritation.

"Send her away," he said, looking in the direction of the nurse—a quiet and prepossessing attendant enough. Mr. Campbell told her to leave the room. All this time, Charles had not moved from the spot where he stood. And of course his father was ignorant that he was in the room. It was the first time since their quarrel on the day of the accident that he had heard his father speak. Twice he had been into his room, but his presence seemed to irritate his father beyond measure. He motioned to Mr. Campbell to conceal his presence from his father.

"Campbell!" said the invalid, with sudden energy in his tone, "I hate that woman—hate her worse than my wife about me. Her eyes are like a lizard's—green, glaring at me in the night. I hate her! She will kill me. Tell Margaret I won't have her near me again."

"These are fancies. The woman is here to nurse you," Mr. Campbell wrote on the tablet.

"Nurse—kill—she *will* kill me. Oh! my God, Campbell! to lie here—unable to move—in my own house—no notice taken of what I want!"

"Everything that kindness can suggest or skill carry into effect will be done for you," Mr. Campbell wrote.

He held the slate again before the sick man. As he read the sentence, half his mouth smiled grimly—the other half was

paralyzed. The effect was grotesque, but terrible. It expressed such utter unbelief in human skill and human kindness.

"I shall never get up again. I feel it. You need not try to flatter me into any hopeless faith," he said.

"I fear you will not rise again from your bed," Campbell wrote.

He showed the sentence on the slate; then sponged the writing all off cleanly, and wrote in the centre of the white slab—

"What is there that I or anybody can do for you?"

The sick man's eyes rolled wildly about. The frown on his brow was wrinkled more deeply as he read this question.

"Nothing!" he said, after an interval of some moments.

Charles heard only his father's remarks, being unable to see the sentences written by Campbell on the slate. He was, however, able to divine the meaning of his father's answer, "Nothing!" He guessed that Campbell had asked him if there were anything he wished to be done.

Again Mr. Campbell sponged his sentence from off the slab, and wrote—

"Are you sure there is nothing?"

"My secret I shall take to the grave," Robert Mortimer said. "Tell me this—everybody is plotting against me: wife, son, all—are you on the track?"

"I am," were the words displayed in reply.

Charles started from his position. What track? What secret? What was this his father had said? What was the answer on the slate?

Robert Mortimer gave a chuckling laugh that rattled in his throat.

"You are not!" he replied, with sudden energy. "You cannot be—Brady—what do you know?"

"All!" was the answer placed before the eyes of the prostrate man.

"I am glad. I hate my son! He has thwarted—"

Charles gave a sudden spring from his place of concealment, and stood face to face with his father at the foot of the bed. Campbell had motioned to him to leave the room—to remain quiet—but without avail.

"What is the meaning of this?" he exclaimed.

The distortion of the father's face, as he witnessed the intrusion of his son, was terrible.

"Leave this room! How dare you show

yourself to me?" The speaker's mouth was covered with white foam. Thickly he said, "Go, unnatural—!" Then came some inaudible words. A moment's silence—"Beggar!" and the father was insensible.

Mr. Campbell recalled the nurse, and entreated Charles to leave the room.

"Your father's mind wanders. Another time I will tell you all. Leave us, pray. If he does not come to, we will send for the doctor immediately."

Charles reluctantly left the room.

The nurse wiped Robert Mortimer's face with a wet towel. In a few seconds he opened his eyes. His glance wandered round the room in search of his son.

"He is gone," Mr. Campbell wrote. "Be calm. Think of your future. Will you see a clergymen, if I send for one?"

"No, I want no—stay, a priest. The Church of Rome has consolation for the dying. I am dying—absolved!"

Again he fell into a state of coma. Hours elapsed; and it was afternoon. The doctors had seen him, and pronounced his state desperate.

"It may be hours—it may be days; but your husband can never recover," they told his wife.

She begged him, when he was again conscious, to see the Reverend Mr. Plunkett, from the fashionable church she attended, and to which he had often accompanied her. But he still, in abject fear of coming dissolution, begged that a priest might be sent for.

Father Francis, of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, and Mr. Campbell, stood by the bed of Robert Mortimer.

"I know you—Monsieur Francis Lavelle. I have sent for you. I am a dying man. Is there help for me?"

"Assuredly there is, my son," Lavelle wrote.

"Leave us," said the sufferer, glancing towards Campbell.

The Jesuit was closeted with Robert Mortimer for above an hour.

At length, having joined Mr. Campbell in the next room, he said—

"Let us take the proper steps in due legal form. We have to take the deposition of one *in extremis*."

"Has it come to this?" said Mr. Campbell.

"You will be present as a witness, and

hear all that I have heard, save and except such things as are for no mortal ear but mine."

"Has your visitation improved his state?"

"His mind is easier now; and when he has performed that act of justice to Reginald which the dictates of conscience and the state of a man who has not many hours to live alike demand, he will be easier still."

"Let us now seek the magistrate."

And the two descended the stairs together.

TABLE TALK.

"RELIGION is so noble and so powerful a consideration"—said one whose wit was as trenchant as his piety was true—"it is so buoyant and so insubmersible, that it may be, by fanatics, made to carry with it any degree of error and of perilous absurdity." How true is this, and how much do we feel it, as we read that on Sunday, October 9, "a Conference" was held at Hoxton, largely attended, at which statistics were read which gave a glowing account of the progress of Mormonism, declaring that England was, in this respect, "on the high road to salvation." Poor France was made the *bête noire* to the religious of that pernicious and vulgar sect, by being used as an awful example. "That country was held up as a warning to other nations of what they may expect if they continue to reject the Latter-day Gospel" of Joe Smith, Sidney Rigdon, and Brigham Young. What shall we hear next? Perhaps one of the brightest jewels in the mitre of the Catholic priesthood is, that it has carefully kept its flocks from being a prey to the pernicious and disgusting heresy called Mormonism.

MRS. MALAPROP, with a finer eye to literary composition than many of our present authors, talks of a young lady being as headstrong as "an allegory on the banks of the Nile." Allegories are terribly headstrong matters—once let a scribe take one up, and ten to one it runs away with him. What shall we say of the allegories on the banks of the Seine? Does not M. Victor Hugo "protest too much" when he says—"We (Paris) are Sodom and Gomorrah, and the Prussians"—the French never dignify their invaders by their true name, Germans—"are about to rain down fire from heaven upon us." Every one calls Paris the City of

Pleasure. The *Telegraph* urged that *Lutetia*, her Latin name, should be *Lætitia Civitas*—the City of Joy—joy of a sort. Cynical people, who know Paris well, might think Victor Hugo not far wrong. Here is another allegorical figure—a sweet symbol from the *Figaro* of Paris: “Bled in all thy veins by the butchers of the North, thy divine head mutilated by the heels of brutes, the Christ of nations for two months *nailed upon the cross*, never hast thou appeared so beautiful!” And never, may we add, have literary men written so much bombastical and blasphemous nonsense. It is but fair to say that few nations come well through the spasms of a grave political trial; but France shows very small indeed. We first hear of the baptism of fire, then of a baptism of blood; and now of a crucifixion. Turgid writing and tall talk have corrupted the press, and its writers have reached the climax in these unholy similes. Such writing does not draw the sympathies of neutrals; on the contrary, it must repel all men of good taste and right feeling.

THE OPONENTS OF DEATH by the law, which it is the fashion to call “capital punishment”—Mrs. Partington might say, “very capital, indeed,” although the criminal does not lose his head—often urge that death punishment is not repellent. On the contrary, we believe, with Carlyle and Ruskin, that it often—very often—is most strongly so. Here is a case in point. A labourer named Sellen, in a drunken brawl, stabbed another, who afterwards expired in great agony. When arrested and locked up, Sellen expressed much contrition, coupled with a hope that “the man would not die, for then he should be hung.” We doubt whether, for such a crime, a man should be hanged: the manslaughter took place in hot blood, after a quarrel; but the hope expressed shows how the terror of death haunts low minds, and how thoroughly it must act as a deterrent to low and brutal natures—and of such, Murderers are made.

WAR HAS A REMARKABLE EFFECT on men of the pen. Not only have three, we believe, fallen on the field—the *Times* losing Lieut.-Colonel Pemberton at Sedan, as it also lost Mr. Bowlby in the Chinese war—but they write nothing but war articles. They are all like Mr. Jefferson Brick, “Our War Correspondent,” who was introduced to

Martin Chuzzlewit, and who “chopped savagely,” both with his nether jaw and his scissors, as he cut out anything spicily insulting to England! Even the grave old “Quarterly,” usually as sedate as Byron’s “My Grandmother’s Review of the British”—and, let us say, admirably edited and always most readable—has broken out into war fever. It has ten articles: the first is the War between France and Germany; the tenth, the Terms of Peace; the eighth is on German patriotic songs; the fifth, on German and Prussian armies; and, of the other six, one concerns the inefficiency of the British Navy; another, the mismanagement of our Army; a third descants on Prévost-Paradol and Napoleon III.; a fourth on the Laboratory at Woolwich; and a fifth on the Revolutionary Epoch. Clearly, therefore, nine out of ten articles more or less concern the war; the tenth, on the Life of Lord Palmerston, of course glances at its antecedent causes. Is the “Review” to be bound in the uniform of the British army, or in blood-red?

WE HEAR THAT THE BOYS, or, as the newspapers call them, “the youths”—youth, if you please, Messieurs the Penny-a-liners, is both masculine and feminine—of Christ’s Hospital, or the Blue-coat School, are about to produce a magazine called “The Blue.” It is not a happy name, although associated with the coats or gowns of “the youths.” Why not call it “Yellows,” in allusion to their stockings; or take a mixture producible by the two colours, and indicative of the nature of its ideas, “The Green?” Or, as it comes from their heads, give it the name of their caps, “The Muffin?” It will not be complimentary if a young lady, as a piece of flattery to her brother, says, “Reginald, dear,” pointing to certain numbers, “do give me ‘The Blues’!”

WAS IT THE *Daily Telegraph* that lately said a French army had been decimated by thousands? If so, the writer can now refer to a minister in a most responsible position—most seriously responsible, indeed!—who has made a worse mistake. “The Prussians,” says Gambetta, “will be decimated *one by one*, by our arms, by hunger, and by Nature.” If the Prussian army before Paris suffers merely decimation, it will indeed be lucky, and its commanders will be prodigiously well satisfied. As *decem*

is ten, decimation means the killing of every tenth man—a punishment not unknown to the ancients: this would leave nine hundred healthy warriors out of every thousand, and so need not be dreaded. And to talk of decimation one by one is as bad as the Irishman who said that his enemy “*thinned* his hair by pulling off the whole of his scalp.” There is much safety in resorting to plain English or plain French. Foreign words are very troublesome unless properly used. A young gentleman who told his intended that, when they were married, “they would sit on cold winter evenings comfortably *al fresco* by the cozy and blazing fire-side,” awoke her from her dream; and she rejected the male Malaprop.

MOST OF OUR READERS have heard of—but, we suspect, comparatively few have read—a work that was exceedingly popular two generations ago, namely, “Plutarch’s Lives,” of which the latest and best edition is that of the poet Clough, published in 1859 by a Boston firm. We are glad to see that the same publishers—Messrs. Little, Brown, and Co.—are about to bring out a still more completely forgotten book, “Plutarch’s Morals.” The best known English version was published in 1684-94, and went through five editions, the latest of which bears the date 1718. The translation was made by “several hands;” and hence, while some of the essays were very well written, and showed a sound knowledge of both Greek and English, others were full of the most astounding blunders. For example, when Plutarch tells us that “a certain water, being stirred, produces bubbles,” the translator’s idea is that “a certain water, being stirred, produces a new metal, called pompholyx.” There is an earlier translation, now extremely rare, bearing date 1603-57, which is supposed to be more accurate; and it is on this translation that the new version—edited by Professor Goodwin, of Harvard College—is based. Mr. Emerson has promised to contribute an introductory essay, for which the publishers are waiting. As soon as it is ready, the work will appear in five octavo volumes.

AN EXCELLENT CLASSICAL RETORT, lately recorded in “Table Talk,” reminds us of the following conversation that took place at a wine party at Cambridge, nearly forty years ago. A Mr. Money was a very popular fellow of—College; and, when he de-

termined to marry, it was a source of great happiness to his old friends that the College living which he accepted was not far from Cambridge, and that he would often be able to revisit the Hall and Combination-room. For some months after his marriage he often appeared amongst his old companions, but at length his visits ceased. “I wonder,” said D., “that Money never comes up now.” “Oh,” replied L., “have you not heard that Mrs. M. is in an interesting state? Money is a thoroughly good husband, and—

‘Crescit amor Nummi, quantum ipsa Pecunia crescit.’”

THE HALFPENNY STAMPS for papers and MSS. are very pretty: quite a work of art, indeed, as to engraving, and much smaller than the penny ones. But the Queen’s head, like that on the Queen’s shilling, is the presentment of a typical queen of “some sweet eighteen summers”—not a portrait of our august, and trouble and time-tried Sovereign. In one respect the stamps are more truthful than the bronze halfpence, whereon the Sovereign looks about fifteen. Is it not time that this conventional piece of flattery—“Surely,” as an Irishman says, “it can’t be *mint*”—should be abandoned? It is of no use to tell even Sovereigns that time spares them, as did the French preacher, who, when beginning a sermon before Louis XIV. with “Sire, all men are mortal,” corrected himself with, “I beg pardon, *almost* all men!” Our colonies set us a good example in this. A postage stamp of Canada has a fine portrait of the Queen, in a widow’s cap; the Georgian face and chin, the imperial fixed look, all faithfully copied from one of the most faithful and unflattering of photographs.

A CORRESPONDENT: I think that the right reading of lines quoted in a recent number is—

“If I were a cassowary,
On the banks of Timbuctoo,
I would eat a missionary,
Arms, and legs, and hymn-book too.”

There seems a double absurdity in placing the Eastern bird in Africa, and mistaking the town for a river.

An Illustration, printed separately on Toned Paper, is published with the present Weekly Number.

The authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 148.

October 29, 1870.

Price 2d.

ONE OF TWO; OR, A LEFT-HANDED BRIDE. BY HAIN FRISWELL.

CHAPTER XXV.

"MY DEAR, GOOD MASTER, I WOULD PLEAD HIS CAUSE."



CHECKETTS entered Edgar's room, still eagerly bent upon his master's business, but somewhat toned down by waiting and reflecting in the outer office; for even the chambers of counsel learned in the law have that effect upon the uncultured laity who approach the temples of Themis—as, heretofore, the strongholds of the priesthood of the

Eleusinian mysteries had upon the strangers who came near them.

Mr. Checketts's ideas concerning law were few, and were not very clear. He had friends, in a lower walk of life, who had got into scrapes with constables and with the police; and his father, being "in the public line"—as he phrased it—had had to appear before the magistrates who looked to the important measure of licensing public-houses.

In the opinion of Mr. Checketts, senior, the whole system of law and of licence—which, to his view, were one—was a system of fraud. In those happy days, if a man were on easy terms with a justice of the peace, or could get a gentleman of position to say a good word for him, the matter was as good as settled. A few questions—a pleasant good-morning—a caution not to

allow drunkenness, nor to harbour loose and suspicious characters—and you went away with your licence in your pocket, particularly if you fee'd the constables.

"Them you must fee," said old Checketts, "and you were all right—whether there was one public in the neighbourhood, or they were as close as beehives in an aviary."

The good man meant an apiary; but it was all the same. It was plain that he had no belief in the justice of the law. And how many of the lower class then had? It was a dangerous time; and it always will be a dangerous time, when people are not convinced of the necessity and the strict justice of law and lawgivers. Bold spirits were abroad who clamoured for Reform; and, with many, Reform meant Revolution.

Happily, the trading class had found this out; and gave the nation the proper pause, wherein England almost always adjusts herself. There were other men, like our friend Mr. Scorem, who were really the salt of the nation—poor and content, ready to wait, and positively eager to see a good in things evil. If the Court and the aristocracy did not do their duty, but were wholly given to vain expense and pleasure, these good people were ready to argue—"Well, if you had money, would you not spend it as you liked?" Or, "Spending money is good for trade: if everybody was a miser, where would the poor be?" If they were beaten in that argument, they would simply tell their opponents to mind their own business, and let the rich mind theirs.

But, about this matter of law, the minds of the poor were pretty much of the same opinion. They did not look upon the law as the poor man's friend. They used its name as a threat of strong terror. "I'll have the law of you," was a terrifying saying, which sent many a poor man into fits. Poor debtors starved at Whitecross-street; and rich debtors played at rackets in the Fleet, by the side of poor debtors who were

starving. Rich young men, noblemen, gentlemen—or their imitators, rich tradesmen—sallied out of a night, bent upon what Old Daylight called “Tom and Jerrying;” and were let off with a friendly caution, after making the magistrates laugh. While poor mechanics, who, after working hard, went out for a “spree,” were fined and punished severely, and had a scolding sermon administered to them from the bench.

As for justice, that was hardly so much a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence, in the opinion of — Checketts, Esquire, junior, as a plain toss-up. Robert Peel’s Act was going to put things right; and the New Police, whose appearance in the streets created quite a commotion, and who were followed about at first, at an admiring distance, by the boys, were hailed by no means as a force equally purposed to defend both the rich and the poor, but rather as a sort of domestic dragoons, to keep the poor down. When, therefore, Mr. Checketts found that these dragoons had invaded Chesterton House, he was utterly perplexed.

He gave a curious look round at Edgar’s apartment, noticing the fine bouquet of flowers on the table, and thought that they were somewhat foreign to a lawyer’s office—for barristers or solicitors were all one to him; and, indeed, to most of his class—and then sat down at the edge of the chair which Mr. Wade pointed out, with very much of the feeling that a plain countryman of the old time might have experienced when he came to consult an astrologer.

“I see you are from the Earl of Chesterton,” said Edgar Wade—who, never forgetting a face, even if he had only once seen it—at once recognized Checketts. “Pray, what does he want with me?”

Mr. Checketts, who had come purposely to ask Edgar’s aid, was at once nonplussed. There are some persons who object to anything like a direct question. Mr. Checketts was not one of those; but he had come upon a roving commission of his own, and he hardly knew how to explain himself.

“Please, sir,” he stammered out at last, “I found your card on Lord Wimpole’s mantelshelf. I believe you called on him the other day?”

“I did. What then? Does he want to see me, or is it his father?”

“Both of them, sir, I think,” said Mr. Checketts, uneasily.

“Both of them—why?”

“Well, sir, I don’t know my lord’s secrets, and—”

“Then you are very much unlike other servants,” said Edgar, drily, and, as Checketts thought, somewhat rudely. “You are, I suppose, Lord Wimpole’s servant?”

“Yes, sir,” said Checketts; “his own man, sir—out of livery. I have served him for nearly ten years—first as a groom; and a better, kinder master does not tread this earth. Not tread this earth, sir,” said the faithful Checketts, repeating his words, so as to give emphasis to his assertion.

“That may be. I can well believe it. It does you both credit to hear you say so. But that is not to our purpose. Come to the point, man, and don’t stare about in so dazed a way! Have you never seen a bouquet of flowers before?”

“Yes, sir—many.”

“Well, then, have you not a message to deliver? If so, deliver it. My time is precious. Have you no letter?”

“No, sir. I came on my own account.”

“Just now you said you came both from the Earl and from Lord Wimpole. What can be the matter with you?”

As he said this severely enough, Edgar Wade moved the flowers from his writing-table; and put them, less in view of Checketts, on one of his side desks.

“Now, then,” he added, “I suppose you have got into some mess; and, with the confusion of people of your class, you fancy that a barrister and a solicitor are one and the same. If so, I can’t help you. I might give you some advice, if you could find your tongue.”

“No, sir—no, indeed!” cried Checketts, earnestly. “I don’t come for myself. I keep out of lawyers’ ways as long as I can.”

“And a very wise thing too. Mind you always do so,” said Edgar, with a grim smile.

It was the first time he had smiled. He was weary, pale, and worn, as if he had studied over much; but, when he smiled, Checketts was somehow struck with a wild fancy that the barrister was very like both the Earl and Lord Wimpole.

“They would never make no money not by me, sir,” said Checketts, openly. “But, somehow or other, we must all come to them, whether we like it or no!”

“Many a wiser head than yours has found that out, my poor fellow,” returned the barrister, with a sigh.

The tone opened Checketts's heart. Before that, Edgar Wade had seemed to him like a stone—and a very unpleasant, cold stone, too. Now he could speak.

"Oh, sir," he cried, "you are a gentleman as knows the world, and as has some feelin' too. You are quite right, sir. Many a wiser and a greater man than me, or than you, sir, finds it out, as you say. My poor master, sir!"

Here the amiable Checketts paused to keep down his grief.

Edgar Wade, with his back to the fire, warming his legal check trousers, looked upon the man with wonder.

"Do these people," thought he, "command the love of their servants? Egad, they are well placed."

But he, wisely, did not interrupt Checketts.

"My poor master," continued Checketts, more calmly, but speaking very quickly, "were arrested last night—leastways, I make a mistake, this very mornin'—by a Bow-street runner, and a New Policeman, sir; and the old Earl has fallen down in a fit; and we are all at sixes and sevens—that's what's the matter!"

"Arrested!" said Edgar Wade. "For debt, I suppose?"

He was very pale, but very calm; and he turned round to poke his fire as he said it.

"Oh, no, sir—not for debt! 'Tisn't the sort of officers as does that. It's something very serious—very serious!"

"They should apply to their own solicitors, not to me. I must be instructed by those gentlemen. I suppose you know that?"

Mr. Checketts did not know that, and looked blankly out of the window; getting up from his chair to make another appeal.

"You see, sir, it must be something serious; for the Earl—as come up from Brighton yesterday as was—dined with his son last night."

Edgar Wade pricked up his ears, as Mr. Checketts would have remarked, at these words, and asked—

"Did you wait on them, then?"

"No, sir, it isn't my place; but I saw that my lord's room was all right; and after dinner they went there; and, it seems, they had a very long and serious conversation."

"To which you listened—you, or some of you, I suppose," said Edgar Wade, harshly?

"No, sir! We don't do such things—at our house, at least. Servants have feelings

of honour, sir, sometimes," said the poor fellow, plaintively.

"Umph!" was the gruff rejoinder. "That's what you are supposed to do in novels and in plays."

"Novels and plays aint always real life, though some of them come very near to it," was Checketts's dignified answer. "Besides, if Mr. Roskell caught any one of us lingering near the doors of the chambers, he—meaning the servant, not Mr. Roskell—would not be long in the house."

"Then how do you know the conversation was long and serious?"

Edgar Wade knew, perhaps, better than any one except the two interlocutors what that talk was about; but he had a habit—a barristerial habit—of cross-questioning, and he wanted to ascertain as much as he could from other sources beside the chief one.

"Well, sir," said the servant, "you see they did not retire till late; and when Mr. Roskell—who is a very old servant, and quite friendly, as one may say, with Lord Chesterton—that's the Earl—when he went to his chamber, to see that all was right—for he is the last in bed, and about the first up—the Earl was deeply affected, and very, very silent."

Here Mr. Checketts paused, as if reflecting.

"As for my lord," he added, "he was terribly dull, as he has been since you called, sir."

Here Checketts looked furtively at the barrister.

"Since I called? Then you think I have something to do with this mystery?"

"There are mysteries in great families, and lawyers somehow worm them out," said the plain-spoken servant. "And you see, sir, we put two and two together in our rank of life. Of course it's very low of us, and we are often very wrong; but we do."

"Since you are so observant, and so familiar with his lordship—Lord Wimpole," said Edgar Wade, with emphasis, "may I ask whether he said anything to you about this mystery?"

"Not a word, sir. Usually, he is full of cheerfulness—as blithe as a lark; but he was very dull; told me he would not want me, called for some brandy and water, lit a cigar, and smoked half the night, I fancy."

"Thinking over the mystery?" asked the barrister.

"May be, sir," said Checketts. "That's what I put it down to. I found three butts of cigars—and he seldom or ever smokes more than one—and the brandy well half used."

"You servants are observant. You make use of your eyes."

"What are eyes for, sir?" said Checketts. "Generally, masters don't speak much to us; though mine was never of *that* sort, God bless him! He was as kind, as free, and as open as the day. It was always a pleasure to be with him; and I, for one, was never tired of serving him. He never took no liberties like, and always bore himself as a gentleman; but if there were a good-natured word to be said, or a joke to be had, his tongue was the first to speak it. Service wasn't service to *him*."

"You speak as if it were a thing of the past," said Edgar, noting the reverie into which Checketts had fallen.

"Many a long day have I had with the hounds with him—many the cropper have I seen him get; but when he was up, it was always the hoss as he looked after first. Many a tiring trapse, till we were both pretty nigh dead-beat, have I had with him over the moors, shootin'; and he'd lighten my shoulder of the guns, and never lose his temper with the sport, bad as it might be. He'd be cheery and pleasant as we neared home; and his first thoughts was about *my* legs—if they were tired—not his own."

Mr. Checketts here put his knuckles into his eyes, one after another, solemnly enough, and smoothed his hair down in groom-like fashion; as if, in recalling those past days, his past occupation came back to him.

"He was a kind master, then?" asked Edgar, patiently enough, as if studying the man.

"Kind! He just was. It was not d—you there, and d—you here, as it is with some of our young bloods, I can tell you, sir. And the old man is as good as the young 'un. Beg pardon, sir—I mean the Earl. They are true noblemen, sir—true gentlemen, too; for there's many a nobleman as isn't a gentleman. And what this misfortun' has fallen on our house for," said the puzzled Checketts, fairly out of patience as he wound up, "I'm d—if I can see. I beg pardon, sir, I am sure."

"But are you certain it is so serious?" asked Edgar, again. "You may be mis-

taken, you know. You seem an impulsive sort of a man."

Checketts shook his head.

"I know the ropes pritty well, sir," he said; "and I know town well, too; and I know that a New Policeman and a Bow-street runner come upon criminal business, and that they don't generally make no mistakes."

"And why do you come to me, then?"

"Because I saw your card on my lord's mantelshelf; because, begging your pardon, your visit first brought a change and a trouble on the young lord; and because the old Earl, when he came out of his fit, muttered the name of 'Edgar Wade,' 'Edgar Wade,' twice, as if it was in a dream."

"Why did you not say that at first, man?" said Mr. Wade, fiercely. "Had I known that, I should, of course, have at once said that I'd come."

"Well, sir," returned Checketts, humbly, "there aint much time lost. His lordship has gone out somewheres."

"So he sends for me at last!" muttered Edgar to himself. "At last, my turn has come!"

"Don't mention about my callin', sir," said Mr. Checketts, preparing to depart, and moving near the door and nearer the window.

"Of course not. Be assured, I will lose no time. You are a good fellow. Here's a crown for you."

Checketts respectfully refused.

"No, sir," said he, simply; "we don't do *that* in our house. Besides, barristers, they say, is a poor lot; though may be powerful some day."

Edgar smiled at the man's ingenuousness and good-nature, and opened the door for him. The door was near the window which commanded the view of the court below, and Checketts looked out thereat. As he did so, he caught hold of Edgar's arm.

"There," said he, "there he is—that's the Bow-street officer as arrested my lord! He is coming this way."

Edgar Wade glanced into the court, and saw Mr. Tom Forster!

CHAPTER XXVI.

"I PRAY YOU, PLEAD FOR ME—UPHOLD MY CAUSE."

WHEN Edgar looked out of his chamber window, and saw old Tom Forster walking briskly past—for that good gentle-

man had mistaken the house—and heard the exclamation of Mr. Checketts, “That’s the Bow-street officer as arrested my lord!” he, for the moment, imagined he was dreaming.

He had looked upon the old fellow as in many ways a shrewd, in others a somewhat doddering, old man, who loved, as most retired tradesmen do love or pretend that they love, to potter about upon business, or what he called business; but that he was an adept at tracing crime, and connected with a police-office, Edgar had never guessed.

“He’s looking for this house, I’m sure,” said Mr. Checketts; “and so I’ll clear out at once.”

This was just what Edgar Wade desired; so he, promising to call as soon as he could, shut the door upon Checketts, and sat down.

That gentleman, putting his handkerchief to his face so as not to be recognized, made his escape downstairs before Old Daylight found that he had passed the door upon the lintel of which was the honoured name of Edgar Wade.

Presently, however, the tread—stable, steady, and quick—of the old gentleman was heard on the stairs; and Mr. Scorem opened the door to a modest double knock, which seemed as if it desired to remain single but could not help it. This modest double—a single with a little addendum—is often given by tradesmen who are rising in the world; who, having begun to be gentlemen, have hardly ceased to remember their connection with trade.

“Mr. Edgar Wade within?” asked the owner of the Hessian boots, the spencer, and the curled hat.

“Yes,” replied Scorem, who had dashed down from his stool, and had thrown into his face an amount of work and worry most creditable to his master. “Yes; and he’s disengaged now, I think.”

“I think” was thrown in by Scorem in such an artistic way that the most cunning of visitors would have been deceived. “I think,” as if Scorem was so bewildered by the number of clients that, although he was the Cerberus of the chambers, he could not exactly answer for the presence of any of the numerous callers. At the same time, Scorem threw one of his arms and half of his face towards the speech he was writing, as if it were a brief from which he was torn by the intrusion; and that thousands of pounds, or, which was dearer, the honour of ancient

families, depended upon his getting back to it as soon as he could. This artistic yet polite impatience impressed Old Daylight very much. He was prepared to be impressed by anything pertaining to Edgar Wade. He loved that “young fellow,” as he called him; and love sweetens every morsel, however bitter it may be, and lightens up every dark corner. Moreover, Edgar Wade was not bitter: he was noble, impulsive, generous to a fault. So said Tom Forster; and who should know better than he?

“Really, I won’t keep him a moment. I have something important to say to him.”

“Oh, very well, sir,” said Scorem, in a resigned sort of way—as much as to say, “Now, look here; you are going to intrude on the future Chief Baron, so don’t bother him”—“oh, very well. I don’t know how he can get through all this. Please, what name?”

“Tom Forster, if you please.”

“Thomas Forster, Esquire,” murmured Scorem, as he wrote down the words in a most approved engrossing hand.

“No—Tom Forster. I was christened Tom. Mr. Tom Forster.”

The vile custom of esquiring everybody had then set in, but not in all its fury; and Old Daylight, who was precise in his manner, and who knew the difference between an esquire and a plain gentleman, withstood it as long as he could.

“Very good, sir,” said Scorem, rapidly dashing down the name. “Wait here a minute.”

And with the respectful knock, intensified in its respect if possible—a humble, inquiring knock, as if it felt itself to be intrusive and did not want to be knocked at all—Scorem brushed his hair from his perturbed brow, and dashed over the space between the door and his master’s table as if his life depended upon his sedate and businesslike quickness.

He had closed the door behind him, so as to allow no jealous peep into his master’s sanctum. Barristers’ clerks have that method; being obliged sometimes to withhold from a profane public that it is not a consultation, but an oyster luncheon, that the future Chief Justices are so seriously discussing. Meanwhile, the client is troubling his head about his cause; and the learned gentleman is wiping his brow with a wet towel, and hiding a pint of stout in his wig box.

Simple Mr. Forster, seeing the zeal of Scorem, pulled out one series of fingers, so

as to make them crack, to mark his satisfaction.

"'Like master, like man,'" he said. "What wisdom there is in those good old proverbs. Now that is just the studious young fellow I should have chosen for Mr. Wade's clerk. None of your second-hand copies of Corinthian Tom."

Herein Old Daylight was quite right. Mr. Scorem's vanity did not lie in imitating those wild dandies of the day, as we have seen; but it is doubtful whether his behaviour at the Cogers' Hall would not have astonished his admirer.

Edgar Wade, leaning thoughtfully on his arm, as if he were resting from previous study, lifted up his dark, lustrous, yet wearied eyes; took the card, read it, and questioned, by a look only, the faithful Scorem.

"Nice old gent, sir," said Scorem; "rather of the downy sort. Might be a country solicitor; only too well got up, sir."

The influx of visitors had so perturbed Scorem, that he waxed familiar with his master—a habit which zealously faithful servants have, who look after your interest, and who know they do so. They may be a nuisance, no doubt, to doubly refined people; but the comfort to these is, that no one need be afraid of these servants. If they are intimate, they are seldom dishonest. Your rogue, on the contrary, is tremendous in his respect: he would not take a liberty for the world; and yet he robs you.

"I know him," said his master. "He is my landlord. Let him come in."

Scorem's face fell at once. The great case he was always dreaming of, "With you, Sir Boreham Foggs," and five hundred guineas, had not yet come. Its corresponding clerk's fee was also absent.

"Oh—h!" ejaculated the clerk.

But, true to the traditions of his office, he called up an important look, dashed back to his little den, and threw open the door in an abstracted way, as much as to say, "There you are—go in; and let me get back to that important brief."

Old Daylight, who had never had the honour, before this, of visiting the barrister's rooms, cast a deferential look round the sanctum. He had a veneration for law calf; he loved the buff backs and the red labels that ornamented Edgar's book-shelves; and he sat down, with a due regard to the majesty of the law.

The light from the window shone full on

the barrister's face; and Mr. Forster was shocked to see how pale and worn it was. Habitually observant, he took in everything at a glance. There was the old mezzotint of Lord Mansfield, in its ebony frame, looking the *beau ideal* of ancient Faith, Integrity, and Justice—in short, of English law, as properly carried out. There, also, was the new portrait, in the mixed style—for stipple had come in, and had invaded the realms of the good old mezzotint—of Harry Brougham: his face clean, angular, sharp as a carved wooden head on a walking-stick; the flesh done with minute stipple spots, and his robes made rich by the rocking tool, after the way of cheap engravings. Behind the door hung the barrister's robe, somewhat dusty and old; near it was his wig box; while a goodly display of briefs—the accumulations of some years, it must be confessed—littered the table.

"How do you do, Mr. Forster?" asked the barrister, wearily. "I am glad to see you here; but I am rather surprised."

"I thought you would be so, my dear sir; but it was my duty to come. I have some most astonishing news to tell you. But do not be surprised too much. I hope, you know, that right will be right very soon, and that the 'King shall enjoy his own again.'"

"I am sure I've no objection, Mr. Forster. What king?"

"Why, you are as bad as Ancient Pistol, in Shakspeare, who cries out, 'Under which king, Bezonian? Speak or die!' What king? What but the true Lord Wimpole?"

"Oh!" said Edgar, with a start—as if he had only just thought upon that matter, and the subject was unpleasant to him. Then he rose, and, pushing back his cane chair, said—

"I am not very glad you have come to speak about that, Mr. Forster. Do you know that I am almost sorry that we have entered on that pursuit? Why not let the matter rest? God has willed that, for some mysterious purpose, evil should triumph. Why should we struggle against this? Why not submit?"

"Why not?" said Forster, wonderingly. "Why not? If this were to be the opinion of all the world, wrong would live crowned and triumphant, and right would be pushed out of record into—into"—here Forster found no suitable place; so he lamely concluded with—"into the coal-cellar."

"So it is—too often," said the man of law. "Umph! then it sha'n't be in this case," added Old Daylight, testily. "No; if the world had not in it some persons with a strong will, and a backbone to their purpose, we should all be at sixes and sevens."

"Then you, for one, do not agree with the sacred injunction, 'If a man take thy coat, give him thy cloak also?'"

Old Daylight rose, and walked up and down the room before he answered.

"What could Edgar Wade be driving at?" he thought. The Temple seemed to have entertained an angel unawares. Here was one altogether too good for this workaday world. Was it goodness in reality, or a mere fictitious and ideal goodness?

Forster had long watched this young gentleman—had known him to do kindly deeds, and to utter noble sentiments; but when it comes to claiming anything which is one's own, or to foregoing an undoubted right—then, indeed, we find few saints in this world. Old Forster never pretended to so exalted a character. His was a straightforward life, spent in simple, unideal duty; and he never rose much above it, while he certainly never sank below it.

"I agree," said the old gentleman, "with the beauty of that sacred leason; but I humbly think that, in this mixed world—wherein we have bred a race of professional rogues, and men are wicked, not by sudden starts and occasional temptations, but as a matter of trade—it would be as well not to try that extreme charity. Perhaps the injunction was not meant for us workaday Christians; but for the blessed Apostles only. They had nothing to gain in this world. Submission might make them avoid many evils; struggling against unjust persecution could only heap more on them. But this does not touch us. You must claim your own."

"But think, Mr. Forster, think of the pain it will give to my father—to my poor, guiltless brother!"

"Poor, guiltless! I am not so sure of that. What did your father do for you? He has his privileges as a father; but he has his rights as well. What right has the stiff, proud old aristocrat to push away an innocent babe, and to substitute another in its place? Right is right, either amongst angels or devils—amongst great gentry or us poor folk; and if there is anything that I especially hate, it is successful wrong."

"But it is so many years since!" again urged the barrister, dreamily and wearily. "Let it go by—let it pass."

"So many years ago!—that's it; that's just it," cried the elder speaker; "as if continuance in a folly or a crime could make it right!—as if a thistle, or a weed, or a poison tree—like the upas which travellers tell us of—was less a thistle, or a weed, or a tree of poison, because it was a huge thing, of long growth, and deeply rooted. Thank God for one thing," concluded the old man, wiping his forehead with his red bandanna, "evil does not triumph long. I have lived to see that nothing that is not true and good can exist. Gadzooks! It was worth while to live in 1815, I can tell you, if only for that. The Corsican tyrant, who broke his heart by growing too fat when at rest, was caught then by our stout English Duke—caught and beaten; and he, whose bloody ambition had caused so many battles, was sent to St. Helena, to linger out a disappointed life, until his own—"

"But don't you pity him?" asked Edgar. "Do you not pity the beaten and unsuccessful hero? Alone! with the wide sea to look upon; and the bare, lone ocean, crawling in glittering wavelets at his feet in the long days of hot sunshine, or bursting into storm and foam in the winter. Cannot you pity such a man, when he feels that his life's work is undone?"

"Pity him?" asked Old Forster. "Pity him! What for? Am I to pity an unsuccessful burglar, who, trying to enter and rob a house, gets thrown out of window, and breaks his ribs? Well, you young fellows do astonish me! I can pity the good and the honest; but I am—" here old Forster blew his nose with his red bandanna, like a war trumpet—"if I can pity a beaten rogue. But, to my business. It is of a surprising nature. This morning—"

"You arrested my half-brother, Lord Wimpole," said Edgar, coolly.

Old Forster jumped, as if he had been pricked with a bayonet.

"How do you know that?"

"Perhaps I divined it. I also know that Lord Chesterton wishes to see me," added the barrister, enjoying the old gentleman's confusion. "And I also know that Mr. Forster is not unknown at Bow-street; where, I believe, he is a very efficient aid to his Majesty's police."

Old Daylight was covered with confusion.

He had intended confessing the nature of his occupation to Edgar, because he knew that he would soon discover it; but he was, of course, unaware of the revelation made by Mr. Checketts, or his visit.

He shuffled one Hessian boot forward, and then another—plucked at the leathern tassels—turned very red; and then, putting the bandanna to his mouth, looked straight into the bright, keen eyes of Edgar Wade, who was watching him.

"Well," he said, "after all, it was my fancy. I will be for moving now. A barrister, and a great man like you will be, cannot be long a friend with such as I am. I know that; and yet I'm sorry. I knew it would come to this, and that it would come soon. But I don't like it any the more because you have had it from other lips. I dare say that the fellow who told you spoke something nasty about me. Called me an old thief-taker, I suppose. Well, I am that; but, look you, I'd rather be a thief-taker than a thief-maker. I don't think much of the world; and it returns the compliment by not thinking much of me. But, Mr. Edgar, I should like to stand well in your eyes; and, if you cut me—as you must—I shall still have the honour of bringing you to your right."

"My dear, good old friend," returned the barrister, "I think none the worse of you for your craze—let me call it; in fact, I believe it to be a very useful one to society; and, if a nation honours a soldier, I don't know why we should not honour the guardians of our domestic peace."

"He speaks like a leader in a newspaper," thought Old Daylight; "perhaps he even writes them. I am sure he's clever enough—who knows?"

Then he said, aloud, as he rose and grasped the opened hand of the barrister—

"Say no more, Mr. Wade—say no more. You do me too much honour."

"I was going to say," said Edgar, "that not only shall I not cut you—recollect that I am in your debt, too, if you please—but I shall be proud to know—"

"You're too good, too good," babbled the old gentleman, amazingly flattered. "Now let's to business. Ah, I see"—here Old Daylight glanced at the mantelshelf—"a hothouse bouquet for your sick mother. Good fellow, good fellow!"

"'Pon my word, Mr. Forster—"

"Now let me speak. This young Lord

Wimpole is about as knowing and as cool a card as ever you set your eyes on. I watched him like a lynx. He did not flinch a bit: never showed the white feather."

"Noble fellow! He is a true scion of a staunch old house. *Noblesse oblige.*"

"Lord bless you!" said Old Forster, "if *noblesse oblige*, as you say, we are all *noblesse*—we English. I've seen a common gutter thief show as much pluck as a thorough nobleman ever did—as Lord Ferrers himself, although he was tucked up in a silken halter. Now, look here, Mr. Edgar. Mark me! This cool young lord—we will call him lord—wants to see you."

"I know he does."

"Oh, you do, do you? He's been afore me, has he? Well, you won't catch a weasel asleep twice. Well, he wants you to defend him. What do you think of that?"

Edgar looked fixedly at him; but didn't say a word.

"Cool, is it not?—as a cucumber, as they say. Now mark me. Don't you have anything to do with it."

"Can I refuse him, Mr. Forster?" said Edgar. "He is my brother. *I would defend him with my life!*"

SOCIAL GRIEVANCES.—No. VI.

CRUMPETS.

I HAVE already explained that I use the word "crumpets" in contradistinction to muffin. They are of the female sex, of course; and may be married or single, young or old, good-looking or ugly, as the case may be. Like their unpleasant originals, they are only swallowed when the muffin can't be procured; and, like them, they are only suggestive of dyspepsia, bile, heartburns, and other ills of human flesh, moral as well as physical. Some fine specimens may be found in wives, mothers-in-law, and that other well-known *figurante* in Divorce Court scandals—the lady's maid. From the first moment she enters her mistress's service, prying here and there, gaining by stealth her confidence, worming out her secrets, betraying her trust, taking a bribe now from this side, now from that, greedy of gain, mischievous—

"Quick with the tale, and ready with a lie,
The genial confidante and general spy!"—

she is the queen of crumpets, in her line of life. And I have often wondered if this detestable person does not manage sometimes

to communicate particles of her vile nature to that of her mistress. How do you account for the undeniable inferiority of women to men, in generosity, in friendship—in short, in the social virtues? I declare I never was jealous of a man in my life, not even of his success. And as for feeling aggrieved because he has a better hat, or coat, or diamond studs, why, I should as soon think of flying the country because I wasn't made Prime Minister. I have never seen a man nagging at his wife, as I have seen wives nagging at their husbands. I have heard that men beat their wives sometimes, and I dare say they deserve it. What would a woman's club be like, for instance—assuming that they were able to agree as to the rules, and open it? What fun it would be to attend their committees incognito! No. I cannot help feeling sure that crumpets are the handiwork of their maids.

If I were to publish all my experiences of crumpets, and the many little kindnesses I have received at their hands—for which, I hope, this paper will prove *I am not ungrateful*—I could fill a book as big as Webster's Dictionary without boring my readers. But as it is possible Mr. Editor might not feel inclined to accommodate me with so much space, I am fortunate in being able to introduce three members of my own family as very favourable specimens of the tribe. I hope this will not be considered an unnatural proceeding. If you have not been profitable to your relations, that is no reason why you should not make them profitable to yourself. I have the less compunction in the matter, as I am certain that, if by any possible chance my relatives could have deprived me of my skin, they would have done so, if it could have been turned or tanned to an appreciable value.

Everybody knows the Gadabout family by name. At least, if they don't, it is not the fault of the Radical papers, who are always abusing it, and saying that their hands are never out of the people's pockets. For my part, I can state, on the highest authority—my own—that this is a base calumny. I have never even so much as got a finger there. I wish I had. I promise you, the others should have speedily followed. My father had been ambassador for many years at the Imperial Court of Timbuctoo, whence he retired, full of honours and truffles, to spend his declining years at the whist table of the Travellers'. How long he might

have lived to extend his cordial forefinger to me—which is all he ever did extend—and score his rubbers, I cannot say. But his diplomatic and gastronomic labours had certainly added very considerably to the size of a waist which had always been inclined to obesity. One day, as he was coming down the last step of the Travellers', he bumped up against a tradesman's boy, and knocked his tray of wares into the road.

"Now then, old fillet of veal on castors, can't yer look where yer a-driving to?" said the boy.

Whether he was shocked at being thus addressed in full Pall Mall, or whatever the cause was, he went home and had a fit or seizure, from which he never recovered; commending me to the care of my three aunts—who, I am happy to say, never attended to his recommendation.

The names of these three ladies were Anastasia, Sarah, and Rachel. Fortunately for mankind, they had never had the opportunity of perpetuating their virtues through a more vicious offspring; and posterity will have reason to thank Nature that she broke the mould in which they were fashioned. There was a wild family legend that Rachel had once met and adored a French officer, M. le Sous-Lieutenant Cancanier, at the salubrious town of, what she called, *Bollong*; but there is no evidence to show that he returned her passion, which it is not impossible he might have done had she had the good sense to make her purse—for they were all well off—and not her person, the attraction.

It must not be supposed, however, that these mature virgins lived together in amity and unity. No, no! I promise you that Dante himself could never have imagined an Inferno so well calculated for the punishment of evil-doers as a house inhabited and presided over by these three ladies. Anastasia, having ritualistic proclivities, lived in a pleasant country house in Devonshire, where she had a snug little closet, adjacent to her bed-room, fitted up as an oratory; and here she enjoyed that odour of sanctity in which she lived and died. Her dress was severely monastic, and consisted chiefly of crosses, which she wore of all sizes and shapes—from a tiny little diamond one which depended from her neck, to the more important one of ebony, which was half a foot high, and slung round her waist by means of a cable of beads as big as grape shot. She was in high repute amongst the clergy

of the famous church of St. Kilderkins, whose rector was always in one or other of the ecclesiastical courts; and had founded a school of her own, where all the girls had their hair cropped close to their heads, and wore the sweetest little serge gaberdines, with rosaries round their waists; and where that celebrated divine, Father Gronius—his real name was Buggins, but that did not sound so well—attended three times a-week to lecture, and “*not* to confess the pupils, my dear, as has been most infamously circulated, you know, and all that sort of thing.” Poor Snaggs, the butler, when convicted at Exeter Assizes of stealing the plate, and when called upon to state what he had to say in arrest of judgment, declared, with tears in his eyes, to his lordship, “That it was his missus’s temper which had drove him to drink, and then to crime, all along of his refusing to fast on Wednesdays and Fridays on conger-pie, which they was handy to the sea coast, and she threatening to send him away without a character.”

Sarah’s principles, on the other hand, having a decided Evangelical turn, induced her to settle down in the well-known serious city of Sulferton, where she managed to successfully combine commercial with religious operations, by investing in twenty-five shares in the Proprietary Chapel, presided over by the world-renowned minister, Mr. Burlinwood; for, as she said, it was such a comfort to think that her money was invested in the service of Heaven, and not in carnal companies which never paid any dividends—“Whereas, my love, never less than ten per cent., and an occasional bonus, is my blessed experience.” Here she collected round her a select circle of repentant sinners; and, being what she called a cheerful Christian, used to entertain them periodically at the succulent repasts I have described in a former paper—only that Sally Lunns, deeply soaked in Dorset butter, and stale seed-cake, were the predominating delicacies. On one occasion, when that darling, Beauty Tractington, the converted guardsman, was relating some of his sweet labours—he used to ride down to the neighbouring river, and preach from horseback to the bargees as they sailed along, wholly undeterred by the shocking language addressed to him; especially by the man at the helm, who couldn’t go down below—some of the guests set up such dismal howls and heartrending groans, that a nervous gentleman, who had only ar-

rived at the neighbouring lodgings the day before, threw up his window and shouted “Murder!” And, by way of inspiring confidence in the supposition that a crime was being committed, attacked the wall with a poker. Of course, when the police arrived, it was soon discovered that the row was merely a form of worship; but the neighbours complained so bitterly, that that particular rite was for the future abandoned.

As for dear Aunt Rachel—she was my favourite! ah, how I loved that woman!—her tastes were entirely zoological. Six different kinds of parrots were ranged in a row in the dining-room; a cage full of canaries was in her bed-room, and another one of Budgerees-something-or-others—for I dare not commit myself to the right spelling of their name—was in the passage, whose shrieks were as appalling as those of a child of sin. A couple of owls, in a large wire cage, in the front garden, blinked mournfully at you by day, and rendered night insupportable; a monkey, of hideous aspect and abandoned habits, was allotted the post of honour in the drawing-room, and contributed to its charm and sweetness on a hot summer’s day. There was a bulldog in the kitchen; a rough terrier yelped at you in the hall; a toy terrier inhabited the lap of its mistress by day, at night it lay at the foot of her chaste couch. A large Persian cat perambulated the house generally, and managed to wile away a not unhappy existence by watching the canary cage for hours together, with a view to grab one if an opportunity presented itself—which it never did; and then, venting her disappointment by having a few rounds with the monkey, she raised the standard of revolt, and the consequence was a general concert of animals all over the house. Under these circumstances, my beloved aunt inhabited a detached cottage on Barnes-common, where, as a public nuisance, she defied competition.

These three ladies, then, at an early period after they had devoted themselves to old maidenhood, resolved themselves into a sort of family Areopagus; and when any great event occurred in the family—such as a birth, death, or marriage—although it was specially due to their address that “Friends at a distance will please accept this intimation” was inserted after the advertisement—indeed, the formula was invented by an infuriated patient—they used, by some kind of magnetic attraction, to scent it from afar, and

swoop down on the devoted house; when woe to the inhabitants if they were allowed to establish themselves therein! It boots not to recall the exact date when, from their more dignified though equally offensive labours as self-constituted advisers to the family, they became mere birds of prey, and were subsequently known and detested as the Vulture Club. If the rules of the Club had been published, they would probably have been somewhat as follows:—

“This Club is founded for the purpose of fomenting and keeping alive any bad feeling that may arise, and for setting the family generally by the ears.

“For attending relatives, wealthy and eminent in their respective spheres, during their last moments, and inducing them to make all testamentary dispositions in favour of the members, even to the exclusion of the testators’ own children.

“For superintending the arrangements of the undertaker, and endeavouring to get a premature peep at the will, either by cajoling or threatening the solicitor.

“And, with a view to the forming of a rich funereal wardrobe, the members shall appropriate openly—or, if not possible, by stealth—all hatbands, scarves, gloves, the brass-tipped sceptres of the mutes”—they made capital perches for Rachel’s parrots—“to be honourably divided amongst the Club after the melancholy ceremony.”

The above rules will give a fair idea of their usual proceedings. Volumes might be filled with them; but they would be monotonous, as they were always conducted on the same principles. They did a power of mischief, and collected an enormous quantity of black haberdashery. But their success was not to last for ever: a justice—in the highest sense poetic—was to overtake them sooner or later. They were doomed to be hoist with their own petard; and this is how it befell.

There was an old Lady Knellar, of great wealth, who was either a relative or a very old friend of our family. There is always some old woman hanging on to every family, to whom no one can assign any distinct relationship, but who is recognized as a “connexion.” In this instance, I believe, if my great-grandfather’s aunt’s cousin had not quarrelled with the first Lord Knellar on some electioneering business, his lordship would have entailed the Tocsin property on

that cousin, and it would probably have come down to me. But as it all happened a hundred years ago—and it is impossible to say what might have occurred in that time—I have never felt disappointed that it hasn’t.

However, the old lady, from the above circumstances, was undoubtedly some sort of connexion; and, as she had moneys to leave, you may be pretty sure the Vulture Club had looked her up at intervals.

It was on a November morning, many years ago—I had not long been married, but long enough to be anxious that my dear wife should not be subjected to sudden emotions—that I came down to breakfast first, and inspected the outside of the letters which lay on the table. Amongst them was a square envelope, containing what I thought was a card of invitation. It was a card, but of a different nature. It was very highly illuminated, and with a legend upon it requesting me to pray for the soul of Lady Knellar. This document was anonymous, and startled me very much, as I had not heard the old lady was ill. I didn’t say a word to my wife, but after breakfast went round to Lady Knellar’s town house. On inquiring of Mrs. Grimton, her maid, I found that her ladyship had not been well lately; but that at present there was nothing to cause serious apprehension.

“She has been rather put out,” said Mrs. Grimton, “by receiving a letter from Miss Sarah this morning, saying she would not lose a moment in hastening to her dear friend, and awakening her conscience as to a future state; and another from Miss Rachel, assuring her that Grip—Lady K.’s favourite dog—would receive every care and attention from her after his kind mistress’s decease. But Dr. Feathers says it is over-fatigue, and rest and quiet are only needed.”

She also produced from her pocket a similar card to mine, with a note from Anastasia, announcing her speedy arrival in town, and imploring her to allow no priest to minister to her dear friend until she herself had had an opportunity of judging of his orthodoxy. What was to be done? At any rate, I must go home to tell my wife. And conceive my horror, on arriving there, to find Anastasia in full possession of my hall! all sorts of apparatus—something like that used for conjuring tricks—lying about; and she scolding and weeping over a travelling shrine, which the careless cabman had injured in some

way! She borrowed eight and sixpence of me on the spot, to pay the cabman—five and six of which she reserved for her own use, and gave cabby three; whereupon a policeman had to be called in to arrange matters amicably.

I had now to direct all my energies to the getting rid of Anastasia; and as, after all, charity begins at home, I told her I was certain that Lady Knellar would not be happy unless her dear relative was with her; and, indeed, hinted at the advantages she might derive from getting her ear before any one else. This latter argument was conclusive; and I had the happiness of sending for another cab, and bundling her and all her traps—what I took for conjuring tricks were the ornaments of her altar—into it, and seeing her drive off. I hope good Lady Knellar—now in heaven—will pardon me; though I cannot agree with some malicious people, who have imputed her untimely decease to my permitting the visit of Aunt Anastasia. Anyhow, those people may derive some comfort from the fact that I have never been repaid my eight and sixpence to this day.

So it came to pass that the three furies—sisters, I mean—arrived at Lady Knellar's the same day; and little did they think that it would be the last affair of the Club, or that it was, like their kind old friend, so near its dissolution.

I have neither the space nor the wish to describe the last days poor Lady Knellar passed on earth, under the watchful supervision of the Club. She died, and was buried. BUT—ha! ha! I warrant you, no BUT has ever before proved such a *Deus ex machina* as this—*before* she died, she sent for Mr. Hawker, her solicitor, who brought her will with him, and was closeted at least an hour and a half with the old lady, with the door locked. The three sisters, who were in various positions outside the door, on the landing, could hear nothing but a murmuring of two voices, and the scratching of a pen on paper, which drove them nearly wild with excitement, which was heightened when the lawyer summoned two of the servants to attest the signature.

"And pray, Mr. Hawker," said Anastasia, with offended dignity, "why should a duty we should only be too happy to perform be deputed to menial hands?"

"Because, my dear madam," replied Mr. Hawker, blandly, "you are interested under

the will, and are not eligible for that reason."

* * * * *

After the funeral, which was conducted with great splendour in Brompton Cemetery—Anastasia insisted upon attending it, not, as she said, out of respect to her departed relative, but to keep an eye on the scarves, and to secure a large silk weeper for herself (an eminent undertaker has informed me that these articles of grief are manufactured of a larger size and better silk for ladies)—the members of the family returned to the house, to partake of the funeral baked meats—washed down by some very choice old port, had up especially at the request of the Rev. Bass Howler, the officiating clergyman, who was of Evangelical and convivial principles—and to hear the will read. This, Mr. Hawker did, with the set of features adapted to the occasion—at one moment woeful, at another congratulatory.

The will was finished; and, to the horror, grief, and amazement of the Club, their names had not been mentioned.

Mr. Hawker, however, turned over another leaf, and said, "Our dear departed friend"—*he'd* had a thousand left him—"has added a codicil, as follows: 'This is a codicil to my last will and testament, bearing date August 16, 18—, and which I direct to be taken as part thereof. I give, devise, and bequeath to each of my three dear relatives, Anastasia, Sarah, and Rachel Gadabout, one hundred shares in the Anglo-Alsatian Bank, in consideration of the great attention they have bestowed upon me in my illness; and I hope they may live long enough to enjoy their property.'"

Now, you can guess what happened afterwards. Whether the old lady was vindictive, and had some suspicions about the stability of the bank, who can tell? The shares were £100 each, of which only £10 per share had been paid, and each and all had their accounts there. But we all know it failed two years afterwards, and with it the Vulture Club, of immortal memory. The members retired to obscure nooks on the Continent, and enjoyed each an income of £50 per annum, subscribed by the family, till they died.

I have spent many a five-pound note, but none with greater satisfaction than that which was my annual subscription to what was once the Vulture Club.

THE MORTIMERS : A NOVEL WITH TWO HEROES.

By the EDITOR.

BOOK VI.—CHAPTER XI.

THE COURSE OF EVENTS.

IN the hour of his extremity, denied the power of moving, unable to hear, prostrate and paralyzed, slowly sinking into a certain grave, Robert Mortimer made a full confession of his treachery and baseness. From his own lips, three competent witnesses heard him tell—in sentences broken in their continuity by failing powers—the story of his crime—of his cruel and deliberate sacrifice of the rights of his nephew Reginald, the son of his elder brother, to his own cupidity and restless ambition. The most revolting and not the least remarkable feature about his confession was, that the motive by which he was urged to make it, and sustained in the effort, was not a feeling of remorse and sorrowful regret for his shameless wrong-doing—not a desire, by one last virtuous action, to atone in some slight degree for the past, and to leave the world with one sin less upon his head. No such motives appeared to animate the breast of the dying man. It was because his confession of the father's guilt would be the ruin of the son that he made this open avowal of his crime. An act, criminal in itself—one of omission and neglect to inform his nephew of his true position and rights, rather than the bolder and more resolute course of active crime—he had chosen as what he thought the safer course. He told his hearers of all his care to guard this secret; of the one man—Brady—who, knowing at first something of the truth, had succeeded in ferreting out the whole plot, with all the cunning of a low intelligence;—how for years he had held this knowledge of his secret over him—ever present, ever ready to use it as a means of extorting sums of money from his hardly more guilty master;—how at last he had, in a fit of passion, told him to go about his business; and then, at a frightful cost, taken steps to win or buy the treacherous scoundrel—who all his life had been his too-ready tool—back into his service again;—how that had been prevented by the accident which was so sure to end in death, sooner or later, he knew, from the lips of his physicians. The game was up, the last card was played, and

grim death stared Robert Mortimer in the face. The course of events, and the sagacity and penetration of Mr. Campbell and Reginald's other friends had rendered this deathbed confession of his crime unnecessary. The avarice of Brady—his agent in many of his schemes, and the man who for years had been in the habit of taking back to the houses of Robert Mortimer's intimate acquaintances small articles that had a practice of unaccountably finding their way into the pockets of the Secretary of the Pink Tape Office—would undoubtedly have led him speedily to offer his information to the other side, had not events rendered this likewise unnecessary.

It may not be in accordance with poetical notions of retributive justice that our story should close and leave this rascally gentleman's gentleman in the possession of a good digestion and his ill-gotten gains. But, as it is our business to relate only that which is in accordance with fact, we must state that Mr. Amos Brady is the proprietor of two lodging-houses for gentlemen, well situate near the clubs. He is much respected by all who do not know him, fills a seat at church on Sundays, and is a guardian of the poor, enjoying the full confidence of the parochial electors. In the discharge of the duties of his office, he is particularly hard upon the poor paupers, and he has already gained considerable distinction by taking an active and zealous part in the spirited, and often personal, debates which take place at the periodical sittings of the Board.

On the day on which Robert Mortimer made full confession of the crime he had been guilty of all his life, in fastening upon his nephew—now Sir Reginald Mortimer—the foul stain of dishonour, and in robbing him of his position and his rights, Charles Mortimer, his son, importuned Mr. Campbell to explain to him the meaning of his father's mysterious language—words which he had heard as he stood at the foot of the sick man's bed, but which failed to convey to him their real meaning.

Slowly, and with as much gentleness as he could, Mr. Campbell, in the room which had been the study of the father, unfolded to the son the story of his real position, and of his father's crime.

At first, the force of the blow overcame him, and he vented his anger upon the father, who lay stricken with death in the

chamber above them. But presently he became calm.

"I have lost nothing by this, Mr. Campbell," he said, with the imperturbable expression of despair. "My father I have long known to be a bad man, capable of any treachery, any deceit. I had no love for him. There are others I love; for them I will live—to lead, perhaps, an altered life. Now I will tell you something that will astonish you as much as your disclosures surprised me. I will tell you why wealth and title have no meaning and no value for me. I am married!"

"I know it," replied Campbell.

"To whom?"

"All!"

There was an interval of some moments before either spoke again. Then Charles said, in a hollow voice—

"Now you know, sir, the reason why I can bear without flinching, without one feeling of regret, the news you have just told me. What is life now to me? How can I meet one of the people I have known?"

"My old pupil—my dear boy!" said Mr. Campbell, in accents broken by honest emotion. "I have known you from your early years. I know your character well; its goodness, as well as its weakness. I pity you from my heart of hearts."

Charles smiled a sad, careworn smile.

"I am unworthy of your pity, sir. Had I been guided by your advice, I might have been in a different plight now. Ah! well! there is one course yet open. I will leave this country. I may yet see some service abroad, and—perhaps forget."

"I trust you may."

"I have long known that Mabel—Miss Despencer—did not love me. That makes the wrong I have done her less. Let her take for a husband a man worthier—of her—the man she loves—my cousin, Regin—"

Here his voice gave way, under his conflicting emotions; and, letting his head fall upon the table—still strewn over with his father's papers—he sobbed. Nor did Mr. Campbell think it judicious to break in upon the silence of his grief. He left him to himself.

Sinking by gradual steps, day by day found Robert Mortimer weaker, and less able to rally under the attacks of his disease. He received the last offices of the Roman Church from the hand of Father Francis,

and the day after closed his career on earth. His wife seemed to feel his death very slightly, in comparison with the grief she felt for her son, when the whole truth became known to her. After her husband's death, the house in Grosvenor-square was closed; and Mrs. Mortimer went back once more to her father's house. Her son, having sold his commission in the Nth Lancers, exchanged into a regiment ordered abroad, and sailed for India shortly after.

Sir Reginald Mortimer took up his abode at Madingley Chase. The extraordinary and romantic incidents connected with his history furnished gossip for the whole county for a long time—what went the round of the papers as the "Mortimer Romance" having supplied the dwellers in those rural districts with something more than a nine days' wonder; and long after the hatchment—blazoned with the griffins and leopards' heads, and the legend of their house, "Let Mortimer holde what Mortimer helde"—which was put up for old Sir Harold had been taken down from its place over the principal door at the Chase, they continued to talk of Sir Reginald's romantic succession to the title and estates of his ancestors. The gentry of the county received him with open arms, and behaved as they should do to one of his name and race. Lady Barrenacre remarked to her husband, "I give him up at once, for I know that Despencer girl will be sure to have him." Her ladyship was right. Erle, whose scrupulous and exact notions of honour had prevented him from declaring his love for his patron's ward, now made his passion known to the object of his admiration, and was speedily made happy in the assurance of reciprocal love.

The two ladies, Miss Margaret and Mabel, had removed to Despencer Castle, which is within an easy ride of the Chase, at least in the estimation of a man desperately in love; and Erle's horse ate a feed of corn in the old stables of the Castle nearly every day for some ten or twelve months, until Lady Mortimer's own steed was stabled in the next stall to him at Madingley Chase, and journeys to the Castle were dispensed with.

The tenantry of the Madingley estates expressed their great pleasure at seeing Sir Reginald in the house of his fathers; and old Mr. Gildersley, in his favourite character of the oldest respectable inhabitant, never ceases to take credit to himself for having

been the first to discover the family likeness which Reginald bore to his ancestors. His friend, Old Nat, is deafer than ever, and quite unable to hear what Mr. Gildersley sagely remarks about the matters that have come to pass among them; and, more frequently than not, makes answer—"Aye, aye—fine weather for hay—fine weather for hay;" for the honest old steward is fast sinking into a happy second childhood.

Enmeshed and drawn like a fly into the toils spread for him by Messrs. Hardwick and Co., the quondam leader of the Young England party, the spirited and generous Duke of Fairholme, having so encumbered his property as to have but a very small income left, his Grace has joined the noble army of exiles—or, more correctly, army of noble exiles—who contrive to drink hock, gamble, and kill time at Homburg. Reginald has received several letters from his Grace, written at the prompting of a very kind spirit—for want of consideration for the feelings of others was never a failing in his Grace's character. Others of his friends, too, have received these letters with the Homburg post-mark on their covers, the contents of which go far to show that his Grace is as hopeful of his luck as in the palmiest days of his turf career. He is, as a matter of course, the lucky possessor of an infallible system for winning huge heaps of Napoleons: rouleaux on rouleaux await the operation of his method of play, and will crown it with certain success, provided always that his Grace's funds enable him to carry it out in its integrity. With his characteristic good-nature, the Duke has already offered several "old pals" a share in this gigantic fortune if they will "stand in exs" with him. With one exception, the "old pals" have declined this favour—that one exception poor Fweddy Fitzboodle, who is broken-hearted at the unhappy termination of his thirty-first love suit, and has gone out to Homburg in despair to join his friend the Duke, and drown his sorrows in Rhine wines and the wild excitement of the "gween cloth." One gentleman, who would have been in the thick of his Grace's set, in good fortune or in bad, whether the scene was London or Homburg, has, rather unfortunately for his friends—who always liked the company of dashing Jack Childers—lost the faculty of reason, and is confined in a private asylum, where he is kindly treated

and allowed every liberty, to the extent of smoking empty pipes and washing the imaginary fumes of his immaterial tobacco down his thirsty throat with lemonade, ginger beer, and such like inoffensive beverages.

CHAPTER XII.

A LAST WORD.

SEASONS have passed, and it is again a lovely autumnal day. Upon the terrace at the Chase—on to whose smooth and shining expanse the windows of the dining-room, and of Lady Mortimer's own room, open—are to be seen two figures: those of two persons who have played a prominent part in this history. Mabel and the husband of her love are walking together towards the arbour at the end of the walk, covered over with sweet-smelling clematis, and cluster roses, and Virginia creeper—now turning red—and contrasting cheerfully its bright leaves with the white flowers and dark green foliage of the giant clematis that covers the roof, and droops its perfumed heads of blossom, in rare and sweet profusion, over the pillars and trellises of rustic woodwork, round which its ancient stems are twined. This, in the early days of their married life, was a favourite spot to which both loved to retreat; and, with the long glades of the park,—where the cattle were quietly cropping the tender autumnal herbage—before them, in serene and perfect repose, to breathe the soft language of mutual love—to recall the eventful past, and look far along the smooth vista of the bright future. Here, shaded from the bright rays of the sun, with the birds making music in their ears, and amid the sweet-sinelling breath of the roses, they often sat; and mused, or talked, or read some favourite poet, or book of romance, together; or sat—their hands clasped each in the other's—in the still silence of a happiness too deep and ecstatic for words to break in upon, and steal its bliss away. In this fairy bower—for so, in the blushing pink and snowy whiteness of its mingled blossoms, it looked—Miss Margaret often found her dearly beloved nephew and niece. Just nodding, and smiling with her sweet, soft smile, she would pass on; nor disturb their meditative bliss. Then Reginald would call after her with his manly voice—

"Come, Aunt Margaret, come and join us."

And the three—Reginald in the centre,

and the ladies on either side: Mabel leaning on his strong arm, and Miss Mortimer trotting cheerfully by their side—would stroll off together into the shrubberies, or over the moss-grown turf of the park; or Mabel would drive her husband and Miss Margaret, in her pretty pony carriage, drawn by the best pair of high-stepping, strawberry roans old Johnny Butler's judgment could select. They would call at the rectory, and have a pleasant chat with good Hugh Mildmay, softened by the sadness—never absent from him—of his great grief; but happy in his parish and his duties, as of old; going about, as the English country parson should, among his parishioners, with charitable admonition for the erring among his flock, with words of kindly encouragement for the well-doers, and ready help for all: sowing the seed which shall not be lost, but shall bear abundant fruit after many days. Reginald and his wife would meet him in the village; or in the hedge-shaded lanes; or find him among the roses in his garden, with a huge pair of scissors, cutting off the withered or falling heads from his standard bushes, followed by his gardener's boy, who brushed up the litter of leaves from the smooth-shaven and well-kept lawn. And Mabel would say—

"Come, dear Doctor—come and dine with us. Get into the chaise. You may trust me to drive you safely to the Chase. Now," looking up at him with arch reproof, "we won't let you say no."

And, indeed, the reverend gentleman did not require very much pressing, for he was nowhere so happy as with his friends at the Chase. There his sadness would melt for awhile into his old jocund smile. After dinner they would all four sit in Reginald's room, leaving the drawing-room empty and forsaken; and, shameful to say, both Lady Mortimer and Miss Margaret encourage the rector to smoke, and declare they like a cigar of all things.

"It makes you look so happy and so cosy, and puts you all in such a good temper," Mabel says. Then, playfully tapping her husband's shoulder, she adds—"You, you naughty boy, want no encouragement from us to make you light your cigar."

"But then you will have the candour to admit, my dear Mab, that I am always in a good temper with myself and everybody else."

His wife makes reply by opening a silver box—her present to Reginald—and, after picking, and choosing, and pinching, and smelling with her delicate nostrils, with all the air of the oldest and most sapient connoisseur in tobacco—while her husband watches her doings with admiration.—she bites the end off one of Freyer's primest Partagas, and sticks it in Reginald's mouth; strikes a match, and gives it him to light his cigar with.

"You'll spoil your husband, Mabel, my dear," says the rector, with easy phrase of old friendship.

"I often tell her so, Dr. Mildmay," says Miss Margaret, throwing up her hands and shaking her head playfully at the loving pair.

"Oh, no, I sha'n't. I can't gild gold—you know that, aunty."

And so, in happiness perfect and unalloyed, the winged days fly by.

But on the afternoon with which our chapter began, when we discovered Sir Reginald Mortimer and his fair bride walking along the gravelled terrace to the arbour at the end of the long walk, it was not to sit and speak soft words of love that they wended their steps thither. Miss Margaret trotted along immediately behind them, not now in the very least fear of intruding herself upon them, or of being that third person so often spoken of, so very often present, and so very seldom wanted.

They all, then, had an object in view. That object was in the arbour before described; and they could see the white garments of the object, rising and falling, not blown by the breeze, but kicked by strong pink legs, ending in white lace-worked socks and dainty blue shoes. Crowing on his nurse's lap sits Mr. Reginald Harold Despensers Mortimer, the rising hope of the house, aged a year and a few months. Seeing his mother, his bright blue-gray eyes light up at once, and his fat cheeks reveal a dimple on either side.

Mabel rushes forward, and, taking her boy from his nurse, clasps him to her bosom, and kisses his young face, till the urchin, doubling his fists, fights furiously for freedom.

"Take him, papa," says his mother, "and feel how very heavy he gets. I declare, I shall not be able to carry him soon."

Reginald takes his son and heir, and holds him in his stout arms; while the boy's eyes

follow his mother as she speaks to the nurse. Miss Margaret smiles benignly down upon him, and takes him from his father's arms.

"A man never learns how to hold a baby perfectly," she says.

And Reginald says—

"While his highness has so many nurses, I need not take any trouble to learn."

"Don't let him tire you, aunty," says his mother, anxious to take the precious freight into her own charge. "He grows more like Reginald every day."

"He's the image of his Pa, that he is," says nurse, making a rush and a bob backwards, and addressing baby, who, everything considered, takes matters pretty calmly. But he is used to it.

Reginald thinks him like Mabel, and Mabel is sure he is just what his father was at his age. Miss Margaret sees a likeness to her brother Harold, which father and mother silently assent to. The good old lady's eyes fill with tears, and one trickles down her cheek as she says—

"May he grow up like his granduncle, my dears, and we have nothing better to wish."

To which Dr. Mildmay, coming up behind Miss Margaret, says, in his full, deep voice, "Amen."

"Do not let us forget our company, Mabel," says Miss Margaret. "Where are they gone?"

It was a few days after the second anniversary of their union, and they were keeping holiday in their own way.

Strolling through the shrubbery were three old friends of Reginald's, walking about in friendly converse. Dr. Gasc, Father Francis, and Mr. Campbell were his guests at the Chase, where they had been staying some days. On the Sunday, the good Doctor—who has taken a prodigious liking to the rector of Madingley—goes with the others to the parish church, and seems likely to go there regularly whenever he stays with Reginald—which, of late, he has often done. Father Francis has been to the church on a week-day, and admires the venerable building very much. Dr. Mildmay and he, when with Mr. Campbell and the Doctor, have had some friendly disputes. "The wolf and the lamb," the Doctor calls them, though there is not much of the wolf about Father Francis. It is not likely he will be cajoled into countenancing heretical sermons, but

otherwise the two clerics are the best friends in the world.

Dr. Gasc brings the manuscript sheets of his book on Geology down to the Chase with him for further revision. It is nearly ready for publication, the Doctor says; but, owing to the unappreciative nature of English publishers, he will very likely have to print his production at his own expense.

We must visit the kitchen garden to find others of our acquaintance, who have walked over from Malton to dine at the Chase, at the express request of the owner—who never yet forgot an old friend—as they have often done before. A well-known figure in black breeches and gaiters—a round and portly form, with frilled shirt and white neckerchief folded about a slightly apoplectic neck—is standing on the border before a tree loaded with ripe and ripening peaches.

Another figure, tall, bilious, and sallow-visaged—whom our readers may not have forgotten—is on the gravel path, partaking of the spoils of the peach tree.

A voice proceeds from the fruit-full mouth of the first-mentioned gentleman—

"I do like to come here. Do just as you like," says the Dominie. "If Mrs. Strong-i'th'arm had these peaches, she'd preserve 'em—spoil every man Jack of 'em."

Mr. Peter Odger groaned, and bit his peach. What he groaned for it would not be easy to discover. It was his habit.

"He's a fine fellow, Odger—Sir Reginald is. But," said the Dominie, drawing himself up, "I was the making of him. If that boy hadn't come to my school, what would he have been? Never ought to have been taken away. Gasc never ought to have done it."

"Give me one more, Strong-i'th'arm. The gardener said they had bushels of them. It's a sin to see them wasted."

"Here!" said his friend. "What a place he has got, to be sure. They say, thirty thousand a-year. Thir-ty thousand! What an income!"

"And what an income and property tax to pay."

"Plenty to pay it with, though. Ah, here they come! I declare, I love Lady Mortimer. She's like a fairy queen; and this is like a fairy palace."

"I love them all," said Mr. Peter Odger.

"I'm sure you do. I'm sure we both do. Kitcher, a-kitcher, a-kitcher!"

This was to the baby, playfully meant.

The Dominie has given up keeping school at last. Mrs. Strongi'th'arm says "he never got a farthing at it." But this is untrue. Mr. Tinkler reigns in the Dominie's stead; and when last year he was happily united to the now mature Miss Lucy Strongi'th'arm, Sir Reginald Mortimer made the bride a very handsome present indeed. Mrs. Strongi'th'arm remarked on that occasion, with her usual asperity, that "keeping school was a beggarly affair; and that she thought, if Sir Reginald Mortimer—but when people once—they so soon forget."

"Look at those Johnsons now, for instance. Mr. Tinkler, if you had the spirit of a mouse, you would be a steward or something for Sir Reginald; and Mr. Strongi'th'arm might be something or other, with his education and experience. There are many matters, too, in which her ladyship might consult me to advantage, if we only lived there. Eh, James?"

"Certainly, my dear," the Dominie replied. "I have always held a high opinion of the office of Clerk. I think Clerks ought to be better men. I should not mind being Parish Clerk, now."

"If you were well paid!" ejaculated the deep bass voice of Mr. Peter Odger.

Down at Malton, Sir Harold's wish is carried out, "that no old servants should be discharged;" and Mr. Johnson—Young Nat, we mean—is still steward, as his fathers were before him. But the line must end here, as no lady has been fortunate enough to become Mrs. Nathaniel Johnson, junior; and Young Nat declares he shall never get married now. Since the Duke's affair, Mr. Horatio Grobey has never visited Malton, as, in all probability, the spirited and loyal inhabitants of that little township might show their antipathy to men who do so much to crush and ruin their betters, in the form of eggs, not newly laid, cats that have lost the power of voluntary motion, and the stalks of that common vegetable, the cabbage. At least, Mr. Horatio Grobey has been told so; and has not thought fit to run the risk of visiting his only brother.

The reception accorded to Mr. Bob Grobey, the eminent tragedian, late of the Theatre Royal Victoria, and the leading London and provincial houses, has been very different. Having intimated his inten-

tion of retiring from that East-end stage of which he had for so long a period been the chief ornament, and the delight alike of gods and men, this intention was conveyed to his old friend, Sir Reginald, through Dr. Gasc; and, as his means and his lungs were neither of them in a very flourishing state, the Doctor was commissioned by Reginald to ask a question.

It was found that Mr. Grobey fancied a good country inn. There were two inns in Malton, and one of these was at Reginald's disposal. Accordingly, Mr. Grobey is installed as mine host at the Wheatsheaf. He at once, with the consent of his patron, changed his sign to that of the Victoria Arms, being thereby, at the same time, loyal to his Queen and to that house where he had shone for so long a time; and although the Wheatsheaf was in bad odour at the time it passed into the ex-tragedian's hands, there is now better company to be found any night at the Victoria than that which assembles at the Mortimer's Arms, up the town.

Mrs. Grafton and her niece live together, in a neat little cottage, at Hampstead; and, whatever may be the source of Mrs. Grafton's income, it is known to her neighbours that she presents a cheque quarterly at the respectable banking-house of Knollys and Company, in Fleet-street, close to Temple Bar. And it may not be thought a curious coincidence that this firm of gentlemen are Sir Reginald Mortimer's London bankers also.

Madam McAra still keeps the Doctor's house in Bartholomew-square, where the Patriots still congregate together as of yore, holding many meetings to as little purpose as ever they did. Madam and old Victor agree better together than they used, as they are now growing old, and begin to see each other's virtues rather than each other's faults. Both have visited the Chase; and Reginald never spends any time in town without calling upon the kind-hearted, faithful Madam, who still calls him her boy.

Lady Mortimer pleased her husband immensely by driving eastward—unknown to him—on purpose to show Madam McAra the baby, on the occasion of that young gentleman's first visit to London. As a matter of course, Madam declared him to be the finest boy that was ever seen—always excepting her boy, this boy's father. And

Mabel was disposed to let Madam have her own way about this, ever looking upon her husband as uniting in himself all that is noble, and manlike, and good, and fit subject for a wife's devotion. In the fullness of her woman's love for the husband of her choice, she looks back with joy on the day when old Sir Everard Despencer, her father, begged that his daughter, "heirress of the Despenchers, might give her hand in marriage to the heir of the Mortimers, and have her father's blessing."

THE END.

MRS. HARRIS'S LETTERS TO HER SON.

THERE is no part of the Malmesbury correspondence that is so rich in descriptive anecdotes and glimpses of life, from the year 1763 to 1780, as the letters written by the wife of Mr. Harris, M.P., author of "Hermes," to her son James, who afterwards became the first Lord Malmesbury.

The first of these letters is dated June 13, 1763, the third year of the reign of George III., and is addressed to her son, at Oxford. As he was born on April 21, 1746, he must at this time have been in his eighteenth year; and he had, obviously, only just commenced his university career, as, with a mother's natural anxiety, she begins her letter in these words:—"I hope, by this time, you have matriculated, and gone through all your operations." Amongst other town gossip, she tells him that "Sir Gerrard Napier and Mr. Sturt have been on a sea expedition, and Sir Gerrard was very sick. The captain of the vessel advised him to drink port wine. Sir Gerrard drank a quart at one draught, and then immediately another, which was all their stock on board. He then drank two quarts of white wine, and began the third; but fell down before he could finish it. He continued insensible a long time after he was brought ashore. Mr. Sturt sent for three physicians and two apothecaries; so, by blistering, &c., they brought him back to life." Four days later, she writes from Cottenham, where she and his father are on a visit to the Dean of Sarum, at the parsonage: The Cambridge men of the present and last generation will be surprised to hear that "it is surrounded by fens, and you are teased beyond expression by the gnats." These

gnats seem to have been too much for the poor lady's sense of strict grammatical propriety; for she proceeds to say that "the Dean's butler came to your father with a pair of leathern stockings to draw on, so as to protect his legs, which in hot weather is dreadful." The beds were provided with silk nets, which are let down "after you are in bed, and cover you all over. Without this there would be no sleeping; for, notwithstanding all these precautions, we were most miserably stung." Nothing is said of the cheese for which Cottenham is now famous; but we learn that 1,400 cows are kept in the parish, which feed on the fens in the summer. "The water is, in this dry season (June 19), up to their bellies. The natives dry the cow-dung for firing in the winter; so 'tis kept in heaps about the fields, as is also the dung of their yards; so, when you walk, the stink is inconceivable." Mrs. Harris was told by the inhabitants that, during the winter, the water was constantly above their ankles in their houses. After describing the Dean's house, and all belonging to him, as "dull and flat to a degree," she seems to have felt some qualms of conscience; for she adds:—"All this is between ourselves; for I ought not to speak ill of a place where we have been so well received." Writing on July 2, she describes an expedition on the Thames in a common wherry. After seeing Greenwich, they set off for Woolwich; and "were shown the working of the cannon. The number of cannon in the gun warren is beyond my description. We saw, also, the laboratory, where there is a model for fireworks, and many curious models of ships." The party returned to Greenwich to dine; and Mrs. Harris was, so far as we know, the first writer who recorded a whitebait dinner:—"We had the smallest fish I ever saw, called whitebait. They are only to be eat at Greenwich; and are held in high estimation by the epicures. They are not so large as the smallest of minnows, but are really very good eating." We regret to add that so pleasant an expedition terminated with "a beastly walk through the Borough, after we landed."

On August 20, she writes to him at Oxford—why he should be there at that date is not mentioned—hoping that he had escaped the tremendous storm that occurred on the previous day, in which, according to the "Annual Register," sheep as well as fowls

were killed by hailstones, some of which were ten inches in circumference. At noon there was no seeing to read, or hardly to walk about the house. After the storm was over, Mr. Harris "went to inquire after her Majesty and the young Prince. Many people were there, and it was a good assembly. From seven till nine, tea is brought round. In the morning there is caudle and cake, of which your father partook yesterday." A week later, she sends James the account of Wilkes being challenged by Mr. Forbes for abusing the Scotch; but declining, "to his dishonour," to fight. "Mr. Wilkes," she observes, "never loses an opportunity of ridiculing the Scotch. Some one having observed that, as there were no trees in Scotland, there could be no birds, he replied, 'Gad, sir, not at all; I have seen three magpies perched on one thistle.'" Considering her profound respect for his Majesty—of whom, in reference to the somewhat bullying conduct of Pitt in the summer of 1762, she writes, "What hearts must those people have who can torment so good a man!"—it is no wonder that she delights in recording any stories to the discredit of Wilkes.

Thus, on November 15, she writes that "two hundred and fifty people met last night at the cockpit, amongst which number Mr. Wilkes had the modesty to mix. He said he thought it was the last time he should ever be there. One gentleman told him, as a rough joke, he would probably be in Newgate by next Friday; which he laughed at."

In another letter—bearing the same date, but apparently written early on the following morning—she gives a graphic account of Wilkes's troubles with the Houses of Parliament:—"The House of Commons came to a resolution that No. 45 of the *North Briton* was a false, scandalous, and seditious libel; and ordered it to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman; and to-day they are to make the seizing of his person no breach of privilege. . . . The House of Lords is engaged with Wilkes also; for among his papers was found the most blasphemous, profane, and obscene thing ever written, in Bishop Warburton's name." This, we may observe parenthetically, was the "Essay on Woman," a parody on Pope's "Essay on Man;" and, like it, pretending to be annotated by Dr. Warburton.

The following quotation from the same letter is illustrative of what Mrs. Harris

terms the "pretty smart" language in which the House of Commons occasionally indulged:—"This instant a note has come from your father to inform me that Wilkes fought a duel this morning, in Hyde Park, with Mr. Martin. He received two balls in his body, which are extracted; and the wounds thought not dangerous. Mr. Martin said yesterday, in the House, 'that whoever wrote an anonymous paper so impudent and abusive as the *North Briton* was a lying scoundrel,' and repeated it again—'I say he is a lying scoundrel.' I surmise from this that Wilkes must have sent the challenge; but that I only guess." She concludes with the following charitable and pious reflection:—"I think 'tis better that he is not quite killed, for I should wish he might be made an example of; for a more wicked wretch never lived in any age. His blasphemy with regard to our Saviour is enough to shock even those who never think of religion. I cannot find a name bad enough for him."

Six days later, Wilkes is reported as "much better." Further details regarding the challenge are given, and she admits that "Wilkes, as soon as he returned home, very honourably sent the challenge back to Martin (who really wrote it), so that, in case he (Wilkes) died, it might not appear against him. He also spoke handsomely of Martin's behaviour and honour." Those who are familiar with this portion of our history will recollect that Wilkes, in this affair, got decidedly the better of the Government. The Court of Common Pleas declared that his commitment to the Tower was illegal; while Wilkes obtained £1,000 damages and costs against the Under-Secretary of State for seizing his papers.

On the discussion on the Cider Bill, in March, 1764, a Mr. Nicholson Calvert, a member of the opposition, "harangued and said, 'Where is Athens? What has become of Lacedæmon?' This brought on a laugh; so he sat down and said, 'If the gentlemen laughed he must sit down to recollect himself.' On which Sir John Glynn got up and replied, 'That, while that honourable gentleman was recollecting himself, he would inform him that Athens and Lacedæmon were gone to Albemarle-street'"—in which Lord Bute, the ex-minister, resided. It is strange to learn that, little more than a century ago, every one was present by *six* at a ball given by the Duchess of Queens-

bury; who, however, stood alone in securing so early an assemblage. She had the character of being the proudest woman of her day; and, when the Duke's estate at Amesbury was sold to a banker, who afterwards sent her an invitation, she refused, telling him that "he had powdered his wig with the dust of her ancestors."

Whenever a good story is current in town, this excellent mother faithfully reports it to her son. Thus, on March 17, 1764, she relates that the Princess Dowager was present at the oratorio of "Nabal," and observed to Lord Tyrawly that "she did not recollect the story." He replied that "he was not thoroughly acquainted with the Old Testament; and, if he might advise, thought that she had better consult the Bishop of Osnaburgh"—the Bishop being Prince Frederick, who was then an infant. Letters, of May 10th and 12th, describe the riots at Ranelagh "among those *beings*, the footmen"—the abolition of vails being the grievance they want to redress. On the 9th, "there was fighting with drawn swords for some hours, and they broke one chariot all to pieces." And on the 11th, there was "another riot, much more considerable than the former one. One gentleman had his arm broke, another his head; and one footman hurt, and, 'tis said, one killed; but that I doubt. The ladies go into fits, scream, run into the gardens, and do everything that is ridiculous." She adds, with maternal care, she has brought up his Ranelagh coat; but what kind of garment that may be we know not. From a letter written more than four months later, we find that "Mr. Harris has settled, with his men servants, the *grave affair* of vails, and has risen their wages to half as much again. It went off better than I expected."

TABLE TALK.

IS ANY READER INTERESTED in the genealogy of Marshal MacMahon? If so, perhaps he can tell me the name of the Marshal's grandfather. There was a Mr. Joseph Parkyns MacMahon living in Paris during the latter half of the last century, who made some small name as a writer. I think he was a professor of languages by vocation. His father was Sir Claudius MacMahon, an Irish knight, who ruined himself and his family by taking up the cause of Charles Edward, in 1745; and had to get out of the country as quickly as possible. In return

for his loyalty, the Pretender made him Lord Monaghan—a title which, it need hardly be said, does not appear in the Red Book. Sir Claudius was married to a daughter of another Jacobite, Sir William Parkyns, who was executed in 1696 for a plot against King William. The father of the present Marshal was himself a Marshal, peer of France, and a personal friend of Charles X. He might very well have been the son of Mr. Joseph Parkyns MacMahon; in which case the General would be only French in descent by his mother's side.

APROPOS OF DESCENT, what has become of the children of all the extinct Houses? If we suppose—which is not very unreasonable—two children to every man, we get a geometrical progression in the number of their descendants. Taking the Carlovingian dynasty, for example, which got sent about their private business in the year 987: the two last sons found an asylum in Germany. Each of these may have been the father of thirty generations; and, according to my hypothesis, there might be now, had not wars and famine interposed, upwards of a thousand millions—as any one may calculate—of lineal descendants of the last Carlovingian king. In other words, under peaceful conditions, it would take a single pair only thirty-one generations, or less than a thousand years, to people the whole world as it is now peopled. Of course, all these calculations are upset by war, famine, pestilence, and ignorance of hygiene. Still, with all deductions, is it not obvious that the blood of any given man must, after many generations, be flowing in the veins of millions of people? Another way to look at it is Southey's. He said, erroneously, that since every man has two progenitors, four grand-progenitors, eight *atavi*, sixteen *abavi*, and so forth, he himself must have had, in the reign of King John, all England for his ancestors. As a matter of fact, from Southey to King John there were twenty generations; which give a million as the number of his ancestors at the time, or about a third of the whole population of King John's England. It is, however, quite obvious that, while the blood of the two Carlovingian Princes may possibly be found in every German soldier now before Paris, it takes an immense number of ancestors, even correcting for kinship, to make one man, after twenty generations or so. And it is a con-

solatory reflection, to those who unfortunately have forgotten their own grandfathers, that, among all their countless ancestors, some, at least, must have been kings; and among their countless descendants, some, at least, will be known to the world. How pleasant, after spending a lifetime in searching among mute, inglorious village registers, to find yourself descended from a brother of Shakspeare, or a cousin of Milton, or one of the many children, say, of Charles II.! And, quoting your own case, how it would fortify your belief in the hereditary nature of genius!

A RESIDENT AT NINGPO writes to us: The credulity and superstition of the Chinese knows no bounds; a striking instance of the former having just been the main cause of the terrible Tien-Tsin tragedy, and the universal disquietude that pervades every part of China—ninety-nine out of every hundred Chinamen firmly believing that foreigners in general, but the Roman Catholics in particular, kidnap children for the sake of their eyes, hearts, and other parts, to be used in compounding a potent drug. The following horrible story has been related to me as a solemn fact by a Chinaman, who declares that he was an eye-witness of the latter part of what is here written:—"Some years ago, when the Tai Ping rebels were devastating the most fruitful provinces of China, a novel plan was invented for discovering the money and other treasure concealed by the terrified merchants and people on the first warning of the approach of the rebels. Some ingenious Tai Ping thought within himself that, as men are all devout worshippers of gold and silver, something composed from man would, in all probability, be more efficacious than anything else in discovering hidden treasure, without putting men to the pains of pulling down each separate brick of any suspected place, to get at the coveted hoard. He therefore seized the first prisoner he could lay hands on, and quietly proceeded to cut him up and put him into a large cauldron, wherein he was allowed to simmer until a sufficient coating of oil had collected on the surface; this was carefully skimmed off, and then a roll of cloth was spread out and soaked in the human oil, after which it was tightly rolled up and converted into a torch. The rebel then lit his torch, and, in a fever of expectation, started in quest of a likely house. Having found

one to his taste, he entered, and slowly waved the torch in all directions, intently watching the flame, which shortly commenced flickering—like a man's fingers clutching at gold! The rebel was overjoyed at this sight, and felt sure that this was a sign that treasure was concealed exactly where the torch flickered; he accordingly set to work and pulled down that part of the wall, and sure enough there discovered a goodly hoard of silver. This plan was afterwards universally adopted in the Tai Ping camp, and became so notorious that, on an Imperial officer—in whose suite was my informant—taking one of the rebels prisoner, he questioned him as to the truth of the report, remarking, at the same time, that he could not possibly believe it. The prisoner declared that such was their method of discovering hidden treasure. Whereupon the officer replied that, as the prisoner persisted in vouching for the truth of the report, he would do himself the pleasure of testing its truth or falsehood on his person. The prisoner was immediately killed, cooked, and converted into a torch, and used with the greatest success!"

LONDON SPARROWS ARE SUPPOSED to be neither useful nor ornamental; but modern ingenuity can make ugly things to be beautiful, and can find a use for an object that is apparently useless. We have been informed, on authority on which we can rely, that a large proportion of those resplendent stuffed birds, of brilliant hue, that we see on ladies' hats and bonnets, are not glittering specimens of the ornithology of the Tropics, but are veritable London sparrows. Their sooty, smoky plumage is dyed with the required colours; and the despised bird is transformed to a jewel-like ornament that sheds a lustre on the adornments of beauty. There is a special trade in "birds' eyes"—as well as in bird's-eye tobacco; and also in birds' beaks, which are manufactured with whalebone. Thus, after its death, a London sparrow may not only be useful, but ornamental, and "a thing of beauty."

An Illustration, printed separately on Toned Paper, is published with the present Weekly Number.

The authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

ONCE A WEEK is registered for transmission abroad.

ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 149.

November 5, 1870.

Price 2d.

ONE OF TWO; OR, A LEFT-HANDED BRIDE. BY HAIN FRISWELL.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"THE COMMON TALK OF GOSSIPS WHEN THEY MEET."



TURNED," said Mrs. Preen, "just the colour of a baked pear, when it is made fit for company by a pinch of Scotch-ineal!"

"An artful minx!" ejaculated Gurgles. "What says the 'Gospel Mag'?—the editor seems to know those women well—'A wise woman buildeth her house, but the foolish plucketh it down.'"

"Well, I don't

know," said Mrs. Preen. "What are you to do when—"

"Destruction cometh suddenly upon you, even as a thief in the night," according to the editor," interposed the butler.

This conversation was *à propos* of the Chesterton family, of which Mrs. Preen—whose pronunciation, usually so accurate, was now and then wrong—was relating some legend. A female Chesterton, in years gone by, had committed a dreadful crime; and, on being suddenly convicted of it, had turned cochineal colour.

There is always some black sheep in every flock; and this black sheep had the dangerous talent of appearing, according to Mrs. Preen, as white as a dove, until found

out. Was it not natural to expect that, in this instance which they, the servants, were then debating, Lord Wimpole might not have been that black sheep? So Mrs. Preen argued. The tide was turning in the servants' debating assembly. Mrs. Preen's father had been a law stationer, and she had grown up with immense veneration for the law. It was not likely that that august machine could be wrongly guided, or could make a mistake.

"People in office," said Mrs. Preen, sentimentally, "seldom make mistakes. Bless you, they know everything. Look how wise the judges look! It is beautiful to see them; and then, how beautifully they speak!"

Mrs. Preen had been to one or two trials—to which, we know, ladies are fond of flocking—and had been greatly edified by the way in which some learned judge had disported himself.

"They look a great deal wiser than they are, mum," said the irreverent Checketts. "Bless you, they often make mistakes! I recollect my guv'nor was persuaded to give a poor old stable-keeper, who was down our mews, into custody for stealing pots. One of 'em—he had had a pint o' beer, Meux's Entire—was found in the 'oss's stalls, and the poor man was convicted, and sent across the seas, or something like. Well, after all, another man confessed to the job; and the poor ostler was as innocent as a chick just hatched. And then they granted that poor old man a free pardon! Pardon for what? For being innocently convicted! Do you call that wisdom? Preciously wise all the big-wigs look; but it's the horsehair that makes them look so!"

"Well, now and then, Mr. Checketts, the wisest man must err," said Mrs. Preen, smoothing her silk apron.

"The wisest men are but babes," as the editor says," interposed Mr. Gurgles. "But I am apt to think that the worthy Mrs. Preen is not far wrong."

"Besides," added the housekeeper, "this is not a case of pot stealing."

"No—the family has not fallen so low as that," said Gurgles, with dignity. "I am afraid, young man, that your early education has somewhat interfered with your notions of things. As the editor remarks somewhere, 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.' That is wisdom, Mrs. Preen—is it not?"

"Well, I don't quite know that," retorted Mrs. Preen. "Here's our young lord—what better training can you want? First at Eton—all with sons of the most exalted families; then at Oxford; and now—Oh! is it not dreadful!"

"There are some very wild doings at Oxford, Mrs. Preen. I have been down there to visit my brother, who is a porter at one of the colleges. Bless you, don't they have rows! 'Some young fellows,' says the editor, 'are like Ishmael, and some like Jacob. The human heart,' he adds, 'is desperately wicked.'"

"I tell you what—desperately wicked or not—the people who arrested Lord Wimpole have made a mistake; and won't they catch it! My lord is as innocent as a babe unborn. I'd lay my life on it—I'd swear it!"

"Swear not at all," quoted Gurgles.

"Won't I, though!" said Checketts. "It's enough to make any one swear, to find such a lot of half-hearted coves about one. I'd die before I believed him guilty. But you'll see—you'll see, I tell you. He is going to set one of those lawyers at him—at least, the old lord is—and a wonderful fellow he is."

"Now, there you talk sense," said Mrs. Preen. "And, pray, who may the learned gentleman be? Some one old and experienced, I presume?"

"No, mum—he aint very old, as the little boy said of the puppy as was born yesterday—but he may have a lot of experience; and I hope he has. He looks like it. Eyes that can look you through; and such a forehead, and such lots of books!"

"That's your man," said Gurgles. "No wonder he looks pale. What says my favourite authority? The editor says—"

"Blow the editor!" cried Checketts, "you're always thrusting him forward."

"Checketts," said Mrs. Preen, "you should be more polite to your seniors.

Pray go on, Mr. Gurgles; your quotations are always so remarkably *opposite*."

"Thank you, mum. What my friend and guide says, mum, is, that 'of making books there is no end, and much study is weariness to the bones.' That's why lawyers, and poets, and such like, are so thin. But I am glad to hear he's learned. Learning is better than house and land."

"Oh, bother, is it? Yes, I suppose it is, when you aint got neither."

Here Checketts burst forth into a song—

"Lord love 'em, I wish I could marry 'em all,
And be to each orphan a dad!

But the Law, it would make me look precious
small,

And consider the case rather bad."

"I'm afraid that the law will consider our case rather bad, too," said Gurgles, shaking his head, sadly. "But I have much hopes of the man of law whom Mr. Checketts speaks of. What is his name, if you please, Mr. Checketts?"

"Mr. Wade—Mr. Edgar Wade; and do you know, mum, that he was, somehow or other, in the look of him—whether it was his eyes, his nose, or his chin, or all three together—very like our old governor, and our young one too."

"Umph! that may be; and yet"—here Mrs. Preen turned a meaning look upon the excellent Gurgles, and spoke with intention—"there can be no harm in that. I believe that his lordship was a most exemplary young man before marriage; and he married early."

"It is a wise child," observes the editor," said Gurgles, "that knows his own father;" but, certainly, Wade is not the name of the solicitors of the family."

"No," added Mrs. Preen; "Steppem, Tracy, and Filch is the respectable firm—most respectable firm—of Lincoln's Inn; and excellent solicitors they are. Bless you! I've been inside their offices, Mr. Gurgles; and do you know there is not one of their tin boxes that had not the name of a lord, or a lord's estate, upon it, or, let us say, such words as 'Exors. of the Honble. Miss Patchford;' 'Marriage deeds of the Duchess of Slowgoe;' 'The Potiron Estates;' and such words! What a thing it must be to be an Exor! Those are the gentlemen who stand to guard the King—all gold, and with drawn swords—or is it an Exon, Mr. Gurgles?"

"I don't know, mum—I'm not used to anything palatial, although I had an uncle

who was very stately, and very obese. He was kept to drive the state coach, and never exercised his whip upon any 'osses worse than the eight cream-coloured beauties belonging to his Majesty, as has the privilege of wearing red morrocky harness, and of never doing no work."

Here Checketts laughed, irreverently.

"Consequently," said Gurgles, finishing his sentence before he commenced his reproof, "I don't know much of Exons, nor of Exors. Pray, what are you laughing at, Mr. Checketts?"

"Because I was thinking what precious fools them horses must think us men for keeping them in idleness, and letting them do no work—

'For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.'

There's a piece of verse that would suit your editor. But, Mrs. Preen—aint you old enough to know, mum, that this job requires a barrister? and Mr. Edgar Wade is a barrister, and much above any beggarly firm of solicitors as ever cheated a poor widow or robbed a distressed orphan."

Checketts thus threw a ball of fire into Mrs. Preen's powder magazine. In early days, when vanity held sway over this excellent—and then maiden—lady, she used to say that her father was an eminent legal gentleman. Then, the bit of brag increased, and it became an eminent attorney; and then a solicitor. Hence, anything said against the legal profession generally, and attorneys in particular, was felt by Mrs. Preen as a personal insult. Nor, indeed, was the lady very much pleased with Mr. Checketts's exordium, "You are old enough." How often these little sentences—dropped unconsciously, it may be, by the speakers—annoy and worry us; nay, determine the bias of our own feelings against a speaker.

"Really, sir," said Mrs. Preen, with the dignity of a duchess, "I am not aware that I have given you any cause thus to insult my family."

"Beg pardon, Mrs. Preen," said Checketts, good-naturedly, "I did not mean it."

"Besides," continued the housekeeper—loftily overlooking Checketts and his apology—"besides, I am sure that solicitors are required in such cases. Do you remember that little affair of Mr. César Negretti? You have cause to remember."

"Oh, don't I, just!" returned Checketts.

Well he might remember, indeed; when

to that circumstance, amongst others, he owed his advancement.

"Oh, don't I, just. What a rogue he was! And wasn't Mrs. Preen taken in, neither! Remember!—don't I?"

'I remember, I remember,
The cot where I was born;
And now I've got a bigger house,
I look on it with scorn.

Why, you know you admired that cunning thief, Mrs. Preen."

"Don't call him a thief, Mr. Checketts. He was a very good young man."

"Though he did wear my lord's pocket handkerchiefs; and went out and passed himself off as a young nobleman, no doubt."

"Nothing was ever proved against him," said Mrs. Preen, "and he spoke French and Italian with perfect fluency. Ah! what a fine complexioned young man he was, to be sure!"

"About as black as a nigger; but he was not so black without as he was within. I never heard such propositions as *he* made to me."

"Oh, it was only to try you; he told me so," said Gurgles. "Though I confess I do not like people who go to try others; they may fall themselves, and serve them right if they do. The young man was a stranger and a servant within our gates; and I never talk to foreigners myself."

"True British prejudice," sneered Mrs. Preen; "true British prejudice!"

It is to be observed that all those people who talk about British prejudice—as if, like so-called British spirits, it was something deleterious—loftily pretend to have no prejudices themselves; or, perhaps, not to be British at all.

"Well, I'm glad old Gurgles is on my side," said Checketts, familiarly patting that worthy on the shoulder. "And I'm glad his prejudice is *British* prejudice; 'cos, if it is, I'm sure it's of the right sort. And let me tell you that I don't see why we should not be proud of British prejudice, Mrs. Preen. Perhaps, mum, you will tell me anything really British that is bad; 'cos if you can, tell me—I don't know of it, not I."

"British brandy," murmured Gurgles—actually without any quotation from his favourite editor.

"Well, 'tisin't so good as Cognac; but you can't beat British gin, rum, whisky, or porter. Brandy aint our native production. They don't go in for brandy, the British;

but, for all that, I don't like to hear them run down, especially by their own people. As for prejudice against foreigners, sometimes it's good, and sometimes it's bad. César Negretti I don't know any bad of, except what he was said to be guilty of; and as my lord forgave him, why, I will forgive him too. But, there—I had a prejudice against him."

"He was sweetly inclined towards religion," said Gurgles; "and took much pleasure in reading that precious magazine—which I offered—and often, too often, in vain—to lend you, Mr. Checketts."

"Much pleasure in reading! Oh, good gracious," said Mr. Checketts, with a wide grin on his unbelieving countenance—"oh, Mr. Gurgles, if you knew all!"

Here a loud summons from the hall bell put an end to the conference; and presently Mr. Slates announced that his lordship was coming up the outer stairs, with a young lady.

"Hurrah! I said he was innocent," cried Checketts; "so they've set him free."

"'Tisn't the young lord, it is the old one. How pale he looks, and tottering; and the young lady with him is no other than Miss Winnifred Vaughan."

"Miss Vaughan! how comes she here?" said Mrs. Preen. "I suppose we shall have Lady Guernsey and her belongings next."

"Hush!" said Gurgles. "They are in the hall; they must not hear a whisper."

Mr. Roskell was at the door, waiting for Lord Chesterton. There is something very noble and very touching in the affection of an old servant, after any misfortune or any illness; and Lord Chesterton, in the middle of his trouble, could not help noticing the attentive, unobtrusive care that his steward lavished on him. Only one other servant was there: Mr. Checketts could not restrain his zeal, and had bounded up the stairs, although Gurgles was almost ready to pull him by his coat-tails to prevent him. Yet even he, wishing to say something—to ask if Lord Wimpole were well, and even when he was coming home—remained respectfully silent; and his hopes fell when he saw the sad face of Lord Chesterton, and the reddened eyes and flushed cheeks of Winnifred Vaughan.

"Oh! Mr. Roskell," said his lordship, greatly moved, "you see we are back again." He could, if society had only permitted him, have given the hand of the good fellow a hearty shake. "But I don't feel very well;

give me your arm upstairs. My dear, you can lean on me."

And so the three went gently up the staircase—so wide and so fitly planned for the days when the cavalier, with his sword hanging across his coat-tails, escorted the lady in a hoop *à la* Pompadour; and wide enough to admit even them. Up the stairs, from the panelled walls of which looked down ancestors of Lord Chesterton, grim in breast-plate and buff coat, or smiling in their wigs and blue satin coats. Up the stairs, until they came into the chief reception-room, where there were other portraits, and that great ancestral tree of which Lord Wimpole had a smaller copy in his room. There they stayed: the girl clinging to the hand of the old nobleman, who held himself upright by an effort; and, but that he knew he had some one to support, would have himself fallen.

With an effort to seem unconcerned, Roskell asked his master whether he would take any refreshment?

An affirmative nod was the answer.

"Shall I lay for three, my lord?" asked Roskell, as naturally as he could.

"No," returned Lord Chesterton. "Don't you see that we are alone?"

He was sorry he had spoken so testily; but it was wrung from him. When the servant was gone, he turned to Winnifred and said—

"Alas! my daughter, what a welcome home! In what a manner does my son's bride enter her father's house!"

Winnifred put her hands first upon his arm, and then let them creep up till they rested upon his shoulders; and, raising herself to kiss him, she exclaimed—

"Oh! father, father! for I must call you so, is it not well to come here in sorrow? Do you think that the greatest joy that earth could give could make you and Philip half so dear?"

"And I," said the Earl, in his secret heart—"and I am the cause of all this sorrow, of his guilt and trial, and of her desolation. Heaven pardon me! My sins are heavy; but the punishment is greater than I can bear."

Silent, then, for a moment, stood these two, the girl caressing and breathing words of comfort, of faith and hope, into the ears of the old man—when a soft knock was heard, and Mr. Roskell—for he would let no one else witness their sorrow—presented the card of Mr. Edgar Wade. The Earl started as if he had been stung.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THREE TRAVELLERS IN KENT.

DOWN through the Garden of England, after indulging in certain dodgings, twistings, twirlings, and bendings in the neighbourhood of the Tower, of Ratcliff-highway, of Wapping—redolent of sailors, tar, and shrimps—and of Greenwich, the astute César Negretti and Mr. Samuel Brownjohn, St. P.C., as he signed himself, tracked their prey.

There is something exceedingly absorbing in hunting anything; and it is to be presumed that César, unused to this pleasurable excitement, lingered over the enjoyment, as a modern Apicius might delay the deglutition of some favoured morsel.

Here and there, the two travellers heard of their prey having made a purchase, or having visited a friend; and Mr. Brownjohn, in his researches, came upon the tracks of several excellently laid plans of smugglers—about the river-side and elsewhere—and hugged himself with the possibility of laying a plot which should redound to his credit, and to the benefit of his Majesty's customs.

Still, by chance, or by the design of the wary Maltese—for the purpose, as we have said, of lingering out the capture—Mr. Martin—or, as César more properly called him, Le Père Martin—was heard of continually, but never seen. They always arrived too late, just after the man had left; or, if they came to a place where he was expected, they got there too soon, and the old Bolognese sea-dog, by accident or design, never came near their spider's web.

It needed all the bulldog tenacity of the dull but faithful Brownjohn to hold on to what he called his "flying Dutchman." But when he had him, he would hold him. Day by day, he felt more and more convinced of his guilt. Now and then they heard of the man purchasing little articles, and paying for them in old French money.

"That's what he took, Negretti. Do you see? The Widow Martin had matters about her more precious than a few dull papers."

"What's that you said about papers, my Brownjohn?" asked the Maltese, bringing down his movable scalp towards his sparkling eyes. "Papers!"

"I say," said Brownjohn, "that the fellow laid his hand on some swag, and burned the papers out of spite. Old Daylight has a theory about them."

"Old Daylight! Delightful old pump!"

The reader will remember that the Maltese was very fluent with his slang—which, indeed, is the case with most foreigners who learn a language, not by book, but orally; whereas, they who learn it from the best authors speak with exceeding correctness.

"Pump! do you call him?" said Brownjohn, generously defending his rival. "I tell you, Negretti, that he is hard to beat."

"He has got hold of the wrong end of the stick now, my Brownjohn. Let me see, we shall have our bird to-morrow. He will pass over Rochester Bridge. You will seize him, Brownjohn. Those old sea-dogs are spiteful!"

"Spiteful or not," said the Bow-street runner, "I'll nab him. I'd seize the devil if I had a warrant for him—for burglary, let us say."

"Admirable, my friend," sneered Negretti. "The black-coated fellows say that *he* did break into Paradise. A fiction, my Brownjohn, made up by those priests. Priest, or parson, or preaching cobbler, they are all the same. I don't believe 'em, Brownjohn. Now, do you believe in that childish thing, the devil, with his horns and his tail?"

Here, as if the matter was full of the sweetest delight and fun to him, Mr. César Negretti burst out into a shriek of wild laughter, jumped about, cracked his finger joints, and seemed full of a mirth which no Englishman could understand. Foreign wit is brilliant, delightful, full of the best and finest charms, no doubt; but foreign humour is a thing by itself—often obscene, often utterly profane, always obscure to any one but a native. Brownjohn looked up with a stare, and merely said—

"Well, Negretti, if I did not believe in the devil before I saw you, I do so *now*. What a wicked imp you are! You are young now; wait until you are old. I have nothing to do with your belief, nor you with mine; but this I may tell you—I believe in the devil sufficiently to try to keep out of his way."

"*Ah, le beau diable!*" shrieked César. "A beautiful fiction, a fine character. Should not I like to have been in his place with Madame Eve! Eh, my Brownjohn?"

"Stow your gammon," was the reply, "and come on."

Thus with a sturdy, honest grunt, and a significant hint, Brownjohn fully conveyed to the Maltese that he did not desire to hear

any more of his Biblical disquisitions, and away the two trudged.

The October air was keen and sharp; the yellow leaves fell, even before the wind shook them; the atmosphere was heavy with the smell of autumn; but here and there was found a tree full of yellow luscious pears, and others of rosy-cheeked apples in the orchard fields; while the hop-pickers, from London and larger Kentish towns and villages, were moving backwards and forwards seeking for employment.

César Negretti was delighted with his wandering life; and seized greedily upon what fruits he could get, to the great disgust of Brownjohn. It was somewhat characteristic of him, that before his hunger was satiated—or, rather, while that process was going on—he declared that the fruit was, as indeed it was, ripe and delicious; when, however, he had had sufficient, he abused England and English fruit, and contrasted the vine-clad hills of the Rhine and of the South of France, greatly to the disadvantage of Great Britain.

"A beastly country, my Brownjohn," he would say, if it blew cold and was rainy. "A brutal, cold, foggy, miserable country!"

"It's good enough for me," said the Englishman. "It grows about the best women, the prettiest girls, and the staunchest men as I know. We can stand against the world, and conquer it, Mr. César."

Englishmen had not, in those simple days, lost the belief in their country; and were by no means disposed to believe that any foreign power had only to look at the white cliffs of Albion in order to conquer us. And yet the simple people had come through a very hard struggle, and had known what defeat was, as well as how costly victory is, even to the conqueror.

"Bah! wretched pride of the barbarian," crowed the joyous Maltese. "Who, when abroad, prides himself on being a Briton? When shall we get the better of that? I tell you, my Brownjohn, this island is a miserable pigstye."

"Well," answered the officer, "just stop and look down at the pig's pound."

He pointed to the city of Rochester—the Medway winding its shining way in the morning sun, and gliding joyously, it seemed, under the quaint arches of old Rochester Bridge and beneath the walls of the Castle. A little beyond the Castle rose the tower of the Cathedral, a picture of the good old times

when chivalry, strength, and manhood guarded the Church; while nestling round both were the bourgeois, whose gabled roofs, red tiled, quaintly pointed, and of various shapes, marked the lines of streets in the curious old town.

Past this old bridge—at the foot of which were some curious old inns, at which the Canterbury pilgrims might have stopped—the Medway ran, broadening out until it joined the Thames; and at the confluence of these rivers there lay such a number of tall old three-deckers and fine first-rate frigates—no more in these days to see any service—that the British heart of Brownjohn bounded with what a modern young gentleman—half snob, half cynic, and the third half, as Pat would say, coward—would call the exultation of "a British snob."

"There," said the Bow-street runner, "there you are. If England is a pigstye, our young pigs have a pretty pound. Why, I am jiggered, if you was aboard one of those craft, and had some of the captains I've heard speak of, dashed if they would not give you a round dozen for speaking ill of your country; and"—here Brownjohn scratched the back of his ear with one hand, as he took his hat off—"I'd help 'em, I would."

César shrieked with ironical laughter, took off his red cap, said that he knew very well what those captains were—he'd seen some of them at Malta; and, finding that it annoyed Brownjohn, anathematized their common country, and wished that his Majesty's land and sea forces were in a much hotter place than any in which they had yet seen service.

Thus they went down the long dip of Gad's-hill, and into the drawn-out, ugly, and poor street which forms one-fourth of the "three towns"—Strood, Rochester, and Chatham. The man they sought had some business there, at Rochester, besides catching Medwaysmelts, even if it were the season. But Brownjohn was destined to be disappointed. It seemed to him that he had never been so long in finding out a man who was wanted.

And passing over this stage of our story, may be seen our young friend Patsy Quelch, to whom the predatory habits which are evolved in tracking any one seemed of the most natural kind.

This Celtic "Arab," as they now call street boys, in philanthropic slang, had grown

manifestly thinner, but was in admirable health. His merry blue eyes twinkled with a weird kind of revenge when he thought of César Negretti. There seems, as we have often witnessed since those good old days, an hereditary hatred between the Italians and the Irish, favoured sons of the Holy Father as they both are; and Patsy, who knew no more of Malta than a Cingalese monkey does of holy water, believed that Negretti was an Italian, and hated him for his country as well as himself. The migratory tribe to which Patsy belonged had branches in and about Field-lane, Cross-street, and other places running into Hatton-garden—then a most respectable street, near which Mr. Laing, the magistrate, gave his decisions; and one of these branches carried on a long war with the Italians, image makers and looking-glass manufacturers, who had already settled in Leather-lane.

As for his country trip, Patsy enjoyed it as a Whitechapel boy likes hopping. He had no difficulty in picking up a living. The kindness of the poor to each other is proverbial. "If it were not for the poor," says the proverb, "the poor would perish;" and it is, indeed, true. Patsy's merry face, his funny brogue—which the humorous dog took care to intensify—his snatches of Irish song, and his London street tumbling, all did him good service; and his story, that he was after "a father of his!" the boy spoke as if he had many such near relations; without any intention, however, of impugning the virtue of Mrs. Quelch, a virtue common to Irish women, and who, in that case, compare favourably with both English and Scotch ladies of their order. This story was readily believed; it being no extraordinary occurrence for a boy to be separated from his parents in the fruit-gathering season; or, indeed, at any time from hay-time to hopping, during which season the nomadic tribes of Whitechapel and St. Giles carried their strong arms and willing hearts into the southern counties.

Sometimes Patsy slept in a barn, sometimes in a cottage, sometimes in a traveller's lodging-house—there being many such along the line he marched, where for twopence a night he could snore away the hours comfortably, and from the window of which he now and again caught glimpses of Brownjohn and Negretti, sometimes "footing it" on their legal mission, sometimes proceed-

ing in the light cart of the rural constabulary, to whom, of course, an officer of Mr. Brownjohn's standing was somebody to be looked up to—the London officer of police being, like every thing and body from London, regarded as superior in kind, if not in nature. It often happened that Patsy would venture even near enough to hear the conversations and plans of the couple. Upon information thus received, he would, perhaps, hasten forward to a given place; or he would linger behind, trusting to a lift from a friendly cart or the waggon of a benighted carrier to set him forward.

He had heard of the meeting at Rochester Bridge; and, true to his vengeance—hardly even defined to himself, although it was certain that he knew of something which César Negretti had committed, contrary not only to good matters, but also to sound English laws—he was there; and, climbing over the parapet, lay down and listened to the friends as they talked, lazily lounging and sunning, as if they were two unconcerned vagrants or wandering artists; and heard Mr. Brownjohn's grumbled discontent, when, in the close of the evening, no one came.

"I tell you what, Negretti—you are leading us a pretty fool's dance. I expect you and that foreign sailor you met at Greenwich have been trying to fool me."

"By the holy Virgin!"—here he crossed himself; for it was indicative of him that, although he laughed, with the heartiness of a Voltairean, at religion, he yet preserved these simple marks of piety—"By the Virgin and the blessed saints—"

"Which you don't believe in," said his companion, with a yawn.

"Neither do you, Mr. Brownjohn. You English are a nation of infidels, they say abroad. You believe in nothing but St. Bank-note and St. Parliament."

"If I don't believe in the blessed saints," returned the Englishman, "I don't swear by them. If you have led me a fool's dance, you shall smart for it—indeed you shall; and you know it."

"What does César Negretti fear?"

This was said with the immense bombast of a coward, and with as great a show of courage as if Negretti were the Emperor Julius Cæsar himself.

"Don't talk like a fool," returned Brownjohn, who had seen the hero in tears, wearing a yellow and greenish complexion, and

dissolved by the fear of law. "You know that our hold is not so slight that you can get easily away."

"But, my Brownjohn!"—here the Maltese opened his beautiful, lustrous black eyes, elevated his eyebrows, and sent his movable scalp to the fore-middle of his cranium, where the bumps of benevolence and veneration ought to have been—"but, my friend—"

"Don't call me your friend till you have proved yourself mine."

"I will, I will—by Jupiter, by Heaven; or by the other place, if you like that better."

Here Patsy, peeping through the old stone balustrade, descried some one coming towards the two. It was only a Kentish constable, to whom Brownjohn muttered a few words; and who then moved slowly off.

"I thought it was my messenger," said Negretti. "He will be sure to come."

"He does not look like it," said the Bow-street runner; "not a bit as if he would. How do you know as he would come?"

"Because, my Brownjohn, we are a kind of Freemasons: we have secret societies in our little island; and I am one. *He*"—here he nodded towards Strood—"is one, too. I am much superior to him. I could condemn him to death, if he betrayed or deceived me."

Mr. Brownjohn's English and Philistine mental remark was, "You're a pretty fellow to be superior to any one;" but he said nothing. His experience had taught him something of these societies—carbonadoes, he called them, meaning, of course, *carbonari*—which existed, and do yet exist, among the inhabitants of Malta, Gibraltar, and other British possessions in the Mediterranean, and even reached to Smyrna and India. He was meditating upon the difficult question as to whether Negretti was really serious or cajoling him, and wishing he had only been to an English university, or college as he phrased it; in which case he profoundly believed that he should have known every language in modern, as well as ancient, use—when the Maltese, listening as if to a cry, exclaimed—

"Do you hear that, my Brownjohn? 'Tis he!"

"He!—who? The man we want?"

"No; listen again. 'Tis Antonelli."

The police officer listened; and a low, shrill cry, like that of some sea bird, rose from the other side of the bridge, near the water's edge.

"I hear it. What does it mean? A signal, of course."

"Yes; the Père Martin has escaped, as it seems to me; but wait."

Upon this, César put his hands—formed into something like a concave shell—before his mouth, and gave another low cry. In tone, it was exactly like that just heard; and its answer, varied somewhat, did not linger long upon the evening air.

"He will come! Wait now, my impatient friend, and see if I deceive you."

Soon, Brownjohn saw a slouching, but lithe and active, figure; not unlike that of Negretti himself. It was that of an Italian sailor; who certainly saluted César very respectfully, and spoke some hurried words to him.

"'Tis as I thought," said that worthy, hurriedly, to Brownjohn. Then, in Italian, "Go—that will do, Nellino!"

The spy, with another salute, slunk away; and soon disappeared by the water-side.

"Our old friend, whom we so much desire to see, my Brownjohn, is beyond our reach."

"Dash my buttons! and we are fooling here! I'll pinch you, by jingo, for this, Negretti!"

"Oh, you impatient man! Wait till I have finished. He is beyond our reach at present; but he is in a trap. He has fallen down the river in a boat; and will join his own boat, that is in Dover harbour."

"It must be a cockle-shell, to be there," sneered Brownjohn. "Are you sure of this?"

"I swear it!"

"Come along, then. We are hungry, and frozen almost!"

"We need not hurry. There are good inns at Rochester. We can go by coach in the morning."

"Well, come to the Crown, then. There's an old friend of mine there who keeps that."

And so, again, after this Will o' the Wisp of a Dutch sailor—as the tall boy, described in the first chapter, called him—the two trudged. As they passed the house of the Seven Poor Travellers who are nightly sheltered by the charity of the lamented Mr. Watts, Mr. Brownjohn looked up and read the inscription.

"'Poor Travellers,'" he repeated, "'not being Rogues or Proctors.' Well, he was a benevolent old gentleman! God rest his soul!"

"You are praying for the dead; and yet you are a Protestant," sniggered the ob-

servant Maltese. "You are a riddle, you English."

"May be! Pray for the dead! No, my lad, that's useless: a man's actions pray for himself. The dead are dead!"

"Not always—*non sempre—pas toujours!*" Thus, in three tongues, and with a chatter of his whole teeth, muttered this eccentric Maltese to himself. "Come along, my friend. Come, let us eat,—let us drink!"

One of the Seven Poor Travellers, sleeping soundly as a tired babe that night, was Patsy Quelch!

MRS. HARRIS'S LETTERS TO HER SON.—PART II.

TAKING up Mrs. Harris's correspondence from the point at which we left it in our previous article, we find that, about March, 1764, a very peculiar head-dress seems to have been "the high taste of all pretty gentlemen"—namely, the "new little Nivernois hat." The true Nivernois had "a most immense bunch of silver in the front, called the *choufleur*;" the new one is "hardly so large as the common *chapeau bras*, cocked in the Nivernois style." Mrs. Harris tells her son that she has "met numbers of those unhappy creatures (the pretty gentlemen) in the streets and parks, and 'tis past description how very ridiculous it looks."

On the 4th of October, on his return to Oxford, after a visit to his cousin, Lord Shaftesbury, she hopes that he will not again go to the anatomical lectures—which, together with those on law delivered by the celebrated Blackstone, he had attended during his first year. A fortnight later she records probably the earliest anecdote of the "Greatest Gentleman in Europe":—"Your sisters were very happy in the Royal nursery this morning. The Prince of Wales was extremely polite to them"—he was then about two years old—"and, what was almost as pleasing, they got a good dinner and dessert there; while my legs were aching in the drawing-room." From the same letter we learn that "Lady Harriet Wentworth has married her footman. She left a letter for her sister, in which she desired that all her clothes might be given to her woman; for she would have no further occasion for finery. She said, '*though John was ignoble, yet he was honest.*'" As the winter advanced, the careful mother wrote as follows: "I am

glad you have a Bath stove, for your grate was none of the best. I hope you will keep the hearth clean. . . . Most heartily do I wish you success in your coal mine, for you know my love of a good fire; and coals are now so dear, that 'tis a great sum of money to have the fire I like." How James got his coal mine we are not informed.

In a letter written in the middle of 1765, Mrs. Harris elucidates the history of a term now very common:—"I believe the present set" (of ministers) "might stay in if they chose; but we are kept, to use the modern phrase, in *hot water*."

There is a break in the series of Mrs. Harris's letters from July, 1765, to March 6, 1769, when Mr. Harris is at Madrid, where he was acting as secretary of the British Embassy, an office to which he had been appointed in the previous August. The first letter of the new series abounds in scandals in high life:—"We are *unmarrying* among the great. The Duke of Grafton's divorce was finished this morning. An appeal was entered at the Doctors' Commons by the Bishop of Derry (Frederick Hervey), signifying that he thought they could not disannul Miss Chudleigh's marriage with his brother; which prevented her marrying the Duke of Kingston last Thursday. This day, I hear, the appeal is withdrawn; so, probably, now she will soon marry him; and, if so, it is thought that Augustus Hervey will marry Miss Moisy. Lady S. B. is in lodgings at Knightsbridge. She says her husband is a most angelic man; but her attachment for the other is so great, she must live with him." In explanation of this quotation, we may add that the Miss Chudleigh here referred to was privately married twenty years previously to Lord A. Hervey—afterwards Lord Bristol—brother of the Bishop. In 1769 she was nearly fifty, but still very handsome. Although this marriage was afterwards proved, she married the Duke two days after the date of this letter.* A few days

* On the death of the Duke of Kingston, she succeeded to great wealth; but the Duke's heirs, having obtained proof of her former marriage, prosecuted her for bigamy. Amongst other devices to which she resorted was tearing out a leaf of the parish register at Lainton, where she had been married. An account of this trial is given in a letter written by Mrs. Harris to her son, in April, 1776. The House of Lords found her "guilty of bigamy," and sentenced her to be branded on the breast; but, claiming the privilege of peerage, she escaped this degradation. She was condemned in costs.

later, we are told of "great riots in Edinburgh on Mr. Douglas gaining his cause.* The judges who were for Hamilton had their windows broken, and seven asses in *honour* of them were led round the town."

There is a capital description of the Wilkes riots in a letter dated March 24, 1769. We have not, however, space to quote more from it than that "many of the mob cried 'Wilkes and no King!' which is shocking to think on." In the following month, a much more aristocratic riot took place at Bath, at the election of the master of the ceremonies. The ladies took as active a part in the proceedings as the gentlemen:—"Mrs. Hillman, our acquaintance, and Mrs. Orme, Lady Townshend's daughter, had a fight, and Mrs. Hillman was knocked down." The mayor and a number of constables entered the room, and "the proclamation was read three times. 'Tis said that the last reading was to the ladies only." A great riot at Winchester, between the school and the townspeople, is described in letters dated February 23rd and March 3rd, 1770.† In May, we learn that "a new assembly or meeting is set up at Boodle's, called Lloyd's Coffee-room, Miss Lloyd being the sole inventor. They meet every morning; either to play cards, chat, or do whatever else they please. An ordinary is provided for as many as choose to dine, and a supper, to be on the table by eleven at night; after supper they play loo."

From letters dated early in the following year, 1771, we learn that our young friend, now twenty-four years old, has been returned member for Christ Church, with his father as colleague, and that he was getting a high diplomatic position. "I hear," says the naturally proud mother, "your despatches get great applause in the House of Lords. Never was any one of your age so much known and talked of as you are at present." Her letters at this period are chiefly on political matters; but those who take an interest in fancy balls and masquerades would do well to read those dated February 12 and April 19, 1771:—"Lord Edgecumbe was a very good parrot; Lord Guernsey an oyster

wench, and a very curious figure he was; Lady Mary Fox and Lady Payne were two charity boys." Inoculation is often referred to about this time. At Salisbury, the surgeons are described as inoculating the poor at a crown a-head; the money being paid by the corporation. "They all walk about, and follow their various occupations. They are allowed to eat bread, and all sorts of fruit, and vegetables, but no butter; for a slice of bread and butter would inflame their arms and bring on a bad small-pox: this is known by experience. It would seem very odd, in the country where you are (Spain), to behold a man, with a pretty full small-pox out, watering the orange trees, with only a waistcoat without sleeves, on a cool evening; but that may be daily seen in our garden."

In January, 1772, his mother's letters are addressed to him at Berlin; to which court he had been sent as Minister Plenipotentiary. Early in February, his mother and sisters visited the Pantheon. "It is undoubtedly the finest and most complete thing ever seen in England. Such mixture of company never appeared before under one roof." Peers, judges, baronets, "many serious men, most of the gay ladies in town, and ladies of the best rank and character, and, by appearance, some very low people," formed the incongruous mixture.

The first letter written in the following year gives us a glimpse of one of the leading institutions of the period. It describes the duel between Lords Townshend and Bellamont, which "was managed with great honour. They embraced before they fought, and each said 'Long life to your lordship.' Lord Bellamont has recommended his seven natural children to Lord Townshend, in case he should die; but 'tis hoped he will recover. They have found the ball, but cannot extract it, because 'tis lodged in a muscular part of the body; and the medical people think it may in time work itself out."

On the 15th of February, Foote exhibited his puppet-show for the first time. "People were very riotous and tore up the benches, as they thought the thing stupid. It was imagined it might be impertinent, as his puppets were at first intended to represent people of rank and character." During the same week, a highwayman stopped and robbed two coaches, in St. James's-square and Park-lane.

The earliest letter of 1774 relates the sad

* This was the famous Hamilton Douglas cause, to determine the legitimacy of the son of Lady Jane Douglas, and the ownership of a property of £14,000 a-year.

† Another Winchester riot is described in a letter dated March 13th, 1774, which resulted in forty boys being sent off.

intelligence that his sister Louisa "had what was formerly called a *crick* neck; but the modern phrase for those vulgar things is rheumatism." Passing over more than a year's correspondence, we meet with the following astounding story, in a letter dated March 21, 1775:—"We dined yesterday at Mr. Best's, and in the evening we went on to the Pantheon. Nothing worth going there for but the Agujari. She is a most surprising singer, and, in my opinion, a pleasing one. She goes two notes higher in her voice than the notes of the harpsichord. The *ton* is to say, 'She is more surprising than pleasing;' but I do not subscribe to that, for she has a very good method. They have a story of her here, that, when she was three years old, she fell asleep on a dung-hill, and that a pig came and ate all the flesh from her hips to her neck; that she screamed so violently from the pain she suffered that it is imagined she broke something in her throat, which has caused her voice to be so very high and clear. They further add, that she was so eaten by the pig that she moves entirely by silver springs, which are fixed under her stays. This woman always fills the Pantheon with a great mixture of company." In the same month the first boat-race to London was planned:—"The *Savoir Vivre* Club are going to give quite a new thing on the Thames. All the river, from Blackfriars Bridge to some way above Westminster Bridge, is to be filled with gondolas, barges, &c., leaving a space as wide as the centre arch of Westminster Bridge quite clear for a boat race; and all the company are to go by water to Ranelagh to dine, and to sup at Vauxhall. Three days in July are appointed for this." In a letter dated June 25, there is an account of a "regatta on the water," which we presume must have been the boat race referred to:—"One of the race boats sunk; but the men were saved. It was, altogether, a fine sight. The number of boats and barges on the river, all dressed out with colours and streamers, and the multitude of people standing on the shores and on Westminster Bridge, was a very lively scene. The Lord Mayor's barge was magnificent. In the morning papers of that day there were various advertisements of the society for recovering people who have been some time under water, to the effect that they had several houses open on each side of the river, with proper attendance, to take in

and recover drowning people. There was only one boat, besides the race boat, over-set, containing several females; but they all escaped."

This year is likewise celebrated as that in which the harp was introduced into England; and our friend James seems to have sent the first instrument to this country. His mother, writing on March 31, tells him that his sister "received great applause. The harp is so new in England, that all the world is pleased with it. Louisa is, at present, the only lady who performs on it. Gertrude, joining in duets, adds greatly to the harmony. People ought not to abuse you for not liking music; for this acquisition of the harp is entirely your doing."

In a letter, dated Twickenham, April 20, we read that:—"Tuesday, Dr. Johnson, his fellow-traveller through the Scotch Western Isles, Mr. Boswell, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, dined here. I have long wished to be in company with this said Johnson. His conversation is the same as his writing; but a dreadful voice and manner. He is certainly amusing as a novelty; but seems not possessed of any benevolence; is beyond all description awkward, and more beastly in his dress and person than anything I ever beheld. He feeds nastily and voraciously; and eats quantities most unthankfully. As to Boswell, he appears a low-bred kind of being." About a month later, she tells a capital story of Mrs. Rudd, who "is much given to cheating. She got several thousand pounds out of Salvadore, under pretence of marrying him to a foreign princess. She went to a silk mercer, made him put vast quantities of silk into her coach, desired he would go with her home to her husband, for him to choose; instead of which, she carried him to a private mad-house, where she told the keeper that this mercer was her husband, a man of fortune, but out of his senses, and fancied himself a mercer. The keeper took him, confined him, made him go through all sorts of discipline; while madam made her retreat with the silks."

The following anecdote may be interesting to naturalists, as showing a very peculiar taste in a horse:—"In the cavalcade to St. Rémy's, the Comte d'Artois had decorated his horse very richly with diamonds, and placed the great knot of his countess's stomacher on his horse's tail. The Duc de Bourbon's horse, which was following him,

allured by the lustre, took the knot in his mouth, and bit it in two. The diamonds were scattered about the streets; and, although they picked up as many as they could find, still the loss is computed at about 1,800 livres sterling."

In 1776, the game of "commerce" seems to have become very popular among "the fine people, who play most immoderately high—sometimes £1,000 the pool, the lowest hand giving ten guineas each deal." Another event of that year, worthy of record, is that "Jolliffe tried to bring a bill into the House for a tax upon dogs; but it was thrown out, which I am rather sorry for, as Rigby intended to make an amendment by a tax upon cats. Jolliffe was most violently attacked last night by nine young ladies at once for his inhuman intention. These ladies so worried him, that he had not a word to say, and they fairly barked him off."

The laws regarding horse-racing—at all events at county races, as at Salisbury—must have been singular a century ago. There was "a sweepstakes, by subscription, of 130 guineas, to be ridden by gentlemen," at which "jostling was allowed; and Mr. Hanger declared he would jostle and whip whoever came near. This menace intimidated Lord Castlehaven so much, that he prudently kept at a due distance from George Hanger. The knowing ones say Lord Castlehaven's horse must have beat, if his lordship had not been much frightened."

From this date the correspondence flags. No letter of the year 1777 is preserved; there are two written in 1778, five in 1779, and four in 1780—all almost solely on political subjects. The last is dated October 11, and contains an account of Lord Cornwallis's victory, and saying that "there is a peace on the carpet." We may add that, in December, 1776, Mr. Harris was promoted to St. Petersburg; and that, early in 1779, he was made K.B., then a very limited order. At the close of 1780, Sir James lost his father; and, in the following year, his mother died. His further career is well known, but does not, at present, concern us. If every mother amongst the middle and higher classes would follow the example of Mrs. Harris, and would keep up a constant and genial correspondence with her sons—we will not go so far as to assume that they would all attain the celebrity of the first Earl of Malmesbury; but we may

safely assert that we should have none of the discreditable exhibitions that lately threw a slur on the most aristocratic college in Oxford.

THE LORD OF LORNE AND MAC CALLUM MORE.

BY CUTHBERT BEDE.

THE clan Campbell has contributed many a romance to the pages of history; but, surely, all its previous romances are eclipsed by the romantic betrothal of the Marquis of Lorne to a Princess of the Blood Royal. The exceptional good fortune of the heir to the dukedom of Argyll calls fresh attention to the patronymic of the family, "Mac Callum More." I have preferred to write it thus, as it is the popular method to spell and pronounce it; though, in doing so, I fear that I am assisting in propagating a vulgar error. Nevertheless, "Mac Callum More" is not only more familiar to English eyes and ears than the true Gaelic would be, but it also has the high sanction of Macaulay and Sir Walter Scott.

Still, it is not agreeable to the Celtic mode; though it would not be very easy to hit upon a form of spelling the patronymic that would find acceptance with every Highlander; for various natives of Argyleshire have spelt for me our Englished word Callum in no less than five different ways—Caillein, Calain, Chailean, Callain, and Callen. In these five ways has the word been written for me by the Gaelic-speaking people, whose only unanimity on the subject would seem to be their utter rejection of Callum; which, they say, may be the English for Colin, but is certainly not the Celtic. "Mòr" signifies "great;" and the first Colin Campbell to whom that epithet was ever granted was Sir Colin Campbell of Lochow, whose history is thus told by Sir Bernard Burke:—

"Sir Colin Campbell, of Lochow, in recognition of the great additions which he had made to the estates of the house of Campbell, and to his achievements in war, acquired the name of 'More,' or the Great; and that from him the head of his descendants, down to the present day, is known among his Gaelic tenantry and clansmen as 'Mac Callum More.' He received the honour of knighthood, in A.D. 1280, from the hands of Alexander III. of Scotland; and, eleven years later, was one of the nominees of Robert Bruce in his contest for the Scottish Crown. This renowned and gallant chieftain was slain in a contest with his powerful neighbour, the Lord of Lorn, or Lorne, at a place called the 'String

of Cowal,' where an obelisk of large size is erected over his grave. This event occasioned feuds for a series of years between the neighbouring Lairds of Lochow and Lorne, which were terminated at last by the marriage of Colin, second Lord Campbell of Lochow and first Earl of Argyll, Lord High Chancellor of Scotland, at the end of the fifteenth century, with Isabella Stewart, or Stuart, eldest daughter and heiress of John, Laird of Lorne. In consequence of this union, he added to the arms of his ancestors the 'galley,' which still figures in the Campbell shield, and he assumed the additional title of 'Lord of Lorne.'

Thus, the first Lord of Lorne added to the fame and fortune of Mac Callum More, not by force of arms, but by a happy marriage; and, after four hundred years, the latest Lord of Lorne is about to consolidate and more firmly establish the fame and fortune of the house of Argyll, by a marriage which bids fair to prove a happy one indeed. "Love rules the court," as well as "the camp, the grove."

Professor Campbell Shairp, no mean Gaelic scholar, writes the Argyll patronymic "Mac-Caillein-mor":—

"Ay! restless, proud, Clan-Ian-vor,
Kept the old bearing of the Isles,
While closer each Mac-Caillein-mor,
Drew round the network of state wiles."

This verse is from Professor Shairp's beautiful poem, "Kilmahoe," published by Macmillan, early in 1864, and the subject of an appreciative criticism in *The North British Review*, February, 1864. This review was said to have been written by the Duke of Argyll. This poem contains full particulars of the history of the house of Argyll, and the long-standing feuds between the Campbells and the Macdonalds; and it draws lovely and truthful pictures of the scenery of Cantire and "Kilmahoe," which is really Kildalloig, and belonged to Professor Shairp's mother, who was a Campbell. Its present possessor is Sir Lewis H. D. Campbell, Bart., of Auchinbreck and Kildalloig, who attained his majority, March 2nd, 1865. Kildalloig House is three miles east of Campbellton, on the northern side of the harbour, near to the island of Davar, and pleasantly situated at the foot of Glenramskill Hill, with a magnificent sea view to Ailsa and Arran. Between Kildalloig and Campbellton is Limecraigs House, where Elizabeth Tollenmache, Duchess of Argyll, and mother of the great Duke John, Duke Archibald, and Lady Ann—who married the Earl of Bute—lived for more than twenty years, in the early part of the last century, and maintained great

state. I gave a view of Limecraigs, and a legendary story in connection with this Duchess Dowager, in the last Christmas number of *ONCE A WEEK* ("Oranges and Lemons," p. 25). At various times within the last ten years, Limecraigs has been the temporary residence of "Mac Callum More."

I may remind my readers that, at present, the Marquis of Lorne represents Argyleshire in the House of Commons, although he will, probably, soon be raised to the Upper House, and created Duke of Lorne.*

Campbelton, as the chief town of southern Argyleshire, is frequently visited, not only by the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, but also by its M.P., Lord Lorne. And it was only the other day—Tuesday, October 18—that the Lord of Lorne, who had been on a visit at Balmoral, and had been at Crathie Church with the Princess Louise on the previous Sunday, journeyed to Campbelton in order to preside at a dinner given in the Town Hall to 130 tenants and others connected with the Argyll estates in Cantire. At this dinner, Mr. Stewart, chamberlain to

* The Marquisate of Lorne was created in 1701, in favour of Archibald, tenth Earl and first Duke of Argyll, in recompense for his services to the new Monarch, in the troubled times immediately after the Revolution of 1688. It is thought probable, in well-informed circles, that, in the course of a few weeks, the broad lands of Lorne will probably be raised into a Duchy, in favour of the present Marquis of Lorne, as there are obvious objections to a son-in-law of her Majesty holding a seat in the Lower House of Parliament; and it is obvious that the creation of a new dukedom in favour of the bridegroom-elect will not even be open to the objection that it will make a permanent addition to the House of Peers; for, in the ordinary course of nature, Lord Lorne must inherit also his father's title, and as we have a Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, a Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, and a Duke of Richmond and Lennox, so we shall have also a Duke of Argyll and Lorne. A slightly parallel example of a father and son both sitting in the Upper House, under two separate creations—which, however, must ultimately be merged into each other—is to be found in the case of the eldest son of the present Duke of Leinster, who, a few months ago, was raised to the Peerage of the United Kingdom as Baron Kildare. With the exception of her own children, and the somewhat anomalous and exceptional case of the Duchess of Inverness, her Majesty has but once exercised her right of creating a dual title since her accession to the throne. A second dual title—that of Duke of Greenwich—was conferred, in the last century, on John, second Duke of Argyll; but it became extinct at the death of the grantee, the same nobleman to whom Pope alludes in the well-known lines:—

'Argyll, the State's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field!'

The Times, Oct. 17.

the Duke of Argyll, proposed "The health of the Princess Louise," which was pledged most enthusiastically. Lord Lorne, in responding to the toast, said—

"My Friends—The Princess Louise, being told I was to meet you here to-day, asked me to convey her thanks to you in case you drank her health. For my own part, I need hardly tell you how dear those cheers you have given for her are to me; giving me an earnest, as they do, of the welcome she will receive from those among whom I trust, God permitting, she may be allowed often in future years to live."

The consent of her Majesty to the marriage of the Princess Louise to the Marquis of Lorne was formally announced in the *Gazette* as follows:—"At the Court at Balmoral, the 24th day of October, 1870, present the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty in Council. Her Majesty in Council was this day pleased to declare her consent to a contract of matrimony between her Royal Highness the Princess Louise Caroline Alberta and John George Edward Henry Douglas Sutherland Campbell (commonly called the Marquis of Lorne), which consent her Majesty has also caused to be signified under the Great Seal."

There is a passage in her Majesty's "Journal of our Life in the Highlands" which receives an accession of interest from the impending marriage of the Princess Louise. It occurs in the description of the Royal visit to Inverary. "Our reception," writes her Majesty, "was in the true Highland fashion. . . . The pipers walked before the carriage, and the Highlanders on either side, as we approached the house. Outside stood the Marquis of Lorne, just two years old—a dear, white, fat, fair little fellow, with reddish hair, but very delicate features, like both his father and mother. He is such a merry, independent little child. He had a black velvet dress and jacket, with a 'sporran,' scarf, and Highland bonnet."

The Marquis of Lorne is enrolled among "noble authors," and his very pleasantly written volume of travels—"A Trip to the Tropics and Home through America"—has attained the literary honours of a second edition. In every way, the Lord of Lorne, under whatever title he may be hereafter known, bids fair to uphold the proudest associations connected with the familiar patronymic, "Mac Callum More."

When the Cantire tellers of legends and

popular stories, who have earned a reputation for being "good at *sgéudachlan*," wish to sing "Arms and the Man," and to favour their hearers with narratives of the days of chivalry, they are on perfectly safe ground if, when they are at a loss for a name for their hero, they call him Macdonald or Mac Callum More. Either of these names will confer the requisite nationality on the story—the greater portion of whose details may have been borrowed from foreign sources—at the same time that they invest it with the deeper interest that would be derived from the sayings and doings of the members of such redoubtable families.

No old-fashioned diner-out in English homes could secure greater attention for his stock-in-trade anecdotes by prefacing them with the names of Sheridan and Sydney Smith, than the West Highlander can rivet the attention of his fireside audience by bidding them lend him their ears for a Gaelic story of the Macdonalds or Argylls. In the country of the Campbells and Macdonalds, it is but reasonable to expect that the chieftains of those clans should play a conspicuous part, not only in real history, but also in fabled story; and, in many instances, it would, perhaps, be almost impossible, at the present day, to sift the true from the false, and to decide at what portions of the narrative the invention of the narrator had overlaid the original story with new material, or, by lapses of memory, had altered its character, either by omissions or perversions.

Since the fourteenth century, when the Argyll family was first established in Inverary, it has gradually extended its influence and possessions from the northernmost extremity of the county to the southernmost point of its land's-end, and made itself paramount in the shire on which it has conferred its name. During this period, the family, through the distinguished examples of many of its members, has been endeared to the country, and rendered illustrious in history; so much so, that Woodrow, the historian of "The Sufferings of the Church of Scotland," says:—"I know of no family in Europe of this eminency whom the Lord hath honoured so much as this of Argyll." Of these, the names that will chiefly live in memory will be those of the Marquis of Argyll, "the martyred marquis," who was executed in 1661; his son, the Earl of Argyll, who suffered his father's fate in 1685; Archibald,

the first Duke of Argyll; and his two sons, Duke John and Duke Archibald.

When those events occurred in Cantire by which the power of the Macdonalds was overthrown, and that of the Campbells rose in its stead, it would have been against human nature—more especially Highland nature—to have expected that the new chief would have received an unhesitating allegiance from all his newly made subjects, and that they would have cheerfully borne the foreign yoke of Argyll until another generation had arisen that knew not their subjugator. Most probably, it was to one of these Macdonalds—to whom it was as gall and wormwood to see the Clan Campbell standing in the place of the Clan Donald; and who looked hopefully forward to those halcyon days when the Argyll Campbells should be driven from Cantire and the Macdonalds reinstated in their old possessions—most probably, it is to a Macdonald, stung to bitterness by present prospects of his clan's inferiority, that we may attribute the authorship of the following:—

“PROPHECY REGARDING THE EXTERMINATION
OF THE CAMPBELLS FROM CANTIRE.

“When the mole shall reach the Mull; when the holly tree near Inverary shall be destroyed; when a road shall be made throughout the county; when bells shall ring from a rock in Loch Fyne; when Strone Point, near Inverary, shall be covered with wood, high enough to conceal an invading army; and when the Atlantic shall flow into Loch Fyne, then shall the Argyll Campbells be driven from Cantire, excepting so many of them as shall escape on a crooked and lame white horse.”

So runs the prophecy; and although its conclusion leaves a singular loophole of escape, yet this prophetic wish that was father to the thought has been so far fulfilled, that, although the head of the Clan Campbell is the ruler over Cantire, yet it is also true that many properties in the peninsula, not so very long ago held by Campbells, have passed into other hands, whose owners do not bear the old familiar name. There is still the Duke of Argyll, and Campbell of Stonefield, and Campbell of Kildalloig, to represent the clan in Cantire; but Skipness, Saddell, Carradale, Machrihanish, Barr Glen, and Tangie Glen, are no longer under the sway of a Campbell.

Inverting the six clauses of the prophecy,

I may note the singular way in which each portion has already met with a partial or complete fulfilment, according to popular belief. That the Atlantic should flow into Loch Fyne may, perhaps, in a few more years be the case, if the long contemplated ship-canal across the narrow neck of the peninsula between East and West Loch Tarbert should be carried out. The plantations have clothed Strone Point; the bells have rung from the Loch Fyne rock, which was quarried to make a belfry for the church at Inverary; and the high road has been made from Inverary to Campbelton, and from thence to Southend. Concerning the holly, it is said, that the grandfather of the present Duke, out of deference to the prophecy, insisted on an awkward bend being made in the line of the public road, in order to avoid the necessity of cutting down the tree, which still exists, although its roots are exposed and threatened by the tide. The holly is a tree that often attains to a considerable size in Argyleshire, where the height of one specimen was found to be twenty-three feet, and its trunk three and a half feet in circumference.

The portion of the prophecy relating to

THE MOLE AND THE CAMPBELLS

bears upon a very curious fact in natural history, if not in family history. The peninsula of Cantire had been overrun by wild boars and wolves—although the poems of Ossian never mention the wolf, a circumstance of which the opponents of Macpherson were not slow to remind him*—but had never been overrun by moles until our own times; so recently, indeed, that it was not till after the birth of the Prince of Wales, who, as Lord of the Isles, may be looked upon as the representative of the old Macdonalds of

* In order to guard against the depredations of the wolves, it was customary to fortify the Highland huts and shielings with wattlings of strong brushwood. It is said that the last wolf seen in Argyleshire—no date is given to the story—was at Glassary, following the track of a woman who was crossing the country from Lochawe to Lochfyneside. She was seen to pass the moor above Braveallaich, and was afterwards found dead near the mill of Galeckan, not far from the road to Inverary. Her right arm was protected by her apron, which she had rolled round it; and her hand grasped a knife which had lodged deep in the heart of a wolf that lay beside her. The woman was uninjured, but had died from terror and exhaustion; and it was supposed that she had fled from the animal, and, being unable to escape, had assumed the defensive in despair, and had died, terrified and exhausted, by the effort which left her nothing to fear.

Cantire, that the Land's-end was thoroughly invaded by the mole. It had commenced its inroad into the northern district of Saddell and Skipness about the year 1822, but had not made eighteen miles of progress by the year 1843; for the author of the Statistical Survey of that portion of the peninsula, writing in that year, says:—"The mole has not as yet made its appearance in the parish." Though he has to correct his statement in a footnote—"Since writing the above the mole has advanced into the parish." He also says:—"It is a very singular circumstance in the natural history of the mole, that it travels by the hills, and colonises the sterile districts before it attacks the cultivated land." I am unable to state whether the mole has reached the lighthouse extremity of the Mull; but it has spread so rapidly in the peninsula, that Mr. Alexander M'Phail, of Drumgarve farm, near Campbellton, in a letter dated early in April, 1863, wrote as follows:—"As a farmer I have been suffering, for a number of years back, from the effects of moles; more particularly in new grass and turnip fields. Not being aware of the extent of damage done by these creatures until recently, I lost no time in securing the services of Robert Walker, a mole-catcher in the neighbourhood. He came to my farm on the 14th of March, and then left me for Mr. Clark's farm, Pangy; and, during the week he was with me, he destroyed with his traps 145 moles." On Mr. Clark's farm he destroyed 162 moles;

nearly an equal number on Mr. John Ban-natney's farm; and several on Mr. Watson's farm at Drum, among which was a specimen of a white mole, the first that he had met with in an experience of fourteen years as a mole-catcher.*

But, though the moles may advance to the Mull, and the Atlantic may flow into Loch Fyne, that the Campbells should be driven out of the Land's-end would be the consummation of a prophecy that no Cantire tenant would desire, so long as the clan supplies such excellent landlords as the late and present Duke of Argyll. Go where you will in Cantire, from Tarbert to the Mull, you hear a good word for "the Duke." The statesman is there forgotten in the landlord, and political influence is exchanged for territorial. A position in the Cabinet is not half so tangible a rank to the Cantire Highlander as that derived from a pleasant combination of the Lord-Lieutenancy and the chief proprietorship of the county. His Grace may be merely a Duke in the House of Lords; but at the Land's-end, and for "a far cry" throughout the Western Highlands, he is hailed as *the* Duke, the chief of the Clan Campbell "Mac Callum More."

* A rarity in ornithology was also obtained, in December, 1863, in the neighbourhood of Campbellton, viz., the purple Gallinule (*porphyrio hyacinthus*), a species which had not been recorded as British. It was exhibited by Dr. Dewar, at the meeting of the Natural History Society of Glasgow, Dec. 29, 1863.

EDITH.

BY THOMAS ASIIE.

CHAPTER IV.—BERTHOLD'S LETTER.

AS, with sense of guilt, but stronger rage at oppression, One from sunshine steps into the air of a dungeon, Edith gained the parlour, and met the gaze of the rector. All his pent-up wrath rushed into words in a moment:—
 "Have I seen so bold, so light and free with a stranger,
 "Gentle Edith, my daughter? Is it a dream, a delusion?
 "Am I dizzy with fever? Does a spirit of evil
 "Flit before my eyes; one on the stage, or a dancer?
 "Was it such I gave my nephew, calling him happy?"
 "Let him claim his own," said Edith, burning with anger.
 "You,—so kind! so good,—the gift, before it is given,
 "Be assured is yours! Is it so noble in England
 "Thus to yield a woman, as a slave or a chattel?
 "Men with self-love blinded;—it is truly a fever!
 "Dare a woman venture from the sages to differ?
 "She is but a toy, and bandied one to another;
 "Fondled, laid away!" She went in scorn and defiance.

Then the rector bow'd his head, and broke into weeping.

There is not a God for the saint, and one for the sinner,
Not a law for the priest, another law for the people.
Still, 'tis well the priest, who is a guide and a father,
Rule and lead his own to be to others a model.
But, if strict himself, as one who yearns to be spotless,
Gladly yielding tithe of mint and anise and cummin,
He should still be tender to the failings of others ;
Speaking words in season, not afraid of his duty,
Yet not out of season speak a word, nor in anger.
Good and kind was the rector, but he was formal and stately ;
Just and blameless still, but often hard on his people.
Him all held in honour, and yet the villagers rather
Loved his sister's foot within the door of a cottage.
Children, when he pass'd, would often hide in the hedgerows.
Edith loved him well, but she was wayward and wilful :
Like a bird, new-fledged, with wings for soaring a-tremble :
She despair'd to please one ever chiding and scolding,
Fear'd his watchful eye, and fretted under his anger.
Then a woman's will began to tremble within her ;
But his plans were all to him, and child of his brother ;
Loved and rear'd his own, the scholar, hope of the future.
It is hard for the old, but the priest to-day was a learner.
As the lightning's flash reveals the road that we traverse,
Makes the night like day, and us aware of a danger,
So the past he read, and he remember'd the lesson.

Gentle Mary Trevor, with accents tender with sorrow,
Softly laid her hand upon the hand of her brother.
Berthold, shamed, surprised, stung with the taunt unexpected,
With a little pang of conscience writhing within him ;
Mad for such sweet scorn, yet love more fondly than ever
Grasping her he lost ;—O women, fairer in anger !—
By the graves went, blind, to lull in roll of the organ
All the restless storm and tossing pain of his anguish.
Many a passer-by would linger, silent, to wonder.
Crash and jar of sounds, like evil demons a-wrestle ;
Sounds, subdued to fervour, as of a wild imprecation,—
“ Lord, heal with Thy love the bitter wrong and the passion : ”
Sounds most sweet and glad, as with the joy of forgiveness.
Long he dream'd and plann'd, but, scarcely daring to face her,
Shielded round with night he penn'd the words of a letter :—

“ Dear my friend, my sister,—I may call you a sister,—
“ We were dear companions, we were playmates together :
“ Was my love a dream, did I but dream you loved me ?
“ I can hardly believe it : the awaking is bitter.
“ It is only a cloud that passes, hiding the sunshine :
“ Surely, I was awake, and it is now I am dreaming.
“ You, my thought in the morning, ere my eyelids were open !
“ You, my own good angel, ever near in the silence !
“ At my books, alone, your face illumined the pages :
“ Still the fame was yours that I was striving to compass.
“ What are fame and learning to the love of a woman,
“ Who is noble, as you are, who is winning and tender ?
“ It were more, your hand upon my brow, that is throbbing,

"Than the greenest bays, and all the fame of the sages.
 "Midnight folds me now, and yet a night that is deeper
 "Shadows all my soul, and veils the dawn of the future.
 "Once I dream'd you loved me: was it sighing and toying
 "You would fain have had? I will not dare to believe it.
 "Strangers' arts! ah, me!—and could I need them, to win you?
 "You I held above the tinsel words of a fawner;
 "Held you,—yea, you are: my faith can never be shaken:—
 "One to woo with the wooing of a soul that is noble;
 "When a man is manly, and, ever loyal and faithful,
 "Reads the little signs, and does the will of his mistress.
 "With reward still ample in her silent approval;
 "Weeds his soul of lies, and scouts a sordid endeavour,
 "Ever climbing higher, above the soil and the baseness;
 "Girds the sword of duty, to be worthy to win her,
 "Taking self-respect for spotless robe of his raiment.
 "Was it thus I lost you, my goddess, Edith, my sister?
 "Well I knew our father,—I will call him a father,—
 "Toward the future looked, and will'd to join us together;
 "Scheming bonds more firm, and planning all that was happy
 "For the child he loved, and for the child of his brother.
 "He said this to me: I was aware that you knew it.
 "But you wrong'd me, sweet, if you could deem for a moment;
 "I knew all: yea, more,—to bind your soul with a promise,
 "That was foolish-wise; for if is needed a fetter,
 "Love is fled before, who brooks but roses to bind him.
 "Bound? Nay, what means this? Love, I disown and disclaim you.
 "You are free as a bird:—see, thus the compact is broken:
 "Loosed, the bond unblest, by simple word of a letter.
 "Now, come back; come sweet; come back, on wings of the longing:
 "Dove, come back, and find the nest, forlorn for your cooing.
 "I, why should I mourn, and be unheartened for ever;
 "Waste in youth, and pine as hapless flower in the winter?
 "With the storm still toss, no star to shine and to guide me;
 "Never love and know the children's eyes and the prattle?
 "Like some exile here on earth awhile shall I wander,
 "Till I claim you, sweet, until I claim you in heaven?
 "Nay, come back, come, bring the bliss and day of existence."

Tears were on his face, and dimm'd his eyes, as he ended.
 To the room he stole where often, hours, in the summer,
 She would lean and catch the jasmine scent at the lattice.
 Straight the shelf he gain'd on which she hoarded the singers;
 Mid her sibyl's leaves conceal'd his woe and his letter.

OUR AMATEUR PERFORMANCE.

A READING.

BY LITCHFIELD MOSELEY.

WE were all of us young at the time,
 and intensely dramatic; and we were
 seized with an idea. We would get up an
 amateur performance in aid of something or
 some one; for we were anxious to exhibit
 our histrionic powers before an audience.
 We were not long in discovering that "The
 Society for the Relief of Superannuated

Shoeblacks" was short of funds; and we,
 therefore, determined to favour that most
 deserving and useful charity. With that
 object, we engaged the Royal Parnassus
 Theatre, at a very cheap rate—so the ma-
 nager stated; but we have since discovered
 that the terms he obtained from us would
 have been ample for a week's rent, instead
 of for one night.

But engaging our theatre was one thing,
 and selecting what we were to perform an-
 other.

We convened meeting after meeting, without agreeing to a definite programme; and it was not until some five days before the actual performance that it was thoroughly arranged. In common with the generality of amateurs—who are always anxious to exhibit themselves to the greatest possible advantage—we, after passing every ancient and modern play in review before us, at last selected “Macbeth” and “Don Cæsar de Bazan” as our pieces.

The next day our bills were in the printer’s hands, and our parts were being studied.

We had chosen “Macbeth” to oblige our leading man, Macready Popham, who assured us that he was thoroughly up in the part, and that he could get through it as well, if not better, than his great namesake. But, as ill-luck would have it, on the night of our dress rehearsal Popham was called away, by the death of a near relative, into the country; and, at the last moment, we received a note from him, stating that he would be unable to return to town for a week or ten days, at the earliest. What was to be done? The bills were printed, the theatre was engaged, and the deposit-money paid; so it was impossible to postpone the performance. In our dilemma, our youngest member, Mr. Octavius Stumpy, came forward, and offered himself as a substitute; adding that he “had plenty of time on his hands” to master the part before the great event. Drowning men catch at a straw, and, as there was no other alternative, we immediately closed with his offer; and the rehearsal commenced. He read the part of Macbeth, and, in all probability, a worse reading was never given; but we generously attributed his shortcomings to nervousness and ignorance of the text. Certain it is, that he was not altogether physically qualified for the assumption, being an undersized lad of eighteen, with weak eyes, and an unpleasant, squeaky voice; added to which, the appearance he cut was singularly untragic, as he would persist in wearing the costume intended for Macready Popham, which was, at the least, some seven sizes too large for him.

Rehearsals in a regular theatre, by a regular company, are bad enough at any time; but this of ours was simply vile. Order there was none. No one knew his part, his cues, his entrances, or his exits; and, to make matters worse, our Macduff was an Irishman, with a brogue; and whenever he raised

his voice, the brogue increased to an alarming extent; and before the rehearsal was half over, he was taken suddenly ill, and had to be carried downstairs into his dressing-room. Feeling alarmed at his condition, we sent for a surgeon, who came, pocketed his fee, smiled, and recommended soda-water.

Macduff being *hors de combat*, and all the other performers engaged, we, after some trouble, prevailed on an elderly scene-shifter to read the part—his style was even worse than Stumpy’s; and this gentleman, although not an actor, kindly volunteered to show us many new points, the force of which we had not before observed, and, it is almost needless to add, did not act upon. Macduff’s legitimate pay was half-a-crown for his night’s work; but, in addition to that sum, he demanded a gratuity from each of us, the effect of which was, that, later in the evening, he also became insensible; but we did not send for a surgeon to him, but delivered him over to the care of the other scene-shifters. We plodded through the remainder of the rehearsal as well as we were able, considering that two of the principal performers were missing; and, just as we had concluded, the manager appeared, hat in hand, and blandly said, that “although he had let us the theatre for the performance, of course a dress rehearsal was not included in the terms”—we omitted to mention that the house was closed for the season—and that we must pay ten pounds extra for that, and three pounds for the gas we had used; adding, “Of course, you will settle with the scene-shifters, carpenters, watchman, &c.” As the worthy manager, moreover, stated that unless the money was paid in advance the curtain would not be permitted to rise on the grand night, we were obliged to comply with his demand. Then Isaacs, the costumier, came clamouring for money, stating that the dress worn by Macduff was thoroughly spoiled; and had that unfortunate costume been the one originally worn by the Scottish Thane, and preserved as a relic by the British Museum, the charge for it would, in all probability, have been trifling compared with Isaacs’s demand.

But these were not our only annoyances. Our bill-stickers were plebeian personages, residing in Shoreditch; and they posted all our flowing announcements in that very unfashionable region, and a neighbouring one, yclept Hoxton; and there was not a bill to

be seen within three miles of our theatre, except the announcement boards outside. We employed, besides, thirty boardmen, who started early in the morning; but where they went to we never knew, as we never saw one of them about the streets; but we shrewdly suspect that they disposed of their boards after leaving the theatre, and called for them again in time to bring back in the evening, when they drew their money for their day's work.

Then we had to find box-keepers. We engaged eight of these gentry—who were recommended to us by the manager—at half a guinea each, exclusive of their takings. They were a set of seedy individuals, who looked somewhat like broken-down Cremona waiters after a rainy season. The head one, in particular, was a strange looking personage: his hair was long and matted; his cheeks pinched in and colourless, which set off to perfection a nose of glowing magenta hue, the tip of which shone brightly whenever he approached a gaslight; and ever and anon an alcoholic odour would surround him, which was, to say the least, unpleasant. Of course we found our own money and check takers.

At length the eventful evening arrived, and brought with it a cutting east wind and a heavy fall of snow; added to which, it froze sharply, rendering roadway and pavement dangerous for carriages and foot passengers. This unfortunate state of the weather had a very dispiriting effect upon us. It was time to open the doors; and we were most of us ready dressed in the green-room, when one of the gasmen connected with the theatre opened the door, and, thrusting his head a little way in, said—

“Beg your pardon, gentlemen; but something's the matter with the great chandelier, and we can't light it!”

“How very provoking!” I exclaimed. “It's nearly time to open the doors, isn't it?”

“Rather better, sir—five minutes past the half-hour. What had I better do, sir?”

“I'm sure I don't know. Can't it be looked to at once?”

“Bless your 'art, sir! it would be a week's work to set that chandelier to rights, at the very least.”

“Then ask the manager to step here. Tell him we want to speak to him at once.”

“Sorry to say, gentlemen, the manager won't be here this evening; he's got an engagement somewhere else.”

“Dear me, how annoying! And, no doubt, the people are waiting outside now to be admitted.”

“There's one comfort, there aint many on 'em, sir. There was only two people there a minute ago,” returned the man, with a grin. “I think, gentlemen,” he continued, “you'll have to do without the big chandelier this evening”—as if one evening was of no consequence to us—“and content yourselves with the small lights round the tiers.”

“But the place will look awfully dull and gloomy—won't it?”

“Well, perhaps it will look rather dark, sir; but it can't be helped.”

“Very well. Do the best you can for us, there's a good fellow.”

“Very good, gentlemen.”

And with these words the man departed.

After the doors had been opened an hour, and an audience of thirty had assembled—we had waited, in the hope that a rush would eventually take place—the overture commenced. The secretary of the Society for the Relief of Superannuated Shoeblocks sat in state in a private box that we had given him; and the expression of his face was anything but elate, as he gazed about him at the almost empty theatre.

As the evening advanced, and there were but eight persons in the dress circle—the upper tiers were totally deserted—we prevailed upon the money and check takers, and box-keepers, to seat themselves in front, in order to make a show; but even then the appearance of the auditorium was meagre and dispiriting.

However, we screwed up our courage, and determined to commence the tragedy.

In order that no time might be lost, the banquet scene—which was to occupy the whole extent of the stage—had been prepared beforehand; and, when the curtain at last went up, the three witches were discovered in the banquetting hall of Macbeth, as the scene-shifters had omitted to roll down the “Country near Fores.” This mistake having been discovered, it had to be corrected before the eyes of the audience; and, to make matters worse, there were only two witches on the stage, instead of three: indeed, the third only ran on just before the scene ended. Stumpy, too, was so imperfect in his part, and required prompting to such an extent, that it was difficult to tell whether he was speaking the words, or whether they were being done at the wings by the prompt-

ter. Miss Florence Montgomery, alias Fanny Toodles—our Lady Macbeth—was so excessively nervous, that it was impossible to hear a word she said beyond the first row of the stalls; and Macduff's brogue was looked upon as irresistibly humorous by the gods.

The famous "dagger scene" was given by Stumpy somewhat after this style:—

Macbeth (vacantly). Is this a— [*Hesitates.*

Prompter (at wing). Dagger that—

Macbeth (catching it). Dagger that— [*Stops again.*

Prompter (much louder). I see before me—

Macbeth. That seems to bore me—

Prompter (excitedly). No, no! I see before me—

Macbeth (resignedly). I see before me,

The handle towards my— [*Another stop.*

Prompter. Hand!

Macbeth. The handle towards my hand.

Come, let me clutch thee. (*Looking in every direction but the right one.*) I have thee not;

And yet—

Prompter (angrily). I see—

Macbeth. I see— I don't; I wish I did.

[*Aside to Prompter.*

Prompter (aside to Macbeth). Oh, do get along, for goodness' sake!

One of the occupants of the gallery: "Bravo!—you in the Scotch plaid."

Two or three persons in the pit: "Order! Silence! Turn him out!"

Macbeth (swimmingly). Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,

And such an implement I'd not refuse;

My fools are made the eyes o' the other senses,

Or—

Prompter. Or else—

Macbeth. Or else—

Prompter. Worth all the rest.

Macbeth. Worth all the rest.

I see thee still; in form as palpable

As this which now I draw. [*Forgets to draw it, and does nothing.*

Prompter (aside to Macbeth, who seems bewildered)

Draw your dagger! Never mind; it's too late now.

Occupants of gallery again: "Ancore!—you in the Scotch plaid."

Audience generally: "Ha! ha! ha!"

And thus our young friend Stumpy played Macbeth, until the middle of the second act, when he broke down altogether, and the curtain had to be dropped ignominiously upon his confusion.

Under any other circumstances, it would have been our duty to have apologized to the audience; but, as we only had a few personal friends in the house, we thought it would perhaps be best to stop the performances altogether.

A hasty meeting was called upon the

stage, and the resolution was put and carried unanimously.

The next day the accounts were audited, when they showed the following result—viz., that our total liabilities amounted to £85 15s.; against which we had received the sum of £3 18s. for tickets sold, leaving the trifling deficit of over £80 to be made up by ourselves.

This effectually cured our dramatic instincts, and was our first and last attempt at amateur theatricals in public.

TABLE TALK.

OUR WEEKLY GUIDES are sometimes fallible; and it is rare sport to see a critic, who elevates his nose and believes himself infallible, fall into a hole, and knock that nose out of shape. Thus the *Saturday Review*, in an excellent article on the fulsome nonsense talked about Court marriages, especially that of the Princess Louise, says that, for a Royal personage marrying a commoner, "we have no precedent later than Edward the Third's days; and in Edward the Third's days there was no *Court Circular*. The 'young people,' as our teacher lovingly calls them, are probably not thinking about such things; but the Court ladies and gentlemen will be put to their wits' end to know what to do." Now, it does happen that Mary Tudor, daughter of Henry VII., married, first Louis XII. of France, and afterwards Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk (May 2nd, 1515); upon which a quatrain was made, of which the first couplet is well remembered:—

"Cloth of frieze, be not too bold,
That thou'r't matched with cloth of gold."

If our critics would, instead of flatulent praise and sloppy error, really study history, and write about the utterly cruel and Persian folly of the Royal Marriage Act, and the radical innovation of a Monarch of England being separated from her people, and so much above them as to be in another sphere, it would be much better. What the Queen now does in marrying her daughter to a commoner—and the Marquis of Lorne is in reality a simple esquire—is a natural, old English fashion. The Lady Louise—as Kings' daughters are properly called—does no strange thing: it is quite after the old English way, when the King was called "His Highness," and before the early

Puritans shuddered at hearing Henry VIII. first called "His Majesty."

WE CUT THE FOLLOWING from a newspaper generally well informed:—"It is stated that the Prince of Wales intends to purchase Auchnashellach, situated in one of the most romantic districts of the Highlands, for the purposes of a Royal residence." We really hope that the rumour is untrue. The Prince holds Abergeldie Castle, where he has lately been staying; but no Royal personage ever thinks of honouring Ireland. Why should not the Prince of Wales—who has his duties as well as his pleasures to attend to—purchase an estate in Ireland, say in the county Wicklow; where a Royal residence for some months in the year, the Prince's affability, his capacity as a huntsman, his geniality and good temper, would make hosts of friends, amidst a people naturally loyal, and sorely in want of some proper object on which to lavish it.

THE CUP OF MISERY for France is full. Metz has fallen, with 150,000 men and three Marshals of France; and the very abjects pity her, and offer her their contemptible aid. Mr. Merriman and Mr. Odger, and the heroes of torchlight processions and Palace-yard meetings, are doing their best, or worst, to chill the sympathy which many good people feel for her; and *soi-disant* working men sympathize with a republic which is not yet formed. But that is not bad enough. Mr. George Francis Train, a half-negro, and fervid orator—if one judges from his hair or his air—who has worn out even the long patience of his American brethren, has made a speech which has been frantically applauded at Marseilles. Shouted Mr. G. F. Train, the women's rights orator:—"A good army must be immediately formed in the South, and then advance on Paris. He advised that not an inch of territory, or a stone of a fortress, should be ceded. After the forts were taken, the enceintes should be defended; after the enceintes, the ramparts; after the ramparts, barricades; after the barricades, the breasts of living men; and then a mine to hurl the invader into eternity." This is piling up the agony with a vengeance! If the Prussian bull is to be scared away with a red rag, perhaps Mr. Train's glowing tongue may serve the turn. But, oh! the misery, and the miserable bedfel-

lows, with which misfortune acquaints a man—and a nation!

"APPROBATION FROM Sir Hubert Stanley," says a courtly character in a courtly old comedy, "is praise indeed." Mr. Vernon Harcourt, well known as a gentleman who has the highest opinion of himself; has signified his approval of the marriage of the Princess Louise with a distant cousin of his own, the Marquis of Lorne; and the empire is satisfied. The *Saturday Review*, in a pleasingly satiric article on the "Houses of Hanover and Harcourt," has whipped its old contributor lovingly, but with nettles. The joke of the matter—which lies in the fact of a not very celebrated barrister patting the Queen on the back for wisely breaking through the meshes of the Royal Marriage Act—is intensified from the fact that Mr. Harcourt afterwards denied the soft impeachment of his cousinship; which, if the Peerage be correct, is, though distant, clear enough.

CHAUER'S "TABARD" is now called "the Talbot," and Grub-street is known as Milton-street. So that, no longer, as Pope says—

— "Mighty Dullness crown'd,
Shall take through Grub-street her triumphant round;"

though, all the same, dullness may reign over Milton-street. But other names than Steele, Defoe, Curll, and Foote's "Vamp" have been connected with the despised Grub-street; for Mr. F. Williams, Saltley, near Birmingham, has now in his possession a handsome carved arm-chair, of solid oak, on the back panel of which is carved the sentence—"David Garrick, 1774, Grub-street." On another panel is carved the Shakspearean motto—

"All the world's a stage."

Mr. Williams possesses another somewhat similar chair, that belonged to Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Rejected MSS. will be returned to the authors, if stamps for that purpose are sent.

The Editor will only be responsible for their being safely re-posted to the addresses given.

Every MS. must have the name and address of the author legibly written on the first page.

The authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

ONCE A WEEK is registered for transmission abroad.

ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 150.

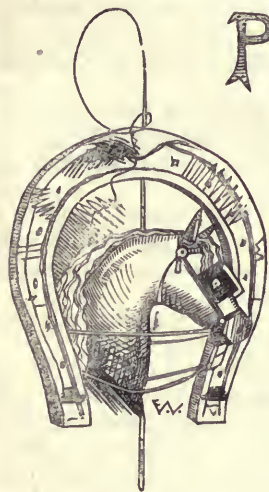
November 12, 1870.

Price 2d.

ONE OF TWO; OR, A LEFT-HANDED BRIDE. BY HAIN FRISWELL.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MR. BROWNJOHN FINDS WHOM HE SOUGHT.



PATSY QUELCH early the next morning released himself from the charitable resting-place provided by worthy Sir Richard Watts; and, as he was neither a rogue nor a proctor, it is to be presumed that the charity was not abused.

True to his purpose, he set forward towards Dover, and was soon overtaken by an

early traveller, in a gig with high wheels and a black body of capacious dimensions, in which was a little cabinet full of drawers: the said drawers being full of patterns of silks, ribbons, cloths, and other things dealt in by a London warehouseman.

The enterprising bagman who drove this vehicle was furnished with a box coat, with huge collar and lappels; a red worsted comforter which mingled with his red whiskers; box-bottomed trousers—that is, opened up to the calf of his leg, and fastened with brass buttons; Wellington boots; a flat hat, with curled sides, turned up with green for the sake of his eyes; and a tremendous gig whip, with a silver-mounted handle and a holly stem, full of knots, and polished and varnished highly.

The thong of this whip Mr. Charley Folaire never laid on the back of his flea-bitten gelding, which went on at a rare pace and never required the whip. The thong was, therefore, worn in a loop, with the thin end of whipcord—upon which cruel drivers were wont to put a small button to stimulate their steeds—twisted round the handle of the whip.

Charley, who was of a sanguine disposition and of iron constitution, had an eye to his horse, as one of the first requirements in driving a quick trade; and having, at the Crown, in Rochester, overnight, been the chairman of the "Commercials," had succeeded in establishing so much harmony and good-fellowship, that he had seen three of his six companions under the table, had left two more disputing upon "saving grace" and predestination—the gentlemen were of a serious turn, and religious over their wine, of which "commercial" rules then obliged them to drink a good deal—and had parted with the sixth at the top of the stairs, after having been made the depository of some family secrets of a grave nature.

"*In vino veritas!*" said Charley Folaire, who had been educated at Merchant Taylors'. "Poor fellow! Who would have thought that his wife ran away with a lieutenant of Marines? *That's* why he hates the army. No wonder! Now, then, to business."

The sleepy boots was then summoned; an early breakfast ordered; and while César Negretti and Sam Brownjohn were sleeping the sleep of innocence, and the six commercials recovering from their harmonious evening, Mr. Charley Folaire was in his gig, after having carefully looked to every buckle and strap of his harness, and adjusted the bit and curb of his flea-bitten gelding. Then, after taking his reins, Charley adjusted his warm box coat, pulled up his red comforter—tucking the ends of his whiskers therein to keep his neck warm—and had his impatient

steed walked quietly out of the gateway, so as not to wake his fellow-commercial.

"I'll steal a march on them," said Charley, laughing quietly to himself, till his face became as red as his comforter. "By jingo! they nearly gave me a headache, though; only I always pay extra for good old stuff. Let me see. Ah! thank goodness, as clear as a bell!"

Here the bagman shook his head, to ascertain that his ideas were all right; pulled in his horse, which, well-fed as its master, was fresh; glanced down at the traces, and smoothed the sides of his gallant steed with the loop of his whip.

He was soon past the long, unpleasant street which forms the town of Chatham; and his horse, warming to its work in the bright keen morning, was going with admirable pluck, pace, and steadiness, when just as he was getting over the crown of a hill, and about to make a rare pace on a level stretch of a mile or so, Charley, in smoothing his horse with his looped-up whip, and adjuring him to be steady, dropped that instrument of torture—in some hands, but never in his—and found it difficult to get out of his commercial throne, hampered as he was with a heavy box coat, and driving a horse which thought very little of ten good miles an hour.

Charley naturally looked round for help, "wo-hoed," and wished his steed to stand still. But the extra feed given that animal on purpose to pass by the other commercials had made it restive; and it is no easy task to drop out of a tall gig and to hold a high-spirited horse at the same time.

Luckily, just in time to prevent a disaster in the commercial world—for Charley Folaire was well known on the road and in London as one of the smartest of country travellers—Mr. Patsy Quelch picked up the whip, and ran with the speed of an Irish gossoon or English greyhound after the gig, and presented the pride of the road with his silver-mounted holly-stem stimulator.

Charley was naturally grateful. He was as proud of his whip as a king might be of his sceptre: always had it carried into the commercial room; and boasted that there "was not such another fishing-rod on the road."

"That's a good boy," said Charley, gratefully. "The blessed horse might have pitched me on my head, as poor Tom Tapeson was killed last spring; and I fall heavy, I do.

Why, I weigh twelve stone, or nigh upon thirteen. Run to the head of the horse, lad, while I take off my glove and give you a shilling."

"I'd rather you'd give me a lift, sir," said the boy, touching his cap.

"A lift—how far?"

"Oh, just a little way," said Patsy, in a winning, pleasant tone; "as far as Dover."

"Dover, eh! D'ye call that a little way? Why, it's some miles to Sittingbourne, where I first do business."

"Is it, sir? I didn't know; but I want to go there."

"What for?"

"To see my—" here Patsy paused—"to see my uncle, sir; he's a sailor."

"Poor lad! and my uncle was a sailor, too! Well, my lad, you seem a light weight."

"I won't sit heavy, sir," said Patsy, as if willingness could take a stone or so of his weight away.

Charley Folaire smiled at this. He was a good-natured fellow, fond of studying character, and eager to get on, and tired of holding in his horse.

"Here, jump up then, my lad," said he; undoing the apron of his gig with his left hand, and giving it to the boy, who sprang upwards with a light step.

"And now," said Charley to his horse—"now, Chief Baron, you may step it."

The Chief Baron did "step it;" and Patsy, drawing on his imagination for his facts, told so moving a story to Charley, that Mr. Folaire stood the young adventurer a good breakfast, while he himself ran in and out the various shops, and the Chief Baron had his legs rubbed down with a wet brush and his mouth refreshed with wet hay and half a pail of water. Patsy then again mounted; and this time was a listener, while Charley Folaire told him of his own fortunes. How his father had been a commercial, and had ended his eventful life by slipping on an orange-peel coming down the steps of a chapel. How his principals—who were gentlemen of large means and undoubted probity—had regarded that death, as Charley himself felt inclined to do, in the light of a martyrdom. How the Rev. Caspar McCalem had preached a charity sermon, and had collected "a little nest egg" for the old woman. How the old woman took a lodging-house at the West-end, and had been able to save sundry other little nest eggs. How the principals had "laid their 'eads to-

gether, and good 'uns they were!" and put one of the children at Merchant Taylors' School, where he—no one less than Charley Folaire himself—had the blessing of a good education, and became a dab at cyphering. How the other boy was provided for in a like manner, and became "a Blue." How Charley thought it an immense honour to be "a Blue;" and other matters.

"The end of it all was," said Charley, as they drove through Canterbury, where there was another set of eager customers ready to inspect Charley's patterns, and allow him to book his orders; "that those principals—God bless them!—had me apprenticed, whereby I'm a citizen of London; made me a buyer first, and then a traveller; and now I get a larger screw than my poor dad did."

"What's a screw, sir?" asked Patsy.

"Screw?" said Charley; "sometimes it's a horse, but in this case it's the browns—my salary—paid quarterly, like a gentleman, d'ye see? And a commission besides, which I shall add to to-day. They seemed eager at Sittingbourne—they'll be ravenous at Dover."

"You're a very kind gentleman," said Patsy, truly enough; "and I'm sure you deserve what you get."

"And you're not a bad boy," returned Charley. "Now, you may learn from my story—'cos, you see, it was owing to my good old dad—that the righteous man is not forsaken; nor do his widow and chicks have to beg their bread."

That was Charley's reading of the Scripture, and he was not far wrong. But one of the "chicks," who had now grown to be "a good-sized old cock, with very red gills"—as Folaire described himself—took care to be always on the alert, and always up early, for the purpose of picking up the early worm.

"Now, my lad," said Charley, as they drove into the courtyard of an ancient inn in Canterbury, "this is the Fleur-de-Lys, one of the best inns in the county of Kent, if not the best; and that *is* saying a good deal. Jump down and help me out with those boxes. It's a lucky day with me. I never do a good turn to a fellow-creature, but it brings good luck to me. Look here, lad; you can earn a shilling by bringing a few of those boxes with me. Look sharp! Sharp's the word! Some of those fellows, finding no fish at Sittingbourne, may come on here hot-foot. But, Lord bless you!

there's not one of 'em got such a piece of 'orseflesh as the Chief Baron."

Folaire, although educated at Merchant Taylors', had learned to drop his H's, and speak the bagman's lingo amidst the select circle he moved in.

Patsy picked up his boxes, and rendered himself useful "in a jiffy," as Charley Folaire termed it; and trotted in and out the shops, unstrapped the light boxes and strapped them up again, as if he had been used to it.

"Getting on in the world, Mr. Folaire," said a shopman; "you've got an assistant."

"Ye'es," said Charley. "Smart lad. Taking him out for an airing, just to blow a little of the London smoke out of him. That's it, Patsy—strap 'em up."

"Why the boy is Irish, by his name," said the young fellow.

"That's no worse nor no better, than being a Cockney, is it, sir?" asked Mr. Folaire of the principal, who was selecting the goods.

Patsy gave him a grateful look; and the linendraper smiled.

"Blow nationalities, sir!" added Charley Folaire, as he booked a good order. "Any more in winter cloth, sir? We shall have it sharp this time. No! thank you, sir, all the same. What I say is, let the best win. Why, I am descended from the Irish myself on my grandmother's side; and my father's grandfather was a Frenchman. We're a cross-breed, we English. That's what makes us cut our eye-teeth so soon."

Thus—engaged in trade, feasting at his patron's expense off such joints of cold beef and such tankards of foaming Kentish ale as would have made the proprietor of the Hôtel des Etrangères stare and gasp—Patsy Quelch reached Dover some time before the mail coach got in; very much pleased with his kind friend, and sorry to part with him. When they came to the end of Snar-gate-street, Patsy got down—Mr. Charley Folaire was going to put up at the Ship, not far from the harbour—and his new friend presented him with his shilling, and said—

"Now, my boy, I'm off again to-morrow round the coast; and I'm busy to-night, for I've to write out my orders and post them up by night mail; but if ever you want a lift again in London, where you come from, you come to me. There's my address."

He tore off one of the tops of the invoices belonging to the firm: "Cook and Selling, St. Paul's-churchyard."

"And my name's Charley Folaire. Shall you forget it?"

"Deed no, sir!" said Patsy, his eye brightening as he spoke; for he had regarded Charley with a warm affection since he heard he was his countryman, or a small portion of one. "You're a jule (jewel) of a gentleman, ye are."

"Well, I've got the makings of one, my boy," said he to Patsy. "Don't forget me, if you want me."

"Deed I won't, sir, nor ever forget your name. Will the coach be in soon, sir?"

"Yes; it will drive into the market-place. There you are," said he, pointing in the direction; "and there's the harbour, where you may hear about your uncle."

So the two parted for a time. Patsy, whose sharp eyes had covered every inch of the road, and had failed to discover his two acquaintances, César and Brownjohn, vanished to look after the coach, and was soon rewarded by seeing the two worthies descend, cold and cramped: the Maltese swearing against the horrid climate, and Sam Brownjohn still silently intent upon his object.

"Let us drink, my Brownjohn," said César; "it will help to chase away this devil cold."

"It has been a cold drive," said the Bow-street runner, "and I've no objection. But, mind you, no loitering! If we don't catch our man, I'll pinch you, Negretti."

"Pah! there's no fear! My friend dare not deceive me. Come on!"

And, swinging his bundle, the Maltese strode into the hotel.

Soon they emerged, Mr. Brownjohn wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, a practice not unknown in the "lower middle" classes, as the papers have it.

"Now, march!" said Brownjohn, sternly. "That's the way to the harbour!"

Patsy followed, quietly and silently.

At the muddy little harbour, with his back against a post, ruddy with sea breezes, his hair grizzled with time, and falling in ringlets over his ears, which were adorned with gold rings, stood a handsome, open-browed man, weather-beaten and wrinkled, blue-eyed, honest, and even venerable in look. He was speaking to his partner, who, in a French fishing-smack, was getting all ready to clear out.

"All ready, master," said the sailor on board, in French.

"Then I'll slip in, and be off. Heigho! I am always sad as the dark night when I come to England!"

"We'll be better in France."

"No, you won't!" said a gruff voice, putting a heavy hand on the shoulder of the old man.

"Be peaceful, my friend," returned the old man, quietly. "Why shall I not go? Are you an officer of the marine law?"

"No; he's a land shark," simpered César Negretti; "and he wants you."

"Why, in the name of Heaven?"

"Because your name is the Père Martin. I knew you at Malta."

"César, by the sacred Virgin!"

"Yes. You are, then, the Père Martin?"

"I am. What then, gentlemen?"

"Then I arrest you for the murder of Estelle Martin, at Kensal-green, London."

"Oh, Heaven! The good God! Estelle!—my poor Estelle!"

The old man bent his venerable head and seemed to weep.

"Oh, those French!—what actors they are! Now you are all right, my Brownjohn. Take much care of him. I'll go off to seek some ship, to find my warmer home."

As César said these words, up limped no one less than Patsy Quelch, singing out, as if his pent-up eagerness burst suddenly from him—

"Don't let him go, Mr. Officer! Don't, please! Only look what he's got in that there bundle of his'n!"

CHAPTER XXX.

"HERE LAY THE VICTIM: THUS WAS DEALT THE BLOW."

WHEN Old Daylight, otherwise Mr.

Tom Forster, heard his favourite and adopted heir declare that he would defend Lord Wimpole with his life, nothing more appropriate rose to his lips than his old exclamation, "Poor human nature!" But, on mature reflection, he thought that this would not do. So he walked up to the mantel-shelf, gazed on the portrait of Lord Brougham, remarked on the chiselling of that portentous nose, and, taking out his red bandanna, blew his own.

The glittering, clever, weary eyes of the barrister followed the old man about the room, also without remark. Mr. Forster stopped opposite the bouquet, and examined it as if he were a florist; but he saw no flowers. He then paused, as if reading with

intense interest the red labels of a four-volume copy of Blackstone's "Commentaries on the Laws of England," a book then regarded as a corner-stone of all that was and is precious in law; but he hardly saw the red label and the gold letters.

Tom Forster was engaged in a difficult matter. When a conscientious man finds that his friend and companion is bent upon that which he knows to be foolish, and yet that he, the conscientious one, approves, because it is noble, or romantic, or virtuous, then such a one would be situated precisely as was Tom Forster.

"So," he said, at last, after in vain seeking for a point upon which to attack him—"so, my dear Edgar—I beg your pardon, Mr. Wade."

What is it that prompts us to call those whom we love by their Christian names, as if those names brought them closer to our hearts? "Is it," thought this simple old fellow—"is it because the names have been hallowed and rendered dear at the font of Christ? It may be so."

"Pardon!" returned Edgar, "as if I had to pardon you, my dear sir! Call me what you like."

"Noble soul!" thought Old Daylight, hardly remarking the cold, stern voice. "But I won't take liberties—in fact, I ought to call him, 'my lord.'" Then, continuing, he added, to himself, "No; I know my place, and who I am. I can't be much otherwise. He moves in one place, and I in another."

"Well," he said, "we will speak in a business way. You say that you intend to defend the so-called Lord Wimpole?"

"I do, as well as I can."

"Why so?"

"Because I believe him innocent."

"And I believe him guilty."

"You do," said the barrister, with a sad, slow smile, in which his eyes took no part. "You see I don't; at least, I've no belief at all in the man's guilt or innocence. I keep my belief in suspense. What business has a man—a thing that crawls between heaven and earth for a few years—to have belief at all?"

Old Daylight looked up at the clever gentleman who said this so coldly, with astonishment.

"Of course, Lord Wimpole may have done this murder. So may you!"

Old Forster started. Being a man that

planted a firm foot as to belief, he no more believed in the possibility of committing murder himself, than he did of toiling up to the top of the Monument and committing suicide.

"Well," he said, aloud, "it seems to me that you are drawing fine distinctions. Something like that very clever bishop, was it not?"

"Bishop Berkeley," explained Edgar.

"Yes. I read about him in Johnson. I do a great deal of reading while waiting in my office in Homer-street, I can tell you. Well, he said there was no matter. Perhaps he's right: we are all but mere emanations from the Spirit"—here he put out his leg—"but, for my part, that looks very much like flesh and blood and Hessian boots; and I've known that above fifty years!"

"Quite Johnsonian in your refutation of Berkeley," sneered the barrister, with a yawn.

"So," continued Daylight, "I might have murdered Estelle Martin; but I did not. I might have introduced that horrid form of murder we call 'burking,' for which Mr. William Burke was quietly tucked up at Edinburgh last January, was it not?"

"It was," said Edgar Wade. "What a curious fellow that was, now! He has given rise to a new word. Quite an inventive genius."

"D— his genius, and his invention too!" cried Old Daylight, impatiently. "I never did admire a man who was only celebrated for crime. But let us talk of our own business. At a small fire, one must roast a chicken at a time."

"Well, then," continued Edgar Wade, "you believe Lord Wimpole guilty?"

Old Daylight nodded.

"But that I never do such a thing, I would swear to it," he said.

"Yes, yes," returned Edgar, thoughtfully; "you would swear to it, because it is your business to believe, and to believe strongly. You see, I have not any business to believe in the matter. I do not want the young fellow to be proved guilty; for, amongst gentlemen, Mr. Forster, there is such a thing as the honour of the family. I should wish that my family were kept free from any stain like *that*."

"That being murder," thought Old Tom Forster. "Well, *that's* a mild way of putting it."

"You see, actually and altogether, this

new misfortune which has happened to my family is not a benefit to me. The house of Chesterton has a proud lineage; and I should rather that it always held up its head. *I* don't care to have spots upon my family shield, Mr. Forster: other people may not be so particular."

"How soon Pride grows!" thought the old man. "Well, *I* don't blame him. He will fill his place well."

"And for Lord Wimpole there is much to be said. I should not like to be removed, as he has been; and just, I hear, upon the eve of some proud alliance."

"There's just the matter why I do not want you to mix yourself up with this affair. Lord Wimpole has had provocation enough, if you like. Let affairs take their usual course. Let the family solicitors pick out the most eminent Old Bailey barrister—let us say Serjeant Bellingham or Sir John Lyover; and let them do what they can for him. It will be very romantic for one brother to defend another; but beyond *that* fact—and a gentleman, Mr. Wade, never needs to be romantic—I do not see any good in what you propose to do."

"You see everything is against Lord Wimpole. Upon a certain day you made him acquainted with the fact that he must lose the place and fortune that he had fondly thought his own; and, in quick succession of this knowledge, this woman is found murdered."

"But that does not prove he did it."

"With his own foil, with his own glove, with his own footstep near the door of her dwelling: on that I'll be sworn!"

"Yet that does not prove that he struck the blow."

"Who else could? Under so sudden a provocation, what aid would he be able to procure? What accomplice would be ready to his hand? Who has an interest in the murder but himself? Pray consider all this, Mr. Wade?"

"I have considered it all."

"So have I," said Old Daylight, "and I pity him."

"I do not," said Edgar, coldly.

"I pity him so much," urged Old Daylight, "that I would not have you defend him. You would do little good. The whole facts of the case—of your relationship, of your father's folly and crime—would come out before an eager public and a vulgar jury. Your devotion would be called ro-

mantic and heroic; your speech would be applauded as eloquent; the judge himself might compliment you; but, for all that, the judge would sum up on the evidence, and Lord Wimpole, as you call him, would be cast for death."

Here Old Daylight paused, and passed the well-known bandanna over his speaking countenance.

"But his father would interfere. He is powerful with the Prime Minister, his Grace the Duke of Wellington; and he would be pardoned. Why, a cousin of his is the Viceroy of Ireland, the Duke of Northumberland himself."

"Clear your mind of all that," returned Old Forster. "The Duke, however powerful he is, is just, and would no more pardon him than he would hang himself. He would withstand the people—as he has withstood them—when he thinks they are wrong; but, when he knows they are right, he would no more act against them than he would have run away from the French. Moreover, Old Nosey, as the Radical papers say, is a man: his worst enemies cannot say that he is not. If Lord Wimpole had killed *you*, he would have forgiven him; but as he has killed a woman, why, he would hang him himself."

"The matter, however, does not rest with him, but with the Home Secretary and the King."

"God bless his Majesty, George the Fourth," cried the old Tory, reverently, "he is not so bad as people say, and has a kind heart; but, let me tell you that when Arthur, Duke of Wellington, is in command, he is captain of the ship. And," added he, parenthetically, "*that's* the man I like, and that the English like, too."

"I don't see how I should damage his cause," said Edgar Wade, after a pause, and with a curious gleam darting from his dark eyes. "I should not be romantic, nor eloquent, nor that sort of thing. You see, a prisoner's counsel may not address the jury on his behalf—though that will come, too, when the good old times, of which you are so proud, will have passed away."

"And of which you will be proud too," returned Old Forster, rubbing his large, strong hand over his short hair and capacious head. "You see, Mr. Wade, every gray hair here has gone far to making me Conservative, as the new word calls us. But counsel take advantage of the judge, and

work upon the sentiments of the jury. I don't see that a long speech, full of flummery, will be much benefit, except in confusing the jury, who should pronounce upon evidence alone. However, I will say no more. It is very generous of you to resolve as you do. But, you see, five and twenty years' experience, and much waiting in my little hole of an office in Homer-street—you know I did not bring my business home with me—have made me calmer and colder than you are. But you will act upon your impulses. You feel pity for Lord Wimpole and for your father."

"Pity!" said Edgar Wade, bitterly, looking round his chambers, with a feeling of weariness and of disgust. "Pity for those who have kept me out of my birthright—who have confined me for years to such a dog-hole as this!"

Old Daylight looked up with surprise. To him, to have sat with books containing the essence of judicial wisdom—to have been of the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple—to have had the chance of becoming a Benchers in course of time; or, if successful, to have worn a serjeant's coif; or, possibly, to have become a judge—was the acme of good fortune.

Mr. Wade noticed his look, and smiled.

"You see," he added, "you do not know everything in your office in Bow-street, and you do not know the disgust which I feel for these dry old fathers of the law, bound down by precedent, and never deciding but as some dry old fool decided before them. Pah! I am sick of them. I want to see the great world. I have been despoiled of my birthright: cribbed, cabined, and confined to a narrower, meaner sphere. Obligated to consort with mean interests, and meaner minds. And all because an ambitious, aristocratic father chose to supplant me by some one else."

"Here's human nature again," thought Old Daylight. "How eloquent we can grow upon our own wrongs!"

Then he spoke again.

"But after all, Edgar, Lord Wimpole did not injure you."

"Yes, he did—unconsciously, *perhaps*; but his very existence was an injury. Why did he push me from my seat? He has done me an irreparable injury; but for him, what might I not have been?"

"He may take the same view with regard to you. Don't you think that?"

"I don't see it. Nothing can compensate for my lost youth. He has enjoyed all the advantages that, but for him, I should have had. And yet"—here the barrister spoke with gentler feeling, and with some regret—"when I saw him, he spoke me fair, and honestly, and nobly. Poor Philip, what a trial he must have had!"

"That's just it. Poor human nature! You see, Mr. Wade, that, upon his first hearing of this terrible news, he was ready to act upon his fresh, generous impulses; and upon the honour which his education had instilled in him."

"Exactly. And he will continue to do so; or rather, he has continued?"

Edgar Wade put this—it seemed almost purposely, although the words dropped from him quite naturally—as a question; as if he asked from his elder and companion his opinion of the matter.

"That's just where it is. When you know human life as well as I do, you will see somewhat more clearly."

"Conceited old party!" thought Edgar Wade. "How these oldsters do pride themselves upon the few short years they have passed prior to our existence!"

"Upon his first impulse he was, I will grant you," continued Old Forster, getting up and putting down a square-tipped forefinger, so as to make himself more impressive, "generous, right-minded, and even noble. Then you leave him to reflection; and the drear reality of loss of birth, position, fortune, is borne in upon him. He finds the sacrifice too great. He casts about him; remembers the letters you have shown him, and that they were upon your unsupported evidence. He thinks again, and remembers that there is but one witness alive whose testimony is worth anything. His father may deny those letters—they may be but forgeries. He seeks this woman—a venal creature, as her history proves. He goes there without confessing his purpose even to himself. He will, let us say, temporize with her; perhaps bribe her, and get her to be on his side."

"It might have been so," uttered Mr. Wade, looking with those dark, distant, feeling eyes of his across Garden-court and at the old Temple Hall.

"It was so, no doubt. The Devil never puts the worst face upon the temptation that he offers us. He bids us seek for truth that he may make us embrace a lie: to clear our

innocence he plunges us into a blacker crime. Poor human nature!"

"Poor, indeed," uttered the barrister, in a meditative sort of voice. "Perhaps it was indeed as you say, although I don't want to think so; and shall, indeed, dismiss all that you have urged against Philip Stanfield from my mind."

"What a generous, clear soul!" thought Old Daylight. Then he continued—"It was so. Obeying, then, this second impulse, which came to him when the first had grown faint and weak, he seeks this woman."

"You speak as if you had been at his elbow."

"It is nothing but a clear induction from facts afterwards ascertained," said the inductive philosopher. "He seeks this woman. He finds her alone. He ascertains that what you have said is true; that she has papers which corroborate yours; that she is possibly not so much inclined to be upon the old lord's side as she was; that time has made her reflect; and that, before she dies, she would fain make reparation and a clean breast of it, as these people call it: as if you could stain marble with ink for years, and wash it clean in a day. Then, sitting alone and waiting in her parlour while she gets refreshment, the temptation comes."

"Poor Philip," murmured the barrister, in a tone which was sad but convinced. "My poor, deeply tried brother!"

"The temptation comes: it is too strong for him—for the Devil had prepared him in case of accident, you know: he yields to the temptation. The lonely place, the solitary woman, the want of help—all are in his favour for the crime. He springs hurriedly on her—pulling the cloth with him as he rises—and stabs her. One blow is enough. She falls; and he is a murderer."

The barrister walked up and down his room, in great agitation, as the old philosopher described this scene as if he had been present. He said nothing; but his face expressed sorrow for the criminal so suddenly tried. Then he muttered—

"Say no more, Mr. Forster, do not convince me too fully of my brother's guilt."

The inductive philosopher had spoken.

"That's how the murder was done," he added. "Now you know as much as I do."

Here the old man applied his bandanna; for he, too, had been agitated by his recital.

"And yet you would hang that man—that grievously tempted man?"

"Mr. Wade," said the philosopher, stoutly, "since you put it to me, I would. Men are made to resist a temptation, not to go out and meet it. My two books are the Bible and Shakespeare. One says, 'Being in the way, the LORD met me.' Awful, is it not? What if it should be, 'Being in the way, the Devil met me!'"

"You must not apply texts in that fashion, you know, Mr. Forster," interjected Edgar, in a low voice.

"The other says—now, listen!—

'How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done.'

There's the whole history of crime which has puzzled even judges," said the old fellow, as if judges were the essence of wisdom.

"I shall defend my brother, still," said Edgar Wade.

He rose, and signified that the conference was at an end.

Mr. Tom Forster took his hat; and, like one foiled in an ardent desire, sighed as he walked up to the beautiful bouquet, and smelt the flowers.

"Ah!" said he, "how grateful will she be for these. You are a noble fellow, Mr. Wade. Will you bring them with you?"

He was thinking of poor Madame Eugenie Wade; lying almost unconscious.

"No—not now. I am going to call on Lord Chesterton. He wishes to see me."

"Phew!" whistled Old Daylight; and then he thought to himself, as he passed through the office of the industrious Scorem, who kept scratching away with his pen, "What new complication is this? Edgar is not out of the wood yet!"

EDITH.

BY THOMAS ASHE.

CHAPTER V.—THE MEETING.

STRANGE and not so happy was the meal in the morning.

Edith spake no word, but quickly rose and departed. Sad and pale for one who once would charm with her laughter. Many a morn from gloom, she wore the veil of her anger.

Berthold, he, too, rose, and was unwilling to linger
With the two, whose eyes were not the eyes of a lover;
Lest, if she were blamed, or even named, in her absence,
He should seem untrue, or seem to side with the others.

Grave and stern was the rector, and little sign of forgiveness
In his look you read, and little sign of emotion.
Mary Trevor knew it would be hard for his nature
First to bend and yield: and she was wounded for Edith:
But if parent err, yea, if to wrong and injustice,
Still the child does well to suffer all and be silent.
"Leave her now," she said, "so changed and blind with her passion:
"She has never shown a spirit wrong and unruly.
"Nay, another sun will scarce go down on her anger:
"Soon, remembering all, she will be troubled and sorry:
"She will see the wrong, and will be fain to be pardoned.
"You will pardon her, Edmund?" His lips were pale, as he answer'd;
Twitch'd and trembled, saying, "Gladly I will forgive her;
"Ask of her forgiveness for the wrong that I did her."
Low the sister bent, in silence, hiding her wonder;
Stoop'd and touch'd his brow with lips that sign'd benediction.

Edith, will she find, so much a novice in passion,
Stranger eyes so bright, if she discover the letter?
Be the child of old, with Berthold changed to a lover;
With a sire too glad to cancel all and forgive her?
Had she known! but known! She is away in the woodland.

On the hill-top grew the pines in silence together;
Grand trunks, straight and tall, that flushed blood-red in the sunset;
Yet the sun, in splendour flashing down from the zenith,
Could not pierce the dense and twisted screen of their branches:
They, that rock'd in storm, and madly howl'd in the winter,
Now were calm and still, or only sway'd in a whisper.
Sweet the gloom and coolness, as in a mighty cathedral.
Black below the spurs, and wither'd leaves and the pine-cones,
Yielded neath the foot, as softly laid as a carpet.
Here a road wound down to warmth and day, and, descending,
On each hand laid bare the dull red wall of the sandstone;
Silent, now, forlorn, cut long ago to the quarry;
By woodcutters used, or still at times by a huntsman.
Steep the winding road: a little way from the summit,—
Where the winds would lull on rudest days, and the roaring
Of the pines in storm seem but a song, in the distance,—
On the left, the stone, scoop'd out and worn to a cavern,
Made a dripping well. The trickling drops of the water,
Oozing through the roof, were shaped to pearls in the darkness;
Then, unseen, they fell, to gather fair in a basin,
Pure and clear as twilight, after rain, in the autumn.
Drop fell after drop, with solemn cadence and mournful;
Long and charm'd you listened, yet still the ear would be startled.
Smooth and moist the cave with matted green of the mosses:
While, in rocky cleft, and by the sway of the ripple,
Campions throve, and ferns, and fairy leaves of the cranesbill.
Brooding Edith sat, upon a stone by the entrance.
Many a morning here, a book her silent companion,
She had dream'd and stay'd, her spirit tranquil and happy;

Pleased with linnet's song, pleased with the sound of the water,
 With a fern, or flower. Now, that is over, for ever.
 Youth, outworn, inverts his mystic wand o'er the dreamland:
 All is fled, like dreams; and youth is fled, and the glamour.
 Love, a lord more strong, rules in the throne of the other.
 Dull is reason's ear: now love and anger together
 Scare the brooding peace, the morning calm of her spirit,
 As the winds swoop down on sleeping tarn in the mountains.
 She remembers her father, she remembers her cousin;
 Darkly feels she wrong'd them in the rage of her answer:
 Yet they seem as dreams of long ago and forgotten;
 But as leaves that fall on restless whirl of a torrent.
 Anger hot with love, and love aflame with the anger:—
 Is it love in a day? It is a strange fascination.

Here, with alien foot, amid the gloom of the pinewood,—
 Foulque Alphonse Dubois,—why is it, now, that he wanders?
 What would he, then, here? What in his brain is he planning,
 Full of evil schemes, and ever ready for mischief?
 Dewy dawn of a life, you haunt him now with your beauty:
 He is charm'd with the grace and guileless eyes of a maiden.
 There are some who love to pluck the flower by the wayside;
 Love to wear the flower a little while for their pleasure:
 Careless who may pine to miss it there in the shadow:
 When its sweetness tires, but little pained if it wither.
 He is vex'd and cross'd, who is not wont to be thwarted:
 Used to have his will, though it be sordid and evil.
 Can he well be plotting ill and harm for the damsel,
 Since he leaves ere morn the English hall and his kinsfolk?
 It is but a sigh, a wish, a fancy to meet her,
 Once, ere all grow dark, that lures him over the upland.

Foulque Dubois, as a god, who beats the woods for a dryad,
 Stroll'd and toy'd an hour, and then grew tired and impatient:
 At the wood dove fired, in leafy elms by the quarry;
 Vex'd, he scarce knew why, to hear the sound of its cooing:
 Seem'd for sign to take it, when the bird, as an arrow,
 Through the green tree-tops fled to the gloom of the forest.
 By the lane he turn'd. What weaves the snare, that entices
 Us to ill we would, but know not how to accomplish?
 Is it chance, ill-luck? No, but the Father in Heaven,
 Shaping good and evil, to mould the souls of his children.

Step by step he came: she, with a strange divination,
 Heard his foot draw near. Each drop that fell in the cavern
 Made her cheek grow pale, and flush again with the colour
 Of a new-blown rose. She was as maiden, the demons
 Wall in chambers of dreams, in mediæval romances.
 He, as one well pleased, who meets a friend unexpected,
 Stay'd his foot, to greet her; and soon was standing beside her.
 As one inly glad, awhile in silence beholding,—
 Musing, lean'd on his gun,—the heighten'd charm of her beauty,
 Low he laugh'd, to note the little feet, and the colour
 Of her cheek, sunbrown'd as nut of hazel in autumn;
 Till her lids dropp'd down, abash'd, and she would have risen:
 Then his eye read all, the dream, the joy, and the passion.
 "Nay, not yet," he whisper'd, and she in silence obey'd him.

"I am as," he said, "the old Thuringian princes;
 "Who would ride, unwitting, and by the marge of a fountain
 "Find, in glades deep-hid, the damsel more than a mortal."
 But he was as one who, mid the gleams of the moorlands,
 Sees the bright bird flutter from the blue of the heaven,
 Flutter down, and stain more deep the hue of the heather.

MR. GOLIGHTLY ;

OR, THE
 ADVENTURES OF AN AMIABLE MAN.

CHAPTER I.

AN IMPORTANT CHAPTER, WHICH IMPATIENT
 READERS MAY SKIP, BUT WHICH THE SENSIBLE
 WILL CAREFULLY PERUSE.

THE Rector of Oakingham-cum-Pokeington had made up his mind: his son and heir, Mr. Samuel Adolphus Golightly, who had just completed, at home, a careful preparation for a University career, should be sent to Cambridge; and, with a bound from the general to the particular, the Rector had selected St. Mary's for his college. To this conclusion the Rev. Mr. Golightly had not jumped with the haste that marks the precipitate man. He had duly deliberated; he had discussed the weighty question with his brother, the Squire, every time he had dined with him—which was once a week—for about six months past. He had asked the advice of his curate, the Reverend Mr. Morgan, many times; though without, on any single occasion, having the slightest idea of being in the most remote degree influenced by it. He had consulted his two maiden sisters, the Misses Dorothea and Harriet Golightly, who, when not at Bath, Cheltenham, or Tonbridge, were in the habit of pitching their tent at Oakingham Rectory; and, as they were the happy possessors of large sums safely invested in the Three per Cent. Consols, greater attention was usually paid to their views than was warranted by their intrinsic value when actually arrived at—a process which was often no easy task, and, indeed, on the present occasion was the source of considerable trouble to their brother; as, after much conversation, Miss Harriet declared decidedly in favour of Oxford and Christ Church, whilst Miss Dorothea provokingly gave her opinion for Cambridge and St. Mary's.

Their unhappy brother tried to reconcile these, conflicting opinions, but, unfortunately, failed; and as his sister Dorothea was ten years the senior of Miss Harriet,

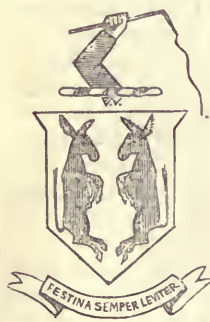
and therefore, in the ordinary course of nature, a transfer of her Consols would take place first; and, further, being of the mature age of—now, I know I ought not to mention it, but I shall venture this once—fifty-eight, it was highly improbable that she would become "an unnatural traitor to the interests of her family" by having one of her own. Her opinion, a golden one, turned the scale. For the Rector himself was in favour of Cambridge, thinking it not so fast a place as Oxford; though in this matter I have heard him declare he was disagreeably deceived. Mrs. Golightly, as in duty bound, assented. And, lastly, our hero himself, whose illustrious name illuminates the headings to these pages, professed an entire readiness to set out for either place. For his cousin George had often told him that, if the governor and his two dear aunts only came down in a manner suited to the dignity and position of so ancient a family, he would be able to make himself equally at home at either place; but as Cousin George—the son of his uncle, the Squire—was then running the course of his *curriculum* at Cambridge, our hero had a slight leaning in favour of that seat of "sound learning and religious education;" and it was, therefore, with great pleasure that he learnt from his father one day, at the dinner table, that momentous decision of the Rector's with which this chapter commenced.

Before entering upon a minute and trustworthy personal description of the various members of the Golightly family, it will be well to say a few words upon the Golightlys in general. Almost everybody will know—at least, everybody who has ever talked for ten minutes to Miss Dorothea Golightly—that the Loamshire Golightlys are a branch—though a younger one, it must be admitted—of the great Tredsoft family; of whom the present Lord Tredsoft, or Tredsofte—or, as it is sometimes written, Treadsoft—is the direct male representative; and, of course, everybody will know that Burke says that this family can trace its pedigree to Edmund the Thick-headed, who flourished about four hundred years before the Nor-

man Conquest; and thence to Simon Slyboots, who was corn-parer to Edward the Confessor; whence, through a long line of illustrious ancestors, is sprung Adolphus, fourteenth Earl Tredsoft.

It will be sufficient to have shown that the Tredsoft family is one of the oldest and most distinguished in England; for to establish a direct connection between that particular branch of the Golightlys with which we are concerned and the noble earl whose pedigree we have just sketched is a much more difficult nut to crack. However, Miss Dorothea is satisfied that it is quite clear, and not to be disputed. Her case varies a little, according to the state of her memory; but the last time she mentioned the matter it stood thus: "Her own cousin, three times removed, was the grandnephew of the Earl of Tredsoft's half-sister."

It will be a pleasant and instructive little problem, for such of our readers as are genealogists, to solve the relationship subsisting between Mr. Samuel Adolphus Golightly, the hero of this biography, and the Right Honourable Lord Tredsoft, from the data furnished above. Perhaps the arms of our branch of the Golightly family may be of some assistance in the matter. They are thus described in Burke:—



Arms—Two thistle-eaters *as-pectant*, proper, on field vert; tails borne erect.

Crest—An arm issuant, holding whip *flectant*.

No worthier member of the family ever bore these arms, in war and peace, than Mr. Adolphus Golightly, the grandfather of our hero—and, consequently, the father of the Squire and the Rector. The tablet to his memory in Oakingham Church records his virtues to this day:—"He was a pious man, a faithful friend, a generous landlord, a kind husband, and a good father; and for many years a Captain in the Militia in this county." All of which is, I believe, quite true. He had the good fortune to inherit a large estate from his father; and he came into a handsome property at the death of his mother. The former, which was entailed, of course came to his eldest son, John, the present Squire of Oakingham; and the

latter he bequeathed—subject only to the payment of some charitable legacies—to his younger son, Samuel, who took orders, and the family living of Oakingham-cum-Pokeington. Thus, the worthy gentleman had the satisfaction of providing equally well for his two sons, and also handsomely for his two daughters; whose names have already been mentioned. Having now made our readers acquainted with the family history and position of the Golightlys, we will, in our next chapter, give them a personal introduction to the various members of the family at the Rectory.

CHAPTER II.

THE GOLIGHTLY FAMILY "AT HOME."

THE worthy Rector had come to the decision with which our first—and last—chapter commenced, on no less remarkable a day than the First of April. On the evening of the Seventeenth of October, in the same year, it was evident, from the stir in the house, that something was about to happen. The fact was, it was Mr. Samuel Adolphus's last evening at home. On the next day he was to leave the home of his ancestors, the bosom of his family, the arms of his Ma, for the first time in his life. That lady was anxious—as Mas are on important occasions—the maiden aunts were fidgety, our hero nervous, the cook in tears, the coachman and butler in spirits, and the other members of the establishment in great bustle and confusion. Upon Mr. Golightly, senior, alone did coming events seem not to cast their shadows before; and it was, perhaps, with rather more than his usual satisfaction with himself and with things in general, that, after having discussed a bottle of his particular green-seal claret, accompanied by the hopeful Samuel, he walked into his cheerful drawing-room. And whilst Tuffley, the butler, is handing round the tea, we will indulge in a hasty glance at the different members of the family.

Mr. Golightly, senior, was a short, stout gentleman, of middle age. His hair was of a sandy gray—being apparently undecided whether to remain the colour it had always been or to turn to some other; his whiskers, which were abundant, were of a lighter tint—indeed, they might almost be called a sandy white; his chin was clean-shaven, and appeared above a white cravat; his face was pleasant to behold, being lighted up with good-humour, benevolence, and, I may add,

with satisfaction. Empires might fall, kings topple over, governments change, the vintage of Château Margaux fail; but the Rector of Oakingham-cum-Pokeington was still the Reverend Samuel Golightly.

Mrs. Golightly was a lady, tall, thin, and languid. Her hair was auburn, with a tendency to red, and was worn in ringlets, except on company days, when, aided by her maid and pads, she raised a superstructure of plaits and bandoline edifying to witness. She had mild blue eyes and an

everlasting simper; was a friend to all the parish, and took a great interest in poultry.

Near her sat Mr. Morgan, who had succeeded the former curate when it was thought the youthful Samuel Adolphus required a better staircase to Parnassus than that gentleman's tuition afforded. From this it will be gathered that he filled the position of curate and tutor. "Simple, grave, sincere," he enjoyed the confidence, and returned the affection, of all the family. The two maiden aunts, the Misses Harriet and



THE GOLIGHTLY FAMILY "AT HOME."

Dorothea, were overcoming their feelings at parting from their favourite nephew by playing at cribbage for red and white counters, at two and sixpence a dozen. Cribbage was a game to which they usually sat down every evening, directly after dinner, and played until bed-time; unless they left the cribbage table to join in a rubber of whist with the Squire and their brother, or Mr. Morgan. They were well-preserved women for their time of life; and Miss Harriet was really still a comely lady. The elder

sister's features were stern and angular; but the younger took after her brother, and possessed his benevolent smile and light complexion. Miss Dorothea was a lady of determination, and had opinions upon most subjects; whereas, on the other hand, Miss Harriet rarely expressed decided opinions; indeed, her mind, as a rule, was a faint, though faithful, echo of Miss Dorothea's—a feeble dripping, as it were, from the reservoir of sense and virtue that was enclosed in her elder sister. However, with all re-

spect be it said, Miss Harriet could assert herself: when really *up*, her independence amounted to obstinacy. These two ladies were much attached to each other, and rarely quarrelled, except at cards or over the affections of their dear nephew, Adolphus. This young gentleman—before whom a brilliant career was just opening—was leaning over the table at which his aunts were sitting. He was tall, like his mamma; and fat, like his papa. His hair was light and wavy. He was considered to have his mamma's eyes and his papa's nose, quite his grandpapa's mouth, and, without doubt, the family chin. Like his mamma, he smiled at almost everything that was said to him, and with all that he said himself; and, altogether, his face, if not indicative of genius, certainly gave early promise of whiskers, and genius and whiskers are not unfrequently united in the same person.

I may add that, when at all excited or taken by surprise, Adolphus had a habit of hammering and stammering a little at certain consonant sounds, which lent an individuality to his utterance, and thence to his character, thereby relieving it from the imputation of tameness. This habit of hammering and stammering, his mamma attributed to a fright he got in his early infant life, through fancying he saw something in the dark; but in this opinion neither his nurse nor Mr. Gubbett, the family surgeon, agreed. But Mr. Gubbett was acquainted, professionally, with a certain Mr. Glibb, who possessed a valuable system or method for the cure of persons afflicted with a stutter; and as he assured the infant Samuel's mamma that Lady Ralph Penthesilea had tried it with great success upon Master Ralph Penthesilea, and as the mention of Lady Ralph Penthesilea's name alone carries great weight with it in the estimation of Mrs. Golightly, it was decided that Mr. Glibb should be at once consulted; and he directed that Master Samuel should be made to pronounce the Queen's English in monosyllables, with his right hand resting upon a table, and carefully putting down a finger upon it at each syllable he spoke. And this may account for his ideas still flowing rather slowly. Whether Mr. Glibb's system, or increasing years and intelligence, produced the desirable result, I do not know; but, within ten years after trying the system, our hero's articulation had greatly improved, and, at the time of

which I write, was nearly as perfect as could be expected.

Tuffley having now removed the tea-cups, the Rector endeavoured to resume, in the drawing-room, the important duty he had commenced in the dining-room—namely, putting a final touch to those precepts which were to mould, and that practical advice which was to guide his son through the snares and pitfalls of an unfeeling and designing world. He stationed himself upon that rostra from which an English Paterfamilias most easily and happily delivers himself of his sentiments—namely, upon his own hearth rug, with his back to his own fire; and with his hands well supporting his own coat-tails. His son and heir stood beside him in attitude of rapt attention; but, as the maiden aunts had not quite finished their last game at cribbage, and Mrs. Golightly was refreshing Mr. Morgan's memory of what—as she had often before told him—was her opinion of what a silver-pencilled Ham-burgh should be when in perfection, the Rector was sensible that his Platonic sentences hardly fell upon the ears of young Adolphus with their due weight. In fact, for some few moments, the conversation had been after this sort—our hero standing on a particular square of the carpet, where he must perforce hear all that was said in the room:—

The Rector: "It is my particular wish—I might almost go the length of saying command—that you should, immediately on your arrival—"

Mrs. Golightly: "Send a pen of fowls to the Birmingham Show."

The Rector: "Call upon an old friend of mine, named Smith. You will be sure to hear people say—"

Miss Dorothea: "Fifteen two, fifteen four, fifteen six, a pair eight, two are ten, and one for his nob."

The Rector (going on from where he left off): "Where he lives. He always used to say—"

Miss Dorothea: "Come, hand over the counters. You see this makes me out; twenty-four and seven's a leg."

Now, "seven's a leg" was a little family bit of fun, which the elder sister always rebuked the younger sister for using when she was out of temper, but used herself whenever she was in a good temper—that is, in good luck. The old militia captain—whose virtues we recorded before—was, amongst

other of "the ills that flesh is heir to," a great sufferer from the gout, which he persistently aggravated by immoderate doses of port, doctored up from a receipt upon which he set a high value; and being a great cribbage player—for with the Golightlys cribbage has become quite an hereditary game, and comes to them as naturally as going to church or going to bed—he used to alleviate his sufferings, during the attacks of his enemy, by playing at his favourite game. And it is a well-authenticated tradition in the family, that one day—the gout in his left extremity being more excruciating than usual—he called out, dropping his cards at the same time to seize the afflicted member, "twenty-four, and seven's a leg." Thus it arose, then, that, on this particular evening, Miss Dorothea—his daughter—finished her game with "twenty-four and seven's a leg." And the conclusion of the game and the end of Mrs. Golightly's dissertation concerning prize fowls occurring together, left the Rector at liberty to continue, without interruption, his last address to his dear son, before sending him forth to fight his battles with the gyps, bed-makers, examiners, friends, foes, and follies of a University life.

The worthy gentleman had primed himself for this trying occasion with the "Aphorisms of Lord Bacon," "My Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son," and rather more than two-thirds of a bottle of his own claret; and he was retailing to the hopeful Adolphus a curious mixture of the three, in which, if he had not been the parson, I should have said, without one moment's hesitation, the latter slightly predominated. He enjoined upon our hero, in solemn and touching tones, the respective and collective values of industry, punctuality, and early rising upon a man's future success in life.

"These three qualities," said the Rector, "united with mental tranquillity under all circumstances, collectedness of faculties, and imperturbation of feature, mark the great man. Think, my dear Adolphus, of the great Bacon, the political Chesterfield, the—a—the quiet Watts; think of 'How doth—' I mean—a—

'Early to bed, and early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy, wealthy, and wise.'

(Before Mr. Adolphus had been at the University long, he was taught to believe it was—

"The way to be cross and have very sore eyes.")

"And then," pursued the Rector, "my dear boy—I may add," continued his father, with rapidly increasing solemnity of manner and depth of tone, "my *only* boy—think of the example that I have always set you; and think of dear Mr. Morgan, and the precepts he has aided me in inculcating; and try—do try—to be a man of the world, Adolphus; such as you know I wish to see you—practical, virtuous, steady—an ornament to that station in life in which it has pleased Providence to place you. And," continued the good man, his feelings fast overpowering him, "my last advice is, be cool—be calm—be collected!"

This eloquent appeal to the examples and precepts of the living (Mr. Morgan) and the dead (Bacon, Chesterfield, and Watts) was received by the three ladies and the curate with due murmurs of approbation; for in his own family Mr. Golightly was looked upon as a wise and clever man, and out of it as a good but mistaken man; and, therefore, whenever he addressed his family, either from the pulpit in the church, or from the pulpit on the hearth, his remarks were received with deference and respect. By our hero, alone—such, alas! is the callousness of human nature—they were not so highly appreciated; for the fact was, that by frequent repetition his father's opinions and warnings had lost that novelty which is necessary to rivet the attention of a mind disturbed by the prospect of rising an hour earlier than usual next day.

Mrs. Golightly availed herself of this opportunity to send for the butler, to know if everything was ready for Mr. Adolphus; and if the wine had been packed as she had directed. It was a source of grief to her that she could not have the melancholy pleasure of starting her son off with cold chicken enough for a week at least, if every meal was breakfast; for I believe she would have signed the death-warrant of any or all of the finest pullets and cockerels in the poultry-yard with the greatest readiness, in order that her Samuel might think of her and home whilst he ate them, had she not been told by the Rector that such sacrifice on her part was unnecessary, chickens being plentiful and easily procurable from the college kitchens. The astute Aunt Dorothea added a little advice, and expressed a hope that Adolphus would learn to play well at whist, a game of which she was an enthusiastic admirer. Miss Harriet, for her part,

hoped that he would speedily acquire the art of infusing his tea for himself; and that the elaborate worsted-work tea-pot cover—technically termed, I believe, a tea-cosey—which she had provided for him, would materially assist in the production of that desirable adjunct to the scholar's life, strong tea. Mr. Morgan intimated that on the morrow it was his intention to present his pupil with a small token of his regard. Miss Dorothea often used to express her wonder at what he did with all his money: a hundred and fifty pounds a-year for being a curate and a tutor, and thirty pounds arising from the investment of nine hundred and one pounds six shillings and eightpence in the Three per Cent. Consols! Bless you, Miss Dorothea, that modest hundred and eighty pounds flowed out in as many little rills of beneficence. It gave bread to one, physic to another, and clothing to a third. It was at the command of all the parish, and the only person who really did not have any of it was that good Mr. Morgan himself. What want had he if his neighbour lacked? And Miss Dorothea wondered what he did with his money!

Hark! the jingle of glasses; and in comes Tuffley with the tray, and all the family partake of a little negus, to make them sleep—of course the ladies have it very weak—and they all indulge in an anti-fatulent biscuit a-piece, and then retire for the night. And Mr. Samuel Adolphus dreamed that he and his cousin George were playing at leap-frog in their caps and gowns in the parish church, and would not let old Bumpy the beadle come in; and Bumpy was pounding away at the church door with a clothes-prop out of his garden, when—

"Oh! all right, Smith. Yes—say I am getting up now. All right!"

For it was Smith the footman, and not Bumpy the beadle; and, instead of the church door, it was our hero's own bed-room door at which the knocking was going on.

THE LORD OF LORNE AND MAC CALLUM MORE.—PART II.

BY CUTHBERT BEDE.

WHEN the late Duke of Argyll, who was the seventh duke, succeeded to the title and estates, in the year 1814, various demonstrations of joy were made throughout Cantire; which, as might have been expected, culminated in that royal burgh,

which had, about the year 1680, taken the name of Campbell-town (or Campbellton), out of respect to the family of Argyll. One who was present on that occasion gave me a long description of the preparations that were made, and the enthusiasm that was evinced. The sun shone brilliantly as the Duke entered Campbellton, in great state, with banners bearing his title, "Mac Callain Mòr," and the pipers playing "The Campbells are coming." The other proprietors in Cantire joined the procession, each having his own banners and pipers, and accompanied by the tenantry on horseback. At the west end of the town, awaiting the Duke's arrival, were the members of the Town Council, "with their music band, and Mr. John Colville, the banker and Provost. He was the most handsome and beautiful person I ever saw, and a most accomplished gentleman." When the Duke approached, Mr. Colville read the inevitable address; and the Duke responded with the invariable reply. Then the procession marched through the town, which was decorated with flags, flowers, and triumphal arches; the people crowding and shouting "Mac Callain Mòr!" And so they escorted the Duke to Limecraigs, where, it was hoped, he would have been an occasional visitor; but he never again was seen in Campbellton. His son, however—the eighth Duke, and the present distinguished owner of the title—has not only shown the greatest interest in the improvement of his Cantire property and the well-being of his tenantry, but has also paid visits to Limecraigs; and, for some years, has brought his family every autumn to his own Land's-end home, at Machariorch, Southend, not far from the Mull, and in "the Garden of Cantire." In September, 1861, the Duke and Duchess, with the Marquis of Lorne (who now represents Cantire), and the younger members of the family, occupied Stronvar House, Campbellton. At their visit in April, 1863, they were welcomed with unusual rejoicings, as it was his Grace's first visit since his appointment to the Lord-lieutenancy of the county. As they landed from *The Celt*, and the artillery fired salutes, the Rifle Volunteers formed a guard of honour on Campbellton Quay, and, with their band playing "Argyll's March," escorted the Duke and Duchess to "the Argyll Arms Hotel," where they remained during their stay—making excursions to Southend and Ballyshear, and visiting Captain McNeill at

Lossit House. And thus, the Land's End people once more have Mac Callum More ruling over and residing in the peninsula.

The following story, told me in Cantire, and hitherto unpublished, shows the popularity of the ducal family of Argyll at the Land's-end of the Western Highlands. It is that of—

“THE SAILOR AND THE CHAMPION.”

I must preface it by saying that, up to the latter part of the fifteenth century, champions were common to the Continent. Each French district supported its own peculiar champion, who travelled from place to place, according as his services were required. These champions were allowed to act as substitutes in judicial duels and trials by battle for those who had lost a limb, or were over sixty years of age, or were suffering from illness—such as fever or gout; or who were even laid up (or supposed to be laid up) with toothache. Women and monks were also permitted to engage the champion's services. According to the statutes of David II., King of Scotland, the Scottish knights and nobles also enjoyed the privilege of engaging the services of the champion in all cases of robbery and assault; but serfs, and such as had no patent of nobility, were condemned to do battle for themselves with the champion. The following Cantire story evidently refers to one of these champions; although it is hazy in its chronology, and, probably, in its topography. The phrase “above a century ago,” certainly leaves a wide margin for the date of the story. But “I tell the tale as ’twas told to me.”

“Above a century ago, James Fisher, a native of Campbelton, was master of a fine little vessel, with which he fished, and at other times dealt in commerce. One time, being at the Quay of Ayr, and wanting a man to work the vessel with him, a young man came forward and offered his services. The stranger did not pretend to be an expert sailor, but promised that he would be obedient, and would serve his master as well as he was able; and James soon formed a great attachment for the young man, who was careful and active, and performed his duties well.

“After one or two little trips, they sailed their ship past the Mull, and went on till they found themselves off the great city of Dublin, which ranks as the capital of the

Irish kingdom. Being in want of a bag of potatoes and other necessities, James sent his man on shore to procure them. As he was returning with his burden, he met a champion, who was parading the streets, beating his drum, challenging the city to produce him an antagonist, and imposing a sum of money upon the city; for it was the law of those days that, if a successful antagonist could not be found for the champion, the city should pay him the ransom. The young sailor, coming down the streets with his burden over his shoulder, pushed the champion on one side, telling him that he ought to have the good sense to leave the way open to one with a burden. The champion stopped beating his drum, and said—

“‘I take that as a challenge.’

“‘You may take it, and welcome,’ said the young sailor.

“‘Then cut me this glove,’ said the champion, as he took it from his belt.

“The young sailor cut it: which was the form they had of accepting a challenge. Then they fixed the time and place for the combat; and it was agreed that they should fight it, with sword in hand, on a stage in front of the City Hall, at twelve o'clock on the morrow. So the young sailor went away with his burden to the vessel; and the champion went round the town, beating his drum, and inviting the people to come and witness the fight, on the next day, between himself and a Highland sailor.

“Now, the young man did not let his master know what he intended to do; but James knew his purpose, having received information from others. So, wishful to save his servant's life, he gave him orders at once to prepare for sea; but the young man refused, for the first time, to obey him. James was sorry; for he was sadly afraid that his servant would be killed, and he did not wish to lose his services.

“In the morning, the young sailor arose and opened his trunk, and took out of it a sword and a fine suit of tartan, which he had kept there concealed, and which his master had never set eyes on. He dressed himself in his tartan, and proved that his sword was of the best steel by bending it quite round his body. James was somewhat comforted when he saw this; for he thought that his servant seemed to know the use of his weapon; and, as he seemed such a fine, brave fellow in his tartan, he might

possibly contrive to save his life from the skill and strength of the champion. The young Highland sailor walked, with a quick step, up to the City Hall, where a great crowd of people and the town council were assembled to witness the combat. The stage was ready prepared, and the champion was the first to mount it. He capered from one end of it to the other, displaying his agility. The town council pitied the young sailor, and gave him a glass of wine; telling him that they feared it would be his last; for they considered him to be no fit match for so formidable an antagonist. The young man, however, was not a whit afraid; for he had more knowledge of the sword than they were aware of; and he gaily mounted the stage and went through the usual form of shaking hands with the champion.

"Then the combat began. At first, the champion capered about, making light of his opponent; but he soon found that this would not do, and that the Highland sailor must be vanquished with hard fighting, and not with tricks: so he slashed and lunged at him in earnest. The young sailor, at first, stood on the defensive, warding off the champion's blows and guarding himself, until he had discovered the full amount of skill possessed by his antagonist. The crowd began to jeer at the champion for not making quicker work of the Highlander; and the champion, stung by their taunts, got furious, and cut and slashed desperately, trying to close with the young man and to bring him to his knees by sheer strength. But he did not know of what thews and sinews the Highlander was made; and the harder he strove to get in his sword, the farther he seemed from his purpose. The young sailor parried every blow. His eye was like a hawk's; and he stood like a rock. The champion stepped back and wiped the sweat from his face, the while the crowd jeered him more than ever; and cries were now raised that the Highlander would win. Up to this time there had been no blood shed, and there was not a scratch upon either of the fighters; for the young sailor had contented himself with guarding his own body, and not wounding his opponent. But when the champion stepped forward and desperately renewed the combat, then it was a sight, indeed, to see the young Highland sailor. He no longer stood there to parry thrusts and cuts; but he dashed at the champion with his trusty steel, making it gleam like

lightning around him, and confusing his antagonist with the swiftness of his strokes. Darting nimbly aside, as the champion dealt a swinging stroke that was intended to strike off his sword-arm, he whirled his keen weapon in the air, and, with one stroke, so completely severed the champion's head from his body, that, as it fell, it rolled off the stage to the feet of the town council.

"Then there was a great rejoicing. The people lifted the young sailor on to their shoulders and carried him round the town, proclaiming his praises. The town council, because he had saved the city from paying a ransom, presented him with a very handsome purse of gold, with which the young man went back to his master. He put back his sword and suit of tartan into his trunk; and they quitted Dublin and put out to sea. When they had got back in safety to Campbelton, the young sailor left his farewell with James Fisher, and gave him a good handful of gold, with which James afterwards built himself a slated house in the Shore-street of Campbelton. The young man would not disclose his name to James; but it was always supposed that he was one of the Argyll family, who had killed a nobleman in a duel, and had been obliged to disguise himself and go into hiding for a time. No one could match the Argyll with a sword; and it was always considered that no other than an Argyll could have vanquished the champion. James never heard of him afterwards; but he always believed that, if he could have got himself to Inverary, he should have found his young sailor to have been one and the same person with Mac Callum More."

THOUGHTS, FACTS, AND FANCIES.

MYSTERIOUS HERALDS.

TO see a person suddenly enter the room of whom we were just speaking is not likely to be called "a remarkable coincidence." The fact is of common occurrence, and opens a wide field for speculative thoughts. We cannot suppose that the person comes because we have been speaking or thinking of him; but it really seems as though *something* heralds his approach, and from that mysterious cause we speak of him. What that "something" is, we must set down as one of the grand secrets of life—I mean *animal* life, in its broadest sense, and not limiting the term to human life;

simply because we really know nothing, or next to nothing, of what passes through the brain, or inner thinking principle, of any of our dumb fellow-creatures.

"Talk of the devil, and he will appear," is the old saying, which mixes up a permanent philosophical fact with old monkish superstition. For it is not only the devil, or some very bad fellow, equally wicked but with no equal "dignity," that is implicated; but the whole saying, if rationally modernized, might just as truthfully be rendered, "Talk of an angel," "Talk of a loved one," "Talk of a hated one," "Talk of one that all the present company are interested in"—and he'll appear! And the latter case is of the very commonest occurrence: unless, indeed, the dinner is "waiting for him;" and then, by the perversity of things, he does *not* appear until you have ceased to think of him—in fact, "begun" without him.

But a more discursive and perplexing mystery exists in the fact that we suddenly, and with no conscious cause, think of a person we have not seen for years; know not where he is, if living; have no conscious object or interest in seeing him, nor any express wish for it. Yet the thought occurs, and again occurs; and you know not why, after all these long years; especially as there was no particular love, or regard, or admiration on your part towards that person, nor the least impression that he had any thought about you. Yet, after the lapse of weeks, or even months, suddenly we meet that very person, as if the thought or memory of him, or her, had only occurred the minute before. This is one of the many cases in which the interval of time goes for nothing and amounts to nothing; which, considered with reference to death, is at least consoling.

These things may all be regarded as fair and reasonable evidences that some mysterious and most intricate and subtle currents, or fluids, or electric lines, or "brain waves"—as the writer of the profoundly interesting paper on "Dreams" might suggest—pervades the whole mental and sentient world, as it obviously does that of the physical world, so far as we at present know it.

KILLING NO MURDER.

It was reported that the King of Prussia was heard to say—"I must have Alsace and Lorraine. They will cost a hundred thousand men; but I *must* have them!" As

this dreadful Franco-Prussian war ostensibly originated in a sort of lie, by the falsification, mistranslation, and inflammable version given of a simple transaction and message, one can place little faith in any of these reports. It is not very unlikely to be true; but the fact, this moment, that I would call attention to is, that nobody seemed to be at all shocked at the deliberate statement of the "cost" of this immense number of human lives—horses, cattle, and *peasantry* being reckoned as nothing, if thought of, in the question.

In this wonderful nineteenth century of advanced intellect and civilization, we behold the anomalous spectacle of two of the foremost nations in the world, passionately calling into play all their elaborate attainments and energies to outrage every principle of Christianity in unparalleled efforts to destroy each other. And the unworthy origin of all this being chiefly a desire for territorial aggrandisement, and to demonstrate which of the two was the greater military power. The question is now practically settled. The land and the fortresses, "not one inch or one stone" of which will the French consent to resign, are literally in the hands of the Germans; and all France is to be devastated, if not sacrificed, for a century or more, for the sake of those fractions of national wealth and power which the French themselves took from Germany. We may admire the spirit of France; but is it quite sane and sound policy, under the circumstances and facts as they are? Meantime, the two nations are both distinguishing the other as "barbarians!" It was not barbarous, but in the interests of "freedom and civilization," that the French cried "A Berlin!" but it is sheer brutality and insensibility to the execrations of posterity—which, right or wrong, they are likely to endure—in the Germans, to cry, "Nach Paris!" During the last fifty years, the intellectual and general advances of Prussia, and its high condition of national education, must be recognized as extraordinary, and are universally so recognized, except in France, where all Germans are considered to be just what they were during the wars of the First Napoleon. Alluding to the marked deficiency of general knowledge, particularly of history and topography—even of their own country—manifested by the French ministers and generals—the *Nord Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* says:—"During the last

nineteen years these gentlemen have learned nothing, and they have forgotten everything." The writer might have dated his remark much farther back.

But now for an instance of genuine barbarity on the part of Prussia. They exclaim against the atrocity of the Franc-tireurs picking off some of their soldiers; and more especially when some ruined peasant, exasperated at the destruction of his "little all," shoots at any of the destroyers of his family and his native village. These men, if taken, are to be shot or hanged, it is said, without quarter or question! But what are we to think of the Royal orders given to the Landsturm, when it was first called out, if they are now to be enforced?—

Sec. 7 sanctions "*every means* that may be employed. The severest and *most unrelenting* means are the best; because they are the most likely to bring the just cause soon to a successful issue.

"Sec. 8. The object of the Landsturm is to arrest the march of the enemy, as well as to bar his retreat; to annoy him incessantly; to capture his munition, couriers, and recruits; to surprise him by night; to *break up his hospitals*; in short, to harass, trouble, and molest him in every conceivable way, and to destroy him, *singly* or in detachments, *whenever or wherever* it may be possible.

"39. A special uniform or distinctive dress for the Landsturm is not allowed, because this would *betray the wearer*, and render him more liable to be pursued by the enemy."

We here find the absence of a soldier's uniform distinctly ordered, for the direct advantage of secret "taking off;" while the barbarity of breaking up the enemy's hospitals—which, of course, include every ambulance—surpasses anything yet related of French violations of the laws of civilized warfare. As the Landsturm orders date back to 1813, we can but think that the section referring to the hospitals must have been rescinded; and if not, one cannot believe that anything of the kind has yet been done, or will be sanctioned. Meanwhile, the newspaper "serves up," with our breakfast, accounts, from time to time, of so many hundred men killed—so many thousand men killed—so many more thousands almost certain, very shortly, to be killed; and the very excess and constancy of the horror palls and indurates the imagination, and destroys our natural sensibilities, till we come to re-

gard wholesale killing as "no murder," but a sort of legitimate slaughter consequent upon the unfortunate quarrels of kings.

VICTOR HUGO.

Victor Hugo, one of the greatest men France or the literary genius of any other country ever produced, after many years of exile, has returned to Paris. So far from even thinking of calling upon his country to "listen to reason," or any measures for peace, except those which the conquered are to dictate to the conquerors, Victor Hugo falls at once into the wild cry of "not an inch of our land nor a stone of our fortresses;" and declares that he will take his place upon the ramparts, and join in the fight "to the bitter end." What an opportunity—such as happens to few great men—has he thus lost for the highest place in future histories of this most tragical period of his country! He, and he only, perhaps, of living men, could venture to speak to France in a tone of practical wisdom, on fairly looking the terrible facts in the face. Any other man would be likely to lose his head, if he were not slain by a less ceremonious process.

Every Prussian gentleman, and probably a considerable per centage of the half-million of Germans now in the field, both read, speak, and write French and English, in addition to a good knowledge of their own language and literature. Not so with French gentlemen, including at least nine-tenths of the French officers. Among these self-involved Frenchmen, how much I regret to have to name so great a writer as Victor Hugo. But it is a fact that he neither speaks, writes, nor even reads German or English. He only knows—and not at all extensively—the literature of those countries by means of French translations; and had it not been for the truthful and admirable translations of the Chevalier de Chatelaine—to whom both countries are so much indebted—the great Victor Hugo, to this day, would only have known Shakspeare as the "Immortal Williams." I would not venture to say so much, but that there are unmistakable signs, in his latest works, of his want of knowledge of the English language and literature.

TABLE TALK.

TWO anonymous gentlemen, whom we will call X. and Y., resolved, if possible, to find out and visit the den described in

the first and last parts of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." With this view, after dressing for the occasion, and carefully divesting themselves of all valuables, they met at the Royal Exchange, at eight p.m., on the 6th of September; and, after taking some strong coffee at the Café Royal, Aldgate, proceeded in the direction of Ratcliff-highway, which they thought the most promising quarter in which to commence their investigations. After vainly making many inquiries, at public-houses and of the police, they at length met with the officers who informed them that there were such dens in Victoria-street, a locality more generally known as Bluegate-fields. Thither they went, with a friendly policeman, who pointed out the opium-house, which was situated in a narrow, dark little court, known as Chinaman-court. Here they were introduced to a lady named Joe, who, with great good-humoured readiness, promised to do all she could to assist the adventurous explorers in carrying out the object of their visit. Opening a dark door in the dingy court, she led them into a pitch-dark passage, called for "Johnson" to "show a light to the gents," and, pointing to the staircase, left them. This Johnson turned out to be a Chinaman, and the landlord of the establishment. After climbing some almost vertical stairs, they emerged, head foremost, through a hole in the floor, into what, by courtesy, must be called the smoking saloon. The objects that first struck their attention were two men, a Chinaman and a Malay, lying on a large, broad mattress, which, raised about a yard from the floor, filled nearly half the room. A candle stood between them, on the bed; and both were smoking opium. A Lascar was also present; but X., who describes the expedition, does not at first see him. Y. then emerged, and shook hands with his new acquaintance; and the whole party soon felt quite at home. The visitors were told that they had called too late—it was then eleven p.m.—and that the rooms were most frequented from seven to nine p.m. Johnson, the landlord, or Osee—which he says was his original Chinese name—informed them that he had been in this line of business "more long" than any one else in London; and that he knew of only two other similar establishments, both of which were in the immediate vicinity. He was requested to show how the opium is prepared for smoking; but his account was not sufficiently clear to enable X. to

re-describe it. The opium is bought in the lump and placed on a piece of matting:—"A fire, a saucepan, a basin, and some water are then brought into the service; and the final result is that the opium is turned out, a beautiful, soft, black extract, not much thicker than treacle. The pipes have a stem about fifteen inches long, most resembling, and probably made of, cherry-wood; and are as thick as a large-sized ruler. They do not taper at either end, so that a fairly big mouth is essential to all who would indulge in the practice. The bowl, in the best pipes, is fixed about three inches from the end of the stem, and is removable. It is quite closed up, except a little touch-hole, over which the opium is smeared, after a little piece, much smaller than a pea, has been roasted to a turn in the flame of a candle; being held, meantime, and twisted round on the end of a long, thick needle. It is necessary that this touch-hole be constantly presented to the flame while the smoking proceeds; but the preparation and lighting seem to make an almost endless occupation." The original occupants of the room were very desirous to see the visitors smoke; and so X. laid himself on the bed, with his head resting on the Malay's shoulder, and took at least a dozen good pulls from the pipe. Except a slight exhilaration, he felt no effect from the smoking; but his friend Y., who took but three or four draws after him, began to get giddy through it. They then left, with a promise to return earlier on the following evening. On stepping into the court, they were hailed from the opposite side by a woman, who asked if they would like to see her smoke opium. They accepted the invitation, and found her alone; and, although much more intelligent, she seemed to be doing much less business than her neighbour. She was an Englishwoman, born in London, aged about forty, and had married an Indian, who had deserted her. From him she had acquired a knowledge of the Hindustani language, which probably aids her in keeping up her present wretched connection. Her manner of smoking seems peculiar. She would take from four to six long inspirations; and then, resting for a few moments, would gradually and slowly emit the accumulated smoke from her mouth and nostrils. She stated that she was the only female opium-smoker in London. Special inquiries were made, both of this woman and of Joe and her

friends, as to whether opium-smoking ever induced marvellous dreams or magnificent visions; but no evidence could be obtained that such results were ever obtained. Joe and her friends even denied that they ever dreamed during the opium intoxication; and the woman denied that the drug ever produced pleasurable sensations, and asserted that it merely relieved pain. "To be without it," she asserted, "was a state the horrors of which were twenty degrees worse than *delirium tremens*."

THERE IS NOTHING, however, in the description of the second visit to Joe's establishment that is worthy of special notice, except the different actions which the opium-smoking exerted on the two friends. X. took seven whiffs, being determined to draw until the first trace of unpleasant symptoms appeared, and these merely gave him a slight feeling of confusion; whereas, Y. was much the worse for about a similar amount of indulgence, "imagining the room to be all trembling," and feeling the influence of the drug for a couple of days afterwards. The main interest of the narrative lies in the writer's firm conviction that the woman's room is the veritable spot where the opening, and almost the closing, scenes of "Edwin Drood" are described as occurring. There is the narrow court, with only a single passage leading into it, and the Chinaman's room on the opposite side; both of which facts agree with Mr. Dickens's story. And far stronger evidence than this was afforded by her pipe. The great novelist describes the bowl of the pipe as consisting of an old ink-bottle; and seems to intimate that it is the usual manner in which the bowls are made. She explained to her visitors, that, in consequence of her poverty preventing her from buying an ordinary bowl, she had extemporized one out of a broken ink-bottle: the stem being fixed in its mouth, and a little hole drilled through the side. If it had been ascertained from her that any one resembling Mr. Dickens had ever paid her a visit, we should have regarded the evidence as conclusive; but, unfortunately, she was not questioned on this point. Even as it stands, the writer has, undoubtedly, advanced very strong arguments in favour of his opinion.

A CORRESPONDENT: The allusion, in a recent number of ONCE A WEEK, to the

schoolgirl's explanation of "the army of martyrs" recalls to my mind several mistakes, such as must be common enough in the experience of all who have to do with the instruction of youth—mistakes which, to some people, are simply amusing; while to others they suggest sundry grave thoughts as to the desirability of burdening young minds with words hard to understand, and more or less difficult to explain. On one occasion, after a carefully given lesson on the Collect for the Third Sunday in Advent, during which question and answer had succeeded each other in the most approved and satisfactory manner, it was discovered, to the exceeding mortification of the teacher, that the class was left under the impression that a "minister" was "something no one could understand!" And, on being impatiently asked, "What, then, is a clergyman?" replied with one voice, "Please, ma'am, he's a mystery!" Another time, when the question was "What do you suppose is meant by a man's foes being those of his own household?" the bright boy of the school made answer unhesitatingly, "His wife!" And in the same school, "my spiritual pastor" was long supposed to mean "the *devil*!" Mistakes of mispronunciation are sometimes still more awkward; as when, in the answer to the question on the duty to my neighbour, the shepherd of the flock was always alluded to as "my *spirituous* pastor;" or when a whole set of "first-class" girls, repeating the Collect for Advent Sunday one after another, prayed that "they might so pass through this *moral* life as to rise to the life *immoral*!" And in my own youthful Catechism-saying days, I always looked upon the word *then* in the question, "What did your godfathers and godmothers then for you?" as a verb active, expressing and denoting some such meaning as *promise*, *undertake*, or *contract*.

Rejected MSS. will be returned to the authors, if stamps for that purpose are sent.

The Editor will only be responsible for their being safely re-posted to the addresses given.

Every MS. must have the name and address of the author legibly written on the first page.

The authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

"MAGIC LEAVES," the Christmas Number of ONCE A WEEK, is now ready, and may be ordered of any Bookseller in the United Kingdom; and can be obtained at all Messrs. Smith & Son's Bookstalls.

ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 151.

November 19, 1870.

Price 2d.

ONE OF TWO ;

OR,

A LEFT-HANDED BRIDE.

BY HAIN FRISWELL.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Whereupon the rogue, bursting out laughing, told him that a prison was not so bad a homestead after all."—*Voyage of Nicholas Klaus*, chap. v.



WHEN Mr. Horton heard that Winnifred was married, he felt—as Mr. Gurgles's Editor would have phrased it—"as if the world was passing away, and the things pertaining thereto." As long as she was unmar-

ried, he loved her dearly. Immediately he knew that she was a wife, he shut down his love, as it were with an iron door, and became a different man. He was one of those Englishmen—and, thank God, there are many like him—who, as long as they know an object is legitimate, will do all they can to obtain it; but, when they find it passes that bound, dismiss it and for ever.

He raised the fainting form of Winnifred, put some water to her lips—and in our public offices there seems to be always a plentiful supply of the cold comfort of cold water—and was very glad to see her "come to." His looks were all goodness and pity; and Winnifred, reading his generous purity in his eyes, took his cold hand and kissed it; and looked at him and said, sadly—

"Oh, Mr. Horton, you are so good! You will forgive me and forget your love."

"Forgive you, yes," he answered, with a sigh; "forget you, no: I cannot do that."

It was just the answer she expected from him, and it satisfied her.

"You will help me," she answered, "and help him; he is my dearer and my better half."

This young woman spoke with the antique grace and in the very language of Sidney's "Arcadia," which she did not know she was quoting. Mr. Horton said, very quietly, that he would do all he could to serve her; and, happily, that there was one there, more powerful, and more nearly allied to her than he was.

He then took her into the private room in which Lord Chesterton was, and that gentleman was by far too amazed with the misfortunes that had befallen his house to say a word about the marriage. He merely said that Philip need not have kept the secret from him; that he had long known and honoured Miss Winnifred Vaughan; and that he welcomed her to his home and heart. It touched Mr. Horton, even in the midst of the dull, sober feeling which a great loss gives a man, to find Lord Chesterton so subdued and humble; and promising that he, the magistrate, would do all, consistent with his place, to help and advise Philip, he sent away the two new relatives, the father and daughter, to their home; and was very glad to get back to his office, and to sit down in his cane-backed chair, and cover his face with his hands while he reflected.

We hopeful English have a saying that, "when the worse comes to the worst, it will mend." But, unfortunately, there is a worst in which there is no mending. Take, for instance, the irreparable loss of a fine picture by fire; the dropping of a splendid diamond, of the first water, into the Bay of Biscay, which becomes its last water; the death of a beloved, clever, amiable, and yet thoroughly wicked friend, over whom you

must grieve as one without hope. These, surely, are worsts in which there is no visible mending. And, to an honourable man, the marriage of a woman whom he has loved is one of those. No one worth a thought ever waited for a widow. Thorough selfishness as regards one thing, a wife or a husband, is permissible. One cannot keep a corner in the thing one loves—once married, and gone for ever.

Such was Mr. Horton's simple creed; and, as simple natures are very deep in feeling, this hopelessness is not to be wondered at. For many moments he remained quiet, and then he gently rose, and knelt, and sought for consolation elsewhere.

Thus occupied, and in his great need—for it was the death of his one great passion—Mr. George Horton was oblivious of the world, and so forgetful as to leave his door unbolted; so that Mr. Boom, with a heavy tread, came upon him as he rose.

"Here, Horton," said that gentleman, speaking as he opened the door, "you are a college soph—there's a bit of slang in itself: *soph*, *sophia*, wisdom, a wise fellow—and I have absolutely learned nothing at my college. I was a wild and a stupid one. What I knew I have forgotten, and learned worse. Now, what is the meaning of— Oh, I beg pardon, engaged!"

Here the rough country magistrate, whistling softly to himself through his rabbit teeth, would have withdrawn, but Mr. Horton prevented him.

"I was about to seek you," said he to his colleague, "and to ask your advice."

"And I was about to ask yours."

"You will not think the worse of me for this?"

Mr. Horton indicated, by a nod of his head, that he referred to the private occupation in which he had been engaged. It is odd that man—who, in all countries, recognizes the need of prayer—should feel ashamed when caught in its private practice.

"Not a bit," returned the blunt old fellow. "All men have their peculiarities, and even their weaknesses. There was Chief Justice Goodhart—you're not old enough to recollect him—who astonished all England with his acute and wonderful decisions. He used to go out before he delivered judgment, as if for a glass of sherry to support him. Fellows said in court:—'There his lordship goes for his wit-sharpener: it's hard he can't keep away from the bottle.' Bless you, it

was no bottle. He went to pray. A confidential clerk told me of *that* weakness."

Then the old gentleman added, with a grin—as if he was so well acquainted with the world, that he could afford to throw away some of its precious wisdom now and then—

"It's bound to come out, one of these peculiarities; but we are all mad, one way or other. I'm mad upon slang."

"You were about to ask me something," said Horton, turning the subject adroitly away from his "peculiarities."

"Yes. One of my unfortunate prisoners, who was, of course, 'led away'—so he pleaded—described the tempter as a 'leary cove.' Now, here, thought I, is a rabble-charming word, of ancient lineage. I believe, you know, that all slang comes from the learned tongues. Ignorant people may coin a shibboleth, but they cannot give currency to a true word."

"Certainly not," said Mr. Horton.

"And I went at once to Grose. He spells 'leary' with the *a*. Now, I think that 'leary' should be '*lere-ry*,' learned. As Chaucer has it:—

'Out of all olde bookes, in good faith,
Cometh all this new *lere-ning* men do *lere*.'

"Then a 'leary cove' would mean a cunning fellow?"

"Undoubtedly," said Mr. Boom: "one who could patter flash like an angel, swear like a boatswain, be as nasty as a first lieutenant, and as learned as his worship on the bench."

"I think you're right. I will look into the Anglo-Saxon when I get home, and tell you all about '*lere*.'"

"And the fools call slang vulgar! Why, it is the real old Tory tap—the polite vocabulary of passed generations—the talk of nobles when they were noble."

"I believe you are in some measure right," said Horton, with a grave smile.

"And the language of the courts has been the language of the Court. Eh!"

Here Mr. Boom showed his rabbit teeth again, made the deep wrinkles round his eyes pucker up, and gave a galvanized but most good-natured grin.

"And now, my boy," said he, "you want to ask my advice. Here I am. What can I do? 'What shall I go for to run, for to fetch, for to carry, for to go,' as Mr. Merryman says. I'll do anything for you, my

boy. *I don't like you any the worse for your weakness."*

Upon this kindly adjuration, Mr. Horton told him everything: how he was troubled about his prisoner; how he began to believe him innocent, for did he not trust Winnifred? how the father was troubled, and other matters.

"So, it's Old Daylight's doing?" asked Mr. Boom. "That man is as right as a trivet. Slang again; how useful it is! What a capital old fellow it is!—almost amounts to a genius. How did he happen upon this young fellow—picking out his man, as he always does, from the most unlikely places?"

Mr. Horton gave him a succinct account.

"Umph!" said Mr. Boom; "it looks very black against the young fellow—very black indeed. Not that I think the worse of him for that. We are all subject to temptation; and, of course, some of us are bound to fall."

Mr. Boom was a sage of easy virtue. He had lived so much among criminals, that he looked upon crime rather as a misfortune and an accident than as a crime.

"Of course," he added, as he showed his two prominent front teeth, "it's an awful bore for the old man; but it is one he must put up with. All fathers must do so. It is impossible to say what our young ones will turn out. All sporting shoots—sporting shoots!"

Mr. Horton replied that there was something to be said for his wife.

"Aye, aye!" grunted the authority on slang. "*That* makes matters worse—a great deal worse. I am always sorry to see a woman in the case; and yet women always are in the case. She, of course," continued Mr. Boom, "believes him innocent. They always do. I dare say Guy Fawkes's mother believed him innocent—a murdering scoundrel!—although he was discovered with match and lantern, and all ready to blow a thousand people, let us say, into eternity. It is well that we pray against the wretched conspirator."

It was plain that Mr. Boom had no tender emotions in regard to Guido Fawkes's religious intentions, and was by no means ready to whitewash that enthusiastic and sainted convert. He was by far too strong a Tory to pardon the illicit lifting of the King, Lords, and Commons a few feet nearer to the skies. Presently he asked—

"Where is the young chap? Let us have him in."

Mr. Horton proceeded to say that he would rather not; that Lord Wimpole might object to being made a gazing-stock, even by his worthy colleague.

"Oh! very well, then. Yes, they are all very modest at first; but I won't interfere with any of your prejudices. Only mind, and don't let him go. I shall see him soon enough, I dare say. But you must remember that he is a gentleman; at least, I suppose so."

Mr. Horton—all of whose jealousy had been rather cut up by the root than had died down—assured his colleague that Lord Wimpole was in habit a very finished gentleman indeed.

"Very good, very good!" ejaculated Mr. Boom. "If so, treat him as such. *I* don't think anything the worse of him for his misfortune—although the world, mind you, will not put up with such eccentricities on the part of noblemen nowadays. But, since you assure me that he is a gentleman—and the sons of noblemen are not always so—I should stretch a point, if I were you. Send him to Essex House."

"Essex House—where's that?" cried Mr. Horton, in amazement. "What do you mean?"

"H. C.," grinned Mr. Boom. "House of Correction, that is: slang again, you see. There was a Colonel Essex who was rather too rough with the Charlies—choked a man in a playful way; and, therefore, although he was of his Majesty's Guards, they sent him to the House of Correction. By jingo! what indignation all his family showed, to be sure! The mob called the place Essex House for a time. He can have a private room there, and see his friends. He will be very comfortable and very safe. Send Stevenson with him, and I will give him a letter of introduction to Captain Chesman, the Governor—an old Waterloo officer, but has no one to help him, and is glad to accept the position of keeper of one of his Majesty's gaols. Very sad, is it not?"

Mr. Horton urged that a man could do his duty very well as keeper of a gaol.

"Ye—es, so he can," said Boom; "but, you see, we don't all look to duty as you do. However, Chesman is a very good fellow, and he is my good friend; although some of the justices of the peace and the great unpaid, the county magistrates, may show him

how far they are above him. Moreover, it will be lucky for your friend. Good-bye; mind and do as I say. Don't you let him go, or—innovent as he is, in his wife's opinion—you won't trap that bird again." And away the good-natured magistrate trotted.

Presently he returned with the letter to Captain Chesman, showed his rabbit teeth again, and said—

"You won't forget *lere*, will you, and the Anglo-Saxon Dictionary? How I do wish I knew German, and Swedish, and a few more. There's a mine of wealth in slang. I'm going in for Gower and Chaucer to-night. Just write what you find on a half-sheet of paper—only on one side."

Thereon the "Beak," to use his own favourite language, vanished, and Mr. Horton was left to himself.

In spite of Old Daylight and the astute Mr. Boom, the younger magistrate was inclined to believe in Philip's innocence. "But women," he thought to himself, "argue with their feelings and their hearts, not with their brains. All seem to be against this unhappy young man. I, therefore, should be his friend."

Soon after this soliloquy, Philip—accompanied by Inspector Stevenson, and treated with profound respect by that officer, who carried out Mr. Horton's orders—again took advantage of a hackney coach, and drove from Marylebone to the House of Correction, near Coldbath-fields.

The coach rattled along the New-road—then a new road indeed, with fields along one side of it for a great part of the way. The sweet smell of the country did Philip good; for the air inside the roomy and comfortable cell—and such the Inspector described it—seemed to the young nobleman almost fetid, and the apartment as close as a tomb.

The road was new and uneven, and had not been improved by the constant running of Mr. Shillibeer's wonderful new conveyances, the omnibuses—which had wandered along the New-road and the City, from the Yorkshire Stingo to the Bank, two or three times a day, for some months; much to the comfort of the worthy citizens who lived in prim and neat villas and suburban residences upon and down that which Government might have made a Boulevard, but which private selfishness has turned into a stone-mason's yard.

"You see, my lord," said the Inspector,

"it's very convenient for City men and clerks at the Bank, and such sort of the *mobile vulgus*, as they are called. Rich City men—bursting with gold and bad speculations, swelling with important dealings in molasses and fat traffickings in tallows—were not so much in favour forty years ago as they are now; and, perhaps, we were not much the worse for *that*."

"Ah!" sighed Philip, looking at the neat boxes and the green fields beyond; "I dare say those people are very happy in their pretty little places—very happy, no doubt!"

And the poor fellow—who caught sight of Corydon, from the City, kissing Phillis as she ran to the garden and disburdened him of a turbot in a rush basket, which he had procured from Billingsgate—sighed as he thought of how happy he might have been had not a terrible temptation placed him where he was.

The House of Correction, which the coach soon reached, stood then almost in the fields, a few houses stretching away towards Gray's Inn-road, and in front of the gates near Coldbath-square. Tall walls surrounded the prison, strengthened at short intervals by half-circular towers, which gave the place some resemblance to the Bastille, of which some democrats thought it was a brick copy. Huge chains hung over the gates; and they, when opened to admit the coach, were closed again with a sudden clang which went to Philip's heart. Inside the walls a huge prison was found; but this was surrounded by a large and pleasant garden, in the part of which allotted to the Governor, peach trees were growing against the wall; while on the very borders of the parade-ground where the prisoners exercised, there was a well-cultivated cabbage garden and potato field, in which prison industry did not allow a weed to grow.

Captain Chesman soon came forward, and received his prisoner very politely—and, indeed, with great courtesy—after he had read Mr. Boom's note. Upon the part of Inspector Stevenson and Captain Chesman, it seemed that there was a tacit agreement to say nothing of the charge. Lord Wimpole was placed in safe keeping, no doubt, and this he well understood; but he saw no "formalities," as Inspector Stevenson called them, pass between the governor and the police officer.

"You will be very comfortable here, my lord," said the Governor. "I had the honour

of knowing your father in Paris, in the famous Waterloo year. You were a very little boy then: very little, no doubt. How is his lordship?"

Lord Wimpole having replied, the Governor was about to enlarge on the healthiness of the place, out of the smoke of London, when a horrid screaming was heard, and the Governor looked uneasily towards the place of durance. Presently a warder came towards him with his face bleeding.

"What is it, Welling?" asked the Captain.

"Plase y're honour," answered the man, with a North of Ireland brogue, "nothin', barrin' the women—they're allus at it."

And so saying, he wiped his face with the sleeve of his jacket, and went on his way for a "strong matron."

"You see," said the Governor, "that women's side of the prison causes all my anxiety. We know what to do with the men, they are tractable enough; but there is no quieting the women. Sometimes they are like mad people; and I can't get the Government and the justices to give them a separate prison. But that will come, no doubt."

Here Inspector Stevenson saluted the Captain, and bade him good evening.

"Come along with me, my lord," said that gentleman. "Good-bye, Mr. Stevenson. You may as well sit and chat with me in my room, till your own is ready."

A very comfortable room was that of Captain Chesman; only over the mantelshelf two blunderbusses, kept very clean, and labelled "*loaded*," and a couple of swords—one the Captain's regulation sword, and the other a serviceable cutlass—gave the room a military air. Several pass keys, one or two bright bell handles, were ready at hand near the Governor's desk; and certain forms of delivery and committal were on the table. Still a bright fire roared up the chimney—Government officials always appearing liberal in the matter of coal and quill pens, to say nothing of red tape and paper; and the room looked cozy, comfortable, and warm.

As the young fellow sank despondingly down in the Governor's easy chair, which the Captain pushed forward for him, he heard the coach roll away, and the great gates shut him and others out from the world; and, as that vehicle bore away the Inspector, that officer, lighting a pipe to ventilate its stuffy roominess, flung himself back in it at his ease, saying to himself—

"Well, a prison's a prison, damme! He

looks comfortable enough; but he's locked in, swell as he is; and, poor as I am, I am by far the happiest man of the two, for I'm off home to my little old 'oman, God bless her! He *is* a cool hand. He bangs me—he does, sir, by Joseph! and I'll bet long odds—a donkey's tail to a burnt chestnut—that Old Daylight's right after all!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

"SO HERE WE MEET AT LAST! ART THOU MY SON?"

WHEN Edgar Wade lifted his eyes—which he had kept cast down in great humility—he saw before him one of the most beautiful young women he had ever seen, standing by the side of a stately gentleman—his father. What relation the lady was to Lord Chesterton, or whether she bore any, he knew not. He saw that she clung to him with confidence of support; and that, in her turn, her presence instilled some confidence in him.

Furthermore, he could see, from those dark and dreamy half-closed eyes of his, that the Earl was much shaken and troubled what to do. Nay, that his own presence there was not the most welcome in the world.

Old Daylight's warnings came back to him. "Stand on your own right, Edgar Wade," said the old gentleman. "Mind you do not parley with the Earl—those people know matters that you and I do *not*."

While he resolved these things in his mind—quick, agile, and flexible that mind was—the young lady, very strong, very straight, and very determined, said, with emphasis—

"And *this* is Mr. Edgar Wade, is it?"

"Yes, my dear," said the Earl, putting up his soft, white hand, deprecatingly. "Let me introduce you to him, and then you can speak."

"Then I can be spoken to—but not until after introduction," thought Edgar Wade, shutting his teeth. "Well, I suppose it is the right way in this proud circle."

"My lord," returned the lady, her clear voice ringing in the large and stately room—"I will introduce myself to Mr. Edgar Wade."

How curious is sympathy, with its twin sister, or its second self, antipathy. When Edgar Wade saw the little lady standing by the Earl's side, a "presentation"—as Mrs. Preen would have called it—passed through him, and he saw that there would, neces-

sarily, be some antagonism. On her side, Mrs. Winnifred felt that there was a certain cause for caution, and she experienced a certain creeping of the nerves. Her hair—as the French would say—"dressed itself on her head," and her voice became deeper and somewhat more unmanageable.

To say the truth, all very strong emotion was with Winnifred unmanageable. She was a creature of impulse, and of very admirable and true impulses, too. It is only those cold and calculating people, who do not know the power and truth which reside in impulse, who are so ready to blame it.

This deep, rich, unmanageable voice then said, seeming strange even to Winnifred herself—

"I will introduce myself to Mr. Edgar Wade. I am the wife of Philip Stanfield, whom he would dispossess. I am the Viscountess Wimpole!"

The histrionic feeling which underlies all true passion—hence, when people understand deep emotion and passion, they understand good acting; when they are hypocrites, slight things, fribbles, and fools, they laugh at tragedy and sneer at Shakspeare—came out very strongly here. Mrs. Sidons might have studied the firm pose, the elevation of figure, and the honest assertion of her rights, that the little lady conveyed by her manner. If he—her husband himself—and all that were around doubted of his rights, she did not.

Thus it often happens. Long after a man knows he is beaten, and has given himself over to the devil or to ill-luck, his friends believe in him, in his talent, his energy, his goodness; and the horse that will only reach the goal to lose the race, and who feels defeat in every flagging nerve, has, doubtless, his eager backers as he skims the turf and flees along the ground.

The Earl raised his head a little, and said, "The lady asserts the truth. She is"—then he faltered—"the wife of my dear son—Philip!"

"Viscount Wimpole," added the lady, proudly.

She would not bate one jot of her rights. Poor little soul. If all had gone happily with her, and she had become suddenly the Countess of Chesterton, she would have hidden her coronet beneath the sofa-squab, have put rank out of sight, and have blushed at being called my lady. But when any one forcibly put away her due, she fought bravely

and tenaciously; would never know when she was beaten; and would die, but never surrender—as Cambronne ought to have said, but never did say, of the French Guards at Waterloo.

But this brave front did not seem to add anything like a corresponding bravery to the lady's father-in-law. Lord Chesterton watched Winnifred with a troubled air; and Edgar Wade, having nothing really to say to his fair enemy, merely bowed, and remained awkwardly silent.

"My dear," said the Earl, "I think that Mr. Edgar Wade will understand your position, and—"

"I know so little of the family," said the barrister, stiffly, "that I was not aware that Lord Wimpole was married."

"The affair is quite recent," interrupted the Earl, still holding up his hand to Winnifred; "or the world would have known."

He said this with his old air; and when the Earl of Chesterton spoke in that way, there was no one who would be bold enough to question him.

Edgar bowed again, and said—

"I can only congratulate his lordship."

The word seemed to carry with it a satire, marked by an inflection of the voice. There was a courtliness of manner as he spoke—and in those days people did not hesitate to pay direct compliments; but Winnifred did not much relish the speech, and still looked at him defiantly.

"I am come here," added Edgar, "to see if I can be of service—of any service to his lordship, and to the Earl, his father."

"We know that, sir," returned Lord Chesterton; "and we are infinitely obliged to you. Lady Wimpole will perhaps retire, and then you and I can talk more freely over the sad misfortune which has befallen my son."

"I am here by your desire, my lord," said Edgar, firmly, "to defend him to the last effort of which I am capable."

Here Winnifred again spoke, with still the same unmanageable voice, the same earnest feeling and defiant tone.

"You have congratulated me, sir," she said; "and I congratulate you upon your determination. In defending Philip, you defend an innocent gentleman most wrongfully, most wickedly accused. But look that you *do* defend him, Mr. Edgar Wade. It was you that first brought misfortune and consternation into this house; you it was

who disturbed his happiness, and threw down his hopes of peaceful ease and honourable life. He has told me all. Unsuspicious and generous to a fault, he may admit your claim; but I have another duty to perform. I am very weak, very young—I do not know the world; but I trust I know something better and higher, and that I hope in that God who will not see the innocent a prey to greedy ambition, nor entirely neglect those who have no hope but their prayers and tears.”

And here tears, unwillingly as to Winnifred, made themselves visible in those proud, honest eyes of hers. She suppressed them, however; and, turning to the Earl, said—

“And now, my lord, I will leave you with Mr. Edgar Wade. Pray be calm and be hopeful. I am full of hope. This is but an ugly dream. I will remain in my husband’s home. Summon me if I can help you at any time while you are debating. I will go and pray.”

Tenderly the old nobleman kissed his daughter’s forehead; tenderly he gave her to the custody of Mrs. Preen, ordering that estimable lady to make ready—as if every room at Chesterton House was not always ready—the Countess’s room and boudoir; and then, closing the door, he stood with his back to it, torn with cruel recollections, and gazing at his son, Edgar Wade.

That young gentleman was somewhat startled at the apparition of Philip’s wife. He knew that, in his profession, it was always better to fight a battle without any womanly encumbrance; and he was not struck by any particular warmth in the reception which his father gave him.

Much as he knew of the world—and the barrister had had the education which low birth and iron fortune give a man—he had not got rid of his illusions. At thirty, few men have cast them away; and egotism—or egoism, which is a better word—lies so close around the human heart, that he deemed, after making his discovery, that the Earl would have welcomed him as a long-lost son. He forgot how unwelcome to Lord Chesterton the appearance of that son was, and that the baby was only dealt with as a ready implement to make the fortune of his other son. He imagined—with that latent belief in the triumph of truth and right which even bad men, not to speak of good men, always have—that the Earl would have hastened to make apparent a righted wrong;

that the pretender would march out, and that the true heir would have marched in. Was he very simple? Do not we all flatter ourselves that our own fortune will be an exception to the general? Does it not require a great deal of beating to make the sanguine and the vainglorious know that they are beaten? So dull are we as to other persons’ feelings towards us, that we are surprised to find that we have enemies, and that anybody can dislike us.

The old nobleman stood for some time looking at his son, and Edgar stood opposite him, returning that look. At last the elder of the two spoke.

“Well, sir”—the old man’s voice trembled—“you see the beginning of the end of a sad history. The world knows nothing as yet—”

“And shall know nothing, my lord—or little,” said Edgar Wade, eagerly and fiercely. “Why should it know? All this that has passed, *is past*. It is ours. We can keep it here.”

He clenched his hand and tapped his breast as he said this.

The Earl waved his two hands before his face quickly, as if to dispel some cloud that dulled his sight.

“Tut, tut!” he said. “I thought you were a man of law—a man of the world. The world will be sure to know; and, if it does not know, will talk and talk, will gibber and mow, and make mouths, at ancient houses. I have done with secrets. Let it know all. The thing began in love, and ends in blood. A pretty beginning, and a sad ending; but common enough—common enough.”

Then he paused, and seemed to grow more weak and undecided; when, again summoning up something of his old self, he cried, petulantly—

“But you must prove all you assert. How do I know that you are what you say you are? You cannot carry our house by assault. Philip has been weak. He should have had me by his side.”

“My lord—my lord!” returned Edgar Wade, in a stately manner. “This is not worthy of your lordship, nor worthy of your son, my brother Philip.”

There was so much feeling in these words, that the old nobleman was touched, and came forward more humbly than before; and, pointing to a chair for his companion, sat down.

"I am, I hope," said Edgar Wade, "a gentleman. Your lordship's iron will, in dispossessing me for so long of my rights, could at least have no effect upon those instinctive feelings which—perverted, it may be, in you—were still the inheritance of my race. There are men, I hope, and many, who, whatever misfortunes they may be subjected to, are yet gentlemen by instinct, in spite of low surroundings and an adverse fortune."

"I am not unaware of the second, and far worse, misfortune which has befallen our house. Our house," murmured the old Earl, repeating the words. "Yes, our house."

"Hurried, possibly—as I have heard suggested by one who is an adept in such cases—"

The old Earl forgot at once what he had said about letting the world know all. We are so very brave before the worse comes to the worst!

"You have not been talking, sir," he cried, angrily, "of the misfortunes of our family? People will know it soon enough, without hearing it from one who professes to defend it."

"But, in order to defend it," returned Edgar, with dignity, "I must know thoroughly all that it is accused of. I have been speaking only with him who knows—and who, indeed, planned—the arrest of your *other* son."

"My other son—poor Philip!"

The wits of the Earl—confused with his own guilt; the trouble of his son's wife; the guilt, as he firmly believed, of his son; and the Gordian knot of guilt which was around them all—seemed to be trembling. He stretched out his hands, as if for help. Edgar caught them; and, pressing them to his breast, knelt at his feet.

"My father!—my poor father!" he said, "trust in me. Believe me, I am your son!"

"You are not my Philip," returned the Earl.

And then he looked at him more fondly; noticed his dark, eager eyes; his broad brow; the lines of anxiety and care; and in his breast there came the flutterings of a long-banished affection. Paternal love is a great mystery to most men. Some banish it altogether; many seem never to have any; with others, it is as strong as a passion, and makes them as weak. The Earl had poured all his, it would seem, into one current; but now the time came when nature would assert

herself, and require some amends to be made for past cruelty.

"You are my son; and, if all be true, my heir: equally master with myself to all the state and honour of the Chestertons," murmured the old man, "of which I have sought to dispossess you."

"Speak not of it, my father," said Edgar. "If I regain my rights, all shall be forgotten. Are we not all weak and fallible? Have we not each of us something to ask forgiveness for?"

He passed his hands again over those weary eyes, and pressed the palms of his hands upon them, as if he would keep back the past.

"I have been cruel to you, to be kind to him," babbled the Earl in his grief, his heart opening as he spoke; "and see how Providence has punished me! I would have died to save him. I became guilty to dower him in this life, only with power, place, a career for his talents and his ambition; and—cruelly mocking my state, and grinning at my feeble power—Time comes, and strips my plottings bare, and dyes my Philip's hands in blood." Then the sacred story of the Son of David's love came back upon the old nobleman, and he cried, "Oh, Absalom!—my son, my son!"

The Earl's head was bowed down, and tears—unwonted tears—again trickled down his cheeks. Edgar Wade had risen, and regarded him curiously. "This man," he thought, "will never love me."

But presently, while he was yet a victim to sad thoughts, the old nobleman startled him by saying—

"The worst has happened. You are sure of those letters? Indeed, I need not ask—they were mine. The plot was mine; the guilt was mine—and the punishment. He must not *die*."

"He shall not," said Edgar. "We will save our house that. The law has many ways and many chances; and, although the eyes of the world may be on us, we will save the family that shame. But we must begin early."

Save the family—not Philip! Apparently the answer satisfied the Earl, for he grasped Edgar's hands with much fervour.

"We will work together. I have been unjust to you. This taint will cover Philip for ever: it is but right. Had he—poor unhappy boy!—But now our family must acknowledge its rightful heir."

And then the Earl, changing to another phase of thought, said—

"Your education has not been neglected, I presume, although I never heard from Mrs. Wade with whom you were *placed*."

"His lordship knows how to use his words," thought Edgar.

"You can ride?"

"I am a good horseman, your lordship," answered Edgar, with a smile.

"Shoot, fence, box?"

"Those accomplishments are not unknown to me."

"And you are well known at the Bar. Umph!—legal knowledge will be useful in the house. We have hard times yet to come upon us, *nous autres*—we whose position others envy."

Then, again, suddenly he turned upon him—

"And Philip—you can put yourself in his place? You want to know all, *if* you defend him; but I should advise you to leave it to others."

"So my old friend told me—I say old friend merely as a mode of speech. He told

me to leave it to older heads and cooler hearts than mine."

"A good phrase: a wise man that. Yes, the king is dead—long live the king! Poor Philip!—his desperate move has cost him all the game. You believe him guilty, I think you said?"

Edgar bowed his head, and answered as he had replied to Old Forster—

"My lord, I believe nothing. My mind is, as regards that, a blank. He must be defended."

"Ah!" said the old man, with a sigh, staring blankly at the portrait of some bygone earl, who, in his ermine-trimmed robe, and his knee advanced on a footstool to show the Garter, pointed forward with some Bill of Rights or petition in his hand, as if it were a field marshal's bâton. "Ah! I wonder, now, if our ermine was often stained with blood in the olden time."

Then suddenly he arose, as if frightened by shadows—

"Come here, into his room—it may be yours soon—and let us plan the campaign for his relief."

EDITH.

BY THOMAS ASHE.

CHAPTER VI. — FLIGHT.

AS a foe, well-skill'd, if he beleaguer a city,
Climbs not yet the wall, but makes secure the approaches;
Seizes points of vantage, and finds the coin that is weakest;
So with skill and guile began the siege of the maiden.

"Now I speak," he said, "but as a stranger to England:

"Yet 'twere hard to find in this your land, or in any,

"Such another spot to linger in and be happy.

"You have chosen it well, and with the eye of an artist.

"What do birds say to you, that sing for you in the branches?

"Can the wood-doves utter all the joy and the longing?

"Read me, now, the runes, writ on the ground by the sunbeams;

"Still so fresh, so old, the mystic hieroglyphics.

"Nay, speak not, but listen, to the strange admonition,

"In the water dripping, to be unstain'd as the angels."

Half she smiled, through tears. A touch of tenderest pity
For herself stirr'd in her, and she remember'd the blisses
Of the lost day-dreams, that seem'd a glory for ever.
Fell his words like dew, or as the rain in the summer.

"Nay," he said, "you weep? What is it? Only the sadness

"Of a heart too happy, that loves with sorrow to dally.

"You have known no sorrow, and on the stream of existence

"Rest your days, as lilies on a meandering water.

"Weep not yet!—what, still! Then love's bewildering trouble
 "Mixes sweet and bitter in your heart as a chalice.
 "Is it so? Is it so? I touch the wound that was hidden.
 "Then the sweet hill air, the laughing sheen of the summer;
 "Then the leaves, the birds, the rillet's wandering babble;
 "Then the joys of home, the tender words of a brother;
 "Will help you no more, but be as straws in the balance,
 "Till you clasp his neck who deems you more than a sister."

Edith, like a child, for she could bear it no longer,
 Sobb'd and pressed her face between her hands, for a moment:
 Then he touch'd her hands, and, sitting boldly beside her,
 Gently drew them down; nor did she feign to withhold them.

"Trust me, now," he said,—and half he sigh'd, as he murmur'd,—
 "Me, till death your friend; there is not, Edith, another,
 "Not in all the world, more glad to aid and to guard you."
 Then one hand she loosed, to put the hair from her forehead;
 Stay'd her tears, half smiling, looking tenderly on him;
 Longing deep fell on her to rest her head on his bosom.
 So she told her wrong; the heartless ways of her cousin;
 All the bitter shame of the unwilling betrothal;
 All the old man spake in thoughtless spleen of his anger:
 Half a dream, half true: but not a word of the stranger.

"What!" he said,—his eyes flash'd with a feign'd indignation,—
 "Given, unask'd, unglad, to one who fails of the courage
 "Even to woo and win you, he is so mean and unmanly!
 "Will you yield, be led, as victim bound, to the altar?
 "Do you dream your life with him could ever be happy?
 "You would be his slave; yea, justly he would despise you,
 "So unmeet to own the honour'd name of a woman.
 "Flee away! yea, flee! what, will you stay? will you bear it?
 "Would you ever dare endure the gaze of the people?
 "Could you brook their scorn, and whisper'd words of derision?
 "Flee away, to crown some other soul, that is noble,
 "With the wreaths of love, that will not tarnish or wither!
 "Flee away, begone, ere fate enchain you for ever."

Seem'd but one chance left to pluck the flower of existence;
 Seem'd the old scheme, then, a cruel snare of the father.
 What! return? ah, doom! then all were sorrow for ever!
 So, grown bold, grown blind, she plunged, to save from the eddy
 Love, to keep still glad the sunny days with his laughter.
 "Nay," she said, "flee whither?" Her look was tender, her fingers
 Softly moved in his, and still her eyes were upon him:
 Then she laid, half coy, and half confiding, beseeching,
 On his breast her head, that throb'd and burn'd with its fancies.

He had won: so, low he whisper'd, bending above her,
 "Yes, I love you for ever: yes, you know that I love you.
 "Shall I pray, beseech you, kneeling low for an answer?
 "I have known, I have seen: will you deny that you love me?"
 She, deny? Nay, why? So simple, guileless, and happy!
 Red as fresh rose bud the lips she raised to his kisses.
 So the ripe fruit dropp'd with little stir of the branches:
 So she half woo'd him, and it was easy to win her.

Sweet are lovers' ways, in youth's bright May and his morning:
Every gleam of light that glances, every shadow,
Nestling soft, for foil, it is a pleasure to follow.
Yet 'twould grieve our hearts with these a moment to linger.
Swift the hours fled by: the plans were laid and completed.
All seem'd strange, but well, as Edith pass'd through the village,
Through the well-known street, and by the door of the hostel;
All estrang'd, with dreams; like one who, silent, unconscious,
Moves in sleep among the old familiar faces.
Scarce remembering, changed, she to the rectory household,
To the three she met, who sat in silence beside her,
Speechless, when she came, nor raising eyes, that were heavy
With tears shed and unshed, seem'd as one unforgotten,
Who is dead, but roams, a pensive ghost, in the places
Dear of old, well-known, till all are used to its presence;
Till it somehow fails to be a fear and a wonder.
"Speak not yet," they said: "let uncontrollable passion,
"Flood-like, spend its strength. She will be sane in the morning."
But that morning never broke with its dawn and its healing.

In the hush of midnight all were silent and sleeping.
Edith lit a lamp, nor made a sound in the chamber.
She on tip-toe moved, and putting slowly together
This and that, she chose what suited well for a journey.
Not a book, ah, me! She did not dream of the letter.
Then she trod the stair, and loosed the door, in a flutter.
With a little glance, a tearful glance at her lattice,
Strange with vague regret to leave the chamber, so happy
Once, in days now done, she fled away in the darkness.
Night gleam'd fair with stars, and God was silent in Heaven.

Many a winter eve, in little bar of the Heron,
Worthies croon'd together about the story of Edith.
When the North wind howl'd, and hail beat hard at the window,
They would nod and wink, and love to hear it repeated.
"Roughish night, my lads!" would be the word of the landlord,
Stirring back to flame the logs beginning to smoulder:
"Where is she, I wonder!" and no one needed to ask him,
"Who?" for all remembered; all the villagers loved her.
"She was wild:—nay, miller, never take me to mean it,
"She was bad: God help us! I believe her an angel:
"Yet, I say it, too flighty." Then the miller would answer:
"Parson kept her strict. Though it is well for a parson,
"You may do too much: girls cannot always be praying.
"Nephew shows, I think, but little now in the village."
"Where is she?" said the landlord, knocking slowly the ashes
From his pipe, and peering in the glow of the embers.
"Often, as I linger at my door in a morning,
"I look up the street, and ask it over and over."
"France," a gruff voice growl'd. The landlord smiled, in his cunning.
"Aye, John, aye: we know. Now; you have mended a coulter:
"When you strike it hard, you know the ring of the metal.
"I have eyed that Frenchman: mark me, he was a scoundrel:
"Monkey-faced, cat-whisker'd. I ask only, where is she?"
"Lives, they say, in Avranches," the doctor said: "I remember
"Passing through it once, when I was only a student.
"Little town in Normandy, nestled high on a hill-top.

"Well I recollect the jingling bells of the horses,
 "As we toil'd beside them up the road to the summit.
 "You look down on the sea: the place is airy and pleasant."
 Each man sipped his glass, and all deferred to the doctor.
 But the landlord, ruffled,—“She could tell us a story,
 "Alice Dean, poor girl! now I could swear it, her bantling
 "Has his lips and eyes. All of us know what his lordship,
 "In his quiet way, said, on the morning the rector
 "Rode his lazy roan in such a foam to the mansion.
 "‘He is gone,’ he said: ‘he came to us with a letter:
 "‘Was my first wife’s cousin: I, I saw him but little.’
 "I know what I know; the man, I say, was a scoundrel.”
 So the landlord fill’d his pipe anew, and another
 Would tell how they found the little chamber so empty,
 Where she slept; and how the rector bridled and saddled,
 All himself, his roan; and how a woman at Dover,
 Whom he knew, a tramp, had seen them sail in the vessel:
 Then discuss the stranger, who, a friend of the rector,
 Kept the village straight, when he was ill with a fever:
 How his face was thinner, and all his manner more gentle,
 When, at last, he mended: and all the tales and the gossip;
 Till the clock struck midnight, in the corner, to warn them.
 Winter thaw’d to spring, and autumn faded to winter,
 Still again, and again; and still the story was fondled
 With the same old love; but nothing heard of the lost one.

MR. GOLIGHTLY;

OR, THE

ADVENTURES OF AN AMIABLE MAN.

CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH MR. GOLIGHTLY STARTS FOR CAMBRIDGE,
 IN THE COMPANY OF HIS COUSIN GEORGE AND
 THE HONOURABLE JOHN POKYR, AND DULY
 ARRIVES THERE.

IF there was bustle and confusion in the
 house of Golightly on the night before,
 what was there on the great day itself?
 Everybody was trying to do everything else,
 and tumbling over everybody else. How-
 ever, breakfast was got on the table by half-
 past eight somehow; and the different mem-
 bers of the family came down to partake of
 it. Mrs. Golightly’s eyes looked pinky, and
 Miss Harriet’s were positively red. I be-
 lieve the former, and I am sure the latter,
 had let fall a few womanly tears. Ah! where
 should we be without our dear, kind aunts?
 What would life be without them? The
 Rector was doing his best to keep up ap-
 pearances, by playing the philosopher at the
 expense of his feelings. Mr. Adolphus had
 been round to pay a parting visit to various
 dumb friends—dogs and horses. Having
 performed this duty to himself and his pets,
 our hero then ran in to breakfast; and with
 difficulty got through that meal, scalding

his mouth with the coffee he was pouring
 down his throat to save himself from being
 choked with his toast and butter. And then
 his father presented the new gold lever he
 had always said he should have to take to
 the University—Mr. Adolphus had pre-
 viously worn an antiquated verge, once the
 property of the worthy captain of militia
 mentioned in a previous chapter—and
 Aunt Harriet’s tea-cosey was found to con-
 tain several pieces of peculiar tough printed
 paper, dated from London and signed Hy.
 Dixon, which were understood to be the
 joint offering of the two maiden ladies at
 the shrine of youth and virtue. Mrs. Go-
 lightly, his mamma, brought forth a knitted
 sofa blanket and a noble pair of slippers,
 with foxes’ heads, and glass beads for eyes,
 all over them. And good Mr. Morgan
 placed on the table a sealed packet, which
 was understood to contain a pocket Bible
 and Keble’s “Christian Year.”

At this juncture, Smith, the footman, said
 —flushing slightly as he spoke—“Would
 Mr. Adolphus be so good as to step out-
 side a moment?” And there was Betty,
 the cook, who had nursed him in his in-
 fancy, with a little packet which struck
 rather warm through the white paper:—
 “And would Mr. Adolphus please to accept
 it.” And when opened it was found to be a



Once a Week.]

[November 19, 1870,

“ Then she laid, half coy, and half confiding, beseeching,
On his breast her head, that throb’d and burn’d with its fancies.”—Page 340.



plum cake, recently baked, and a pot of mixed pickles, with "*Affection's Offering*" scrawled inside the wrapper. And then all the presents, except the gold lever, were hastily taken off to be packed; and the Rector placed the watch in Mr. Adolphus's hands, but without the appropriate speech he had intended to make—which, everything considered, was quite as well; and our hero said, "Thank you, Fa,"—for he was in the habit of calling his father "Fa." And then the roll of wheels outside on the gravel drive was heard, and the carriage drew up at the door, and the luggage was all put in—not forgetting the two hampers of wine, which were carefully stowed away in front.

Everything being thus completed, Mr. Golightly's family escorted him to the door of his ancestral abode; and, having all cordially embraced him, bade him farewell and blessed him thus:—

"Good-bye," said Miss Dorothea; "and never forget you are a Golightly, and that your own cousin, four times removed, is grandnephew to an—"

And "Good-bye," said Aunt Harriet; "and be sure you use your tea-cosey."

"And mind," said Mr. Morgan, "you sometimes read your—" and the good man blushed as he recollected that had been his present, lest he should seem to be reminding his pupil of that, when all he meant was his good.

"And be sure you take to your new flannels if the weather gets cold," said his mother.

And both the Miss Golightlys together said, "Write to us directly you get there."

And as he jumped into the family carriage he heard his father saying, in becomingly solemn tones, "Be a man of the world."

And his mamma's voice chiming in, "Like your dear Fa."

And he was gone—round to the Hall, to call for his cousin George.

Then the family returned slowly to the breakfast-room, and sat themselves down in gloomy silence. The first thing that occurred to break it was a remark from Mrs. Golightly to the effect that "there was something very supporting about a glass of sherry;" continuing, that she felt "shaken." A glass of sherry was instantly brought her, and was found to relieve her somewhat.

For his part, the Rector took an early opportunity of marching off to his study,

where he sat down to Bacon's "Aphorisms," and Lord Chesterfield's celebrated "Letters," with a view to preparing himself, from those brilliant models, for a thorough course of improving epistolary correspondence with his son. His mind, I must say, wandered a little from his authors, and his imagination began to play; thereby enabling him to picture, in a lively and pleasing manner, all sorts of impossible honours, prizes, and distinctions that were to fall in after-life to the lot of his son—a brilliancy which might be reflected upon him, and brighten his declining years with a resplendent though borrowed lustre. Imagination, too, carried him on, and suggested the possibility of "Letters from the Rector of Oakingham to his Son at the University:" London. The good man hesitated between the claims of several rival publishers. And, finally, the Rector composed himself steadily for the study of Bacon.

We are not always best at what we think we excel in. I know the Rector thought his vocation in life should have been the statesman's. The character he most admired was the clever, ready, keen-witted man of the world. I know he always regretted that his brother could never be induced to stand for Fuddleton.

Had he had the chance! Ah! poor, dear, simple Rector, you would have been food for the fishes. Yet you want Samuel Adolphus to be a man of the world; of course, on a good, sound, scriptural basis, but still—

I recollect the reverend gentleman whipped all the family off to the Isle of Wight once, at twelve hours' notice, because he had just read in a book from Mudie's that a Sir John Somebody, when he was asked when he should be ready to start for India, replied "To-morrow."

The Rector seized the idea. Poor Mrs. Golightly asked to go to the seaside. The Rector said "To-morrow," and meant it. This he thought was decision of character, energy on a magnificent scale, and so forth.

Poor man, when he found the only razor he could shave with and all his clean pocket-handkerchiefs were left behind, with half the other things, he was obliged to keep his temper and bear it. Now, when the family leave home, a week's notice is always given, at the sacrifice of energy, decision of character, and sentiment generally.

But to return, from the author of his existence, to our hero himself.

During the ten minutes' drive from the Rectory to the Hall, he felt the pain of a tender heart and affectionate disposition at leaving the bosom of his family, even for the comparatively short period of seven weeks; but he had no sooner arrived at the door of the Hall, and taken on board his sprightly cousin George, than, speedily recovering his usual flow of spirits, he was able to exchange salutations with his uncle, his aunt, and his cousin Arabella, with some show of composure. Mr. George Golightly's luggage—which was of much smaller dimensions than our hero's—being safely fixed on the top of the carriage, they drove off, waving their adieux to their affectionate relatives. And it was lucky that the Rectory carriage was a strong, old-fashioned vehicle, of the species family coach, and not one of those elegant equipages which the "admirers of light carriages" delight to possess, or it never would have stood a ten miles' journey over such roads as lay between Oakingham and the railway station at Fuddleton, with such a weight upon it as it had to carry on this occasion. However, it did perform it, and did its work rather better than the horses did theirs; for if two minutes more had been occupied on the way, the train would have started without the distinguished passengers inside.

These two Rectory carriage horses always seemed to know—by a sort of intuition, remarkable but unerring—when they were going to Fuddleton; and, as it was a journey they did not in any way approve of, went rather more slowly than was their wont on other journeys. Their best pace was about six miles an hour, but they did not do the Fuddleton course in much under two hours; being fat, sleek animals, and better adapted for "staying" than for the "T. Y. C." business. "Sprint races," as Mr. George had often remarked, were not in their line.

The two gentlemen sat on the back seat, with their faces to the horses. With the appearance of Mr. Samuel Adolphus our readers are already acquainted. His cousin, Mr. George, was a smart, well-looking young man, and one of the leaders of fashion in the ancient University of which he was a bright ornament. His manners were dashing, his talk lively, and—without a doubt—his clothes were of the latest mode. The Leger had been decided in the "Vac;" and he was occupied some time in adjusting "his book" upon that event, and making a list, in me-

tallic pencil, at the end, of what he had to draw and to pay over it; and, when he had done that, he had to swallow his hebdomadal dose of *Bell's Life*—*Beil* does not reach Oakingham Park till Monday mornings; so conversation did not take place to any great extent between the two gentlemen during the first part of their journey. I know, at this time, Mr. George Golightly considered his cousin Samuel's conversation slow. Every now and then, however, he looked up from his paper to grumble at the pace they were going, and declare in strong language that "he'd be blowed if those old pigs would ever get them there within an hour of the time."

And our hero, of course, took the opportunity, every time it offered, of consulting his new watch; and it was not kind of George to say that, "If he had got a smarter ticker than other people, he need not be for ever pulling it in and out of his pocket."

However, Mr. Samuel was used to his cousin's playful way, and made himself as happy as he could with his sandwiches and cherry brandy, and tried to think the "Cambridge Guide" was really interesting reading.

At last they arrived at the station, and as they drove up they were overtaken by a smart drag from Fendre Abbey, Lord Shovel's seat; and in it were two gentlemen, the Honourable John Pokyr—my lord's second son—and a college friend who had been spending some days with him, Mr. Calipash Calipee, a native of India—son of Bobadjee Rumwalla Fustijee, the well-known converted prince and banker of Madras. They were accompanied by two servants, a smooth-haired terrier, a bulldog, two horses, and a considerable amount of heavy luggage; to say nothing of bundles of whips, sticks, and canes, rugs, and other paraphernalia.

"By jingo!" cried Mr. Pokyr, giving the Indian gentleman what is vulgarly—but expressively styled a dig in the ribs. "Why, that's old Golightly and his cousin Samuel in the family shay. Gad, this is a go! Why, we shall all go up together."

"We may meet with an accident, and never get there," said Calipash Calipee, slowly recovering his power of articulate speech.

This gentleman, familiarly known as "the nigger," was very dark, stout, and melancholy; and had a habit of making his so-

ciety more agreeable by always reminding his company of the possibility of some catastrophe being at hand.

"Come, get out, and don't fancy we are going to lift you down. You know, you're a leetle too heavy for that business, nigger. Come along."

"How d'y'e do, Golightly?" continued Mr. Pokyr, addressing George, who was just alighting from the "family shay."

These gentlemen shook hands very cordially.

"And you've got the young Samuel with you," said the facetious Mr. Pokyr. "Well, Mr. Samuel Adolphus, how have you left your dear mammar?"

Mr. Pokyr's style of address was familiar; but then he was a very funny fellow, and had a reputation to keep up.

George and Mr. Calipee shook hands; or, rather, George shook Mr. Calipee's hand for him.

It is often a social problem, it is beyond our province to discuss, which *is* to be the shaker.

"Come here, nigger," called out Pokyr. Mr. Calipash—Mr. Golightly. Needn't look frightened. He doesn't bite—here, you know, I mean," added Mr. Pokyr in a whisper. "In his own country all the family are Cannibals. Know it for a fact, you know. Take my oath, and all that. 'Salmi de baby' quite a common dish. Come, now," he added, "don't be alarmed. Shake hands, and be friends. There, then," said he, suddenly expanding an umbrella in his left hand, whilst he placed the right above their heads, after the celebrated photograph of the Bishop of Oxford. "Ber-less ye, my children, ber-less ye. Kiss and be friends."

The porters, who knew him well, thought he *was* the funniest fellow that ever came to that station; and all agreed, as they drank his health at the Railway Arms, after they had started the train and pocketed a tip, "that he were a rum 'un, he were, if ever there wor one." And old Jinks, the superannuated carriage-wheel greaser, added his testimony, that "young Muster John were no more of a man nor his father wor afore him. He recollected him just such another."

The luggage having been taken over to the up-platform—

"Now, then, any more for Bletchley, Cambridge, Oxford, or London?" called out the ticket-taker, merely as a matter of form;

and the bell rang just as Mr. Samuel rushed wildly up to Mr. George, exclaiming—

"Goodness gracious, George, I've left my purse on the p—piano! I—I th—thought I should leave something behind!"

"Just what I thought," said his cousin, considerably. "I suppose I had better take a ticket for you. You can't very well be left behind."

So he did so; and they all four got comfortably into the carriage. Mr. Samuel and Mr. Calipee managed to monopolize the hot-water pans between them, when the former gentleman found he had left his pocket-handkerchief in the carriage; and a porter was started off for that, and just got to one end of the platform, as the train was moving out at the other. So our hero borrowed his cousin's, and made use of it with great vigour, in order to prove that he really wanted his own. The colour was just fading from his physiognomy, after the last of a series of tremendously exciting "blows," when it was painfully recalled by Mr. Pokyr's hand descending with some force upon his leg, accompanying the question—

"And what are you backing for next year's Darby, Mr. Samuel Adolphus?"

Our hero was obliged to confess, with a blush of shame upon his ingenuous countenance, that he "w—wasn't backing anything at all."

"Pretty innocent," said the Honourable John, producing from the pocket of his overcoat a sporting-looking volume. "Let me lay you the odds against something, then. Must back something, you know. Everybody does that. It is necessary before matriculation!"

"Indeed!" replied our hero.

Now, with his father's advice never to betray an ignorance of everyday matters still fresh in his recollection, I verily believe Mr. Golightly would, on the spur of the moment, so far have accommodated Mr. Pokyr's book as to invest a small sum upon something; but he did not know the name of a horse in the race. This difficulty was unexpectedly overcome by Mr. Pokyr's saying that he could lay against Blue Bell, the Laird, or Catch-him-who-can; and that he had a little more to lay out against Whistler for a "situation," if Mr. Golightly preferred that form of investment.

At this period of his existence, however, the gentleman to whom this offer was addressed was in happy ignorance of what a

"situation" might be; and therefore it was not reasonable to suppose that he would express a decided preference for that method of losing his money. At a later period of his existence—as an undergraduate—he "made a book" on his own account, which, as this history will show, presented the peculiar result of a loss whatever horse won.

He was hesitating as to what course should be pursued by one who, from the very outset of his career, desired to be thought a man of the world, when his cousin George interfered to prevent his losing his money to Pokyr, by showing a way in which he might lose it to him.

"Don't you be in any hurry to back anything, old fellow," said George, confidentially. "I shall have a book on the race myself, and I'll let you have the market price against anything in the race, and give you a tip besides."

"I'll give you one now, if you don't know anything," said Pokyr, readily. "I've been told—" he added, sinking his voice into a whisper—"but you'll keep this quiet?"

Our hero assured him, on his word and honour, he would.

"Well, then, I've been told of an outsider," mentioning an animal whose name he had not had the pleasure of pencilling, "called Dormouse; and they do say he stands a wonderful chance. Had the tip direct from Newmarket, where he is trained. Now you can have ten to one against him. Let me lay you the odds to a 'five'—now, do. Well, then," putting his pencil to the book, "to a sov. Come, that can't hurt you! Shall I book it?"

"What has he told you?" asked George.

Forgetting his solemn promise, Mr. Samuel mentioned the name of Dormouse with the greatest innocence of manner.

"Didn't you say you would keep that quiet?" demanded the Pokyr, doing his best to suppress a smile and look fierce.

"Keep it quiet," said George; "it would take some time to make it noisy, wouldn't it?"

"I—I b—beg pardon," said our hero; "I quite forgot. I did really, now."

"All right, Golightly; never mind, old fellow—done no mischief. You were just going to tell me to put you down—"

Mr. George winked at Mr. Samuel. The latter gentleman understood what that wink meant.

"N—no, I—I would rather not, I think; that is, I will consider about it."

Mr. Pokyr expressed his opinion that the Dormouse required no consideration; but Mr. Samuel could not be brought round.

"Well, then, don't you back anything with your cousin George without just letting me know what you're at, because he is sure to have you."

"Do not shout so, Pokyr," exclaimed Calipee, from his own corner of the carriage, where he had made himself tolerably comfortable. "It is quite a moral impossibility to go to sleep while there is such a row going on."

"Oh," replied Pokyr, "if you think you are going to sleep all the way up, you've made a slight mistake; so you may as well wake up at once, and save me the trouble of rousing you. Just look at him, Golightly; never saw such a fellow to sleep in my life as he is—on my honour, I never did. The beggar's been staying with us at Fendre for a fortnight, and 'gad he's been asleep nearly all the time—that is, when not grubbing. And that is just what he does at the Cutlet of a Saturday; and, in fact, everywhere else—isn't it, Golightly? Demme, Calipee you are always dropping off. Talk to you at dinner—think you're listening; look at you—begad, you're as near asleep as demmit."

The gentleman thus addressed made a silent defence by opening both his eyes and producing his cigar case. He selected a weed from it, stuck it in his mouth, and passed the case to Pokyr; who did the same, handing it in turn to George and our hero.

The four gentlemen soon succeeded in filling the carriage with what a lady novelist once called "etherial vapour of the Virginian weed."

"Talking of the Cutlet," said Mr. Pokyr, between the puffs of his Havannah, "what do you say to putting our noble cousin up, Golightly?"

"Oh, ah!" said George, "of course, if he likes."

"Has your cousin ever told you anything about the Cutlet?" Mr. Pokyr inquired, addressing the hero of this biography.

"Never, that I recollect," replied Mr. Samuel; "but I will not be quite sure."

"Oh, I see!" was Pokyr's rejoinder, "anxious to avoid blowing his own trumpet, and telling his fond relatives of all his successes."

"Now, Pokyr, don't be a fool!"

The truth was, his family sketches of University life were artfully toned down to meet the exigencies of the case. The high lights in the pictures were subdued; draperies carefully disposed over some parts and removed from others; books, scribbling-paper, and bundles of quill pens carelessly strewn about the immediate foreground; whilst in the middle distance the Little-go was a prominent object; the background being filled in with the B.A. degree. And all the works of this artist are distinguished by a dense atmosphere of "grinding" and green tea.

They were at this period—the end of his first year at Cambridge—much admired by his mother and the Squire.

Mr. Samuel Golightly, hearing with pleasure of his cousin's success, which he not unreasonably connected with mathematical and classical literature, inquired, with an intelligent smile lighting up his intelligent features, "if the Cutlet Club was a literary association;" adding, that "such societies, he believed, affected eccentric names. He had heard of a Savage Club."

He had evidently said something rather good, for his cousin looked amused; Mr. Pokyr laughed for a second or so, till stopped by a violent cough; and even the melancholy Calipee showed his white teeth. You could tell he was laughing, for his fat sides shook perceptibly beneath his sealskin waistcoat.

Directly Mr. Pokyr had overcome his cough, he replied to our hero's query—

"Oh, yes, Golightly. You have about hit the mark this time. We do all we can, in our humble way, at the meetings of the Mutton Cutlet Club, to cultivate and encourage literature, and to extend the circle of the sciences."

"Dear me!" ejaculated Mr. Samuel, with the most marked interest. "Do you?"

"Yes. And although we do not boast a secretary, we have a president, of whom we are proud."

Mr. Golightly proceeded to ask the name of that exalted functionary.

"Why, a man you may know, or, at least, you've heard of him," replied Pokyr.

"Who is it, then?" demanded Mr. Samuel, in a rapture of impatient interest.

"FitzFoodel," said his informant.

"N-not Frederick FitzFoodel?"

"That is the man, I believe; though we all call him Jockey FitzFoodel."

"Really," exclaimed Mr. Samuel, "now,

you quite astonish me. Pokyr, I believe you're in fun! You are such a joker."

"It is true enough—isn't it, nigger? You were the rejected candidate—you ought to know!"

Mr. Calipee bowed his head in token of assent, remarking, in a scarcely audible voice, "that of course, if he was fool enough to stand for anything, he should not be elected—that was not like his luck!"

"Well—but," pursued our hero, "I had no idea that Fr—, that is, I mean that J—Jockey FitzFoodel, as you call him, was a lover of literature!"

"Oh, an enthusiastic admirer of some of its branches, I assure you!" (sporting novels and Weatherby's Calendar)—"and a constant patron of others"—(the President of the Mutton Cutlet Club; subscribed to *Bell's Life* and "Baily's Magazine").

"I have heard him shout very loud when he is out with the hounds," remarked Mr. Samuel.

"Fine speaker, I must say," rejoined Pokyr.

"And what do you do at the Cutlet Club?" inquired Mr. Samuel.

"Oh, meet at each other's rooms, drink tea, and spout—I mean, converse upon literary and scientific subjects."

"Delightful!" exclaimed Mr. Golightly, placing the most implicit faith in all the statements made by Mr. Pokyr.

"Then you think you would like to join us?" said the last-named gentleman.

"I am sure I shall be very much pleased if I am elected," answered our hero.

"Oh, you may make sure of that, old fellow, if I put you up, and the nigger seconds you. They never blackball our men—do they, nigger? Dam—he's asleep, I believe," added Pokyr, raising his voice. "Nigger, wake up! You'll second our friend, if I propose him—won't you?"

"All right. Delighted, I'm sure," said the Indian, relapsing again into his slumbers.

"I'm sure my Fa will be delighted, too!" said Mr. Samuel, with animation. "He is so fond of books himself. I shall write home and tell—"

"I do not know what makes your cousin laugh, Golightly! There are lots of men who would give their heads to get in, I can tell you. We are pretty select, you know."

Mr. Samuel Golightly said he was sure they were, and he felt highly complimented at the distinguished honour of being a

prospective member of the Mutton Cutlet Club.

"You will favour us with a paper on something at an early date?"

Our hero thought that, for the present at least, he should be content to be a listener.

"Tell you what, Pokyr," said George, "I think this is rather slow. Let's do something."

"Well, wake the nigger, and let us have a mild rubber. You can play whist?" said he, addressing Mr. Samuel.

"A little," replied that gentleman, with as much truth as modesty.

"That is," said Pokyr, "you know the moves—know a spade from a diamond, I mean?"

"Yes—oh, yes. I have often played with my aunts."

"Come on, then," replied Mr. Pokyr, introducing from his pocket a morocco case, containing two packs of cards.

Mr. Calipee having been roused, and a board—which the guard had supplied before they left Fuddleton—adjusted between the four gentlemen so as to form a card-table, they cut for partners. The result was, our hero and Mr. Pokyr *versus* George and Mr. Calipee.

"Your deal, nigger—you cut the ace, I think. Half-crown points, if agreeable."

"I'm sure to lose, as usual," responded the lugubrious nigger. "But anything you wish, you know."

Mr. George and our hero made a similar arrangement, after it had been explained that a dollar and five shillings were convertible terms, and, consequently, half-a-dollar was synonymous with two and sixpence.

The first three tricks fell very smoothly to George and Mr. Calipee. At the end of the fifth, Pokyr asked our hero, in anything but an amiable manner, what in the world he meant by not returning his lead.

Mr. Samuel felt altogether at sea at this sort of whist. He always played for the best, as far as he could see; but had no particular rules of action.

At the end of the game, Mr. Pokyr, being very irate, rated him soundly for fooling away three tricks at the very least; and wanted to know what he meant by leading his Queen of Clubs, when he held ace and two little ones.

Mr. Samuel did not clearly know what he meant by it; but wisely held his peace.

At the end of game number two they had gained a double, against a single scored by their opponents.

Mr. Pokyr, acting upon an old-fashioned but almost universally practised rule—"at the end of every losing game, pitch into your partner!"—did so in very strong terms; at the same time, telling Mr. Samuel to mark the game.

Now, our hero always was in the habit of leaving the scoring to his partner. He knew his Aunt Dorothea always did something with the pegs and cribbage board at the end of a game, and that his Fa put a half-crown and a shilling or two on the table; and observing that Mr. Calipee had placed a shilling on the table, he thought he should certainly be safe if he did the same; and was greatly surprised to hear his partner inquire in angry tones, "What do you mean by that?"

"I thought you asked me to mark for us," he replied.

"You don't call that marking?"

"Y—yes," faintly replied Mr. Samuel.

"Here!" said Pokyr, producing the morocco case from his pocket, and extracting from it a small book with green covers—"here, I'll make you a present of this. You will find it useful to you. You don't play much like a book at present, I must say."

Mr. Samuel thanked him, expressed his anxiety to learn, and placed the little green book in his pocket.

At the end of that rubber, which terminated in favour of his opponents, Mr. Pokyr said—

"This is not very lively, suppose we change it to a little 'van.'"

Mr. Samuel Golightly was now, for the first time, initiated into the mysteries of vingt-et-un. His early efforts were distinguished by frequent "bursts;" as, in the spirit of a true sportsman, he took another seven after he had got twenty. Of this game he afterwards became very fond; but it cost him something considerable to learn that "eighteen" was not a bad number to stand on.

In this agreeable manner the four gentlemen spent their time till the train stopped at Bletchley.

Here they had to change from the comfort of the main line train into one of the four or five cold, "seedy," and aged carriages which seem always to be waiting at Bletchley for Cambridge men.

Both Mr. Samuel and Mr. Calipee felt hungry, and crossed over to the little refreshment-room, where they found the usual tempting display of good things for the consumption of railway travellers: the choice lying, as usual, between three sandwiches under one glass cover, two Queen cakes under another, a dish of buns, a cylinder of captain's biscuits, oranges, or Everton toffy. Under the circumstances, our hero thought it best to have his flask replenished with cherry brandy, and leave the other things till another day.

Having crossed to the Cambridge train, they sent a porter off for the hot-water pans—so often forgotten until applied for. When they arrived, the party seated themselves again in the carriage. The porter who brought the pans and the porter who moved their luggage hung about the door in a manner more suggestive of sixpences than any words. Mr. Samuel perceived, with his usual discrimination, the object of their delay; and, with the generosity inherent in his nature, gave them more than they expected, and sent them off. The engine now gave forth a discordant whistle, and Mr. Calipee made the remark "We're off." This, however, was a mistake. The next quarter of an hour would have hung somewhat heavily on their hands, had not Mr. Pokyr enlivened them by putting his head out of the carriage window and "chaffing" a porter in a very diverting manner, getting the better of the rascal on all points. Such is the influence of example and cherry brandy, that when the man whose walk in life is replenishing the grease-boxes arrived at the carriage from the window of which Mr. Golightly was looking out upon the world at large, our hero determined to improve this opportunity for an excellent joke, by asking him "If he ever greased his hair with that yellow pomatum?"

The surly ruffian, evidently missing the point of the joke, replied in the negative; adding that he thought—

"It was some people's heads, and not hairs, as wanted a-greasin'!"

Mr. Samuel was collecting himself for a suitably severe and Johnsonian rejoinder to this remark, when the opportunity for the display of cutting repartee was lost for ever by the train moving out of the station. Nor was his temper improved when Mr. Pokyr exclaimed—

"By Jove! got you there, old fellow. One

too many for you as yet, on my honour he is. Look out for that fellow on the return journey, dear boy. Plenty of time to think over a reply."

This, however, I believe, is the last known occasion on which Mr. Golightly so far forgot his dignity as to joke with a railway official.

After having smoked another cigar, the gentlemen resumed their game at "van," at which lively and exciting amusement they continued to play till they arrived at the platform at Cambridge.

Mr. Golightly thanked his cousin George for the cash he had lent him; and also found that the chief expenses of a railway journey are not necessarily the tickets.

Here two flies were procured; and Mr. George and the nigger got into one, whilst our hero and Mr. Pokyr took their seats in the other. The men were instructed to drive to Skimmery, the name by which St. Mary's is commonly known—a college that is described by a well-known historian, in one of his famous essays, as "the finest place of education in the world"—which opinion, I believe, Mr. Samuel Golightly cordially endorses. His first impressions of it we shall leave for our next chapter.

THOUGHTS, FACTS, AND FANCIES.

EGOISM.

Mr. Theophilus Tallerman was a gentleman of very considerable genius; and, after long preparation and study, he had written a great work. It was highly praised in most of the leading reviews for its research, its arrangement, its profundity of thought, and lucidity of style. One day, Mr. Tallerman being seated on a bench by the seaside, a gentleman of portly and dignified appearance, dressed in a sombre suit, and wearing a frilled shirt, conspicuous mourning ring, and large gold spectacles, took his seat on the same bench, with a somewhat pompous cough. This was Mr. Barnes Barns, a gentleman of extensive reading, and possessing one of the largest private libraries in the entire county of Kent—which is saying something. They were perfect strangers to each other. Remarkable to relate, both being Englishmen, they fell into conversation. Mr. Barnes Barns was much pleased with Mr. Tallerman, finding him to be a man one does not meet with every day. After a time—most of the principal publications of permanent value that had issued from the

press during the last year or two having been commented upon—Mr. Tallerman could not refrain from cautiously leading the conversation to the subject of his great work. Mr. Barnes Barns instantly singled it out from all others of its class. He had carefully gone through it, page by page, and knew all about it. He informed Mr. Tallerman that this was one of the finest works in the English language. He kindly gave him a clear analysis of the scope of this admirable production; he instructed him in its most striking characteristics, and pointed out to him the various excellences and originalities of its treatment and style of literary composition; concluding with a syncretical view of the entire work. The author of such a work, he said, deserved the best laurels his country could give; and they ought to be given him in his lifetime, besides the promise of a niche in Westminster Abbey. This was too much for Mr. Tallerman. He was overcome by it, and, fetching his breath, exclaimed—

"I am the author!"

"You, sir!"

"I, sir!"

"You, Mr. Tallerman?"

"Mr. Theophilus Tallerman."

"And you are really the author of that work! Well, who would have thought it! I mean, so singular we should thus have met!"

A considerable silence ensued: in fact, a certain awkwardness ensued. Mr. Barnes Barns did not feel at all pleased with himself. He had allowed himself to be carried away. He had said a great deal too much. Mr. Tallerman also wished he had been more reticent. He did not feel at all equal to his present position. He did not see how to come up to his own high-water mark.

Mr. Barnes Barns was the first to recover his equilibrium. After a complimentary word or two, and a half-bow to the author of that extremely praiseworthy production which he had read with so much attention, Mr. Barnes Barns led the conversation at once into quite a different class of literature. He considered it the better taste to do this, as they had never been introduced to each other; and, at the same time, he handed his card to Mr. Tallerman, and continued to discourse on numerous other works—works of that kind which put into the shade all the heap of lumbering books that had issued from a groaning press during the last twenty years. At length, he said something with

which Mr. Tallerman could not at all agree. Mr. Barnes Barns was astonished, and cited several passages. One of these was partly misquoted, and another partly misinterpreted. Mr. Tallerman, in support of his own opinion, pointed this out. Mr. Barnes Barns felt excessively nettled and peppered; and, without pausing to think, made a positive assertion contrary to a demonstrable fact. This, also, Mr. Tallerman could not help pointing out, and in forcible terms.

Mr. Barnes Barns started up from his seat as if he had suddenly fancied a scorpion was under him. But he commanded himself, pretending to have got stiff in his legs; and then, stretching himself, and taking off his gold spectacles and wiping them with his handkerchief, and replacing them, looked round at the weather. Then, coughing a little, to cover his retreat, he said, with a straight, grim sort of a smile, and a slight bow—

"Good day to you, sir!"

And as Mr. Barnes Barns walked homewards, he thought he had seldom met a more disagreeable egoist than Mr. Tallerman. In fact, the fellow, apart from his laborious compilation, was little better than a fool!

TABLE TALK.

MR. GLADSTONE has been exercising his eloquent pen in the pages of the "Edinburgh Review"—the *Echo* says the "Quarterly;" imagine Saul amongst such prophets!—and his article has had the merit of sending up that organ into the seventh heaven of a second edition. Such an event has not been known since the days of Sydney Smith; and the house of Longmans was probably as "bewildered" as Mr. Gladstone when he made his speech about the war at the Working Men's National Exhibition at Islington. The article is eloquent, but it is by far too outspoken for a Prime Minister; and if our readers will remember this prophecy, they will recall it when they find Mr. Gladstone being bullied—as they assuredly will during next session—for having written this essay. It was, let us remember, another Liberal statesman, Earl Russell, who first gave vogue to that witty *mis*-quotation from Job:—"O, that mine enemy had written a book."

BY THE WAY, it may be as well to set the public right as to that oft-repeated citation.

Job, chap. xxxi., v. 35, says:—"Oh that one would hear me! behold, my desire is, that the Almighty would answer me, and that mine adversary had written a book." The meaning is, as the Latin Vulgate well points out, "*Ut librum scribat ipse qui iudicat*"—that his adversary had put down in a book a categorical list of his accusations against Job, that he who judged might be answered point by point. "Judged" is here to be taken in the sense it almost always bears in the Scripture; that is, of sitting in judgment and condemning.

BEARING THIS IN MIND, and the citation which proves it, "Who art thou that judgest another?" let us take occasion to say that, in all friendship for Mr. Gladstone and admiration of his great talents, we regret the tone in which he speaks of the King of Prussia; though there is an exceedingly quick and happy hit—it is as if a sharp sword glances suddenly out and thrusts deeply—when the Prime Minister says:—"Between the piety of the King of Prussia—which, we believe, never failed him during the Danish transactions—and the policy of the Chancellor of the Exchequer—which, whatever else it may have been, *has not been Pharisæical*—we are sore put to it." That sentence will be remembered; and, we fear, to Mr. Gladstone's cost.

A READY CATCHER-UP of "unconsidered trifles" is the *Spectator*—a really clever and original paper, if somewhat angular—whose reviewers delight in picking out a turned letter, or a misplaced quantity, and in setting everybody but themselves right. In the issue of November 5th, they gravely assure us that "Count Bismarck's family motto is '*Not near enough yet!*' It has been his motto as a statesman!" So it may have been, as to the latter; but it is not his family motto. The arms of the Bismarck-Schönhausen family are thus emblazoned:—A shield *azure*, bordered *or*, charged with a trefoil of the second, parted with three oak leaves proper, borne as a trefoil—that is, in the three serrated apertures of the trefoil an oak leaf is placed. The motto is properly termed *canting*—that is, it refers doubly to the charges, the emblem of the Trinity, and the oak. "*In Trinitate robur*," that is, "My strength in the Trinity," and "The oak in the Trinity"—*robur* being both oak and strength. And a very pretty kind of *canting*

motto it is, as all heralds will at once perceive.

THERE USED TO BE an old school song—and it perhaps yet remains—the lines of which ran thus:—

"All the Gods of Heaven descended from their spheres,
To view with admiration the British Grenadiers!"

Perhaps a rough soldier could hardly wish the gods a better employment. And what are all the gods doing in Paris? Their proper place of abode, the *Pantheon*—surely a misnomer for a Christian church—is filled with gunpowder. "As a prudential measure," newspapers tell us, "the religious services have been dispensed with." We should think so. Acolytes, with thuribles full of smouldering incense, hardly agree with gunpowder; any more than the smoke of an explosion which would lift the Pantheon a few feet nearer to Heaven, would be in concord with the peaceful smoke of incense, which the Pagans of old thought so grateful to the nostrils of the cloud-compelling Zeus.

SO THE MARQUIS OF LORNE and her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, when in the sight of God they have become man and wife, are to proceed to Ireland, and to become Viceroy and *Vice-reine* of Ireland. This is as it should be. Let us have a progress and a Court; and, in the coming good times, let us hope for an Irish duke as a husband for the Princess Beatrice.

MR. JOHN RUSKIN—the celebrated graduate of Oxford, and now Slade Professor—will lecture on Thursdays and Saturdays, in the theatre of the Museum at Oxford, from November 24th to December 10th. His lectures will be on the "Elementary Principles of Sculpture," and, of course, *de omnibus rebus*. What a treat it will be to hear him; and what an excellent service would the *Athenæum* perform if it gave his lectures *in extenso*!

HISTORY does not repeat herself; but she has an opportunity to do so. The present Napoleon wishes to go to Elba!—that is, he has denied that wish publicly; *ergo*, the Man of Destiny does wish to go—and, just as this is made public, one of the island gaoles of the old Napoleon dies. Thus, we read in the *Times* of the 10th inst.:—"The death is announced of George Oxley, an in-pensioner

of the Royal Hospital at Chelsea, who served in the St. Helena Artillery, and had charge of a signal station on that island during the time the Emperor Napoleon I. was confined there; his duties being to signal to the authorities whenever the Emperor left or returned to his residence." Here, then, was an instrument of him whom the French are taught to hate—*cet Ogre*, that detestable tyrant, Sir Low! Poor Sir Hudson Low!—as mild and gentle a man as ever breathed—what a legacy of hatred is his name endowed with!

LADY NURSES at the seat of war.—Dr. Marion Sims, one of the most distinguished American surgeons of the day, and Surgeon-in-Chief of the Anglo-American ambulance at Sedan, has recently addressed to Colonel Loyd-Lindsay a most interesting letter, containing an account of the doings of that ambulance at Sedan, which has been published in one of the medical journals. After describing the trouble and annoyance caused by the various sets of *infirmiers*—or male hospital attendants—with which he and the other members of the staff were provided, he states that, "in the midst of this perplexity about nursing," he heard that there were some English ladies "diligently attending sixteen wounded Germans at Donchery"—about three miles off—"while he had more than four hundred in the greatest need of their kind care." He secured the services of six of these ladies; and, at about the same time, four Sisters of Charity from the town volunteered their help. From the moment that women were introduced as nurses the whole aspect of the establishment was changed. "How often," he observes, "in the last ten days, have I passed through our wards at midnight, and found the man-nurse asleep—absolutely snoring—beside his brother man who was in the last agony of death! But the woman slept not: there she stood, with cordials and kind words; and, while she gently smoothed his pillow, listened to the last words of love sent, in broken whispers, to doting mother or heart-broken wife." He records, especially, how one of the lady nurses, Miss Neligan, saved a wounded soldier's life in a most remarkable manner. The case was one of secondary hæmorrhage, occurring some ten days after the primary injury. The bleeding was not arrested until pressure had been continuously exerted on the blood-vessel

for fully two hours; during the whole of which time Miss Neligan stood by, aiding the surgeon. It was midnight. Dr. Sims was tired and went to bed, and so did the other surgeons and the men nurses—all well satisfied with what they had done. But she—the weak woman—remembered that in her own ward were three or four badly wounded men, to whom a similar accident might occur. So, going round to the different beds, she gently uncovered the shoulder of one, the arm of another, and the chest of a third; when, to her horror, she found one of her patients lying in a pool of blood, still gushing forth in a great stream. Instinctively, she grasped the wound and staunched the blood by compression; then called up a sleeping dolt of an *infirmier*, and sent for the surgeon in charge, who came at once, and permanently arrested the flow of blood. In less than five minutes, probably in two, the man would have been dead: the male nurse sleeping soundly by his bedside. "As nurses," says Dr. Marion Sims, "I would not exchange one woman for a dozen men."

EAU DE ZOUAVES.—In a letter from Sedan, we learn that, for a few days after the capitulation, the only available water, both for the wounded and for the troops, was a single fountain, which, of course, soon became muddy. The mud could be filtered out; but there was one element added to the water that was beyond the power of any filter. It was said that three dead Zouaves were found in the cistern. Two were extracted very soon, but the third remained for some time. The young officers then called the water "Eau de Zouaves"—not a very appetizing name, when associated with tea, coffee, chocolate, or soup.

An Illustration, printed separately on Toned Paper, is published with the present Weekly Number.

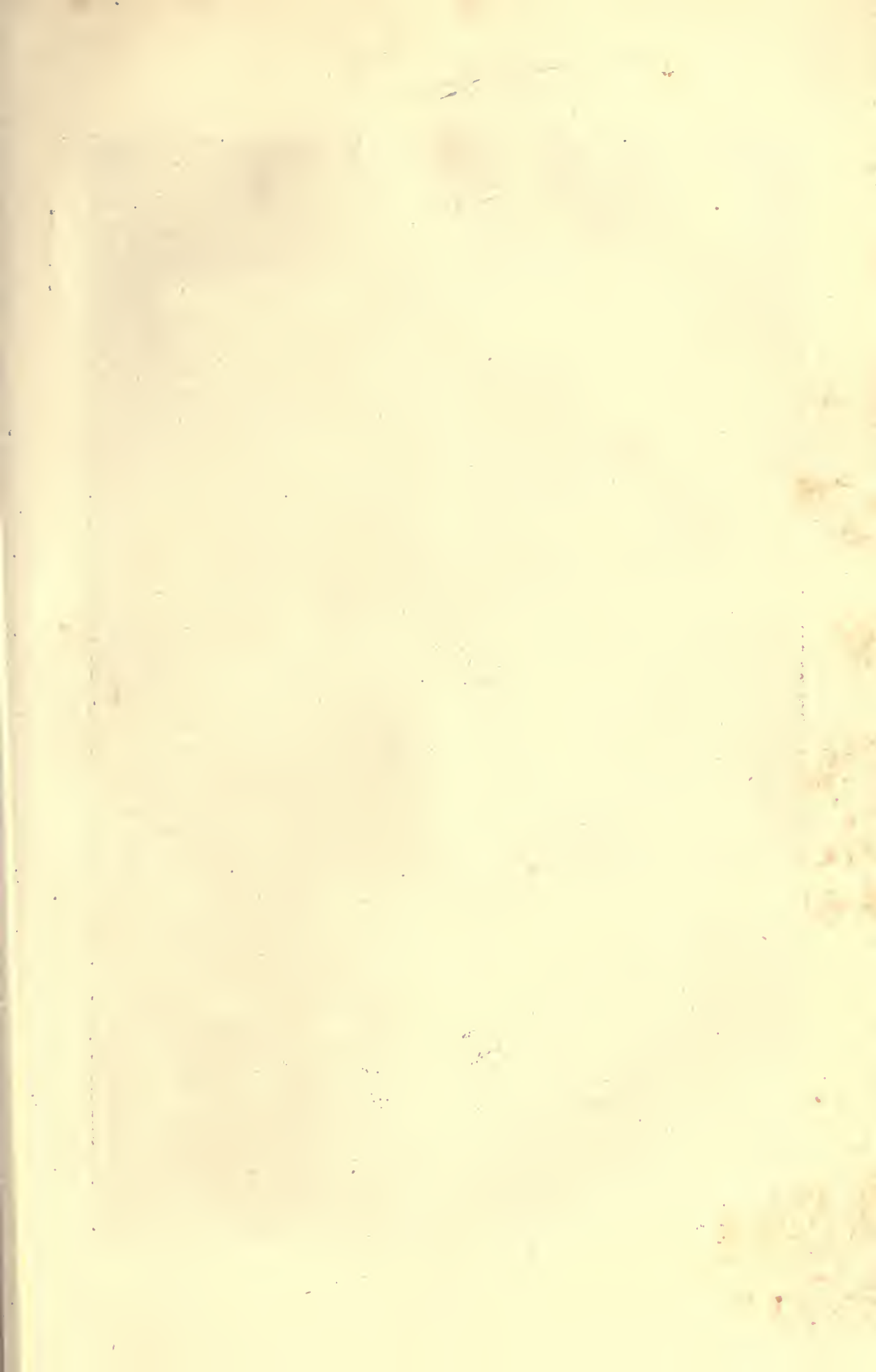
Rejected MSS. will be returned to the authors, if stamps for that purpose are sent.

The Editor will only be responsible for their being safely re-posted to the addresses given.

Every MS. must have the name and address of the author legibly written on the first page.

The authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

"MAGIC LEAVES," the Christmas Number of ONCE A WEEK, is now ready, and may be ordered of any Bookseller in the United Kingdom; and can be obtained at all Messrs. Smith & Son's Bookstalls.





Once a Week.]

"ADIEU, MO.V AMI—I MUST ACCOMPANY *ME-LOR*!"—Page 357.

[November 26, 1870.

ONCE A WEEK

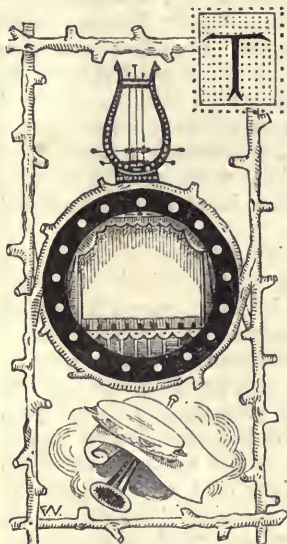
NEW SERIES.

No. 152.

November 26, 1870.

Price 2d.

ONE OF TWO;
OR,
A LEFT-HANDED BRIDE.
BY HAIN FRISWELL.
CHAPTER XXXIII.
A VERY SUCCESSFUL BENEFIT.



THE benefit of Mdlle. Natalie Fifine was more properly a "bespeak" got up by the young lady's imagination, and in order to aid the funds of the Fifine family. The old bookseller on the Quai du Temple had heard of a good stroke of business to be done in buying the Château and the strip of land of some impoverished noble, and then selling them piecemeal; and he had urged several of his friends to aid him, and was about to employ Natalie's money in that way.

Natalie, as we know, was nothing loath. A new operatic star was about to make her appearance, and a new ballet was to follow, in which the twinkling feet of Natalie were to appear.

The astute young lady, therefore, sought the fat and podgy Mr. Dunn, the manager, who, in his faultless black suit, his white shirt, and new beaver hat—gentlemen did not in those days dream of wearing silk—looked like a ball of black satin standing at his own box door.

"Good morning, Mr. Dunn," said Natalie.

"You are charmant, fine 'ealth, this morning."

"Quite so, m'am-zell, quite so," said Mr. Dunn, looking far away beyond and over the humble *employée* of his operatic troop.

It is curious how grand the manager can be to the artist: *almost* as curious is it how subservient those great creatures, the artists, can be to the manager. An ordinary English workman shows about a dozen times as much independence as one of these God-gifted geniuses—except when the genius is up in the saddle; and then, indeed, he or she takes it out of the manager.

"Yes, m'am-zell, yes. I am about as right as ninepence!"

Here the manager took up a couple of half-crowns in the pocket of his faultless and tight pantaloons, and let them drop on his bunch of pass keys in the bottom of his pocket. Immediately he had done this—still looking up the Haymarket, and over the shoulder of his beautiful and attractive artiste—he repented it, for Natalie said—

"I want to zpeak to you, Monsieur Dunn, about money."

"That's very shortly disposed of, then," said Dunn, brusquely. "I aint got none. Treasury's pretty nigh empty. And besides"—here he recalled his glances from the far-distant Coventry-street—"you don't draw as you ought, Fifine; you know you don't."

Even in those remote and dark days, managers were so advanced towards the great future claimed for women by Miss Becker and Lady Amberley, that they called their female artistes directly by their surnames. "I sez to Siddons, sez I," one would ejaculate; or "S'help me Moses, Jordan, you can lick the 'ead off some o' them hactors in a coat and breeches part." Similar elegances put all the lady artistes on a pleasing equality with the male sex. And this admirable and advanced state of matters happily exists between the artists themselves. Ladies call each other Bel-

ville or Montagu; and gentlemen, when on terms of familiarity, assure little Belville that she "spoke her lengths prime!" or whisper to Miss Montagu, in flattering terms, "I say, Montagu, by the holy poker, you topped that part like a rum 'un."

So it happened that Mr. Dunn was quite *en règle* when he reiterated, "You don't draw, Fifine, as you ought."

"But," added the lady, "money, Mr. Dunn, money."

"Well, I can't give you none," said the manager. "The ghost don't walk till Friday."

Thus, in theatrical phrase, the polite manager intimated that Friday was the pay day; and that, until that day, no part of Natalie's salary could be advanced.

"Oh, you funny little man," said the lady. "I mean, bringing money to you."

This was quite another aspect of the question, and Mr. Dunn ceased to look up the Haymarket; and, bringing his twinkling little eyes to the level of the actress's face, said—

"What's up now?"

Hereupon the artless Natalie proposed her plan; which was that she should advertise a benefit, and get as many of her admirers as she could into the house, selling the tickets herself, and paying half the proceeds into the treasury.

This was quite a legitimate proceeding; and, as Mr. Dunn had been more than once accused of selling pass keys to old and young gentlemen—patrons of the art, of course—so that they could study both the art and the artistes behind the scenes, it is not to be wondered at if he at once acceded. Miss Natalie was prepared with her list of names. There was the Viscount Montcastel, an Irish nobleman who was clipping his estates in the prosecution of his histrionic studies; the Honourable Captain Poncho, of the Guards; Mr. Edgar Wade, and other gentlemen upon whose patronage the *danseuse* could count; and the little Frenchwoman showed herself so quick at accounts, and so ready with her plan, that Mr. Dunn looked at her with respect, and assured her, in gratifying terms, that "she was a clever little devil," and that she would rise in the world.

Upon this, Natalie made a little *moue* at the manager, heaved a little sigh, which made Mr. Dunn's eyes twinkle, and walked away towards Soho, to get her tickets printed.

As she went away, walking with a quick, active, graceful step, she caused the young bucks in Hessian boots, or trousers tight at the knees and loose over the instep of their Wellington boots, to look round at her. With that ready appreciation of beauty which all Englishmen pride themselves upon, some pronounced her "a high stepper," a "neat little filly;" and some said to their companions, "Egad, why, that's a Frenchwoman, Fwank," or "Fwederick," as the case might be.

Meantime, on she went. The smile died out of her face; the bright eyes looked sadly through the beautiful mask; and she complained to herself that she was *morne* and *triste* in this detestable England. If she could get enough money only for the mother and the old father, she would be back, she said, to *La belle France*. Paris to her was Paradise: all other countries she looked upon as mere hunting-grounds, whereon she could pick up her beloved gold. Was she very different from others? Have not poets, statesmen, fiddlers, and buffoons, in this best of all possible worlds, the same object at heart as the beautiful Fifine?

The benefit plan succeeded admirably. Other artistes, who did not unite business tact with their histrionic talent, wondered why the little Frenchwoman should have a benefit. The manager was accused of favouritism. The press was known, by some people who know everything, to have been bribed. Underhand dealings were largely hinted at. One of the male artists—who were just as jealous of a lady labourer in the holy cause of amusing the British public as they were of one of their own sex—spoke in ambiguous terms of his knowledge "how the affair was done!" In the meantime, two or three judicious gifts of free tickets gained two or three paragraphs, in which the editor professed himself rejoiced to see that the very talented young lady would take her first benefit. And some of these gentlemen—whom, it is needless to say, were not the editors—prophesied that, from the array of talent called to her aid—the bills had not the addition of a single name—the benefit would be a bumper.

Fifine's end was gained. Her name was printed prominently a dozen or so times; slips from the English papers were cut out and sent to Paris; and the friends whom she could rely on bought many of her tickets,

and gave them away to their friends—friends who are always so glad to fill a house when they gain an entrance for nothing, and who go to see the dullest piece with a wonderful zeal, provided that it costs them no money.

Mr. Dunn's new star—who, of course, had made her appearance at the San Carlo, and had created a *furore* at Paris, without which no singer, however great, can be expected to please the English public, which yet tenaciously believes that it depends upon its unbiassed opinion—was a success; and *Mdlle. Fifine's* friends were delighted to find that they had paid their money for a real treat. Part of the splendour of the triumph was put down to her share; and the astute Mr. Dunn, while he complimented the new *Prima Donna*, took credit for "backing" her up with a splendid ballet, and for packing the house so as to ensure a reception.

The *Prima Donna*—who happened to be a genius, and as simple as a child—took everything in good part, and told Mr. Dunn that he was the prince of *entrepreneurs*.

The gentlemen in the stalls turned round to look at the house, to which they had paid more than enough attention during the progress of the opera. A first night is always more interesting—especially to critics—on account of the house than of the artists. Mr. Rumford Coaster was there, in all the glory of his war paint—full dress, diamond studs, velvet collar, a white necktie big enough to bandage a broken leg with, snowy white shirt, cuffs which came down to the knuckles of his primrose-coloured gloves, a crush-hat, and hair in fragrant ringlets. Mr. Rolt, who had two tickets at his disposal, had brought Mrs. Rolt—a stout, fair lady, in corkscrew curls and a turban, *gigot* sleeves, and a straight dress. Mrs. Rolt was one of those ladies who sighed her approval at everything—if such a term might be applied to a very strong expiration of breath—and who kept her very white, fat hands always occupied in caressing her fair, corkscrew curls.

"What a many of the aristocracy you do know, Thomas," she sighed. "Ah, it's well to be you, engaged in these gay and festive scenes, while I am at home taking care of the babies!"

"My dear," said Mr. Rolt—singling out Duke, and kissing his hand to him, but asking care to do this while his Grace was looking away—"his Grace of Heathacre.

How well his lordship is looking! How very kind of the Duke to notice me!"

"I didn't see him, Thomas," said Mrs. Rolt, with a sigh. "But, there, your poor eyes are not tried like mine are with fine work. The girls' frocks, Tom."

"Bother the—"

Here Mr. Rolt noticed another gentleman, Sir Paddington Buss.

"My dear," he said, "next to him is Tom Cabriolet, of the Guards. Both famous whips, and both subscribe to the paper."

"I wish they'd subscribe a little more to my housekeeping," sighed Mrs. Rolt. "There's that boy Tom grown out of his trousers; and Susan's always breaking something—one day it is the bed-room water jug, and now what do you think it is?"

"Not my pet breakfast cup, I hope," said Rolt, eagerly.

"Well, that isn't gone yet," said the careful housewife; "but she's broken that well-dish you bought when Lord Fantasy gave you the haunch of venison."

Mr. Rolt very nearly swore; but, heroically stifling the hasty word, he said—

"Hallo! There's Rumford Coaster there. How well he looks! and, by jingo! he is talking with that extraordinary old man, Mr. Tom Forster. Excuse me a minute, Mrs. Rolt. Pray keep yourself warm. I'll step aside, and talk with my friends. There, you see that old gentleman in the omnibus box—that's Lord Mont Castel. I wonder what his lordship is after! He's a great patron of the drama. I wonder what the managers would do without him!"

Mr. Rolt left his wife to look through her opera glasses at fine ladies whom she did not know, and to "tattle up" the probable cost of their dresses. Mrs. Rolt was a great hand at figures. She had enough practice with poor Mr. Rolt's accounts; for that hard-working gentleman was always just a "little behind," and had an immense struggle to keep abreast, or rather to try to get abreast, of the great world.

Mr. Tom Forster, who was passionately fond of the opera—uniting, for a wonder, the taste for Shakspeare and the musical glasses—having been puzzled with his case, had given himself the rare treat of seeing and hearing the new *Prima Donna*. But that was not the only thing Mr. Forster saw that night.

In the omnibus box, to his right, obsequiously bowed in by Mr. Manager Dunn

—as black and as glossy at night as in the morning—was my Lord Montcastel, an Irish nobleman of good estate, or that which had been a good estate: about forty years old, but looking much older; already bald, very tall, with a very big English-Irish face—that is, a face which united the worst qualities of the two races. He had the large teeth and the sandy whiskers of the Saxon, the high cheek bones and bushy eyebrows of the Celt; and he sat staring and blinking at the stage, with his small eyes just on a level with the gas footlights—then a somewhat recent introduction—and talking loudly to his companion, as if the whole theatre belonged to him.

“Good many people here,” he said to his brother, the Hon. and Rev. Peter Boore, a gaunt, tall, bony clergyman. “‘Gad, the little girl’s been clever to whip ‘em up.”

“They don’t come for *her*,” said the clergyman, who seemed to know as much about the Opera House as he should have done about his parish. “It’s the new one; and she’s a success.”

“Well, you ought to know, Peter,” said his brother. “You are more about town than I am.”

“I keep my eyes open,” said the clergyman, “that’s what I do. Can you let me have any money, Dermot?”

“Not a rap, not a rap, Peter; all bad luck. I’ve been into the City, and”—here his lordship drew a great sigh, for he was known to dabble in speculations of various sorts, and, it is needless to say, to lose by them—“I’ve done no good. Don’t talk about money, Peter. I hate the very name of it.”

“I don’t,” said the Reverend Peter, stoutly. “I get a precious deal too little of it to hate it. A man only hates that which he gets too familiar with.”

“What long waits they have,” said his lordship, with a yawn. “That curry was not bad at the Travellers’; but, I don’t know how it is, curry always disagrees with me.”

“You eat such a precious lot of it,” said the clergyman.

And then the orchestra struck up; and Edgar Wade, who was not so far from the box but that he could hear every word his lordship said—for Lord Montcastel had a very powerful chest voice, deep and resonant—lost something that was said about “the little one;” something such as, “We shall have the little one on soon.”

His lordship had a suspicious-looking bouquet on the cushions of his box, next to a double-barrelled opera glass, all pearl and gold, with a long gold handle which could be folded up when put into the case, the end of which handle his lordship held daintily between his big finger and thumb, and thus raised the heavy glasses with as much ease as a dandy would have lifted a double eyeglass. Seeing that Edgar Wade looked at him, Lord Montcastel proceeded coolly to take the measure of the barrister, and to stare him down.

The calm, cool, aristocratic insolence, as Edgar felt it to be, made the barrister turn the other way, and enabled Mr. Tom Forster to make certain of a fact of which he had been hitherto only suspicious. There, surely enough, was his favourite *protégé*; and there, too, in his hand, was the very bouquet which Old Daylight had fancied was intended for his sick *mother*, Mrs. Wade.

“Well, well,” said the old gentleman, with a sigh; “why should not the young man enjoy himself? I’m growing old and cantankerous.”

“Mr. Forster, sir! How do you do?” It was Mr. Rolt, who had taken a seat near him. “You got my paper, sir? I made mention of you, sir. No names; but pretty well done, sir—not to be mistaken.”

“Thank you for your intention; but I’d rather be without it. Wait till the end.”

“Grows more ungenerous every day. I say”—here Mr. Rolt whispered—“they do say so; and I don’t see the Earl here, nor his son!”

“P’raps not fond of the opera; p’raps they like to stay at home. Hush!”

The band ceased, the bell rang—up went the curtain. The orchestra played the liveliest dance music, the Star of the Ballet spun across the stage in three bounds, and the chief fiddlers and solo players bolted away through a little door under the stage, and thence to their virtuous homes.

A torrent of applause! Mr. Rolt, who was constrained to keep his seat away from his excellent wife, split his gloves with the heartiness of his *claque*; a good round dozen of foreign gentlemen in the pit stimulated others, and threw in their united artillery in the most artistic way. Edgar Wade was in raptures; and Lord Montcastel said “Bravo! bravo!” in so loud a voice that everybody heard him, and the followers of that nobleman said “*Bravissima!*” Mr.

Tom Forster, who was not of the initiated, looked up and saw a little, bright actress—not much of a dancer, to be sure, but pert, *espiegle*, arch, and active—who flew about the stage, placed herself in artistic and entrancing *poses*; and who, in retiring on the tips of her toes, kissed the tips of her gloved fingers at the whole house, and yet managed to convey to Edgar Wade and Viscount Montcastel that each had an especial share in such fairy osculation. The ballet went on, and the Star paled before Fifine, who had not an ace of her merit. At its end, a half-dozen bouquets skilfully thrown—except that of Edgar Wade, which knocked off a footlight glass—rewarded Natalie Fifine; who, with the prettiest and most reluctant modesty, took them up, and offered half of them to the dancer she had eclipsed. The English love generosity, and applauded Natalie all the more.

"Certainly," said Mr. Rolt; "you do me proud. I shall be happy to pass you behind, sir, as you're a friend of Mr. Dunn's." Edgar had indulged in a fib. "Come this way. Mrs. Rolt will remain in the crush-room."

From the blaze of light—the intense enjoyment of seeing the triumph of the one being whom he loved—to the bare, gaunt boards and skeletons of forests at the wings and the backs of scenes, to passages draughty with foul air and redolent of gas, the young man went. He had been some time in this passage: Natalie was already shawled, and her maid was with her. Edgar saw no one else.

"Oh, Natalie," he whispered to her, pressing her hand; "how beautiful you are! Let me take you home, and tell you of your triumph. I have a carriage here."

"Sorry to anticipate you, I am shaw," said the tall Irish Viscount. "We have been before you—I and this gentleman. Haven't we, Peter? Ma'amselle will accompany us; will do us the honour—umph!"

The world seemed to be suddenly dark—black to Edgar; and out of this darkness a little, simple voice uttered—

"Adieu, *mon ami*—I must accompany me-lor!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

OFF TO LONDON.

MR. CHARLEY FOLAIRE—finding that the Ship had its crew, and rather above its full complement—moved to the

Antwerp Hotel, in Dover, kept by an excellent host, Mr. Chittenden; and was delighted with his success in business. Presently, to him entered Mr. Jem Sparks, a bagman of the old school, with an equally red face, but turned up with black. Mr. Sparks had black eyebrows, black whiskers, and hair worn *à la Brutus*—that is, in rough, short curls on the top of his forehead, cut short behind, but left curling over his ears crisply and thoroughly. This fashion was taken from the old Roman way, which may be seen upon busts and statues, where the black hair in white marble looks—although undoubtedly classical—like a number of unshelled periwinkles struggling in soapsuds.

Directly the two knights of the road saw each other, they burst into a roar of laughter. Charley's red face and red hair seemed aflame with fun, success, and jollity; and Jem Sparks, although he was "done," as he said, thoroughly enjoyed the joke. When the laugh was over, Mr. Folaire rang the bell, called for Mr. Chittenden, and ordered another plate and another pint, and asked Mr. Sparks to join him in an excellent dinner, consisting of a saddle of South Down mutton and a pheasant to follow; two or three little ground rice cup puddings, served up in sweet sauce, made of pear juice and currant jelly—a recipe peculiar to good Mrs. Chittenden—being ordered to follow. A long journey, the sharp air, the consciousness of well-merited success on Folaire's part, and of having come in second best on that of Mr. James Sparks, kept the two friends silent until they had finished dinner; when Mr. Sparks, pushing away his plate with a sigh of gratitude, said—

"Ah, Charley, you are a sharp one! You know how to get up betimes of a morning."

"The early bird, you know," said Charley, bashfully; "couldn't have done it, though, unless it had been for that trump of a horse of mine, the Chief Baron!"

"Did you break his wind?" asked Mr. Sharp, sarcastically.

"No; he aint a roarer yet! Not like your black mare, Jem; and she's a good one. He's as fresh as beans. I went in, and saw him empty his manger. He fell to at once, after a slight pull at some water with the chill off. And when a horse will feed eagerly, there is nothing much the matter with him. What did the boys say?"

"By jingo, sir," said Sparks, "you should have seen their faces when they found you

were not down to breakfast. First, they supposed that you had had enough of the Crown wine."

"So I had," said Charley; "but not to hurt me. And then—"

"Then they sent up Boots to call you. Boots stumps off, and comes back with a grin; and we knew that the bird had flown. The fellows that were not in the same line with you were loud in your praises; but as I was on to the same little fakement, Charley, I—well, I won't tell you! Well," he continued, with a long whistle, "I vowed that you should not serve me out again like that."

"Bravo, old bird," said Charley. "'Sold again, and got the money!' Well, I will stand a bottle of Chittenden's eighteen-twenty—that's a good wine, sir. What will it be when it's forty years older? It will stand all that time. Cook and Selling will be the better for it."

"Done," said *Jem Sparks*.

And then the two friends laughed again, and asked *Mr. Chittenden*, "out of good fellowship, to join them in cracking a bottle of his own good port."

Mr. Jem Sparks, you may depend upon it, was "quite agreeable." When was ever a bagman not agreeable to anything when a good bottle of wine was included? He was a generous fellow. His dark hair is very silvery now; his stout, hearty frame not half so stout and hale; but his laugh is as hearty, and his way as generous as ever. And many a good song the old fellow sings on the Kentish-road; and many a time has he told the story how *Charley Folaire* "swept the pool" on the Dover-road; and the long drive he took, "above forty mile, sir, almost right off, with his famous flea-bitten gelding, the Chief Baron." And at his club of the Social Night Hawks, the story has passed into a kind of proverbial caution; for when either of these hawks is about as blind as an owl with "convivialities," he gravely assures his companions that he will be up "early in the morning, like *Charley Folaire*."

While the three friends are discussing the brightness of the wine, its body, and excellence, the story must return to the sea wall at Dover Harbour, where, not far from the Ship, some four or five persons were gathered, and were talking.

These were *Mr. Brownjohn*, *César Negretti*, *Patsy Quelch*, and *Le Père Martin*;

while, leaning over the gunwale of the French-built fishing-smack, was *Captain Martin's* crew, boatswain, petty officer, captain of Marines and first lieutenant all in one, *M. Jules Simon*, a French sea-wolf, as he called himself, with the head of a cod-fish, a dull eye, hands covered with bark instead of skin, and a brain and head slow, but honest. To his dull apprehension the whole matter was one of smuggling; and this also, to that peculiarly constituted brain, was a merit rather than a fault. *Jules Simon* stuck close to his boat, feeling safer on his native element—and, indeed, he had been born on the sea—than on land, especially when such little difficulties as that before him were taking place.

The *Père Martin* comforted him in a manly manner, telling him to take the boat over to Boulogne and to stay there; that he would be back in a week, and that there was no matter; for the English men of the law were good, honest people. To which *M. Jules* assented, without the slightest ray of intelligence upon his marine face. He took it all in, however; and, as the *Père* knew, would be sure to execute his trust. Then the old fellow turned round, and with that innocent and transparent smile which is so very beautiful to see, and so easy to assume, he asked *Mr. Brownjohn* whether he would take his boat, too?—if he wished to arrest the light and buoyant *Estelle*?

"No," said the Bow-street runner. "No, I don't want that. You did not take that up to London. Stop!" he said, after a few moments' reflection, in his slow way. "Stop! I think young Master *Squelch* there—"

"*Patsy Quelch*, please, sir," said the boy, who kept his eye fixed on the police officer, as a drummer might have done on a general.

"Well, *Mr. Quelch*, then," continued *Brownjohn*, as if determined not to get the boy's name right. "Will you step into that boat there, and go and look into the cabin and hand out *Cap'en Martin's* traps? And, I say, look and see whether you see any likely things there."

Dull as he was, *Brownjohn* knew his instruments in a moment. He had his hands full. There was that murderous, innocent humbug, old *Martin*, who would call himself and the subject in hand *Marton*—"Dash it," said *Brownjohn*, afterwards, "why will they do that? Why can't they talk like *Cristen* folk and Englishers?"); then there was *Mr.*

César Negretti, who might slip off at any time, and who was wanted as a witness in London to prove Mr. Martin's identity, and to find out various matters. About him, too, Brownjohn had doubts, and Patsy's caution—"Just look in that there bundle of his, and see what he has got there"—still rang in his ears.

He had acted upon it so far as cleverly to twitch the bundle out of César's hands, and to slip his brawny arm through its loops; but he could not for a moment suppose that any result but some pilfered garment or cup from the *Hôtel des Etrangères* might be found there.

César's face when he saw Patsy was a caution to see. He had been haunted, as men will be when they have committed a folly, with a dull presentiment of detection; but it had never made itself so apparent as to give him any uneasiness. It was a presentiment, like others, only to be read by the light of after-events, and by César to be cursed right soundly for not coming before him in a more unquestionable shape. César had one of those bright, sharp, active, and complete intellects that never blamed itself. Let whoever else be in the wrong, he did not want to be so.

"Ah! he sighed, "that fool of an idea—why did it not come plain? I saw this urchin, this ghost, this *squelette*, come after me—in my dream, was it, or when I was awake?"

Then his Italian quickness came like a flash upon him, and his eyes looked like two glowing coals, with every now and then a green flash coming over them, as he poured forth a torrent of abuse at the young Celt, and ended by winding up nearly a dozen of epithets by calling him a "devil's pig."

The little Irish boy—for our excellent Irish compatriots can be abusive themselves—stood all this; but he felt it all, and the last name stuck in his throat. Brownjohn saw that, and interposed to save the boy.

"I say, you Negretti," he said, "keep a civil tongue in your head. The boy haint done you no harm. I should have taken you up to London, as it was. I told you I'd pinch you, Negretti, and I will. I've marked you, my man, although I am a fool, and I don't understand foreign lingo."

Hereupon César's face brightened up; his hair returned to its former position on his head; he no longer permitted his face to wear that sharp, angular expression, but

smiled with a softness and roundness of feature that was really charming to see. He looked so youthful, so good-natured, and so innocent, that Père Martin smiled back in his innocent way at him, as if the two foreigners understood each other.

"My Brownjohn," he said, in a most affectionate manner, showing his white teeth, shrugging his shoulders, and using a dozen expressive symbols with his mouth, chin, and hands, such as no Englishman, even if he be an accomplished actor, can command—"My Brownjohn! If I had known that? Why did you not speak? Am I not born to serve you? Does not my heart go out to you?"

"I know nothing about your heart," said the Bow-street runner—who always felt at a discount with foreigners, and especially with one who, like Negretti, could, as he phrased it, "get up anybody's sleeve"—"but I know, Mr. César, that you've had your tongue in your cheek pretty often at me. However, that's neither here nor there. You will come with me."

"Of course, with the greatest pleasure. It was only a foolish fancy of mine to visit my native country and its sunny skies, and this old gentlemen's boat would have afforded me a passage. Would it not, sir?"

"You have stepped aboard it many a time, my child," said Père Martin, in his innocent, dreamy voice. Then he sighed. "But what *le bon Dieu* wishes, we must do." Here he crossed himself piously and looked up to the lowering autumn sky.

César caught the infection, and followed suit with unction. Brownjohn felt that the two were too much for him, and wished to get out of it. He felt in his pocket for his pistol; for piety, as he observed to his friends, always put him on his guard.

"What," he asked, "do they do it for? Aint they got churches to cross themselves in and priests to listen to? What do they go bewitching a police officer with their vanities?"

"Adieu, therefore, *La belle France*," continued César, making a sign of affectionate farewell towards Jules Simon, who, with barked fingers, was gripping the sea wall and heaving to and fro as the dull tide of the harbour rocked the boat under him. "Adieu, *La belle Estelle*—that's the name of thy boat, friend Martin?"

"Yes; it was *her* name too," answered the Frenchman, innocently and naturally. "I

can tell thee all, Mr. Officer. You detain me here for no purpose."

"Oh, I won't detain you long. You come up with me by the night coach. And as for telling me, I warn you—"

"Ah, that is right, my Brownjohn. These English officers," said Negretti, in a warning voice, "are the soul of honour. They do not question and trouble a poor prisoner. I have had some experience of that—have I not, my Brownjohn?"

"That you have, Negretti. You've got nothing to say to me, Mr. Marton, if that's your name. I've spotted you for this murder, and all my business is to hold you tight until I deliver you up—dead or alive, mind you—to a justice of the peace. That means a magistrate—you may not understand that in your French lingo."

"*Un magistrât, oui*," said the old man, nodding pleasantly. "Yes, I understand. I speak English very well, so does Estelle. We have lived with much English on the coast there."

"Very good; then you come along with me—peaceably, you know, or I call in another officer."

"What for? *Mon Dieu!* a poor old man like me. I will go very willingly. What God wishes, look you, he will do."

"Generally, he does it," said Brownjohn, piously, as if there might be exceptions. "Well, I never make any hard terms with my clients; and so if you like to come as far as the Ship, we can take a snack in comfort. You won't want the darbies?"

He rattled, as he spoke, handcuffs in his pockets.

"Ah, no!" said the old man, blushing. "I have been a soldier in the marine. I will obey."

The frank look of the old man mollified Brownjohn, who knew that he ran no danger; and who would have tackled, if called upon to do so, half a dozen foreigners.

"And I will help you, my Brownjohn," said César.

"Umph!" grunted the police officer. "Now, boy, look alive!"

Patsy jumped into the boat with alacrity, searched every cranny, and brought out Père Martin's clothes, which he deftly wrapped up in a little bundle. He was not hindered by the fish-like Jules Simon, who looked, saw, heard, and said nothing—constrained to be quiet by a sign from his captain. Then, when all was ready, Brownjohn put César

and Père Martin arm-in-arm before him, as if they were going out for a walk, and he and Patsy followed after; and behind the little procession rose a grunt—half sigh, half perplexity—from the marine animal, Jules Simon, of "*Bon soir, mon maître*." His rough dialect made the words sound like "*bon baître*;" and to this he added, with a dull sigh, "Shall I ever see thee more?"

SOCIAL GRIEVANCES.—No. VII.

IMPECUNIOSITY.

I DARE say it will astonish many of my readers when I tell them that I am writing this article at the window of a gorgeously furnished library, whence I look over my thousands of acres, my herds and flocks, my fishponds and greenhouses, and other possessions which go with the estate of a wealthy country gentleman.

"What can he knowabout impecuniosity?" says the impatient and unintelligent critic, as he tosses the paper peevishly out of his hand, and vows that Gadabout is getting intolerable in his dotage. Stop a minute, my friend.

Before that surly, ill-conditioned old curmudgeon, my uncle, died—peace to his ashes—and left me four hundred and twenty-three thousand pounds, four shillings, and fivepence halfpenny—I give you the exact sum I inherited, after paying legacy duty, lawyers' and undertakers' bills, and erecting a magnificent mausoleum in Brompton Cemetery, big enough to hold a hundred remains—I say, before that hap—I mean, before that melancholy event occurred, I was always more or less hard up, and seldom knew what it was to have a pound in my pocket a week after quarter-day.

Why that deplorable old miscreant—heaven rest his soul!—should have made me his heir, I can't, for the life of me, conceive—unless he hoped that riches would make me as miserable as they did him. Be that as it may, here I am, at all events, in clover, feeling particularly lively and cheerful to-day, as I have four jolly fellows coming from the club to spend a few days with me, crack no end of bottles of claret, and console me for the absence of that admirable woman, Mrs. Gadabout—who, I regret to say, has just left me, five minutes ago, for a two months' tour of visits. I have also settled the *menu* with M. Casserole, my cook; and, as "a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remem-

bering happier days," so a joy's crown of joy ought to be remembering, in prosperity, your seedy days.

I don't at all mean to say that impecuniosity has not got its advantages. Certainly I cannot, at this moment, recall any writings in which impecuniosity is regarded from any other than a disagreeable point of view; although I can remember many agreeable passages in various authors on the advantages or disadvantages, the vanity, the proper or improper use, of riches. Yet, if we compare the celebrity, the reputation, or even the popularity of the representative men of either condition, I think the impecunious one—poor devil!—may derive consolation from the fact that he has the best of it in all the above respects. Cræsus, Midas, and Dives are not so favourably known to posterity as Job, Belisarius, or Lazarus; and, if we descend to mere fashions of speech, the poverty of a church mouse—living, as he does, in the odour of sanctity—is surely worthier of our respectful consideration than the ill-gotten riches of a Judas. As the world has wagged on, it has increased in good feeling, if it hasn't in common sense; and, in these days, the Roman satirist might discover that there are greater hardships in poverty than that it makes men ridiculous. I never dined out oftener than I did when I was living in the Temple; and I doubt if I enjoy any of M. Casserole's dishes now half so much as I did that delicious chop, and kidney, consumed at the Cock in old days.

It was only natural that Bob Lackington and I—who had been rusticated, plucked, got the Hertford and Ireland, and our double-first, pulled in the same boat, and played in the same eleven—should, after leaving Oxford, throw in our lot again together, and propose pursuing our legal studies with such ardour as would ultimately necessitate our tossing up for the Woolsack when the time arrived—which it undoubtedly would—when it must be conferred on one of us. So we took four filthy rooms in Bolsover-buildings, dignified by the name of chambers. Our means were exceedingly limited, while our liabilities were boundless. Nevertheless, we had engaged a "clerk"—the most awful specimen of youthful depravity, for his age, it has ever been my lot to meet with out of the dock. His duties were confined to varnishing our boots, and keeping the oak sported, to which he had to see that a per-

petual announcement was affixed, to the effect that Lackington was "at consultation," and I "in the Court of Exchequer." If this latter sacred duty was pretermitted, he was liable to penalties more dire than those of a careless vestal virgin.

During those inevitable periods which occurred between utter insolvency and quarter-day, we were frequently put to it for a dinner. Lackington had a gun, the gift of a wealthy relative, who was always calling, or rather trying to call, as he never could get in, for the reasons above mentioned; and I, an emerald ring, of great beauty and value; and when our resources ran low, we had to betake ourselves to these inanimate objects to refurnish our pockets.

The gun was always kept till the last moment—as, in case the wealthy relative succeeded in getting in, he would be sure to ask to see it; and, though Lackington was generally equal to the occasion, there might have been some difficulty in accounting satisfactorily for its absence on the spur of the moment.

So my ring was generally appointed financial agent, and the loan was effected in this wise. Having given strict injunctions to the clerk that, in case the Duke of X. called, he was to say that Mr. Lackington had just been sent for on important business by the Lord Chancellor, Lackington put my ring on his finger, and we sallied forth to a neighbouring pawnbroker, with whom we were on friendly terms. But though he knew us both well, Lackington always insisted on the dignity of impecuniosity; and looking into the window for about a minute, walked into the shop, and, with a haughty courtesy, desired the accommodating and worthy capitalist to show him some of the handsomest bracelets exposed for sale. After viewing about twenty of these, and fully expressing his opinion on their value, their workmanship, or tastefulness, he said—

"Dear me! dear me!—that reminds me. I've a very valuable ring here, supposed to have once belonged to Lucrezia Borgia, about which I should like to have your opinion"—pulling it off, and displaying it. "I suppose now, in the way of business, you would lend three or four pounds upon it?"

"Yes, sir, four pounds, I dare say," said the capitalist, perfectly aware of what was coming, as the comedy had been played several times before, with a few slight variations.

"Ah, well!—dear me, yes; I think, perhaps, it will be better. I am going abroad to-morrow for a few weeks; and, as it will be safer with you than with me, I'll take the four pounds, and leave it with you for a short time. Good morning. Thank you." And he took up his four pounds and his ticket, as if he had just conferred an enormous favour on the tradesman.

The gun, as I have said before, was seldom put into requisition, and then generally for some equally impecunious friend—on the strict understanding that, between the months of September and February, it was to be used solely for its legitimate purposes, and not as security.

One of his most ingenious bits of "financing" was the letting my sitting-room, during my temporary absence in the country, for six months, to our common friend, Birley, the eminent author. On my return to town, I found our pleasant friend duly installed, and all my books and household gods pitched out neck and crop, I knew not where. On my reproaching Lackington for this deplorable breach of confidence, and asking him what he meant by it, he had the astounding assurance to say—

"My dear fellow!—my dear fellow! A most interesting and, at the same time, lucrative arrangement. Having been much struck at the ingenious idea of 'Box and Cox,' which I saw the other night, and considering how much better it would be for your prospects if you were to attend the courts from ten till four, the only time of day our friend is here—except from seven till eleven in the evening, when you are always at the club—I thought I couldn't do better than let Birley your room. I may casually remark, that he hasn't the slightest idea that the room belongs to you, and he has the strongest objection to anybody going into it. But that is a mere matter of detail. I thought it would be so exceedingly gratifying to you to be able to say, in future years, 'Birley wrote such a book in my chair, or first conceived his great Theory of the Caryatides at my table;' and, perhaps, some day an admiring public might be induced to visit these chambers—now classic ground—at so much a-head."

"But, my dear Lackington, I am paying you rent for a room into which I can't get!"

"Very likely, very likely, my dear boy; but what on earth has that got to do with it?"

So I was obliged to laugh, and Lackington sent for oysters.

Our names still remain over the doorpost, but the place knows us no more; and, if a discerning public would like to visit the "classic ground," I will discover its whereabouts for a consideration.

And there are people who tell you that money will not bring happiness. Bosh! I don't mean to say that it will purchase the affection of your wife—though a hundred pounds occasionally and judiciously laid out may procure a very fair imitation of it, if you have a fancy that way. But it will buy you consolations for the loss of what it won't buy. If I lead a cat and dog life with my spouse, and a little passage of arms occurs just before dinner—if I am impecunious, I am forced to sit down opposite to her during that meal, spoiling my digestion by my temper, and in the society of a person whom, for the moment, I cordially detest. Whereas, if I have sovereigns in my pocket, I jingle out an accompaniment to my last sarcasm, and walk out of the house to my club, where I expend thirty shillings on the very choicest wines and viands. Ha! ha! What do I care now for my wife and her villainous temper? Having pounds, as Mr. Skimpole said, I am able to dictate my terms of separation, *a mensâ*, at all events, without any fuss or scandal; with the further certainty of being able to annoy her by returning late, waking her out of her first sleep, and wafting around me a fine perfume of stale cigars, to which she has a deep-seated objection.

Money not bring happiness, forsooth! Try me—as I used to say in my poverty. What is your happiness? Mine is turtle soup, truffles, Lafitte, venison, foie gras, a comfortable house, pictures, friends—any amount of friends you may get for money—fishing, Gregory's powder, whist, tobacco, a box at the opera, three months at Paris when it is habitable, and other little luxuries. Every one of these I can buy. Nay, I can afford to be generous. It costs nothing. When I was poor, a shabby fellow used to send me at Christmas a hamper filled with the delicacies I loved. Only one, fancy! Of course, it barely sufficed for my own necessities, and I was unable to share it with my poor wife and children. Now I am rich, I hurl amongst my beggarly pauper acquaintance hampers of wine, turkeys, boars' heads, sirloins, and all the delicacies of the season. I

don't think Sedicote tastes meat all the year round, but that I send him at the so-called festive season. My whole life is a *festa*, and I don't want a particular season to remind me that the time has arrived for me to over-eat and drink myself.

No, impecuniosity is the greatest of social grievances. I am not a Socialist—thank Heaven!—and I should strongly object to share my goods with the gentlemen of Trafalgar-square. But surely some plan might be devised by which the impecunious members of the aristocracy should receive certain sums from the State, without their having to submit to the degradation of working for them. I myself would gladly subscribe a few hundreds a-year to a fund for that purpose. Why? I am credibly informed that in the City, now, there are hundreds of cadets of noble families engaged in commercial pursuits; and that young Contango, Lord Carryover's son, is one of the pillars of the Stock Exchange, snubs Rothschild, pooh-poohs Oppenheim, and has half Hurlingham down in his books—at which place of resort he may be seen every Saturday afternoon after the "House" closes; and that it is not pigeons of the winged tribe that are the game he seeks. Then the wine trade includes half the Army List; brewers are allied to no end of great people; bankers—but I'll draw the line at bankers. There is something respectable about banking; and—being of a humorous turn of mind—I have always admired the ingenuity with which they make their fortunes by lending you your own money, for which they charge you a handsome interest.

But the misery of impecuniosity must culminate when it is necessary for the wretched patient to hide himself abroad. Although I have never lived abroad, except for my own pleasure, I have had frequent opportunities of seeing my brother Britisher suffering from that complaint, and of judging of the kind of life he must lead. And what an existence it must be! How elevating the society of Mrs. Scummington! How delightful the soirées of the Hon. Mrs. Sloper, with those absurd little games of *écarté*, at which that affable nobleman of the "old rock," M. Roy de Lamanche, is so fortunate! I remember, shortly after I left Oxford, meeting a hideous hag at one of the *tables d'hôte* in Dresden: her shameless cheeks be-rouged and be-powdered; and her coarse red throat loaded with jewels, reminding me of the piece of

raw meat, covered with precious stones, with which Sinbad saw the roe flying away from the Valley of Diamonds. I remember this harridan pressing me to take coffee with Monsieur her husband, and to make a little party at cards in her drawing-room after dinner, which handsome offer I declined. And a year or two afterwards, when I was taking the air one afternoon in the Burlington Arcade, I met this precious pair; and Monsieur the husband was pointed out to me as the Italian scoundrel whose memory was so deficient at the trial of Queen Caroline.

And who has not beheld the gratifying spectacle at the *Etablissement*, of Miss Brown being whirled about in the fondly encircling arms of M. le Capitaine Bambocheur; or seen, with amazement, the lovely Miss Plungerton simpering at the elegant feats in the cavalier *seul* of Lieutenant Rigolboche, who makes the delight of the balls at the neighbouring camp? I protest, when I think of the horrors of living impecunious in a foreign town, my equanimity deserts me, and I would prefer imprisonment in England to a whole eternity of liberty abroad.

Therefore, my beloved Jones, remain and enjoy your impecuniosity in your own country. Keep within the penny postage district. Damon thinks it a confounded bore if he has to invest two-and-eightpence every time he writes to Pythias, who is Vice-Consul at the Fiji Islands, or Chief Justice of Newfoundland. But when it is only a question of a penny, you may frequently have a line from Jem or Bob, sending you the last pleasant club gossip: how Buzgoose has never ceased revoking since you left; how Ap-Boel had a dozen prawns to his breakfast, at half-a-crown apiece; and how Mac-Noisy took sixteen glasses and a-half of whisky toddy the night before, and wept copiously on the waiter's shoulder when he came to put out the lights.

And remember, my dear friend, when you have your dark moments—as you probably will have; when you regret the absence of friends, your club, your whist, and pleasant society; when you are obliged painfully to admit that your present position is, or is not, as the case may be, your own fault; when the agreeable reflection presents itself, that your intimate friend who helped to ruin you is at that moment the respected occupant of your favourite arm-chair, in the smoking-room of the club from which you have been obliged to retire: you will derive

this enormous consolation—that your remaining in England is exceedingly annoying to your relations.

But this opens up such an extensive prospect, and my experiences in that connection are so agreeable and varied, that it is impossible to pursue the subject at present any further. Besides, I recognize a nose protruded from a fly, which has just driven up, as the nose of Lackington; and can hear his voice in the hall, ordering my servants about as if he had never had less than ten thousand a-year!

Jones, old fellow!—ah! is it a faint odour of truffles that comes wafted upwards?—One word more, and I have done. If impecuniosity has its drawbacks, it has also its advantages. Your relations will generally cut you dead, but your friends will be more friendly than ever. Your pleasures are simple and inexpensive; your appetite and digestion are improved by plain and wholesome fare, and—— Look out, my boy, for a hamper from Morel's I have ordered for you—carriage paid—and a case of champagne for the private use of Mrs. Jones.

MR. GOLIGHTLY;

OR, THE

ADVENTURES OF AN AMIABLE MAN.

CHAPTER IV.

SKIM. COLL., CAM.

WE left our hero in a fly, with his friend, Mr. Pokyr. He looked out as they drove along at all the objects of interest by the way, and his companion supplied him with a great deal of information in a very small compass. For instance, he learned that the imposing white brick edifice, with arcades in either wing, which is passed to the right hand of a carriage driving up Trumpington-street, was the official summer residence of the Vice-Chancellor. This building, however, he afterwards found out, was known as Addenbrooke's Hospital; and as many others of the places he saw during this drive he discovered, at a later period of his residence in Cambridge, to be more commonly called by names quite different from those Mr. Pokyr gave to them, it is useless, as far as practical purposes are concerned, to repeat here the names he first knew them by. Suffice it to say, in justice to Mr. Pokyr's genius, that they were more fanciful than trustworthy. After a drive of fifteen minutes, Mr. Golightly was set down at the gate of

the college—his college! Proud reflection! I think, at this moment, had the statue of the founder, which is perched up over the gate, been within reach, Mr. Samuel would have been inclined to embrace it. However, as it was some feet above him, he contented himself by following his luggage and Mr. Pokyr across the great “quad,” through the “screens,” into the “cloister court,” where, through his cousin's influence with the Rev. Titus Bloke, the tutor, rooms had been allotted him. He followed his guides up a flight of old oak stairs, and found himself on a landing, on either side of which was a door, and over one of these doors was the name “Pokyr;” and over the other, in newly painted white letters on a black ground, the name “S. A. Golightly” met his delighted gaze. With a very natural impulse, he entered, seated himself upon the green sofa, and was about to indulge in a poetic reverie upon his new abode, when he was rudely awakened to the stern realities of life by the sudden and simultaneous appearance from an inner room of two figures—a man and a woman—his bedmaker and his gyp. The former—a lady advanced in years, and attired in a brown dress, decorated in front with a dirty apron—was dropping a series of little curtsies, which is a way bedmakers have of expressing welcome and respect. The latter was scraping and bowing with a like intention.

“Please, sir—bedmaker, sir; yes, sir—if you please, sir,” said the lady.

“Gyp, sir—please, sir,” said the man.

Our hero smiled benignly upon both.

“Cribb, sir—Mrs. Cribb, sir,” said the lady.

“Betsy,” said the gyp.

“Which my christenin' name is Elizabeth, sir: wherefore Betsy or Cribb; and either name answered to when called,” said Mrs. Cribb.

“Sneek, sir,” said the gyp, as he caught Mr. Golightly's eye.

“John,” said Mrs. Cribb.

“Yes, sir—John Sneek,” assented Mr. Sneek. “And,” he continued, addressing his new master, “Cribb and me, sir, 's gyp and bedmaker on this staircase.”

“Which we are,” put in Mrs. Cribb. “And Sneek, as I said before, the gentleman's cousin to Mr. Golightly below.”

“Xcuse me, Cribb, but I told you; for Mr. George Golightly says to me, ‘Sneek,’ says he—”

"Now, what *is* the use, John Sneek, when—"

The person addressed gave a wink, intended for our hero's edification, and pointed expressively over his left shoulder.

"Below you, sir," he continued, pointing down; "ground floor, you've got your cousin—which I never want to see no better master. Above, Mr. Eustace Jones, which we expect will be senior the year arter next, sir; and to your right 'and, sir, the Honble Pokyr."

During this speech Mrs. Cribb stood with her arms akimbo, and her gaze intently fixed on the ceiling.

"Now, don't you hear Muster Eustace Jones a callin' of you?" said the gyp, addressing Mrs. Cribb. "I'm sure we shall do very well without you for a minnit; sha'n't we, sir?" he continued, glancing at our hero.

Mrs. Cribb being thus compelled to attend to the summons of the gentleman above, reluctantly resigned to her coadjutor, Sneek, the opportunity both desired of having the first "pull" at their new master. Directly she was well clear of the room and her footsteps heard on the stairs, the gyp—who was a man apparently of about forty years of age, with a "corporation" worthy of an alderman, but with legs scarcely adequate to its support; a face the colour of parchment, and slightly pitted with small-pox; two sharp twinkling eyes, one of which was about half an inch higher than the other; a large mouth, half of which nature or habit had taught him to dispense with, as he always spoke with the left corner closed and tightly pursed up; and a crop of very short, straight, black hair. He was attired in a suit of seedy black, the annual gift of the Fellows, whose clothes Mr. Sneek had declared, any time for the last twenty years, "fitted him to a T." This, however, nobody perceived but himself, or "fitting to a T" is but a bad fit after all—well, this worthy, directly Mrs. Cribb's back was turned, began to speak of her merits as follows:—

"Now, that's just Cribb, that is," he said. "Now, you wouldn't believe it, sir—you wouldn't, indeed—she takes no more notice of a gen'l'm'n a-callin' nor nothink at all. Leaves 'em there, up them stairs, for instance, or down them stairs, as the case might be, you know, sir, a hootin' and shoutin' their very insides out, till I says, 'Now, Cribb, Muster So-and-so's a calling of you.'"

"Indeed," said Mr. Samuel Golightly.

"Every word gawspel truth, I assure you, sir. You'll find it out afore you've been here long, sir. She's a rum 'un, Cribb is, sir; and that's all about it," said the gyp, pulling a very doleful face. "But you'll like to look through your rooms whilst I unpack your traps for you, sir. Three rooms you've got, sir; and most fortunate to get into college in your first term, sir. Yes, sir, this is your keeping-room; and this," continued Mr. Sneek, leading the way, "this here's your study, as Mr. Grantley, as had these rooms last, used to call it—not to say as he studied much hisself though—which, perhaps, you aint a goin' to over-fatigue yourself; and, as I frequently say, one readin' man on a staircase is quite enough; and there's no denyin' as Mr. Eustace Jones as keeps above is a readin' man—never drinks nothink but green tea and soda water."

"Really," said our hero, wondering, perhaps, how a man would look after a long course of these two beverages.

"Readin'," exclaimed Mr. Sneek, contempt flashing from every feature of his expressive face—"now readin' aint the thing for an out-an'-out gen'l'm'n, is it, sir? Like the Honble Pokyr now, for instance, or you, sir, beggin' pardon for what I say; though he keeps a man of his own, which—being gyp on the staircase—aint no pertickler advantage to me. No, not pertickler," added he, with an ironical smirk and suppressed chuckle. "Wine, sir," said Mr. Sneek, partly addressing himself to the hampers and partly to their owner. "Let's see: this'll go into the bins in the winders, and then there's that closet, and there's the cupboards in the bookcase."

Mr. Golightly inspected them minutely.

"Keys, sir," replied Sneek, in answer to a query of our hero's. "Yes, there is keys somewhere. I've got a key at home, I know, as fits that farthest bin; for sometimes, when there was nothink in it, it used to be locked. But, lor bless you, sir!" he added, in a confidential whisper; "keys aint no use where Cribb is—aint indeed, sir; nothink more nor ornaments—aint, 'pon my word, sir. You've no idea of what she is. Ah!" said he, with great feeling, "my poor wife 'ould be the bedmaker for this staircase—"

Whatever eulogium was about to follow was instantly cut short by the appearance of Mr. Pokyr, of whom the gyp stood in wholesome dread.

"What lies is that rascal telling now, Golightly?" demanded Pokyr.

Mr. Samuel Adolphus Golightly expressed a faint hope that his gyp was speaking the truth, the whole truth, et cetera.

"Don't believe a word he tells you; and come in and have some dinner in my rooms, as we are too late for Hall—ready in ten minutes."

With this invitation, Mr. Pokyr left our hero to complete a hasty toilet.

"He's a funny 'un, he is," remarked Mr. Sneek, as he unpacked our hero's portmanteau.

Mr. Samuel Golightly was on the point of leaving his own rooms for those of his friend, when he was met by Mrs. Cribb. The gyp had gone to the gate for his other luggage. This was Mrs. Cribb's chance. She was equal to the occasion.

"I hope that officious Sneek aint been a purloinin' of my character, sir. But shall you like a cup of tea to-night, sir, if you please?" she asked, in her blandest tones. "I shall be here again at nine, sir; when, if there's anything else you want, I hope you'll tell me. I've ordered you what groceries you want, sir; and your sheets is as well aired as if I was a-going to sleep in 'em myself. Really me, now!" she exclaimed, as she set her foot amongst the bottles Sneek had placed upon the floor, "I was almost knocking these here bottles over. John Sneek might have put 'em in a safer place. You're a-going to have 'em put into the bins, I s'pose, sir," Mrs. Cribb continued. "Now, there was keys to them bins when fust Mr. Grantley come into these rooms; but he never wanted to lock up nothink with no keys. But keys—bless you, sir!—keys aint no use where John Sneek is. I've know'd him many years, sir. Ah!" said she, with evident emotion, "my poor, dear husband, which is such a convicted martyr to the rheumatics, 'ud be the gyp for this staircase. As I've often said to different gentlemen as I've had for masters—which they all thought the same as I did—Sneek's habits is not suitable for such a place, as you'll find out afore you've know'd him long, sir."

Mr. Samuel Golightly was about to soothe Mrs. Cribb's agitated feelings, by expressing an unbounded confidence in the gyp-like capabilities of that "convicted martyr to the rheumatics," when Mr. Pokyr's servant called him to dinner.

We have said that Mr. Golightly's friend, Pokyr, "kept"—as the phrase is—in the rooms opposite his own. The dinner was laid for four; and our hero found his cousin, Mr. Calipee, and his host seated when he entered. During the interval between the soup and the fish, he had time to look round Mr. Pokyr's luxuriously furnished apartment.

The room was, like all others on this staircase, panelled throughout with oak. On the walls hung a choice and varied collection of engravings: Herring's "Silks and Satins of the Turf," and "Silks and Satins of the Field," occupying the places of honour on either side of the mantelpiece; above which were ranged pipes of every age and condition, from old to new, and clean to very dirty. Round the glass were stuck letters, "invites," meets of "the Drag," "Cambridge Harriers," Cutlet Club dinners, "Lyceum" suppers, and racing fixtures for the current year. Plants in blossom, from the nurseryman's; and beautiful busts and sculptures from the studio of that celebrated Italian artist, Signor Ariosto Ramingo, whose "Buy a nice image to-day" is so well known, graced the room. A piano, with a case of books on each side, stood between the windows. Mr. Golightly was just admiring, for the third time, the portrait of Miss Menken as the Mazeppa, which hung above it on the wall opposite him, and was vacantly taking his first mouthful of crimped sole, when he was alarmed by terrific cries and violent stamping from the room overhead. He was the more astonished, as the other three gentlemen continued quietly to eat their dinner.

"Gracious Heavens!" he exclaimed, starting to his feet. "W-what is being done? What is the matter?"

"Oh," replied his host, "he has got another out. That's all."

"In the name of goodness!" cried Mr. Samuel, preparing to rush to the victim's rescue, "another what? A tooth, a limb—what?"

"No; a problem. It's only Jones. He always does that when he has worked a problem out right. We are quite accustomed to it, you see."

The mathematician's yells and stamps of delight were continued for some seconds, and were succeeded by a dull, rolling noise, accompanied by a great scuffling.

"What is he doing now?" demanded

Mr. Samuel, whose nerves had not yet recovered from the shock they had received at first.

"Now," said Mr. Calipee, "he is taking his exercise. He plays at croquet on the carpet. Pleasant for us, isn't it?"

Mr. Golightly could not agree with the native of India on this point.

"Champagne, sir?" said Mr. Pokyr's man.

"Thank you," said our hero.

"How is your wine, Golightly?" inquired Mr. Calipee, at the same time tasting his own.

"Very good, thank you."

"What I am drinking is pretty good, too. As I often tell Pokyr, who drinks a deal of mine, there is nothing more deceptive than wine. This bottle is good," he added, with an air of melancholy resignation; "but who knows what the next may be?"

Such was the Nigger's gloomy way of regarding the future.

In the room above them, Mr. Jones was going on with his game of croquet with great spirit.

"Dash the fellow! He's the only drawback to this staircase," said Pokyr.

"If he were not there," said the Nigger, "there would be something else, no doubt. You do not know Tommy Chutney, do you, Golightly?"

"No, not at present," replied our hero, smiling.

"You'll like him," said Calipee. "He comes from Bombay. He's sure to give you a nickname, Tommy is. He gives everybody a nickname. He called me Nigger before he had known me ten minutes."

A nervous horror crept over Mr. Samuel. He hated nicknames. He hoped it would be some considerable time before he made Mr. Chutney's acquaintance.

"Most of the Cutlet men have got a nickname," continued Calipee. "There's Blaydes, downstairs—Tommy called him Jamaica. Jamaica Blaydes is not bad—is it?"

"Why do they call him J-Jamaica?" asked Mr. Samuel.

"I don't know. Perhaps, because he comes from Jamaica, or something. After dinner, I must call upon him."

"I must look some fellows up, after dinner," said Pokyr. "You will excuse us, I dare say, Golightly?"

Our hero signified his readiness to do so.

And, after coffee and a cigar had been discussed, he retired to his own rooms; and, in a few minutes, betook himself to his virtuous couch.

"Then circumfused around him gentle sleep,
Lulling the sorrows of his heart to rest,
O'ercame his senses."

How long he slept, he never knew; as, from absence of mind, or the newness of his situation, he had forgotten to wind up his watch. He awoke, however, with a start. It was as dark as pitch. There was an unearthly boring at his door. He heard a low whisper. Something was being done. His first impulse was to shout "Murder" or "Police." In a second or so the noises had ceased. He sprang out of bed, and made for the door. He tried to open it. Ah! locked—no; here is the key. Why, won't it open? He pulled, he pushed; but the door remained fast as a rock. Horrible thought!—are the colleges haunted? Was this a ghostly freak, or was he at the wrong door? He was in a cold perspiration. But the idea of night-lights relieved him. He found his matches, lighted the candle, examined the door. It was the only door in the room, and therefore he had come in through it. Now it was fast. Leaving his candle burning on the table beside him, he betook himself to bed, but not to sleep. Twice he heard the great college clock strike, with deep-toned knell, before he fell into a light and disturbed slumber, haunted by fearful dreams. He awoke. It was daylight. The candle had burnt down in its socket. He heard the welcome voice of Sneek, his gyp.

"Here's a go! They've been and screwed him in. Ha'-past eight, sir," he called out, "if you'd like to get up. We shall have the door undone in a minnit. You're screwed in, sir."

And, as Sophocles said—only in Greek—

"The bugbears of the dreamful night,
Are food for mirth in clear daylight."

Here was the mystery of the night explained. By an instinctive feeling, Mr. Golightly connected Mr. Pokyr with this business, although he never found out for certain the perpetrators of the cruel plot.

He rose, dressed himself with his usual care, and walked downstairs to call upon his cousin. He found Mr. George still in bed. He gave him an account of the pleasing attention which had been paid him in the night. As a truthful chronicler, I cannot

say that Mr. George seemed surprised when he heard it. He said, encouragingly—

"Ah, you must expect these little things at first—just in your freshman's term, you know. I have been screwed in myself."

"Who should you think did it, now?" asked our hero.

"'Pon my life, I couldn't tell you—couldn't spot the man, for certain. It may lie between six."

Mr. Samuel Golightly had his suspicions, but did not pursue the matter further.

"I'll get up," said Mr. George. "Just step outside, and shout for Sneek."

Mr. Samuel did so several times, without eliciting any response. At last, after the sixth time of shouting, Mr. Sneek appeared on the landing.

"Comin', sir; comin', directly!"

He followed our hero into his cousin's bed-room.

"Now, what'll you have for breakfast, old fellow? Say the word. What do you like?"

Mr. Samuel felt sure he should like anything Mr. George liked.

"Come," said that gentleman, "make a choice. What do you say to a 'spread-eagle' and some sausages? 'Spread-eagle' is a fowl sat upon and squashed, you know."

"Anything you like," replied Mr. Samuel.

"All right. Sneek, order a 'spread-eagle,' with mushrooms, and some sausages."

The gyp departed immediately for the kitchens.

"Now, my boy," said George, "amuse yourself in the next room whilst I dress."

Our hero accordingly took a survey of his cousin's quarters. Just at the same moment, Mr. George made his appearance from his bed-room, and the cook entered with the "spread-eagle," and Mr. Sneek followed with the sausages.

"Tea or cawfee shall I make, sir?" said he, addressing Mr. George.

"Which do you say, tea or coffee?"

Our hero expressed a preference for the former.

Tea was accordingly made; and Mr. Samuel was just taking his second cup, when in walked his friend, Mr. Pokyr, and Mr. Jamaica Blaydes.

"Oh!" said George. "Blaydes, my cousin!"

Our hero formally saluted Mr. Blaydes. This gentleman, who kept in the rooms opposite, wore a yellowish-green waistcoat

and trousers, red slippers, and a blue dressing-gown, with red tassels and cord.

Our hero, to whom the easy familiarity of University life was new, thought this a singular dress for a morning call.

"You have scarcely been up long enough for me to ask you how you like Cambridge life," said Mr. Blaydes, addressing Mr. Golightly.

"No, scarcely yet; though I feel sure I shall like it very much indeed," he replied.

"I never knew but one man who didn't," said Blaydes; "and in his case, want of taste was excusable. He was going to be married directly he had got his degree."

"I suppose he got through all his examinations very fast, then?" said Mr. Samuel.

"Well, yes," replied Blaydes, "as fast as he could. He used to sigh for his Euphemia; say he hated living in college; and quarrel religiously with Mrs. Cribb."

"Quarrel with Mrs. Cribb!" exclaimed our hero. "Why, she seems to be a very friendly old woman. We are quite good friends already."

"She will be better friends with your brandy bottle, my dear Samuel Adolphus," remarked Mr. Pokyr, "as soon as she has made its acquaintance. What are you going to be up to?" he asked.

"Well," replied Mr. Samuel, "I believe we are going—that is, George and I—to purchase a cap and gown for—for me; and to—call upon the tutor; and George has promised to show me round the University."

"If perfectly agreeable," said Mr. Pokyr, "Blaydes and I will go with you on the latter errand; but I never visit the Reverend Titus Bloke unless I am sent for. So you'll excuse me from joining you in that visit."

"Oh, certainly," replied Mr. Samuel, smiling.

Accordingly, a few minutes afterwards, they all set out from Skimmery together.

"You must change that 'topper' for a 'pot' at once, or you'll be mistaken for a nobleman," said Mr. Pokyr to our hero. He wore a 'pot' himself.

Mr. Samuel was debating within himself whether he should or should not like to be mistaken for a nobleman, when his cousin remarked that "This was the place."

They entered a shop on the Parade.

"Cap and gown, sir? Yes," said the obliging shopkeeper. "Skimmery, sir, may I ask?"

Mr. Samuel replied in the affirmative;

and was rapidly accommodated with the well-known blue gown and mortar-board.

"'Pon my word," said Pokyr, "you look quite interesting in them."

"Gentlemen mostly do, sir," said the tailor.

As Mr. Samuel saw himself reflected at full length in the glass before him, he really could not help thinking he did; and wished his Fa and his Aunt Dorothea could see him in them. However, he was not long before he transmitted to Oakingham six album portraits, done in the best style.

"Now you want some bands," said Mr. Pokyr, glancing at George.

"Bands?" said Mr. Samuel, in an inquiring manner.

"Not music, my dear boy—muslin," said Pokyr.

"Shall you require bands, sir?" said the tailor, "at this early—"

Mr. Pokyr looked at the tradesman in a way that quieted his doubts.

And accordingly our hero was supplied with six pairs, nicely starched, and, as the man remarked, "ready for immediate wear."

Mr. Samuel next purchased the requisite "pot" hat; and then, with some slight embarrassment, asked his cousin to lend him some money to pay for them; as, for anything he knew to the contrary, his purse was still "on the piano."

"Pay, my dear fellow!" said Pokyr, "that's a thing we never think of here."

"Don't mention it, pray, sir," said the tailor. "Most happy, sir, to open an account."

"You would feel quite offended, Smith, if he offered to pay you, would you not?" demanded Blaydes, who was himself a customer.

"I most certainly should, sir," said the obliging Smith, as he bowed them out of his shop.

The four gentlemen strolled along the Parade. Like everybody who sees it for the first time, Mr. Golightly was very much impressed with the chapel of King's. They strolled on past Corpus.

"What church is this?" he asked, pointing to the edifice at the corner of Silver-street.

"That," replied Pokyr, "is the 'Varsity church. You can go to-morrow and hear the sermon, if you like."

"Who preaches there?"

"All the great swells—four Sundays at a

stretch," said Pokyr. "Do you know who it is, Blaydes?"

"I saw it on the 'screens' as we came through," said Mr. Blaydes. "It's the Archbishop of Dublin, I think."

"I must confess, I don't often go," Mr. Pokyr remarked. "I've only been once; that was when the Reverend Titus Bloke, B.D., Fellow and Tutor of Skimmery, was on. Then I went to his first, took a front seat in the gallery, just over the pulpit, so that he was obliged to see me; and paid the greatest attention to him. But I could not stand another dose."

"We have enough of him in chapel," said Blaydes.

"What time does the sermon begin?" inquired Mr. Samuel, determined to hear the Archbishop, and send a full account in his first letter to the Rectory.

"At eleven o'clock," said Pokyr. "Shall you come?"

"Yes. I am suré I should like to do so," was our hero's reply.

"You can't miss your way; all in a straight line from Skimmery. But if you think you can't find it again, if I am up in time I will come and show you," said Mr. Pokyr.

"Tell you what," said George; "we must go and look up Bloke."

"All right. We will turn back now," said Pokyr.

So they retraced their steps to Skimmery. Here, on going to Mr. Samuel's rooms, they found that the cap and gown had arrived before them. Mr. Sneek was busy putting the wine into the "bins in the winders," and Mrs. Cribb was there too, either assisting him or looking on.

"Beg your pardon, sir, but I've had a accident with one," said the gyp, holding up a sherry bottle, with the neck knocked off and half the wine spilled.

It afterwards struck Mr. Samuel that he did not notice any on the carpet.

"What had we better do with this, sir?" he asked of Mr. George.

"No reason that I see, Sneek, for breaking one; but, as it is done, you and Mrs. Cribb had better have that one."

"Thank you, sir!" said Sneek and Mrs. Cribb together.

"Not as I care about wine," said she; "for, when I do take anythink, as John Sneek knws, it is a glass of sperrits."

"I think you are not very particular, Mrs. Cribb," George said.

"Which, sir, it would ill become me to be, havin' been twelve year a 'helper' on this staircase before bein' relevelated to the duties of bedmaker. How did you sleep, sir?" she said, addressing Mr. Samuel, who at this moment made his appearance, attired in full academicals; "for, as I said to John Sneek, the very fust thing in the morning, to have gone and screwed you in the very fust night, it were certingly owda-cious, to say the least."

"I must say, Mrs. Cribb, I have slept better," replied our hero.

"For as far as the sheets went," continued the bedmaker, "as I said to John Sneek, afore you arrived, 'John Sneek,' I said, 'them sheets is aired as well as if I was a-goin' to sleep in 'em myself,' which I always am most pertickler; for my poor husband, which, as John Sneek knows, is a convicted martyr to rheumatics, always is attributed to havin' slep' in a damp bed.' And," she added, "if you are a-going to call on the tutor, as I come through the quad I see him a-goin' into his rooms, sir."

With Mr. Samuel's first appearance in a cap and gown, we commence a fresh paragraph. At first he felt a little awkward in his new dress; and all the while was very conscious that he had got it on, but withal rather pleased than not. To his credit let it be recorded, that he soon felt quite at home in it; and that his gown was soon as shabby, and his cap as battered and broken, as a young gentleman's of fashion should be; though this was brought about rather by the efforts of his friends than by any exertions of his own. He would himself have preferred a gown as spotless as his character, and a cap with a board—well equilateral and rectangular. Mr. Pokyr, however, soon spoilt the corners and cut the tassels of the latter; whilst, at the very first "wine" he went to, he found himself, after a deal of searching for his own, left with the choice of three gowns, which I can only describe as bad, worse, and worst.

He would have bought a new gown, had not his cousin George interfered to prevent this wasteful outlay of the family property.

Having followed his cousin up a short flight of stairs, he found himself opposite a door with a small brass knocker, and above it was inscribed "Mr. Bloke."

Mr. George knocked. A rather weak treble voice was heard to say, "Come in."

They went in: and Mr. Samuel Golightly was in the presence of his tutor.

Was the short gentleman in spectacles, who was advancing to shake hands with him, and nervously asking him "how he did," the same man who had sent the ten thousand and three corrections to Liddell and Scott? It was.

Mr. Samuel felt much more at his ease than he would have done if the great Don had been a man of commanding presence.

"Pray sit down, Mr. Golightly," he said, rubbing his hands together. "Pray be seated. I have had a letter from your father, apprising me of your arrival. He expresses a hope that you will make great progress during your stay here. I am sure I hope so too. You will have to attend chapel every day, and twice on Sunday. You will also attend two lectures every morning: Mr. Bloss will lecture upon Tacitus at ten, and Mr. Summer will lecture upon algebra from eleven to twelve. I hope, at the end of the term, they will both give me a good account of you. If at any time you require my advice, you will always be able to see me in a morning."

Mr. Samuel thanked him; and, perceiving that the interview was ended, rose with his cousin to go.

"I wish you good morning, gentlemen," said the tutor; and in came another freshman, to go through the same ceremony.

Mr. Bloke had to see a great many people every day, and consequently was obliged to get rid of them quickly; and no man could do this with more perfect politeness.

Mr. Samuel left the room with a most favourable impression of Mr. Bloke, and of tutors and dons generally.

"Get into a row," said Mr. George, sapiently, "and then you'll see his teeth!"

Mr. Samuel fervently hoped he should not get into a row.

"Have you ever got into one, George?" he asked.

"Well, Bloke has had to send for me once or twice; but Pokyr's always going."

"Really!" said Mr. Samuel, "is he, George? I am not surprised. Pokyr is such a joker."

"Ah! but Bloke never says much to him. You see they have got political influence, and Bloke means to be a bishop."

There might be something in this. At least, it was generally thought that if anybody else had done half what Pokyr had,

he would have been sent down, and not requested to come back again.

The political influences of the outer world penetrate at times into the oldest colleges in our two ancient and sister Universities.

DOWN A WELL.

IN a little village near Bazeilles, before the fall of Sedan and the occupation of the surrounding country by the Prussians, a party of Zouaves caught sight of a young officer of Hussars, who had ventured alone upon a daring reconnaissance, in advance of his party. They instantly gave chase. Our Hussar dashed away; but two or three light-heeled French soldiers rapidly ascended a piece of rising ground, and were able to bring down his horse with the far-ranging bullets of the Chassepôt. The Hussar was presently made prisoner; and as he spoke French, and complimented his captors in a jocular vein on their skill and celerity, the Zouaves at once became very friendly—gave him some wine and a cigar to smoke while they searched him. The only things they found in his pockets were a Dutch pipe, an empty tobacco pouch, an old knife, and a torn letter. Of course, none of the French knew a word of German, and were still less likely to decipher a word in the German handwriting; but, thinking it might contain something worth knowing, they ordered their prisoner to translate it for them—first making him go down upon his knees, and swear, upon his honour, to give them a faithful translation. He explained that the letter was from a brother-officer in one of the new regiments, which had not yet been engaged; and that the part torn off had been for his pipe. He then read what remained:—

“The waggon with our rations are on the way, but we find them very slow. This is altogether a very hungry business. It began with hunger of the French for our lovely Rhine—”

Some execrations burst from his auditors, and the prisoner stopped; but was instantly ordered to go on.

“And this is really not surprising, because they once possessed it, and know what a beautiful country it is. But we all swear—do we not, my dear Ernst?—that never again shall French *frosch* hop on the banks of that lovely river.”

The prisoner was here interrupted by a demand to be informed if the word *frosch* was of an insulting character; but, being assured that it was merely a philological form in natural history, he was allowed to proceed.

“The French are wofully off as to their generals. Only see how they send cavalry to attack our infantry and artillery in a wood! And this repeatedly. Then, they are continually surprised: one of the greatest faults, you know. Our officers are never surprised. MacMahon is a valiant fellow—not a first-rate general, but a good and honourable man—notwithstanding the out-and-out (*gänzlich*) thrashing we gave him. Besides that, we were always able to outwit (*überlisten*) him by Von Moltke’s art. Bazaine seems a very good and trustworthy man; so does Urich—but then he is far more German than French.”

More execrations.

“As for the chief commander in Paris, what do you think of—”

The unfortunate Hussar paused; but he was ordered to go on; and reminded, at the point of the bayonet, of his oath.

“What do you think of old Zu-viel Kohl?”

The Hussar explained that it was only a pun—a mere *calembourg*—*jeu des mots*—not to be translated. Here one of the Zouaves cunningly insisted upon looking at that part of the letter; and then it was found that the Prussian correspondent had written his pun in French—

“What do you think of old *Trop-chou*?”

Their great commander of Paris being thus designated as too much of an old cabbage!

Some of the Zouaves were for bayoneting or shooting their prisoner upon the spot. In vain the Hussar endeavoured to make them see *he* had not written the letter—he had not made the offensive jest. It was a letter written *to*, and not *by* him. His enraged captors said they could not enter into any of these fine distinctions, and he should *therefore* be shot as a spy!

It appears that this very logical verdict would have led to the speedy execution of the luckless Hussar; but that one of the Zouaves suddenly called their attention, in a humorous way, to the fact that it was a promising pun for a Prussian: that such

signs of wit in a barbarous, beer-swilling nation deserved some favour; that the offence was only committed by their prisoner at secondhand, because he had received and had not written the letter. This interposition was received with great laughter, and the punishment of the bullet or the bayonet was commuted by a proposal to lower the Hussar into a well.

This well, as they knew, was at the present moment nearly empty. But rain was beginning to fall; and after rain the well generally became full, even to the top. So down this well they lowered—with many taunts and jokes, not unmingled with a few grim, yet not quite unkindly, pleasantries—our luckless Hussar, whose only error consisted in his patriotic daring, and in not destroying a friend's letter, which contained a "promising pun—for a Prussian!" on the name of the great Trochu.

Heavy rain fell soon after the Hussar was down; and one of the wags of his Zouave captors took the trouble to run several hundred yards to a garden, in order that he might return with a large cabbage, which he threw down the well, supplementing it with a few hasty words, in which the wit, the grossness, the recklessness of *all* lives, the *bonhomie*, and the self-devoting patriotism, struggled in vain for ascendancy. And so the victim was left. The heavy rain seemed likely to continue through the night; and the fate of the young Hussar was settled.

Of course it was settled. In the morning, when the Zouaves went to look at the well, they found it full. "*Pauvre diable!*" said one of them. And then another Zouave began to reason, and say that, after all, the young Prussian fellow could not help what his friend had written. And presently several of them said, "*Pauvre diable!*" And shortly afterwards they met the Hussar coming round a corner, shivering, and saying he had had "a cold night of it!"

The rain had caused the water to rise in the well, near to the very top; and the Hussar—having had the sense to make himself, from boyhood, a fine swimmer—had simply "trod water" for some two hours and a quarter, varied by resting with "suspension by the chin;" and, when the water rose to the top, he just stepped out. The sprightly Zouaves were so delighted with the result and its explanation, that they took him to a room near at hand, made him warm "inside and out," and gave him a

hint to slip round a corner of the house and be off, before the officer of the night watch got sight of him.

After the grave apocryphal manifesto of the Emperor Napoleon—not to speak of many of the telegrams—one does not know what to believe. We may doubt the authenticity of the above story; but, certainly, there is nothing in it at all improbable.

ATALANTA.

TO the hunt, through the forest, the mountain,
the field,
In chase of the hind,
Did he follow his darling, in hope she might yield;
Nor aye be unkind.
But against love's persuasions her bosom was steel'd.
Nor entreaty, nor threat, did Milanion heed,
But ventured the strife;
Tho' death to the swain whom she conquered in speed.
The maiden to wife,
Precious hope for the hero, was victory's meed.
The youth, tho' undaunted, had striven in vain
To merit her smiles,
For as fleet as the roe could she bound o'er the plain.
But innocent wiles
Of the Goddess of Beauty avenged her disdain.
For as maid Atalanta runs laughingly by
Him panting and weak;
From his hand doth the gift of the Deity fly,
Than Venus's cheek
More smooth to the touch and more fair to the eye.
The radiant apple had none of the cold,
Bright glitter, that chills
The bosom of misers, who gaze upon gold,
Till the heart quickly fills
With unhallowed yearnings, the while they behold.
But a mellow hue spread over the gleam
Of this heavenly food.
As it lay on the flowery sward, it would seem
As tho' it had wooed
And won for its fere—like the rose—a sunbeam.
And a bloom it played over the delicate skin,
Transparent to show
The ambrosia, that sparkled so brightly within.
For mortal below
Sure to taste so celestial a dainty 'twere sin.
Could a daughter of Eve such temptation abide?
She yields to the spell!
And again and again has forgotten her pride.
The youth he runs well.
Lo! the goal he hath reached, and the maid is his
bride.

TABLE TALK.

A CORRESPONDENT in North Britain desires us to correct an error in the article, "*Mac Callum More*," p. 324. It was not "the seventh" Duke of Argyll who succeeded to the title in 1814, but the sixth

Duke. The seventh Duke succeeded in 1839; and his son, the eighth and present Duke, in 1847, two years after the birth of the Marquis of Lorne. Our Correspondent—whose name, were we permitted to publish it, would entitle his statement to full respect—directs attention to the marriage of Lord John Campbell (afterwards the seventh Duke) with Miss Joanna Glassell; whose father—W. Glassell, Esq.—had purchased the estate of Longniddry, Haddington. Mr. Glassell was a self-made man, and his relatives were in very humble circumstances; their connection with Mac Callum More is, therefore, a more *bonâ fide* one than that of Mr. Vernon Harcourt. The Princess Louise will thus be united to one whose great-grandfather was the founder of his own fortunes.

IF ANY ONE COULD DO for the clubs of the country what Dr. Strong has done for his own city, in his "Glasgow and its Clubs," he would produce a work full of interest and curious particulars. There is, for example, the Gaiter Club, of Glasgow, of which Lord Palmerston was made a member on April 1st, 1863; and there are the Sutors of Selkirk, who are the burgesses of that town of shoemakers, among whom Prince Leopold and Sir Walter Scott were enrolled. A short time since, on October 27th, the members of the Gullet Club held their ninetieth anniversary with a dinner at the Britannia Hotel, Shrewsbury, at which were present Mr. Douglas Straight, the newly elected M.P. for the borough, and Colonel Corbett, one of the members of the county; both these gentlemen being members of the Gullet Club. We are not aware of the origin of this name, and whether or no it has any reference to that gullet that plays so important a part in swallowing and digesting a good dinner. Then there are the various clubs of Antediluvian Buffaloes, which have lately sprung into existence, and would appear to be largely patronized. Then there is the Gimcrack Club, the members of which are called Gimcracks; but they do not take their peculiar name from those gimcracks that Mrs. Caudle designated "articles of bigotry and virtue," but from a celebrated racehorse named Gimcrack. He was a small gray horse, fourteen hands one inch high, descended from the Godolphin Arabian, and the property of the Marquis of Rockingham. In 1765, Gimcrack won three races at Newmarket, one for a thousand

guineas, and two for five hundred each. A club was founded in his honour in 1767; the members of which have an annual dinner, and subscribe one hundred pounds to the Gimcrack Stake, which is contested at the York August Meeting. The Gimcrack Club held their one hundred and second anniversary dinner on December 15th, 1868, at Harker's Hotel, York. And we suppose that they met again last December, and will reassemble this December for the one hundred and fourth anniversary of the Gimcracks.

UNDER THE TITLE of "Providence and the King of Prussia," the Laodicean *Pall Mall* gives a list of the public appeals of the new William the Conqueror to the heartfelt religious feeling of Germany. For ourselves, we firmly believe that the King is a deeply religious man: many great conquerors and generals have been so. There is little doubt that Mahomet was infused with a religious faith—of a sort; that is, that he was a fanatic rather than a fool. Alva was religious; and the King of Spain, the would-be conqueror of England, a bigot. The old notion that Oliver Cromwell was a hypocrite is long exploded. He thanked God sincerely—as sincerely as a Hebrew slaying the Philistines—for each victory. Blake regularly said his prayers; and Wolfe, hero and patriot, was no less hearty in his supplications. In '61, the King notes that he will reign by the grace of God; in the campaign of Bohemia, he said he won by the visible assistance of God. In July last he said, "God knows I did not seek this war. I call upon God to bless our arms." At Sedan he wrote to the Queen, "What a course events have assumed, by God's guidance;" just as, after Woerth, he had thanked God for His mercy. And at the capitulation of Bazaine at Metz he writes, "Providence be praised!" Now, can any man be more modest? In nine years—and the last a year of wonders—the King publicly acknowledges God's hand in the government of His world about nine times. There is little of the Pharisee in this. What would our public teachers have the King do? Sit still, like Herod, and not give God the glory?

How is it that an error, like a weed, *will* grow, when you have to nurse and watch a truth year by year before it will propagate? The *Pall Mall*—so ready to correct others

in a slip, or to point out an error—persists in translating the King's first telegram to Queen Augusta, "*Wonderful luck!*" This new victory was won by Fritz. Thank God for His mercy!" This refers to the battle of Woerth; and, in this lame translation, the head does not agree with the tail of the sentence. The true translation is an expression of religious awe. The pious King does not talk about his *luck*, but raises his hands and says, "Marvellous disposition of events!" The *Daily News* and the *Spectator* corrected the very important error at the time.

IN ORDER TO SAVE the extra halfpenny that would be secured by a penny postage stamp, and the privacy of an envelope, people are practising various devices to cheat the publicity of the new postal-cards. All kinds of cyphers have been adopted; but their mysteries may be mastered with very little trouble. The Bishop of Gloucester has hit upon another plan. We are told that he makes frequent use of the halfpenny postal-cards in his correspondence with his clergy, and that most of his communications are written in Latin. We scarcely know whether more to admire the Bishop or pity the Clergy. If the parson has permitted his use of the dead languages to become somewhat rusty, he will not easily decipher the Bishop's postal communication without much toilsome labour and frequent consultations of his Latin dictionary. And even when he has, as he imagines, worked out a construe of the Episcopal letter, how is he to reply to it? Will it be incumbent on an Incumbent to frame a reply in Latin? And, if so, will he be subject to Episcopal censure if his answer is in Latin of the canine order? These are serious questions for many of the clergy in the diocese of Gloucester; and we hear that other clergy in other dioceses are taking alarm, fearful lest their Diocesans should follow the example of Bishop Ellicott. Meanwhile, we submit to them the following epigram:—

DEAD LETTERS AND DEAD LANGUAGES.

The Bishop of Gloucester—dead languages pat in—
Writes notes to his clergy, on post-cards, in Latin.
To the Post Office clerks each note's a dead letter:
Can the clerks that are clerical read them much better?

OUR LIVELY CONTEMPORARY, the *Echo*, gives us the key to the following cypher:—

"Fetnkpī cnh.—Uq̄tty yq̄w etg knn ugpt cp cffignu vjcv k ocy ytkvg ḡx̄gty vj̄kpy ucetḡf cu vjg

itcxg ecppqv cfxtkug cick ngpt h̄kxg r̄qwpfu vq Fḡhtcy ḡzrgpugu cpf k pknn ycky.—PGNNKG."

which being translated is:—

"DARLING ALF.—Sorry you are ill. Send an address that I may write. Everything sacred as the grave. Cannot advertise again. Send five pounds to defray expenses, and I will wait.—NELLIE."

The cypher is a very easy one. Take certain words, and shift all the letters two spaces onwards in the alphabet—and you do it at once by drawing two alphabets, and placing one above the other—and you have a cypher. Thus, A is the first letter, use C, the third; L the twelfth, use N; F is the sixth, you use H; and for Alf you have the Russian-looking word, CNH.

WE MAY ADD to our note in the number of ONCE A WEEK for November 12th, the following little anecdotes:—An intelligent boy in the National School of a large and populous town in Lancashire, on being examined, among others, by the Commissioner, was asked, "Do you know any of the effects of heat and cold?" "Yes, sir! Heat expands, and cold contracts." "Good, my boy—you have answered well; now an example." "Why, sir, the days at Midsummer are the longest, and in the winter the shortest!"

THE NEXT HARDLY refers to the subject, but might perhaps be worthy of admiration elsewhere:—A Frenchman, resident in England—and who taught French in one of our public schools, but whose knowledge of English was, to say the least of it, small—went to dine at the table d'hôte of a well-known London hotel. He managed to ask in English for all he at first wanted, but a difficulty soon occurred. He had eaten to his heart's content; but, desiring to drink, he wished for a bottle of *stout*. "Waitare!" was his summons—"bring-a me one bottle of—what you call—yes—*Diable!* I do forget the name! Bring-a me—one *bouteille* of—*diable!*—one *bouteille*—*embonpoint!*"

An Illustration, printed separately on Toned Paper, is published with the present Weekly Number.

The authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

"MAGIC LEAVES," the Christmas Number of ONCE A WEEK, is now ready, and may be ordered of any Bookseller in the United Kingdom; and can be obtained at all Messrs. Smith & Son's Bookstalls.

ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 153.

December 3, 1870.

Price 2d.

ONE OF TWO;

OR,

A LEFT-HANDED BRIDE.

By HAIN FRISWELL.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"AND, SINCE 'TIS HARD TO CONQUER, LEARNS TO FLY."



A

BACHELOR'S room is always indicative of the bachelor, and some are not pleasant chambers to enter; for the selfishness of man, very apparent in most things, is most so in his inconsiderateness

to those who serve him. Waistcoats and coats thrown there, boots and slippers here; braces in one corner, cravats, towels, and shirts in another; in short, a general untidiness distinguishes the bed-room, and the sitting-room is equally untended. This dishevelled state is only to be defended on the plea that it gives the servants work, and makes them "clean up"—as a worthy lady of the old school used to say when she tore up old letters, and scattered them in the corners for the maid to sweep up. "Now," said that cunning veteran, "I am certain that that room has been swept." But bachelors generally proceed from mere carelessness thoughtlessness, and little reck of the trouble they give to those below them.

Philip's sanctum was a model of careful

cleanliness and neatness. There was a place for everything, and everything in its place.

"Hang it," said Edgar to himself, as he looked round and marked the rich and profuse good order of everything, "these great people know how to take care of themselves, and to make their servants work."

Whereas it was Philip's neatness, quite as much as the care and attention of Mr. Checketts—the self-constituted "groom of the chambers"—that he should have admired.

Here, then, were Philip's pens and papers; here the ready taper and sealing wax; the books of reference at hand; his letters sorted and arranged; his well-filled shining book-cases, his mantelshelf in cleanly order, his cigar box, his boots glistening with Day and Martin's best and brightest polish; and all a man needs was there. Lord Chesterton drew a chair near the fire, and sat down, as if he were cold and needed comfort; and the barrister, carefully—and even somewhat ostentatiously—waiting to be asked, sat opposite him.

"You see," said the Earl, "that I at once open my heart to you, and take you into my counsels. Fortune—or, it may be, Providence itself—has placed the secret of my life in your hands; and, following this blow, has deprived me of him with whom I should take counsel. Do you know upon what evidence this crime has been traced to him?"

Thus adjured to be, as it were, a witness against his own brother, the barrister, with many apologies—and with, indeed, a distinct and repeated avowal that he held his own opinion in a state of solution—gave a very clear history of the case, which he had learnt from Mr. Tom Forster and other sources.

At every point he paused, reviewed his ground, proceeded more cautiously, defended Philip, showed the improbability and the uselessness of the crime. But at the next stage he carried the evidence further

on; and Tom Forster himself would have admired the clear summing-up of Mr. Edgar Wade; and all the more because, in spite of every well-turned excuse, it told heavily against the accused.

The poor old Earl sighed heavily. The story tallied too well with his suspicions. He had already arrived at a foregone conclusion; and, when Edgar came to the end of his story, he merely looked up, and vacantly stared at the bright wax candles, which had burnt down low, and without a movement of their flames, hardly seeming the living things that flames are.

"Well," sighed his lordship, "and what then?"

"That is all. I have it from the chief authority. It is for you to draw your own conclusions."

"Logic is cruel, very cruel," said Lord Chesterton. "To what conclusion can I come?"

"I forbear to say any more," said the barrister, throwing down a folded letter which he had taken up—as barristers are wont to do—as much as to say, "There the case is, my lud and gentlemen of the jury. I leave myself in your hands."

"His wife is ready to swear—and who can disbelieve her?—that during the very hours the woman was *stricken down*"—both of these gentlemen avoided the word *murdered*—"Philip was with her in her chamber."

"Wives will proverbially, my lord," said the barrister, "swear anything to excuse their guilty husbands. There is a notable instance in Shakspeare's 'Othello'—and, as my old friend would say, that poet understood women—in which Desdemona, in her dying breath, declares that she has slain herself, to exculpate the man she so fondly loves. How long has his lordship been married?"

"Not very long—I hardly know, indeed," said his lordship, confusedly. "Events have followed each other so quickly that—"

"Your lordship has forgotten?"

"Oh, no!" here the Earl spoke with the ingenuousness of a simple-minded man. "My son did not see fit to tell me of his marriage."

"Umph!" said Edgar Wade, his face lowering; "then it was a secret match. Had your lordship given him any cause for this decep—this secrecy?"

"No—poor boy!" said the Earl, reflect-

ing, and seeking for an excuse but not finding one. "You know, he is of mature age; and perhaps it was his wife's secret, after all. Young ladies are very curious and very bashful."

"Not in the matter of publishing their marriage," said Edgar, thoughtfully. "No, that must have been Philip's own doing. I should not have treated my honoured father so. But there, I never knew the comfort of one; and so I am speaking of an ideal—a very different thing from the real."

These sentences cut Lord Chesterton to the quick, in more ways than one. He had himself felt Philip's reticence, and had sought to excuse it to himself; Edgar, therefore, only freshly pointed the Earl's own arrows. The reproach, which was well deserved, of Edgar Wade's fatherless state he also deeply felt.

"But, after all," said Lord Chesterton, "I don't think, in Philip's present condition, that we will discuss that matter."

"Quite right, you are quite right," returned the barrister, in his frank, open way; "and I can appreciate your lordship's great goodness and great delicacy to my brother; but, as we are about to defend him, we should be armed at all points. I want to know what can be urged *against* him. What there is to be said in his *favour*—trust me, my lord—I can say at the proper time and place."

This was uttered with so much true dignity and feeling, that the Earl was at once convinced that all that had been said was for the best.

"I must own," continued the Earl, speaking slowly, "that this secret marriage seems to argue that there might be other things that Philip kept from me. But that is the only one thing which he has, to my knowledge, thought proper not to tell his father."

"You have said enough, my lord. We will not discuss my brother's character: it is full of noble qualities, I am sure. We will let matters rest there. I have every faith not only in his goodness, but—from his bearing with me on a certain memorable occasion—in his chivalry, his nobleness, his disregard of self. But this marriage, instead of simplifying, complicates matters: there are other interests than his involved. He takes counsel of his wife, he—"

"You don't mean to say, sir," cried the nobleman, angrily, rising and looking at his son with flashing eyes, "that you gentlemen

of the law would make that innocent girl, Winnifred, an accessory to—"

"Pardon me, my lord, I am shocked at what you say. You put a meaning upon my words that they really do not bear. All that I want *you* to consider and remember is, that everything said here is between ourselves."

Here the barrister walked gently to the door and listened, looking out into the corridor.

"Your precautions are needless, sir. My people are honourable, and do not pry into their master's business."

"I could expect no more; but caution is necessary. Everything here, then, being a secret between our two selves, and to be divulged to no third party, we debate the best way to save my dear brother Philip. Thus debating, we come upon a very vital point. Is this story of his absence from—what do you call the place?"

"Kensal-green," said the Earl.

"From Kensal-green—is that to be believed? There is a credible witness whose oath, according to English law, is of no use. Yet I think we might produce an affidavit of hers to that effect, which would carry weight with the jury, who are sometimes more influenced by side-blows than by direct appeals."

"Good!" said the Earl. "I see that."

"But then my learned brother comes and tears this to shreds, by showing that Philip has married secretly—that Miss Winnifred Vaughan has deceived her guardian—Lady Guernsey, is not her name?—and the irresistible conclusion is summed up in a line from 'Othello'—

'She has deceived her father, and may thee!'"

The Earl nodded an acquiescence, while he groaned in spirit.

"I don't think we should take the case into court that way," continued the barrister, speaking professionally. "No—I really think there would be by far too great a risk."

Here he rose, and commenced walking about the room.

"My suggestion, which you turned in so cruel a way against poor Philip's wife," he continued—and he said this with such pointed severity, that the Earl felt quite ashamed of himself—"was this: not that Philip's wife had consciously, even in the remotest way, anything to do with the affair we are so troubled with; but that he, full

of love for her, strengthened by her belief in his case—a belief very strong, because based upon entire ignorance—"

"You are a deep philosopher, sir," said the admiring Earl, who was watching his son closely and curiously.

"As deep as neglect and misfortune can make me," retorted Edgar, again touching the Earl as if with caustic. "But be that as it may, a wife has a thousand ways of influencing her husband that the outside world knows nothing of; and a man truly and strongly in love does not debate the crime, but goes forward, and, having stricken the blow—as a knight in a tournament—crowns the brows of her whom he loves with glory, not with guilt. Do you see my position now, my lord?"

The form of the barrister seemed taller and dilated. His brow flushed, and his eyes flashed fire, as he talked of love.

The Earl was convinced. He rose and clasped Edgar to his breast.

"I see," he said, "that you are wiser than I am. If you young ones have lost something of the direct ways of former times, you are more acute in this world's doings."

"Possibly," returned Edgar, in a dry tone (as much as if he thought, "And you, my father, in your early life, had your share of *nous*—used, too, for your own purposes"). "But, again, to return to our business in hand. Following out the line of thought which I have rather indicated than fully sketched, do you think that Miss Winnifred Vaughan—Philip's wife, I mean—is to be believed? That is," concluded the barrister, ingenuously correcting himself, "do you think that a jury would believe her evidence, even if we could get the judge to accept it?"

The Earl waved his hands backwards and forwards, as if there were a hopeless and unpleasant fog of the mind settling down upon him. Men who jump to conclusions and embrace fixed beliefs have frequently a quantity of latent doubt about them which overbalances the belief; and this was very powerful with the Earl, when he had been forced to give credit to anything so supremely unpleasant as that matter of the murder.

The barrister sat and watched him silently, but not the less closely. Presently he read his mind, or thought he did, for he said—

"You think as I do, my lord."

"I do. I am forced to do so, my son," returned Lord Chesterton, sadly.

Eagerly the barrister rose, and grasped his hand; and then, raising it to his lips, he kissed it.

"This matter is not new to me, my lord," he said. "My mind is quick, and I have thought day and night—day and night," he repeated, to give emphasis to what he was saying, "upon it. We will defend Philip with our heart, with our blood, with our souls!"

"Generous enthusiasm," thought the Earl, in his older and less hopeful mood. "It is easy to speak like that," he said, "but not so easy to stir the cold blood of the English law. What can the enthusiasm of a brother's or of a father's love do against that?"

"Your power is great," continued Edgar. "Your rent-roll is large, and untouched; your purse can buy anything almost in this vendible country."

"All but the verdict of a jury," said the Earl, with a sad smile. "A dozen of the cleverest counsel, the most profound lawyers, the wisest advisers—"

"It is *beyond* them, my lord," said Edgar; "beyond them, I am afraid. I have looked into matters pretty closely, while others have slept. I see no way out of it for my brother, *if* he is tried."

"If he is tried! Why, man, can he help it?"

"There are a thousand ways. He is not committed yet—he has only had a preliminary and private examination. Don't let it become public."

"Who can stop the babbling mouths of the press?" asked his lordship, in dismay. "If they get hold of it in any way, they will not let us hear the last of it."

"And people," said Edgar, "are now clamouring for Reform, which the House of Lords has withstood. Such a fact as the one we have debated would make the fortune of the lucky demagogue who first uses it against an hereditary aristocracy. No, my lord—we will not let the honour of the family be stained thus. Your money must be otherwise applied. The magistrate who has taken this in hand is—"

"Mr. George Horton—an honourable man."

"So they are all honourable men," said Edgar, with a sneer. "But I think, with you, there's no hope *there*."

"No—I am sure not. Mr. Horton will

do his duty even against his own best interests. It was said that he was in love with, or had proposed to, Miss Vaughan. Indeed, I think that Lady Guernsey wrote me, in one of her gossiping letters, something of the sort.

"There might be some hope there," continued the barrister, dreamily looking out of his dark eyes at the candles without seeing them—seeing something far distant, in fact, and out of present ken. "She might bring to bear some influence even upon honourable men."

"I would not have her tried, sir," said the nobleman, angrily even. "Philip, I am sure, would rather die on the scaffold himself."

"All is fair in love and war—and law," urged the barrister, again speaking dreamily. "If Mr. Boom, now, had been the magistrate, he might have been approached. He is such an eccentric old fellow—as honest as the day, no doubt, but—"

"For Heaven's sake, man!" cried Lord Chesterton, in impatience, "don't weigh to me the possibility of securing any connivance in guilt. We are not so fallen as that."

"Guilt makes us fall, my lord," said the barrister, "even to that. I have learnt that at the bar, and in enduring poverty which you, in your lofty station, could not understand, and would wonder at with a supreme phlegm. We are here placed—as many a poor creature is in a fever-stricken court—so close that we suffer the contagion ourselves. There is no hope else. Philip must fly the country."

"Good Heavens! can it have come to that? Can you counsel so base—"

"Base or not base, it is the only thing that circumstances can and will counsel. They are our great advisers. Listen to them. We must be schooled by circumstances. Who is not the creature of his surroundings, the victim of his friends and their follies, of his parents' sins?"

The deep, sad tone of the barrister, the measured cadence, the mockery of the satire, all bore in upon the Earl the sad strait to which he was reduced. He nodded his poor white head, as if in acquiescence, and rocked to and fro in his chair. The barrister saw that he had gained his point; and again Old Daylight's warning, "Stand on your own rights, Edgar Wade—do not parley with the Earl," seemed to be re-

peated in his ear. He hesitated for more than a moment—for many moments—while the pendulum of the clock upon the mantel ticked away the brief moments of the ambitious creature, man. He then spoke.

"And now, my lord," he said, "we have been occupied so entirely with my brother Philip's business, that we have entirely forgotten mine. What do you intend to do? Do you receive me as your son?"

"My son—ah! yes," muttered the Earl. "I was thinking of him—poor Philip. My son? There can be no doubt of that."

Then the Earl rose, and stood with one wax candle in his hand, shading the light from his own eyes, and reflecting the whole light upon the barrister's fine face—fine, clever, worn with many emotions. The Earl was endeavouring to call up the features of his wife; but, in truth, he had cared so little for her that he forgot, or had lost the power of recalling to his blurred memory, one trick of her countenance.

"He is like me," he murmured—"like that young portrait which hung in my father's room, and which he used to sneer at. Yes, he is my son."

"I am, indeed, my father," said the barrister, with love vibrating in his deep voice; "and I will prove it in my devotion and duty. You will acknowledge this publicly."

"I have a great deal to do. I must sleep," said the old peer. "I have a trial to go through. I must see her who calls herself Mrs. Wade."

The Earl's voice broke into a treble as he pronounced the name, and Edgar shuddered as he spoke.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"I BRING A MESSAGE FROM THE LAND OF SLEEP."

MRS. PREEN, called suddenly to attend upon a young lady in her master's house—that house which had not "slept" a lady for some years, as the excellent Preen phrased it; no, not since my lady died—Mrs. Preen, under this trial, tried to look as if she knew nothing about Winnifred's marriage, and succeeded.

Succeeded wonderfully; for poor Winnifred was so full of her own troubles that she hardly thought of anything else, and was only full of thanks for the kindly care of the housekeeper. Everything was ready. The boudoir of the Countess adjoined her bedchamber, and a bright fire burnt in it. There was an easy chair covered with the

warmest foreign chintz—very pretty, but very "subdued" in tone; so was the paper. The quiet, beautifully made, graceful furniture harmonized with all; for somehow, in the angular days of the Empire and Regency, there were upholsterers who could furnish with grace, and cabinetmakers who could turn out work that was by no means a sham, a delusion, and a snare.

The boudoir seemed to have reflected, after the manner of rooms, the tone of the mind of her who had inhabited it. The pictures were religious; the books were religious and, alas! mournful. Sermons on the corruption of human nature, the sinfulness of man, the biography and evangelical experience of the Rev. Mr. Newton, certain tracts by Toplady, and an Exposition by the Prophetic Keach, formed the cheering mental food upon which Lady Chesterton fed. The gentlemen who interpreted Revelation, and were great upon the breaking of the Seals, and the opening of the Vials, had opened the vials of their own wrath upon sinful man; and poor little Winnifred—who took up a work with the attractive title of "A Stirring Summons from the Tenth Trumpet," by the author of "A Dose of Doctrine from Vial V."—almost forgot her trouble in the pictured horrors of lamentation, desolation, and woe. The author appeared to be a favourite with certain classes, and fond of alliterative titles; for there were commendatory letters appended from certain ministers upon two "precious" treatises—"Physic for Pharisees" and "Senna for Sinners"—in which the minister had, it would seem, doctored his flock in a very efficient way, and his tracts had purged them of iniquity as quickly as any religious cathartic could have done. Winnifred—who used to read her father's sermons, and those of the Divines of the Church which he had used and pointed out—wondered at the difference of treatment between those shepherds who endeavour to frighten sheep into their folds, and those who follow His method, whose sweet adjuration is the simple words, "Come unto Me."

Had the pious Mr. Gurgles found out the treasury of works which formed the library of the late Countess, he, honest as he was, would have been tempted to have borrowed one of the "rousing" tracts which formed the holy marrow of the squab little volumes which, oddly enough, bore the coronet of the Countess and her initials in fat old Eng-

lish letters. For Mr. Gurgles confessed that his soul was lethargic, and liked to be roused. He was delighted with anything stirring; and when his minister—a young man with the gloomy imagination of a Puritan Dante and the plain language of John Bunyan—pictured the recalcitrant members of his flock floating on waves of fire, and every now and then submerged, or left to save themselves upon rocks that glowed white-hot, like the hellish antitheses of mundane icebergs, Gurgles drew in his breath for joy, declared that the editor of the “Gospel Mag” never did anything “richer;” and frightened Mr. Roskell—a good stable Churchman who objected, as he said, “to such antics”—nearly out of his wits by a repetition.

“Ah!” said Mr. Gurgles, “do go and hear that gifted and godly minister, Mac Searem! He is the one to recover the lost lambs.”

“To frighten ’em, I think,” said Mr. Roskell. “Are you not of that opinion, Mr. Checketts?”

“De-cid-ed-ly!” answered that gentleman. “I must say that I like sermons as a man likes port, with as little fire in ’em as possible.”

“You would be a changed man if you heard them,” said Gurgles. “As for our minister, he is a charming man.”

That was enough for Checketts. He immediately began—

“Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which you speak of so fondly at tea,
Were to vanish—d’ye think I should fly to your arms?”

Why, no—not exactly, d’ye see!”

“Charming man! Well, Mr. Gurgles, I don’t know what you call charming.”

Here the conference must cease, and the reader return to Winnifred, who sat reading until she frightened herself out of her present grief; and then, throwing down her book, wondered at the mother whom Providence had provided for her Philip.

Curious, indeed, was it to consider the union of the courtly but worldly old gentleman, the Earl of Chesterton, and this pious lady; curious to reflect on the lady herself, whose ears were tingling with denunciations of the vanities of the world—of adjurations to “forsake all, and follow me”—still going onward, but loaded with her coronet, her title, her place, and her fashionable society.

How would the Earl and Countess have agreed in matters? It must have been a dull home, on the whole, for her Philip! Poor Philip!—whose right was now disputed, and who was so suddenly accused of a terrible crime.

Not for one moment did the thoughts of the young wife—occupied now and then with other matters, with her eyes roving over the pages of the Thundering Legion of divines—desert her husband, not for one moment did she believe him guilty. The accusation was a horrid nightmare which weighed upon her soul; but her faith in him was ever clear—to him her thoughts were ever loyal. She felt as if, sitting in the cosy, comfortable, and even luxurious boudoir of the late Countess—for that lady, while seeking the things of the other world, evidently had not disesteemed those of this—she was almost a denizen of a bygone age; and the curious body of divinity, so different in its tone, in its way of looking at things from that of her poor father, seemed to carry her farther back from herself.

A soft little knock at the door was heard; and, after due time, Mrs. Preen entered attended by a servant, who brought a tray with wine, a roast partridge, and other refreshments. Winnifred had a healthy appetite in spite of her troubles; and, having fasted nearly all day, was not sorry to refresh herself.

Mrs. Preen was glad to see the pretty young lady eat and drink. She dismissed the servant, and waited on her herself. She was not unwilling to talk, and said that it put her in mind of old times, when she waited on the Countess, who frequently kept to her room for weeks, and saw little of the company of the Earl.

“Where they, then, not very happy?” was the question that escaped, almost involuntarily, from Winnifred’s lips. She was half sorry that she had asked it; but it did not in the least discompose the stately housekeeper, who smoothed her dress—so neat, without a speck or wrinkle—and answered—

“Happy! Oh, bless you! yes, my lady; as happy as a great lady ever is with her husband. There was never a word between them. I am sure that, on public occasions, and when company were present, it was a picture to see the attention and deference”—Mrs. Preen said “*diff-erence*”—“my lord paid my lady, and she looked up to him in the same way; only—”

"Only what?" asked Winnifred; thinking, "If I am to be a great lady, I hope that is not the way Philip will treat me—politeness in company; coldness, or at least coolness, at home."

"Only, perhaps, I should not say it. I hope I give no offence."

Winnifred assured her that she did not.

"Only people of rank are very different from middle-class people. They don't look for much connubiality. Now, my respected father and mother—my father was in the profession of the law, my lady, a very honourable profession—were quite patterns of domestic peace and enjoyment. Father always asked my dear mother's advice on his difficult cases."

Which was quite true, Mrs. Preen's mother having early acquired a good legal round hand, and being ready to help her gallant law stationer at a pinch.

Winnifred gave Mrs. Preen an admiring look, as if some of the glory of the "connubiality" still rested on the daughter of the fond couple. For is not the great ambition of a young wife always that of being fondly loved, of being taken into the counsel of her lord? And does she not always admire those ladies who are so taken?

"They must have been a very nice—" she was going to say couple, but instinctively turned the phrase into a better word—"a very nice lady and gentleman, I am sure, madam."

Mrs. Preen blushed with pardonable pleasure; and Winnifred, by that word, won her heart for ever.

"They was that, my lady," said the matron, "and as fond as fond could be. But, you see, my lord and the Countess went different ways. He was taken up with politics and his duties, and she took to religion ever so strongly. Those are all her books; and, though my lord never read one of them, he would not have one touched for the world—that he would not."

In truth, the cold loyalty of the man towards the wife for whom he had never had any love, was indicative of his character. We all know the neglected look of apartments that are not dwelt in, and are abandoned to dead memories: how the brown holland covers seem to properly assume the complexion of the dead; how the lamp hangs from the ceiling, in its cover, like a dirty, yellow, but most gigantic pear; how the oiled fire-irons manage to rust through

their dingy papers; and the chairs, which seem to have had a ghastly game of jump a little wag-tail, huddle one on the other, and half of them upside down, crying, as well as articulate things can cry, "Don't sit here, if you please; shut the door, and leave us alone;" and how the tables set their legs—bare and strong-looking—firmly down, as if they had determined to be put upon no longer.

It was not so with Lady Chesterton's "own rooms," to which Mrs. Preen had been ordered to conduct Winnifred. The boudoir was a picture of religious comfort; and the bed-room, with a lively, cheerful fire, was sweetly habitable, and full of quiet ease. Lady Chesterton had never taken a foremost part in her husband's house; but had "chosen the better part," as she said—and she was not altogether wrong—"of a quiet, religious retirement," not without dignity and comfort.

The bed-room, which looked on the garden of Chesterton House, might have been a sitting-room too, it was so large and well furnished with sofas, writing-tables, and easy chairs. The chairs and sofas were covered in soft, subdued and sober, but excellent French chintz. The bed was large, and on its head cloth had a coronet worked in gold thread. There was throughout the room an air of rank and luxury, sobered by an evident connection with religion, indicative of the union between the husband and wife. Some of the religious literature, of which there was so ample a stream in the boudoir, had flowed over into the bed-room; and a little hanging-shelf of books contained the choicest novels of Baptist and Calvinistic divinity, to soothe and gratify the sleepless hours of the Countess.

What a contrast the whole presented to the rooms of the Countess of Guernsey! My Lady Guernsey was indeed a Greek of the old school, to whom such books as these, and such preachments as they contained, were but "foolishness." But Winnifred took up and opened the volumes with a reverent gentleness, and sighed over the fierce denunciations and the harsh sentences which sometimes seemed to shut up the Book of Mercy with an iron clasp.

There was a New Testament among these, and Winnifred sweetened the bitterness of the partizan divines by reading the Sermon on the Mount; and, after dismissing Mrs. Preen, and declaring that she was always

her own lady's-maid, and did not know the use of any other, she knelt down by the side of the large bed, and offered up her prayers for Philip—for her Philip, without whom her life was nothing. And if poor mortals can put up to Heaven an unselfish prayer; if thoughts of the poor old Earl, of Mr. Horton; if peace and goodwill to all, flowing in broken sentences, without one word except to ask forgiveness for her sins, can be called unselfish, then the little earnest even-song of poor troubled Winnifred will be found in the list of those most pure and infrequent petitions.

She was soon asleep—asleep with her husband's name last-syllabled by her lips, and dwelling there as if it were some charm. But night brought back the troubled visions of the day; and Winnifred, in her dreams, wandered through the old house, marked the grim black heads of the twelve Cæsars in the library, the armour and the arms in the rack, the great state staircase of the house, and the genealogical tree and portraits of the Chestertons.

Sleep came with whole and complete visions of things unseen, and gave life and reality to the half-formed pictures of the mind, conjured up by the gossip of the housekeeper.

There was the old Countess, Philip's mother, staid and pale, dressed with extreme neatness, with a book in her hand—a precious volume, for it was carefully covered in fine brown holland: it was much read, for the leaves were not unencumbered with marks of favourite passages; and this lady, without causing any surprise to Winnifred, glided softly into the room, and sat down with a sigh, turning over the leaves, referring to these passages, and glancing now and then at the occupant of the bed.

"I know I ought not to be here," murmured Winnifred; "but you will excuse me, Countess, will you not? I am so tired—so very tired!—I want to sleep."

"Sleep on, my child—sleep on," said the vision, austere. "There will be little rest in the grave for us who wait and wait."

"It must be all rest, I should think," said Winnifred; "for there is little peace here, in this awful world."

"For some there is—a mighty satisfying rest—no trouble and no turmoil. Still they wait! But sleep, my child. I am not angry. I am glad to see you here."

"You are very kind, Countess—very

kind. You speak gently, like my Philip—your son Philip."

"My son Philip?" said the lady, in a questioning manner, turning over the leaves of her book as if seeking for some reassuring passage.

"Yes, your son Philip. Wicked people say that he is not your son; but we are all right now you are come. I can go and tell him the good news. They cannot dispute your evidence, although mine is of no avail."

"Go and see him to-morrow!" The Countess seemed to repeat these words as if with emphasis, and as a warning.

"Of course I will, and tell him to be of good cheer. And his father—"

Here the figure seemed to be somewhat painfully affected. Its brows were slightly knitted, and her hand was raised for a moment, as if to smooth away trouble.

"We were not very happy," she murmured; "and now I know all, how could we have been?"

"Do ghosts," thought Winnifred, "know the secrets of the earth? How must this awful blazon affect some loves and friendships there!—to think that a burial should be a revelation, and an unveiling of desperate secrets unto many! Rest!—what rest can there be to some, with all things known?"

The ghost or vision seemed at once to read her thoughts; and this, of course, did not surprise Winnifred, who heard her visitant calmly say—

"You see, I told you so—there is little rest *for some*. But as for his father, I forgive him all; and, now I know his heart, I love him more than I did on earth. There is trouble for him—trouble for all. You may see Philip; but he must visit Edgar's mother—he must see that woman!"

And so the vision faded, still keeping her thin fingers in an open place in the book, still looking stedfastly at Winnifred. It left much that Winnifred wanted it to say unsaid, as visions mostly do; but it left upon the sleeper's ear the words, "He must visit Edgar's mother."

But who was Edgar? The very identity of the two young men was disputed. It was this vital question that the young wife wished answered. She felt no particular anguish or trouble in her dream, but a very great desire for this information; and, ere the door closed, she cried out—

"Oh, Countess, do——"

"Well, I'm sure," said Mrs. Preen, "waking with the name of my poor mistress on her lips! I have brought you some chocolate, my lady, just as the Countess used

to have. And if you wish to see her, there she is."

She pointed to a picture on which the light fell, and Winnifred recognised the very features of the faded vision of her sleep.

EDITH.

BY THOMAS ASHE.

PART II.—CHAPTER I.—BERTHOLD.

SEVEN long years, and a winter:—the planet journeys for ever,
Wreathed with snow and summer, down the silent abysses;
Yet to man come surely newer cares and surprises.
Add, then, yet a spring: it is the time of the Passion.
Much is changed and unchanged in the hamlet of Orton.

New-cut names, new mounds, beside the tower or the chancel.
Some, long sad, are happy; and some are sad, who were merry.
Bells of joy, of dole, you thrill'd the air of the valley.
Feet, now many a day tired of the stones and the plodding,
Rest at last, and ache not, beneath the green of the hillocks;
Feet of small new-comers roam in the green of the meadows.

Come, and let us look at the little house of the curate.
Is it hard to find? Nay, you, in bloom of the morning,
See the church-tower shadow softly falling across it.
Through the holly hedge, into the garden before it,
From the garden of God, you slip at once by a wicket.
Quiet, fronting the road, it looks on all that is passing.
It is quaint, old-fashion'd: the roof is low; and the swallows
Now are busy working, beneath the eaves, by the windows,
Patching up anew the nests used many a season.
There are benches set in the rustic porch, and about it
Shine the emerald leaves and green new wood of the rose-trees.
Windows, old, once latticed, hide in the gloom of the ivy,
Framed in square-cut stones, the sombre stone of the quarries;
Newly glazed into fashion, though it is hardly in keeping.
Mark the tiny garden, all in a flame with the crocus:—
Four trim little flower-beds, edged with box; and the hollies,
Carved to shapes fantastic, as in defiance of nature,
Quaint as antique pictures made of the garden of Eden.
Broad and flagg'd is the path between the door and the gateway,
Fringed with London-pride, and white and red of the daisies.
Many a passer-by will linger, eyeing the pleasure
O'er the white wood railing, painted fair for the summer.
Now the sun is setting and longer growing the shadows.
Look again; you see him; yes, in the porch he is sitting:
It is Berthold Trevor, the curate, idol of Orton.

Here he lives alone in his little bachelor cottage.
You would deem him happy; yet, even now, as he muses,
Grows a lifelong sorrow so all absorbing, so bitter,
He bends neath his burden, and he is weary to bear it.
Even as one, unsound, and in the springs of existence
Hurt, past cure,—who knows not,—little heeds or regards it,

Feeling pain sometimes; and then is well, and forgets it;
Deems life strong within him, and lays his plans, and is merry;
Then some keener pang reveals the whole of the danger,
Speaks the truth too clearly, dashing all his endeavour;
So love gnaw'd the life of Berthold Trevor, the scholar.

Thus in thoughts bewilder'd giving rein to his trouble,
He arose and lean'd on the little rail of his garden.
" 'Be unhearten'd for ever:' "it was the word of the letter.
"Is it true? I think it. All my spirit is broken.
"All my life is empty, and baffled all its ambition.
"Life, how fair, with promise! and it will be, in the future,
"As a tree, transplanted, from a clime that is sunny,
"Pining, dwarf'd, regretting the old congenial region.
"Were she dead, and I knew it! or if I knew she were happy!"

Then the noiseless whisper of reason pleaded within him.
"I am mad," he mutter'd, "giving way to the folly
"Of this love, this frenzy, this unreasoning passion.
"What! again! sick fancies! after all the resistance!"
He heard not the daws, that hover'd nigh in the churchyard,
Building nests in the tower, and wrangling over the plunder.
Gentle Rolf, his dog, the tawny friend of the children,
Squeezing through the doorway to patter silently to him,
Rubb'd his curly coat against the knee of his master,
Looking up in vain, with longing tender and human.
Hurt, he slunk away, to grieve alone in his kennel.
Then, again, the master thus mutter'd low, in his anguish:—

"Does she give me a thought, there, in her home o'er the water?
"Is she well? Is she happy? Then it is strange she has written,
"Yet, no line, no word. Still all the change of the seasons,
"Spring, and summer, and winter; still the bountiful autumn,
"Adding fruit to blossom; and yet no sign of my sister.
"It is strange! it is strange! for she was always good-hearted;
"Sparing needless sorrow to us who tenderly loved her.
"Yea, God, how we loved her! Can we be wholly forgotten?"

"When," he said, "at Oxford, so often, morning or even,
"Shone her face with its glory, gleam'd her eyes in their beauty,
"All the page grew dim, and the winged words of the masters,
"Honey-mouth'd by Ilissus, hoarded grain of the ages,
"Were as chaff winds scatter. Yet soft as breezes of August
"Came love's breath, as airs blow to you over the roses.
"Did I yield? Nay, never! Still I cried, 'It is folly.'
"Swallow," said he, "flying from the home of the summer,
"Did she greet you kindly, in the land of the poplars,
"With a little sigh to see the eyes of her people?"

"Now," he said, "I feel it: yes, all in vain is the struggle.
"Work? Nay, love, I sicken. Love, I can bear it no longer.
"Once I cried, 'O soul, I give my all to the mission
"Of the Love Eternal: I will arise, and be girded
"With the zeal of the Lord, and I will go on His errand,
"Nor be slack; and then, what is this joy of a mortal,
"This weak human passion, to be a grain in the balance?'
"Ah, can two brief years so quench the zeal of the spirit?"

"Frail is man, at his best : gross is the soul of the people.
 "In the name of the Lord I issued forth to the battle.
 "Then I seem'd as he, whose lip an angel of heaven
 "Touched with coal from the altar ; and all the fire and the wonder
 "Of His Truth seem'd, then, to cleave its way, as the flashes
 "From the cloud, ere the thunder rends the air with its terror.
 "'Yea,' I cried, 'they listen : they will turn, and be holy.
 "'See ! the beautiful Christ ! Now they will cling, in a rapture,
 "'To His skirts, and follow, as blind of old in Judæa.'
 "Yet they hear, and heed not : me they praise, in their folly :
 "But the Lord, the Master ?—they have harden'd their faces.
 "All is as before,—the sin, the greed, and the meanness.
 "Lord, their hearts Thou knowest. When, to the cry of Hosanna,
 "Thou didst ride of old to the celestial city,
 "Over garments strewn, and with the palms of the people
 "Making fair the day, as with the joy of a triumph,—
 "What a triumph then, to Thee, who heardest, as ever,
 "From the dawn of the ages, another cry they would utter !
 "Work ?" he sighed, "I sicken : work is no longer a passion.
 "The old dream comes back, and I am not strong to resist it."

Little children three, who wander'd home to the village,
 Bearing osier wands crown'd with the spoil of the woodlands,
 Dropp'd a curtesy quaint, to win the smile of the curate.
 Fondly reason stray'd in magic sandals of dreaming.
 "What," he said, "have we to match the eyes of the children ?
 "What were our sad days without their musical voices,
 "Sweeter far to me than songs of birds in the copses ?
 "Touch of tiny hands, I think the power of the Master
 "Lives on still in you, and a mystic wonder of healing.
 "You are dew on the hills, and as the flowers in the chamber
 "Of the sick, O children : you again to the aged
 "Bring their youth, long lost. You are the verdant oases
 "Where the traveller rests, who journeys on in the desert
 "Of this bitter world unto the home everlasting.
 "Children ?—Where are mine ? Where do you hide in the darkness ?
 "Will you never sit upon my knee in the even ?
 "Will you never listen to the wonderful stories
 "I so long to tell you, amid the gleam of the embers ?"

Thus, anew, love's pain, as a fever raging within him,
 Beat in trembling lip, and breast that heaved as a woman's.
 "I am ill," he mutter'd, "and I can bear it no longer.
 "I will go away :—a little change :—there is healing
 "In new scenes, new faces : yes, I will go on a ramble,
 "On through grass and gorse, to heal the wound of the spirit.
 "Nature's touch and look have skill to charm, as a mother's,
 "Evil demons hiding within the souls of her offspring.
 "Whither, then ?—no matter. But I will go : it is better."

"Once to see her," he sigh'd, "and but to know she is happy !"
 With a subtle smile, as one who harbours a secret
 None can e'er unravel, he pass'd the homes of the sleepers.
 Greenly gleam'd the graves in dying ray of the sunset.

In good heart he gain'd the little room of the rector ;
 Call'd his study, still : yet seldom now would he ponder

Baxter, Taylor, Hall, the gilded tomes of the learned.
 By the fire, burnt low, the two were dreaming together.
 Dimly show'd the room in twilight's lingering glamour,
 Dim had grown their eyes with age and many a sorrow.
 She had laid her work for a little while in the basket,
 He had closed his book. The curate paused, as he enter'd ;
 What he came to say his heart misgave him to utter.

" They are growing older : "—thus he mused, as the faces
 Turn'd to greet him, lighted with a halo of welcome :—
 " She has changed of late ; her face is paler and sadder.
 " He has grown more childlike : one sees seldom or never
 " Now, the old stern look, which used to frighten the people.
 " Now they love him, all, and the children gather about him.
 " He is twice as gentle as in the days of the trouble."
 Thus he mused ; then spake, half of his journey repenting :—
 " Widow Jolliffe call'd : her son is ill, and the doctor
 " Thinks his end is come : and she has no one to look to."
 But with kindly talk, and helpful plans for the widow,
 He regain'd his ease, and soon unfolded his project.
 " I am not so well :—there, aunt, not ill : it is nothing :
 " Only tired a little. It is with reading, I fancy,
 " Rather too much, lately. Yes, I know I am foolish.
 " I get out of spirits. I have not had, since the summer,
 " Any change, you know ; and I mean to go on a ramble,
 " On through grass and gorse, and breathe the balm of the heather.
 " Green has often ask'd me to come and see him in Hampshire.
 " With new scenes, new faces, with the sound of the billows,
 " I shall soon be right : a chat of times that are vanish'd,
 " What could I have better ?—dear old days, by the Isis !
 " I may even fancy a little sail in the Channel ;
 " Touch the coast of France ; and come back strong as a lion."

At the word they started, looking hard at each other :
 Then the rector rose, and would have tried to dissuade him.
 But his sister answer'd, " Yes, I believe it is better
 " He should go. Yes, Edmund. If you will only remember,
 " You have said yourself you did not think he was looking
 " Half so strong of late." " When do you go ?" said the rector.
 " I had thought, to-morrow," he said. Again at each other
 Look'd the two, but spoke not ; and in his soul he was troubled.
 " I must do," he said, " some little things in the village."
 Sadly, slowly, he left them, now of his journey repenting.

" What mad scheme is this ?" the rector said ; and she answer'd,
 Softly, sighing inly, " do not seem to observe him.
 " Edmund, do not check him : since it would only confound him,
 " If he deem'd we knew the hidden cause of his sadness.
 " Now he thinks us blind, he uses guile, as the ostrich
 " Puts his head in the sand, and thinks, the while, it is hidden.
 " Love must have its way. Now he is full of a longing
 " But to set his feet within the land of his cousin.
 " Once again to flame bursts up his smouldering passion."
 She read all, felt all ; and thus advised, in her wisdom.
 But, to hide his weeping, the old man turn'd to the window.
 Mary Trevor watch'd him, grieving over her brother.
 " Fast his hair grows gray, and his limbs," she murmur'd, " are weaker :

"He begins to stoop,—I have observed it,—a little."

When, as morn grew bright, they stood and saw, on the doorstep,
Him they loved departing, his knapsack over his shoulder,
Tears were on their faces, and yet in words they were silent:
Silent not in heart, as each in fervour to heaven
Breathed a prayer, God heard, that He would guide him and heal him.

THE HOUSE OF BOURBON.

IF length of descent is a thing to be proud of, there ought to be no prouder family in Europe than that of Bourbon. Not only can they trace their line unbroken to Hugh Capet, the strong-handed putter-down of a degenerate dynasty, but it leads through thirty generations of kings, interrupted here and there, where a stream breaks off, to run through banks studded with castles of honour only just short of royal. Hugh Capet is the first. From him the line runs uninterruptedly till we come to Louis the Ninth, the Saint. The direct trunk here carries on the race of kings, which terminated in the children of Philip the Fair, and gave place to the House of Valois. After their failure of male issue, the Bourbons come in. Robert, sixth son of Louis the Ninth, married Beatrix, heiress of that noble fief of Bourbon which lay in the centre of France, north of Auvergne and Guienne. From him sprang eight Dukes of Bourbon: a stalwart, hard-fisted race, who were ever to the fore when fighting was going on, and always loyal to the Crown, in good times and bad.

Antoine de Bourbon—a poor, irresolute creature, "the prince *sans gloire*," who never knew which side he was fighting for, nor which religion he belonged to; dying, indeed, in a grievous perplexity whether he ought to call himself Catholic or Protestant—had the great good luck to marry Jeanne d'Albret, daughter to the King of Navarre and his wife, Margaret of Valois, the author of the "Heptameron," and protector of all the speculators and freethinkers of her free-thinking age. By greater luck still, he had for an only son the jolliest, if not greatest, of French kings—their fourth Henry—whose succession put the Bourbon family, for the first time, on the throne of France. His claims were threefold. Through his father, he sprang direct from Louis the Ninth; through his mother, from Charles the Fifth; and through his maternal great-grandfather, from Louis the Tenth. In the next genera-

tion but one, the race splits up again. The brother of Louis the Fourteenth, the Duke of Orleans, was the first of the Orleans branch, which now survives in the children and grandchildren of Louis Philippe.

Death was very busy with the elder line. The Grand Monarque had the unhappiness to lose, all in one year, his son, the Dauphin, and his grandson, the Duke of Burgundy; with the Duchess of Burgundy, and their eldest son. Of this Dauphin, very little has ever been said. His epitaph might have been made something like that of Frederick, Prince of Wales, of whom Walpole records—

"Here lies Fred, who was alive, but is dead.
Had it been his father, we had much rather;
Had it been his brother, still better than another;
Had it been his sister, no one would have missed her;
But since 'tis Fred, who was alive, and is dead,
There's nothing more to be said."

The "damnable iteration" of Fred, rhyming to dead, makes it impossible for any one to read this epitaph and ever to forget it again.

The Duke of Burgundy, however, was a man of singular ability and promise, though he managed to be the cause of the defeat of Oudenarde. Fénélon was his tutor: he could have had no better man. La Fontaine wrote fables for him, which he enjoyed hugely; and he grew up, a grave, high-principled man, full of great thoughts and projects for his country: a reproachful contrast to his vainglorious and inflated grandfather. Had he lived—this is an exceedingly weak thing to say, but we cannot help it—had he lived, the destinies of France might have been very different. But he died, and Louis the Well-beloved—and cordially hated—got a long reign of sixty years, into which he crammed as many of this world's pleasures as his revenues could manage. He, too, was unlucky in his son, the Dauphin; who died, leaving behind three children, all of whom became kings: Louis the Sixteenth; the Count de Provence, afterwards Louis the Eighteenth; and the Duke d'Artois, afterwards Charles the Tenth. The last was

a young man of great promise, who spent his youth in the way most affected by princes of his time—a sort of rival to that splendid example, George, Prince of Wales—filling the “*Chroniques Scandaleuses*” with stories of his success in fields sacred to Aphrodite. His elder brother, the Count de Provence, adopted, for his part, the rôle of the patron of literature and fine arts. He wrote *mémoires* on politics, squibs, and libels: he even pretended to hold liberal views at the outbreak of the Revolution. On the same night when the King his brother made his disastrous attempt to escape, he, starting an hour later, managed to get safe to Brussels, whence he was able to make philosophical observations on dangers in which he was no longer involved.

Safe in whatever camp of refuge Europe offered them, the Royal family of France now consisted of the Count de Provence and the Duke d’Artois, with his two sons—the Duke d’Angoulême and the Duke de Berry.

The former, who was the last to take the title of Dauphin, was a painstaking man; an officer of careful industry in the field, but of small abilities. He served without distinction, except some little which he got in Spain; and he devoted himself throughout a long life to the vain effort of counteracting revolutionary principles, and re-establishing the old monarchic feeling on its former footing.

In this, of course, he was eminently unsuccessful. His wife ably seconded him. She was the last surviving child of poor Marie Antoinette, the *Orpheline du Temple*. She had seen her father and mother die on the scaffold; her poor little brother, prematurely old, driven mad by solitude and ill-treatment—is there anything in history so sad as the short life of the boy they call, in mockery, Louis the Seventeenth?—she herself escaping with the greatest difficulty; and, only through the intervention of Russia, was reserved to end her days in hopeless exile.

They were a gloomy, religious, and unfortunate pair. They had no children; they had no popularity. The Duke, indeed, at least, had few of the qualities which made princes popular. They came back to a country which in twenty-five years had gone through a change which would generally take at least two centuries—to a people whose altered modes of thought they never

understood. But the Duchess possessed energy; and it was she whom Napoleon called, after his return from Elba, “the only man in the family.”

The Duke de Berry was a man of very different stamp. He had what his brother lacked—will and energy: which passed among his admirers, who were few, for ability. If these are virtues, he was, so far, virtuous; but he was of rough and coarse conversation, licentious in his habits, violent in his behaviour. Before the Restoration, he served in the army of Condé, and held a Russian commission; but in 1802, or thereabouts, he came to London, the undenominational refuge of princes of all persuasions. Here he availed himself of that singular privilege possessed by princes of Royal blood, of marrying for love and sending his wife away when he got tired of her. He married a Miss Brown, by whom he had two children. Pretending that his illustrious uncle, the King *in posse*, would not sanction the marriage, he left his wife, and married, some time after—with the gracious permission of his Sovereign—Caroline, granddaughter of the Bourbon King of Naples. In 1820, as he was assisting his wife into her carriage, after the opera, a wretched man, named Louvel, rushed forward before his troops, and stabbed him to the heart with a knife.

Never was an assassination more deliberately planned, or longer reflected. Louvet had been a saddler to the Emperor Napoleon. After his fall, he was observed to become *distrain* and gloomy. He was already meditating his crime. In 1815, he had a knife made at Lyons—long, narrow, and sharp—after a fashion which he himself designed. This knife he always carried about with him, waiting his chance. He had no animosity against the Duke; but, as it was his fixed intention to work off the whole Royal family with this long knife of his, he thought it well to begin with the youngest. He kept his purpose steadily before him, watching his opportunity year after year, day after day. More than one occasion presented itself; but in each, his courage failed him. He wished to strike the blow, but could not—until the fatal evening when the Duke gave him not only opportunity, but courage to take advantage of it. Of course he was guillotined; and the friends of the Revolution might well have contrasted his mild sentence with that which, only sixty

years before, condemned the miserable Da-miens, who only scraped the skin of the Well-beloved, to tortures more cruel than were ever invented by Roman emperor, by Grand Inquisitor, by Indian chief, or by mediæval executioner.

It was an unlucky blow for the Royal family. Reactionary measures followed. The ultra-Royalists got into power. The liberty of the press was put down; public meetings forbidden; the law of elections altered; and the popular discontent strengthened.

Immediately after the death of the Duke, his widow was declared to be *enceinte*; and seven months after the assassination was born the child who is now called Count de Chambord, Duke de Bordeaux, or Henry the Fifth.

In due course, France getting tired of Jesuits and reactionary measures, they were all turned out again, and crafty Louis Philippe got his turn. Caroline, the only creature in that dreary Court who had life or spirits, wanted to take her boy and show him to the people: mindful, perhaps, of the successful experiment of Maria Theresa. The step was judged inexpedient, and they all set off to England, taking as long a time to get out of France as they possibly could. Charles, the poor old King, who was expiating his *jeunesse orangeuse* by an old age of perfunctory piety and long whist, never came back.

Caroline made a gallant attempt. Landing, almost alone, near Marseilles, she endeavoured, but without success, to raise the country in favour of her son. Then she got across France, in disguise, to Brittany and La Vendée; where she did actually get up a little civil war of a rudimentary order. This failing, she went into hiding at Nantes, where she was betrayed by a Jew—he was a converted Jew, too, and a sort of present to her from the Pope, the natural friend of legitimate monarchs, which somehow seems to make the treachery worse—and the police found the poor lady jammed up in a hole behind the chimney, three and a half feet long, and eighteen inches wide, with a young Breton lady, and two Legitimist gentlemen. Here they had been hidden—though one hardly sees how it is possible—for sixteen hours.

They sent her to prison, a good deal puzzled what to do with her. But then a little incident happened, rather awk-

ward for the Duchess, but fortunate for her captors. She found herself obliged to announce that she was shortly to become a mother, and that she was secretly married to a certain Prince Lucchesi Palli. *Sol-vuntur tabule risu!* Everybody burst into a tremendous guffaw; and the lady was requested to join her husband without further delay.

There is nothing more to be said about the direct line. The Count de Chambord, now fifty years of age, has been long married, without children. He is supported by a very small following in France, who adhere to him from principle, and who will transfer their allegiance to the Orleans family as soon as he is out of the way. From time to time he puts his name to a document, which is drawn up and published to let people know he is still alive, and their King by Divine right; and it may very reasonably be supposed that he has long since given up all hopes of succeeding to the crown. He seems to have inherited that character which is occasionally reproduced in the Bourbon family, of which the type is the indecisive and vacillating Antoine de Bourbon, father of Henry the Fourth. Such was Louis the Thirteenth; such Louis the Dauphin; such Louis the Sixteenth. Their energy and bravery are dashed by a fatal hesitation: they dare, but they think too long about daring: they resolve, but too late: they act, when the time for action is past.

One word on the Orleans family. They began, as has been said, with the brother of Louis the Fourteenth. He chiefly distinguished himself by trying to spoil the grand old Castle of Blois. Three more dukes followed him, including that prince of debauchery, the Regent. And then we come to Philippe Egalité, the father of Louis Philippe.

This family, which has been in exile for twenty-two years, has shown how adversity may be borne without loss of dignity. They have been guilty of no conspiracies and no intrigues. Probably their conduct has never excited a single suspicion in the breast of the Emperor. They have spent their time in travel, in study, in writing; and they have shown that, in intellect at least, there is one branch of the grand old House which is still ready to go to the front. During all their long years of exile, there has probably been not a day on which their ad-

herents could not find them ready to go back and resume their place on the throne of France.

CHILLINGHAM FAIR.

A READING.

By LITCHFIELD MOSELEY.

LAST summer, I happened to be staying at Chillingham, an unimportant market town in the West of England, when a fair was being held in the neighbourhood; and, not having witnessed one for many years, I determined to pay it a visit. Accordingly, with a couple of pleasant companions, I bent my steps, on a fine August evening, towards the festive scene.

We soon arrived on the field of action, and found it fairly thronged; for Chillingham Fair enjoys a large amount of popularity, and the country people for many miles round always make a point of attending it.

In comparison with the sleepy, monotonous little town we had left behind us, it was a noisy, tawdry, busy scene enough. On every side were swings, roundabouts, booths, theatres, wild beast shows, Punch and Judys, and exhibitions of every possible description. People were shouting, donkeys braying, gongs sounding, drums beating: in short, the uproar was almost deafening. The fair was so large that the various booths were arranged in avenues or streets. Turning up the principal one, the first exhibition that arrested our attention was "Sanders's Famous World-renowned Menagerie"—at least, so ran the legend in front of a large booth; and the whole of the exterior of the structure was covered with highly coloured pictures of every known animal, and a great many unknown ones, in the strangest possible positions. There were tigers as big as elephants, apparently playing at leapfrog; leopards, bears, panthers, and hyænas by dozens; and one of the paintings represented "Signor Leoni, the Lion Tamer" of the establishment, engaged in a desperate conflict in a jungle with eight or nine active lions, each about four times the size of himself; while another half-dozen or so were lying on the ground, with their feet upwards, having just been killed by the intrepid Signor. On a platform in front of the edifice, a dirty-looking man was amusing himself by twisting a large serpent round his neck and body, much to the delight and astonishment of

several hundred yokels, who stared open-mouthed at the performance; while a still dirtier gentleman hoarsely adjured them to visit the interior, and there witness such wonders as were never before seen. A great many people answered the invitation; and we have every reason to believe that "Sanders's Menagerie" met with a fair share of support. A few paces farther on, we stopped before a smaller booth, which was devoted to the performances of a learned pig. This animal, accompanied by its proprietor, was pacing slowly about in front of its residence, occasionally varying the monotony of its promenade by a self-satisfied grunt. Its master was evidently desirous of exhibiting its talents; for having produced a pack of greasy cards, on which were printed the various letters of the alphabet, he spread them upon the ground; and, selecting a gawky, raw-boned ploughboy, who happened to stand close by, he requested the animal to oblige him by spelling out upon the cards the name of the young man's sweetheart. The pig, after sundry kicks, many grunts, and much hesitation, at length spelt out, by touching each card with his nose, the following word, "T O M M U S." This unfortunate answer was greeted by a burst of merriment from the lookers-on; and, having seen enough of the sagacity of the highly learned animal, we again moved onwards.

The next show that arrested our attention proved to be "Tomlinson's Grand Exhibition Theatre of All Nations, and Dramatic Temple of the Arts and Sciences." A short, stout gentleman, with a very red face and good-humoured expression of countenance—no doubt the manager of the "Temple"—sat in the pay-box, and appeared to have a busy time of it, for the audience flowed in continuously. On the parade, a black-bearded and haughty tyrant, whose attire consisted principally of enormous buff boots and a tall hat, with immense feathers, marched side by side with a majestic female, evidently the *tragédienne* of the troupe. Every now and then, however, this tremendous personage relaxed his dignity sufficiently to strike an enormous gong, or to assist some elderly lady or gentleman up the steps on to the platform. On the right-hand side, half a dozen musicians sat in a small orchestra, blowing their trumpets to such an alarming extent that they appeared to be courting apoplexy. On the opposite

side, a few young ladies, in short skirts and dingy cotton stockings, disported themselves in anything but a graceful manner; but it was evident that their performances were highly appreciated by the delighted crowd. Naturally enough, supposing that there was quite as much to be seen outside "Tomlinson's Dramatic Temple of the Arts and Sciences" as there was in the interior, we determined to save the admission money, and elbowed our way through the throng. *En passant*, we just looked in at the door of the "Royal Albion Dancing Saloon," where about one hundred and fifty couples were busily engaged in the mazy dance; but, as there was certainly not room for more than half that number, collisions and falls were numerous, which rendered it rather embarrassing for those who were fortunate enough to be on their feet. The booth was brilliantly illuminated by a number of tallow candles, stuck in an iron hoop and suspended from the centre; and the whole scene had a very pleasing and elegant effect. A few steps farther on, and the crowd became almost impassable; and the reason of this was that we were in front of the grand attraction of the fair:—

THE UNRIVALLED AMERICAN, ANTIPODEAN, MAMMOTH

CIRCUS AND HIPPODROME,

From Paris,

AND ALL THE CITIES OF THE TWO HEMISPHERES.

From numerous programmes that decorated the exterior, we discovered that—

AFTER THE SOUL-STIRRING SCENES IN THE ARENA, BY ALL THE
PRINCIPAL ARTISTES IN EUROPE,

AND AFTER

Signor Lemonadio Gingerbeerio

HAS GONE THROUGH HIS

EXTRAORDINARY EVOLUTIONS

ON THE

FLYING TRAPEZE!

The Entertainments will conclude with a Grand, Military,
Dramatical, Hippodramatical, Panoramil, Melodramatical,
Musical, Scenical, Tragical, Comical, and Pictorial

SPECTACLE,

ENTITLED

THE STORMING OF MAGDALA;

OR, THE

Triumph of British Bravery and Arms in
Abyssinia.

The playbills also informed us "that no expense has been spared to render this a truthful and exact representation of this unparalleled and glorious episode in the an-

nals of British warfare." Having succeeded in making our way through the crowd, we ascended the steps, and entered the circus. It was a tolerably roomy building, capable of accommodating some five or six hundred people, and was crowded in every part.

The performances commenced with some very inferior horsemanship and trick riding; after which, Signor Lemonadio Gingerbeerio—who, by the bye, looked as if a substantial dinner would have done him a great deal of good—went through some clumsy evolutions on the lofty trapeze, said trapeze being about twelve feet from the ground; which was fortunate, as, on an average, he contrived to miss the bar five times out of every six. In short, he was one of the most wretched and unskilful gymnasts we had ever seen. Chillingham, however, is a hundred and fifty miles from London, and the audience was in ecstasies.

And now came the *bonne bouche* of the evening.

The circus having been cleared, half a dozen men entered with tressels and boards, and soon rigged up an inclined plane, which led to a small platform or stage at the back. That done, a piece of wretchedly painted scenery was unrolled from above to form a background. This scene, the bills informed us, was "The Country near Magdala." It may have resembled it, perhaps; but, to our uninitiated eyes, it looked very much like a dilapidated English lane in low spirits. Then the band—three fiddles and a big drum—struck up "Old Bob Ridley," as King Theodore, with a jet black face and curly hair, looking very much like an ordinary street nigger—except that, instead of a long-tailed coat and battered hat, he wore a ragged robe and tinsel crown—stole in on tiptoe, after the manner of stage ruffians in ordinary; and, having satisfied himself that no one was near, beckoned to his army to approach. Whereupon, some three or four niggers after the same pattern as the King, but without crowns, crept softly in, and amused themselves by playing at "follow my leader," until a loud bang on the drum informed the party that something was the matter, or that somebody was coming; upon which, after giving vent to a hideous yell, they all rushed off. Then, after several more bangs on the drum, the tune changed from "Old Bob Ridley" to "Rule Britannia;" and a detachment of the British army entered, consisting of eight soldiers of

various heights and sizes, and dressed in all kinds of uniforms, under the command of an Irish corporal.

"Ha—halt!" shouted the corporal, addressing the army. "Arrah! bedad, my boys! sure an' we shall soon be in soight o' Magdala! an' thin we'll pepper the black naygurs, an' no mistake; for, by St. Patrick, we'll tache 'em that they aint to make a door-mat o' the flag o' ould England!"

"Hooray!" from the army, followed by an outburst of applause from the audience.

"Tim, me lad, how far is the Ginerall behind us?" continued the corporal, addressing the first man of the battalion.

"Not more than a day's march," was the reply.

"Thin I tell ye what we'll be afther doing: we'll set down under the shade of these here apple trees, and sing a bit o' a song, just to pass away the time."

The corporal immediately plunged into the "Bold Soldier Boy;" but he had scarcely got through the first lines, when he started up, and said in a stage whisper—

"Whisht, me darlints, the inemy is upon us! There's an ugly black varmint has got his eye on us from behind yonder hedge." Then, raising his voice, "'Tention! Fall in! Shoulder ar-rums! Quick mar-r-r-ch!"

More guns, more "Rule Britannia," and a few guns were heard outside, as the British army obeyed orders and disappeared. There being no signs of any one approaching, the band obligingly treated us to "Not for Joseph," the refrain of which was accompanied by the boots of the audience. After a long delay, the "Country round Magdala" was rolled up, discovering the grand scene—"The Fortress of Magdala." This was, in its way, quite a masterpiece of art. Three or four mouldy pieces of canvas, painted to represent rock-work, stretched halfway across the stage. On a taller piece in the centre stood a tower, apparently large enough to accommodate two persons at once; but even then, when standing in the basement, their heads would reach out of the roof. This was supposed to be the impregnable stronghold of the enemy; but a breeze was blowing, and the walls swayed backwards and forwards in a very insecure manner, which slightly marred the effect. By the way, the newspaper reports gave a very graphic description of the gates of Magdala; but as there were no gates visible in the scene, it may be presumed that this was the

back way, or servants' entrance, into the citadel. Again the musicians treated us to "Old Bob Ridley," as four prisoners were led in, heavily chained, and guarded by three Abyssinian soldiers, evidently the same we had seen before. Having crossed the stage, one of the soldiers gave a loud single knock at the door of the tower, which was opened by King Theodore, who evinced great pleasure at the sight of the captives. He held a drinking cup in his hand; and, having advanced to the front of the stage, he made a few grimaces at the audience, and then indulged in an Abyssinian war-dance all to himself, intermingled with howls *ad libitum*. After he had amused himself to his heart's content, he retired within the tower, and was shortly afterwards seen going through some extraordinary evolutions on the roof with a pistol and dagger, until he missed his footing and rolled off on to the stage—a performance which evidently caused him as much surprise as the audience, who seemed disposed to hiss; but the clown of the establishment, at this moment thrusting his head out of one of the dungeon windows, and remarking to the King, "There you are again," restored them to good-humour.

Here a few Abyssinian soldiers, armed principally with hatchets, oyster knives, and saucepan lids, put in an appearance; and as, at the same time, the band changed its tune to "See the conquering hero comes," it was evident that the British army was approaching.

This proved to be the case, for immediately afterwards Sir Robert Napier entered alone, mounted on a superannuated cab-horse, and rode slowly round the arena. Whatever the Abyssinian men-at-arms were about was a mystery; but, certain it is, they must have been either cowardly or demoralized, as they had ample time to bear down upon Sir Robert and cut him into mincemeat before the arrival of his troops. However, they only amused themselves by standing still and doing nothing. At length the British forces arrived, numbering some thirty men all told—the cavalry being represented by supernumeraries mounted on the performing mules of the troupe; and these animals, having been trained to be obstinate, ever and anon persisted in throwing their riders over their heads. Two or three wooden guns were then pushed in by the grooms, a bugle sounded, and the battle commenced in real earnest. First, the Eng-

lish soldiers charged up the slope on to the Abyssinians—to all appearances during a violent earthquake, for the rockwork and tower swayed fearfully. Then, to vary the monotony, the Abyssinians charged down the slope on to the English; and this alternate movement continued for several minutes, although we noticed that neither side lost a man. Once, indeed, Sir Robert Napier was placed in a perilous position, and appeared likely to be thrown off his quadruped by the surging of the two armies, which was not much to be wondered at, considering that he was greatly in the way in such a very limited space. Our old friend, the Irish corporal, performed prodigies of valour; and turned up here, there, and everywhere in the most miraculous manner. Indeed, this ubiquitous personage seemed to be field-marshal, general commanding-in-chief, brigade-major, colonel, captain, lieutenant, ensign, and every description of field-officer rolled into one. Then King Theodore—looking very much the worse for wear—came out of the tower, and delivered a spirited address to his soldiers, who flourished their oyster-knives frantically.

Then once again the British army charged up the slope, the Irish corporal levelled his rifle and shot the King, and the Abyssinian warriors threw down their arms. Then pots of red and blue fire were lighted, the prisoners were rescued by being pulled one by one out of the top window of the tower, and the storming of Magdala was over.

The audience immediately poured out of the circus; and once again we were in the bustle of the fair. It was now getting late, and time to think of returning home; but the shouts and antics of a mountebank close by caused us to linger for a few moments longer. This voluble personage was the outside agent of a travelling magician, and, assisted by a drum, he harangued his hearers as follows:—

“Now, then! now, then! now, then! Be in time! Be in time! Just a-going to begin! Here you have the most marvellous marvel of the whole world! Alive! alive! alive! Last evening, the renowned magician, Signor Boscobello de Frangipanni de Piessanlubino, had the distinguished honour of appearing before his Grace the Hemperor o’ Chany, in the Royal Palace of Terra del Fuego, in the Black Sea; but not wishing to disappoint you, he started this morning by the electric telegraph, *viâ* New Zealand

and the Harchipelago, and has managed to arrive here in time to appear before you to-night. Alive! alive! alive! Walk up! walk up! walk up! Nothing like it was ever seen before, either in Europe, Hasia, Hafrica, or Hamerica! All I can say is, if you let this opportunity slip, you’ll regret it for ever and a day or two after. Remember, the charge for admission is only one penny; and yet the Hemperor of Chany presented the illustrious Signor last night with several barge-loads of gold. Then why does he come here? Simply, on purely philanthropic principles, in order that you may have the opportunity of witnessing the greatest wonder of the age. Not that he wants your money! far from it; but in coming here he pays a compliment to your intelligence and sagacity. Now, then! Be in time, be in time! The Signor is just about to recommence his marvellous performances. Hi! hi! hi! hi! hi! Astonishing! Wonderful! Exciting! Bewildering! Miraculous!” Here he brought the drum into requisition. “Walk up! walk up! Pay your money. Come in and see for yourselves, and then you will be able to judge whether I’m telling you the truth or not; and if anybody objects to the entertainment, after having seen it, they may have their money restored by applying here the week after next. Hi! hi! hi! Remember, the last time to-night! The last time! And the whole charge for admission is only one penny! Children, half-price! Hi! hi! hi! Be in time!” &c., &c.

And having seen quite enough of Chillingham Fair, we wended our way homewards, and moralized on the wonders we had witnessed.

THE USE OF BALLOONS IN WAR.

NOT only is M. Gambetta the first minister who has ever come down upon his people from the sky in a balloon—cloud-borne if not heaven sent—but his Government is certainly the first which has made any use of balloons in warfare—at all events, as conveyances. Until the present war, the only way in which balloons have been turned to account has been by using them for reconnoitring purposes, by sending up somebody in one who could, by reason of his elevated position, spy out what was going on among the enemy in places hidden from the observation of his friends below. For this purpose, captive balloons—balloons, that is,

connected to the ground by a long rope—can alone be very useful; since, unless some detaining power be applied to the balloon, it is apt to fly off, and might carry the information collected by its passengers to quarters where it would not be quite so well appreciated as at its original destination.

In this way, balloons have been used not unfrequently; the earliest, and indeed the most notable, instance being at the battle of Fleurus, in 1794, when the French sent one up in charge of Guyton de Morveau, to reconnoitre the Austrian position. On this occasion, it is said that the plan answered admirably, much valuable information being acquired by it; and, besides this, it astonished the Austrians considerably, who thought that the French Republicans must at least have been in league with the Prince of the Powers of the Air, and by no means liked the idea of being looked down upon from the clouds out of a machine so incomprehensible to them as a balloon. If the descendants of these same Republicans had a little portion of their fathers' spirit—that spirit which forced into the service of their country powers of nature before unknown, or at least unapplied—perhaps there would not now be so much need for this latest development of the *aéronautic* art, which carries a besieged minister over the heads of his foes, and drops him somewhere, if all goes well, beyond their reach.

With a view of helping balloon observations, a good many inventions have been thought of. Most of them deal with the providing some connection between the balloon and the earth—in nearly all cases by electricity—by which messages may be transmitted between the occupants of the balloon and those below, so that information may be sent down without the balloon having to descend. By this means, it was hoped that the observer in the sky might be enabled to direct the movements of his friends below, and give them instantaneous knowledge of those of the enemy.

This seems an admirable notion; but, unfortunately, it is not quite so simple in practice as in theory. Rifle bullets nowadays reach a long way, even when aimed perpendicularly upwards; and a balloon which is out of the range of rifle shooting is also out of the range of observation, to a great extent—of such observation, that is, as can be sufficiently minute to be of any great avail. It is true that recent experiments at Tours

have shown—what *aéronauts* knew very well before—that the hole made by a rifle bullet does not permit all the gas to escape immediately, even if it be at the top of a balloon; but still the position of an observer within easy shelling distance would not be comfortable, while the approach of a rocket would set balloon and all on fire in a very short space of time. Besides, a captive balloon can only rise more or less directly over that place from whence it starts. It cannot hover exactly over the enemies' heads; and, in anything but a favourable breeze, it is carried away from, instead of towards, their position.

It seems to have occurred to some ingenious *aéronaut* that a kite might be used for precisely the same purpose; and experiments have been made to test the amount of weight which a kite is capable of raising. It was found that a man, seated in a chair, could easily be raised some two or three hundred yards from the ground; and that he could, by means of guy ropes, guide the kite with very great ease. To add to the safety of the machine, a second kite, somewhat of parachute shape, might be added, which would break the force of a fall, in case the string happened to break. Whether any practical use has ever been made of this notion, we do not know. A very interesting account of it is given in a book styled the "*Charvolant, or Flying Carriage*," and a shorter description in the Report of the *Aéronautical Society* for 1867.

On the whole, though balloons have, on more than one occasion, been of very great service in reconnoitring, yet the difficulties in the way of their employment have always been too great to admit of their having been very often or very extensively used.

As to any other methods in which balloons might be employed in war, though a great number have been suggested, it does not appear that any of them have ever come into practice. After reconnoitring the enemy, the next idea was to harass him by actually attacking him from above, while the party who carried on these offensive operations remained in a position of almost perfect security in the air above. To do this, it seemed very easy either to send up an *aéronaut*, who might discharge his missiles as he saw opportunity, or else to load the balloon with explosives, and discharge it either at hazard, by means of a time-fuze, or by the aid of electricity along a connecting wire. Of

these plans, the former is more dangerous, the latter more uncertain. Both are extremely expensive, inasmuch as the amount of shells or other engines of destruction which can be taken up in a balloon is extremely limited; and even where the balloon itself is not of necessity destroyed, the injury to be inflicted by dropping missiles which may or may not explode at the right time and place is by no means an equivalent for the expensive nature of the means employed. Of course, where the balloon itself becomes, as it were, a vast shell, and is itself blown up, this objection is of considerably greater force, especially when it is remembered how very difficult it would be to calculate the precise spot upon which an object dropped from a balloon two or three miles away would fall. As to the plan of sending up an *aéronaut* to open fire upon the enemy below, the position of a man up in a balloon surrounded by, say, nitro-glycerine bombs and petroleum shells, would not be enviable, to say the least of it. The motion of a balloon is remarkably smooth and steady; still, even in the start, a concussion might take place which would cause the balloonist to be hoist with his own petard; and, if he did get well up into the air, he might, after all, combine the two methods in one, by blowing up himself and his balloon too. Possibly such a combination might be the most effective of all; but the difficulty, of course, would be to find volunteers for a balloon corps of this nature, where the service would involve certain destruction to yourself, and only partial and problematic damage to your foes.

TABLE TALK.

IN SPITE OF ALL the time and money we devote to the fabrication of new instruments for destroying one another, it is very curious to notice how few of our military inventions are more than resuscitations of old ideas. True, we manage to work them out better, but that is all the credit we can claim. Perhaps it is only that our fingers are more skilful, while our brains are not a whit more clever than those of our fathers. Looking only at different sorts of guns—revolvers, breech-loaders, rifles, were all invented, and even used, ages ago. It was only the difficulties of manufacture, or the imperfection of the means by which the invention was carried out, that prevented each

of these weapons being in common use—possibly, amongst Cavaliers and Round-heads. Those simple folk preferred simple weapons, and did not care for a breech-loader, which was as likely as not to shoot backwards as forwards—to disable the user as wound his enemy. It was the Russian war which really started us all to invent new weapons. Directly after it broke out, the Patent Office was regularly inundated with applications for letters patent for inventions, nine out of ten of which were old, not to say obsolete, years ago. Of these, not a few have been patented over and over again—a condition of things more satisfactory to the Treasury than to the deluded patentee. Of the instances mentioned above, rifles are believed to have been in use about the middle of the sixteenth century; and in 1635, a patent was granted to one Arnold Rotsipar for a machine “to rifle, cutt out, or scrowe barrells as wyde, or as close, or as deepe, or as shallowe as shalbe required.” So, also, of revolvers: In 1661, a gun was made, which, says the inventor, “in the tenth part of one minute of an hour may be re-charged the fourth part of one turne of the barrel, which remains still fixt.” This is certainly a little vague; but it seems to refer to some sort of revolver, in which part of the barrel was movable. Unfortunately, the object of these old inventors was, apparently, to give as little information as possible about their machines, for fear some one else should take unfair advantage of their descriptions. Even a more curious weapon (patented 1717) is a revolver, of which the chamber-piece was movable; so that, as one was emptied, another might be inserted. The chambers all radiated from a centre, instead of being parallel, as now; and they thus formed a sort of wheel, revolving in a line parallel with the barrel. One great advantage of the movable chamber-piece was that the shapes of the chambers could be varied—some being formed to shoot square bullets against Turks, the others square bullets against Christians! Pleasant this for the Turks!

AGAIN: A COMPLICATED breech-loader was invented in 1864, with a breech-block working on a hinge, and fastened by a spring. Breech-loading cannon are of very early invention. One made by Isaac de la Chaudette, in 1721, is described as capable of “being charged by the breech through the

barrel. It is cooled," the description goes on, "by charging it, and cleaned by firing it. It carries twice as far as those commonly in use, and requires but half the quantity of powder, and half the length of an ordinary cannon, and does not recoil. It is very useful, especially at sea, when the gunners will not be exposed, as they now are, in loading the guns; and it may be fired ten times as often as the cannon now used, which will render a ship or place unapproachable." A formidable catalogue of advantages this. These instances show that most of what are generally looked upon as the latest warlike inventions have been forestalled; so that there need be not much surprise if we find that even the mitrailleuse, which was to do so much, but has done so little, be not entirely new. The Emperor, Napoleon III., in his treatise "Du Passé et de l'Avenir de l'Artillerie," speaks of an "organ gun," in use during the fourteenth century, which was made of three tiers of barrels, and threw 140 balls at once. This he classes amongst the "*innovations imprudentes*" of the art. Is it possible that his own pet weapon may yet come to have a place in the same class?

IN AN ARTICLE, "Baby-oaks," in this periodical, October 15th, we spoke at some length concerning acorns as food, more especially for swine and deer. Since then, there has been much correspondence on this subject in the leading journal and other newspapers, and the most contrary opinions have been put forward. One writer stated that as much harm had been done to cattle during the past season by eating acorns, as had been done in other years by the rinderpest, or the foot and mouth disease. This is a most exaggerated statement. Undoubtedly, much harm has been done both to cows and sheep by permitting them to gorge themselves on raw acorns; but their owners had only their own carelessness to answer for this. A farmer neighbour of our own lost four valuable cows and six sheep, through carelessly allowing them to be in the same field into which he had driven a herd of pigs, to feast on the acorns that fell from the oaks in the hedgerows. The pigs thrived on the food; the cows and ewes died of it. But—as a writer in the *Times* pertinently remarked on a like circumstance—if any man was to eat a profusion of walnuts, shells included, he would expect them to disagree with him.

It is when cows and sheep "bolt" their acorns—husks and cups included, and perhaps stems and leaves also—that they will not digest, and so cause inflammation. When the acorns are ground and boiled, they can be eaten by cattle with great advantage, especially when mixed with other food. A writer in *Land and Water*, November 19, mentions the importance of the acorn crop in the parish of Ensbury, where each man's pigs were formerly turned loose, and no one thought of making up the fences until the acorn season was over. He says that he permits only the children of his own labourers to pick up acorns on his own land; and that his bailiff pays them tenpence a bushel for all they bring. He adds, "Thus, up to the present time, I have paid upwards of ten pounds—a larger sum than in any previous year. Now, this is an actual harvest to the families employed; and to myself, I trust, some profit, inasmuch as I have, upon the prospect of this supplementary amount of food, kept on thirty young pigs, which otherwise must have been sold off at about ten shillings each; whereas now, fed upon acorns, with boiled potatoes and mangold, they will realise from thirty to forty shillings each. Besides these, the store pigs are supplied with acorns instead of corn; and the turkeys, geese, and ducks feed upon them greedily—the consumption amounting to two bushels per day: at the least, a great saving of corn, an increase to the weight of the marketable poultry, and an advantage to the farm in the extra amount of live stock." In other parts, the selling price of acorns has been from one shilling to sixteen pence the bushel. Rooks have been observed to carry away acorns during the past season, and to bury them in the ground. We ourselves have seen them do the same with walnuts. Are they kept for winter use, like the nuts of squirrels?

MR. GOLIGHTLY.—Chapter V., with an Illustration by Phiz, will appear in our next Number.

Rejected MSS. will be returned to the authors, if stamps for that purpose are sent.

The Editor will only be responsible for their being safely re-posted to the addresses given.

Every MS. must have the name and address of the author legibly written on the first page.

"MAGIC LEAVES," the Christmas Number of *ONCE A WEEK*, is now ready, and may be ordered of any Bookseller in the United Kingdom; and can be obtained at all Messrs. Smith & Son's Bookstalls.

ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 154.

December 10, 1870.

Price 2d.

ONE OF TWO;

OR,

A LEFT-HANDED BRIDE.

BY HAIN FRISWELL.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"Thus the team rattles into London town;
The coach draws up, the passengers get down."

The Adventures of S. Wideawake, p. 15.



R SAMUEL BROWNJOHN, Sergeant P.C., and formerly Bow-street runner, was fortunately able to secure for his prisoner, his two companions, and himself, the inside of the Dover mail; which, with well-appointed and shining steeds, and two lamps glaring defiantly into the

darkness, set forward to London, from the Ship Hotel, very shortly after the travellers had taken sufficient refreshment to keep body and soul together—as Mr. César Negretti declared, with a knowledge of English colloquialisms upon which we have formerly remarked.

César was in buoyant spirits; and one would have imagined he was going to a wedding rather than on an unpleasant business connected with a London police court. Patsy Quelch looked at him with an admiring hatred; but having, at Brownjohn's instance, laid in a very good stock of provender, and being very tired, he soon fell into a comfortable doze in the corner of the coach, opposite his Italian foe.

Brownjohn—a man of resource—had purchased a square glass lantern; and, lighting

a wax candle, had hung this illuminator from the roof, so that he had a capital view of the principal parties he was conducting to London; and he actually kept his face to his foe all the way by sitting opposite to him.

Mr. Martin ate like an innocent man fresh from the sea, and punished the excellent cold beef as if he were feeding on the face of the enemy; then he subsided into his marine and French melancholy, and did little but sigh. He had timidly asked one or two questions about his poor Estelle; but Brownjohn was not to be taken in, and declared that he had best keep "his tongue between his teeth."

"Look here, Mr. Marton," said the police officer. "I'm a sergeant of the police, formerly a runner. What is my business? Well, my business was to run after you, and to catch you. I am upon that lay. I see my duty, and I does it; and I shall deliver you up to the proper authorities."

"*Sì, sì,*" said Negretti; "that's all well and good. My Brownjohn will play his part—has, indeed. Thunder of heaven!—played his part pretty well."

The sparkling eyes of the Maltese glittered in the lamplight; and seemed to say that, if he could play *his* part with Brownjohn, he would willingly do so.

"Slack your jaw, Negretti! I was about to tell this honest old gentleman—who isn't accused of any dirty pilfering, but of a job that requires some kind of courage—what I was going to say is this: I aint an inquisitor, and I aint no spy. I scorns the action as much as any man. My business is straightforward, and I've done it, and there's an end. And now I'm going to light a cheeroot, and be comfortable."

Hereon the Sergeant lapsed for a few moments into silence. Then, after a puff or so—when the huge, rough British cheeroot had a blazing end, glowing like a red-hot coal—he continued:

"I must tell my old friend here—who is a foreigner, and belike does not understand our customs—that he will have lots of opportunity of knowing all about it; and that he will find some gentlemen in London who will tell him all he wants, and ask him plenty of questions into the bargain."

"*Mais oui*, my good friend," said the Père Martin; "I will answer them, and tell them my story."

"Spoken like a man—and don't tell me none. Let's have a comfortable journey, for what you says to me I shall say to them. Therefore, look you, mum's the word, my French friend—mum *is* the word."

Hereon he took his cigar from his lips, and laid thereon a strong brown finger, thus indicating silence.

The outside passengers—of whom there were not many, and one of whom had given up his inside place to the officer, so that he should hold his little flock together, and keep them under his eye—had now crawled up to the top of the coach, tucked themselves up in their Benjamins, put wrappers round their knees, and more than one heavy coat on their shoulders, and had settled down in their places. The coachman—in a broad-rimmed hat, and a Welsh flannel nightcap, made like a barrister's wig, under it, which kept his ears warm—leant down from his box seat, and cleverly caught the reins on his whip; and then, in a hoarse voice, mellowed by rum and shrub, told the ostlers to "take off their cloths," cast a careful eye to the "off-leader," and "then let 'em have their heads;" and away, with a creak and a groan, with rattling of harness and jingling of chains, flew the night coach; the horses, no less than their driver, making a point of going out of the town whence they started, and into that where they arrived, with a "spurt."

Patsy Quelch woke up not less with the starting of the coach than a violent kick on the shins which César took occasion to give him, pretending that the starting of the horses made him slip forward.

"You leave me alone, will you?" cried Patsy, bearing the pain heroically, and turning very red. "I did not do nothing to you."

The boy rubbed his shin with a rueful countenance.

"What's he been a-doing, Patsy?" asked the police officer. "I shall have to pinch him yet, I know."

César, on his side, was profuse in his apologies. He had never intended to hurt the boy; in fact, he had hurt his own toe against the hard leg of the young Irish gentleman.

The while he said this, his dark eyes beamed with the richest good-humour, and even with a charitable and universal spirit; his cheeks glowing a rosy red with a rich and generous laugh, of course at his own expense, but suppressed for excellent reasons—such as the Christian one of not hurting the feelings of Patsy.

Patsy quite understood all this, and writhed under it, without being able to return it. If there was any one whom Mr. Quelch hated with an hereditary hatred more than the cold and successful Englishman, who would persist in being well clothed and well housed, it was the foreigner, who rivalled Patsy's countrymen in doing John Bull's work. And of all foreigners, César was *the* one—in fact, the quintessence and embodiment of all the hated foreigners in one.

Brownjohn, being certain that Patsy had received a very hard kick, made César exchange places with Mr. Martin—having, by a study of some ten minutes in silence, found much to be trusted in the honest countenance of the French sailor.

"Now, Negretti," said Sam Brownjohn, "you have got a good opportunity to kick my shins—and you won't hurt your toes, d'ye see, against my Hessian boots. So kick away!"

To this severe sarcasm the Maltese had nothing to reply, and the whole party lapsed into silence.

The spanking team of four chestnuts—which were excellent horses, being those which rested at the last stage *from* London, and the horses destined to bring the coach *into* Dover—had now settled down into regular and hard work; and the coach dashed onward through shadow and shade, now lighted by the evening moon upon an open heath, now hidden by the deep shadows of some woods, now for a few moments shone upon by the lights of some village lattice.

Still the chestnuts kept their onward pace, scarcely slackening at the little risings in the road, but very cautiously going down hill, and gathering strength for a good rush on the level.

Every now and then the lights of the coach gave warning to some distant wag-

gon, the driver of which, after a sleepy "yo-ho!" pulled aside, and cheered the mail as it passed. Never once did the stage coachman lay the thong of his whip, which was about as long as a fishing line, on the shining coats of the chestnuts, having his time fully occupied in keeping them steady, and in holding the heavy reins with both hands, and peering forward beyond his horses' heads.

After a very smart run of some ten miles, the coach arrived at the first stage, and the guard blew his horn with a musical delight. Lights glanced from the great coaching house, from the stables of which the fresh team issued—sleek, shining, and covered with warm cloths.

While the horses flew to the harness, and the coachman flung down the ribbons, mine host came to the coach window, and proffered wines and cordials; of the latter, Mr. Brownjohn partook, and César joined him, toasting him with much unction. During this the gallant team of chestnuts, conscious of having done its duty, stood a little on one side, on its way to the stables, with smoking sides and quivering tails, which they every now and then shook defiantly at the coach—as much as to say, "Well, we brought you along pretty well; but we're glad we are out of it."

One or two of the passengers got down and ran into the inn, whereon the driver admonished them not to lose a minute; and while César, looking out of the coach window, saw one of the grooms gather up the reins of the chestnuts, chirrup to them, and drive a four-in-hand four abreast in at the great gates of the inn stables, as an ancient Roman might have driven a *quadriga*, but without that chariot, these late passengers crept up to the top, mine host hurried in with his cordials, and the coach creaked and groaned, and went more slowly forward.

"These tits are not so good as the chestnuts," said the box-seat to the driver.

"They're like most on us who have seen our best days," returned Jehu, with a significant grunt. Neither he nor the box-seat was a young man.

"Gar-on!" Here the coachman unwound the long lash of his whip, and touched up his leaders. "You see, they will run a good deal better when they get warm to their work. We have a long, heavy stage here, and they know it."

"And so they are saving up?" said the box-seat.

"Yes. They knows what's comin', and they prepares. Dumb animiles! Who called 'em dumb, I should like to know?"

Jehu seemed to be indignant at this, and was terribly put out if any one spoke of his team without praising it, or dared to point out its faults, of which he was painfully conscious.

"Well, they don't talk," said the gentleman.

"Talk!" echoed Jehu, with great scorn. "Talk—that's just it! Many a man talks and *talks*, and it would have been a sight better for him to have had his tongue cut out. No, they don't talk, but they *think*!"

The coachman used the word "think" as if it were a legitimate antithesis to "talk," and as if a person who was dumb could not think at all.

"I believe," said the box-seat, "that they know a deal more than we give them credit for."

"Right you are!" cried Jehu, a little mollified. "Then don't call 'em dumb, d'ye see? Dumb *animiles*—*dumb*!—begad!" Here he chuckled triumphantly, as if he had found out a secret code of speech—the language of stable land—and was therefore much superior to ordinary mortals.

The box-seat ventured to say that the team was warming up to its work, and was not so bad after all, but not equal to the chestnuts.

"Do you know what them chestnuts cost?" asked the coachman.

The box-seat could not exactly say.

"An 'underd pound a 'oss; and, when the whole team is together, each 'oss puts three fi'-pun' notes on to its fellow; so that the whole team is worth at least four 'underd and sixty pound. Think o' that, and don't talk o' them chestnuts. Why, there was not a coach, 'cept the Brighton Age, that could boast such a team."

"I expect you are so used to horses," said the box-seat, "that you know what they say."

"Well," answered Jehu, "I look at the outside of 'osses' heads so much, that I know what's in 'em as well as if they were my even Chrissen. Look at that near leader. She wants me to ease this rein a bit. Look at her ear, now."

As the lamp threw a pretty good light upon the subject, the box-seat could see the

off-mare turning back her ear restlessly—a movement which she ceased directly the driver slackened the rein; and then, cocking them forward, she gave fresh power to her fellows.

"Take a cigar," said the box-seat.

Jehu was nothing loath, and delivered the reins, as tenderly as one would have lifted an infant's cradle, into the traveller's hands. The ribbons were heavy, and the box-seat said so.

"Umph!" said the driver, who had now his cigar of a-glow. "I thought you would say so. The outer world don't know the trials and the troubles of a driver of one of his Majesty's mails. One might as well be Prime Minister. You don't know what I got in this boot, now?"

"Letters, of course—some valuable."

"Vallible, you say! Vallible! Untold! Why, I got the halves of forty thousand in bank notes. T'other halves went up a day ago. Clerk's behind with a lot o' pistols. Not that half-notes would be o' any use; but it would be ork'ard, special ork'ard, if some o' them marauders carried off 'alf o' them. Oh, my hi!" Here Jehu laughed. "But we are safe to-night," he continued, "quite safe."

"How so to-night more than at other times?"

"'Cos guard's behind with his blunderbaster—particular wide in the mouth, and loaded up to the muzzle with duck shot; and 'cos we've got some one mysterus inside."

"And who might he be?"

"Well, he was a King's officer—not a soldier officer, but an officer who serves his Majesty and the public as well."

"So do soldiers."

"They pretend to; but all they thinks of is themselves and the King, and their gold lace and scarlet fal-lals. They were agin the public mostly, and would shoot down the public as they did at Peterloo Massacre."

Here both the coachman and the box-seat shook their heads. The memory of that dreadful event was still fresh in their minds, although it was ten years ago; and, indeed, the public love for soldiers, so strong after Waterloo, had fallen to zero after its miserable antithesis.

"As for yeomanry," ejaculated Jehu, "are they friendly to us?"

"I think not," said the box-seat.

A prolonged silence ensued. The coach struggled through low-lying lands, through the white fog which was pouring down the lanes, and entering the fields through the gaps in the hedges. The travellers' eyes had got accustomed to the light, and were quite able to see this—which non-observant people overlook—that the fog is a liquid, which can be poured from one space into another.

"Give 'em some music, Bill," cried Jehu to the guard. "It will wake up the 'osses, and clear away the fog."

So the guard, standing up in the hind seat, and blowing at the fog lustily, woke up the echoes from the distant woods with the "Merry Swiss Boy;" and the coach having, by the time the "Swiss Boy" had "taken his pail and to labour away'd" three or four times, got upon a breezy heath, coachee declared that it was all right, for nothing cleared away a fog so good as a bugle.

"Well, you ought to know," said the traveller.

"Yes, I oughter. I've had enough 'spe-rience, travelling up o' nights for 'arf the nights o' the year. My old partner, he takes 'arf of 'em off me."

"And who, then, have you got inside beside the guard?"

"Why, a King's officer from Bow-street, man"—this was said with as much pride as if the coach carried the King himself—"and he's got a fellow disguised as a sea-farin' man—a despr'it character—one as robs and slaughters all he can. He was a burgular!" Here was a pause for effect—if, as Jehu suspected, he was "a parishcide, or some kind of despr'it murderer."

The box-seat agreeing with Jehu that no footpad would be bold enough to rob the coach under these circumstances, the two subsided, and were silent during three or four stages.

During part of the way, the box-seat fell asleep, the air becoming keener as the morning drew near; and the four insides, warmed by mutual aid, yielded—or rather, three-parts of them did—to the drowsy god of slumber. But Samuel Brownjohn—smoking slowly and with careful parsimony, as if he had a long time to play with, and refreshing himself with a pull at his rum and water—slept no more than the coachman; and he was wide-awake enough when the latter, cold and stiff, got down at the Bull in Hol-

born, and stamped his stiffened feet upon the stones of London.

"Come, wake up, Mr. Marton," said Brownjohn, kindly. "We'll have a little breakfast while they airs an 'ackney coach with a warmin' pan."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE "ARGUS" AND THE "LUMINARY" HAVE A PASSAGE OF ARMS.

THE gentlemen of the press, with a delicacy which distinguishes all their actions—and they are much better fellows than the world supposes them to be, or than they themselves always allow you to think—kept silent about this terrible deed at Kensal-Green. But they evidently felt—like the patriarch of old, when he "held his peace and refrained his tongue"—that it was a grief and shame for them to do so.

It was not many days, to be sure, since the "dreadful occurrence"—how naturally we fall into the verbiage of the press as we talk about such things!—and the public was impatient.

"'Twas right the many-headed beast should know," of course; and it naturally followed that Messrs. B. Slammers and Rolt should keep prodding on the public, by inserting steel pens into the calves of its legs and other tender parts; until, of course, the public was supposed to be "unquiet," "alarmed," "naturally uneasy," "by no means inquisitive, but certainly watchful," and, at last, "impatient."

It is hard to say what an impatient public will not do. It is difficult to say what it is. Sometimes, it rises in its majesty, and "hurls the offender from his throne." In the present instance it was very quiet: went about its buying and selling, its mortgaging and negotiating; its pawnbroking, thieving, stealing; its praying, fasting, and devout works; its boating, rowing, milling, cocking, and ratting matches; its dancing, flirting, tatting, sewing, hemming, stitching, trimming, and gossiping, and even such little things as being born and dying, with its customary vigour, and without the least thought of poor Estelle Martin—who had been, as Mr. Rolt phrased it, "stricken down in its midst."

However, Mr. Rolt was getting impatient himself, with the dull way in which his paper was going; and he applied to a picturesque young writer, who had all the fire and vigour, but none of the Trinity College learning, of

Dr. M'Phie, for something stirring on the subject.

As the writer had merely to cook up Mr. Barnett Slammers's reports, and had not to go to imagination for his facts, he drew a picture of sombre horror, which, being inserted like an anchovy sandwich, as something appetizing, between the two slices of bread padding on fashionable society and on politics, had a very strong effect. It was the high light of the picture. Society was said to have been moved even to its base; the exception was treated as the rule; and an intelligent foreigner would have thought that at least half a dozen lone women were, week by week, "stricken down in our midst," to the horror of all the inhabitants. In truth, there was about as much horror shown by the British public as there was joy or any other emotion; but it suited the interests of the press—that is, of gentlemen on the look-out for a subject—to write upon the matter.

Mr. Rolt's paper was opposed to the Tories, of which Mr. Peel was then a young and shining light; and the little transaction at Kensal-green, of which men had heard and almost forgotten, formed a very decent cushion, whence political writers could cannon a ball which might pop into the pocket adverse to their enemies, and score in their own favour. Mr. Rolt's leader writer thus began:—

"We expected as much! Indeed, it was time that the measure of our degradation should be full. One by one the liberties of John Bull have been taken from him, and he, like a second Samson shorn of his glories, has been delivered bound into the hands of the Philistines, who mock at him in their sport. It would have been enough had this been done without further insult. But even in this depth of shame there is a deeper still. The satrap of the Philistines, Mr. Peel, has armed his janissaries—in swallow-tail coat, blue trousers, Blucher boots—and has put in their hands a deadly weapon, a loaded staff, a fit implement with which to knock out the few remaining brains of the down-trodden Englishman. But are these janissaries of any use but to tyrannize over peaceable people, whose liberties they were said to protect? As a full answer to this, we reply that murder stalks abroad unchecked, and that assassination is in our midst! These crimes are not done in a

corner, but in a peaceful village, not three miles from the metropolis, where we might believe that Arcadian simplicity and patriarchal manners combined to make the inhabitants blessed.

'O fortunati si sua bona nōrint!'

But, in an unhappy day, yielding to the spirit of innovation, we delivered our liberties over to the Prussianising mind of Mr. Peel; and the youthful and ambitious politician has done his worst. The Blucher boot and Berlin glove of the policeman are transparent indications of the continental sympathies of this new satrap. But the armed heel of the policeman has terrors only for the peaceful citizens; while the marauder and murderer laugh at his military tread, and easily 'convey themselves away' beyond the clutches of his Berlin glove. With the sad sight of this poor murdered innocent, who lies unavenged but not forgotten before us, with this crowning proof of the incompetency of a force of which Mr. Peel boasts himself the creator, we will point our moral, and adorn our tale. Can it be that we shall submit quietly to have this stupid force imposed upon us? or will the spirit of his forefathers again animate the Briton; and will he, arising in his dignity and strength, hurl the satrap Peel and his janissaries alike into the limbo of things which are hated, rejected, despised, and forgotten?"

All the proper names were in capitals, and each fulmination wound up in its proper measure; so that Mr. Barnett Slammers, as he read it, slapped his knee, and declared that Mr. Rolt had put the cap on it; and that he could go to sleep now with an easy conscience, as the Government must do something.

On the other hand, the *Evening Luminary*—upon which Mr. Barnett Slammers worked with a due loyalty, although he detested the politics of the paper—thought fit to answer the *Argus*; and to declare—as many papers even now do—that the very shame concerning which the *Argus* was so grieved was the glory of the nation; and that, so far from being inert, the Government was most admirably active.

"A weekly contemporary," wrote the *Luminary*, "has thought fit, in turgid sentences and bombastic words, to impugn the motives of the Government, and to find fault with the working of Mr. Peel's New Police

Act. Anxious to attract to its own columns whatever curiosity may attach to the relation of a very commonplace crime—the murder of an old woman in a London suburb—it takes occasion to lament the lost freedom of Britons, and to represent the liberties of England as being trampled beneath the Blucher of the New Police. Nothing could be more ridiculous than the vapourings of this nervous scribe, who writes as if we might all awake, as the Irishman said, 'one fine morning, and find ourselves dead men.' There is nothing extraordinary in the crime: old women have been murdered before. Indeed, from the fear exhibited by the writer in the *Argus*, we believe that old women have a natural tendency to get murdered; and hence the trembling inspiration of the article. And we may calm the fears of our virtuous contemporary by informing him that, although only four days have elapsed, two most intelligent and active officers are tracking the crime to its source; that one of the two is certainly on the heels of the murderer—if murder there was; and that the most acute of our magistrates is engaged in the examination of all matters connected with the mystery of Kensal-green. The public cannot demand more: the Government has done no less.

"As to the contemptible charge made by the writer in the *Argus*, that the Home Secretary has taken away the liberty of the subject, the very article, and the existence of the paper it is printed in, refutes it. The people amongst which such an article could be written, and such a paper issued, must possess not only LIBERTY but LICENCE!"

"Ah, ha!" cried Barnett. "I know the hand of the old one. The fine Roman hand, sir. What will Mr. Rolt say to that?"

Mr. Rolt in due time answered; but a daily paper has the advantage of a Chasse-pôt over an ordinary rifle, neither of which flowers of civilization were in ordinary use in the happy times of which we write: the daily can fire off six times to one against the weekly. And Mr. Rolt was so tender upon this point, especially when the honour of his paper was concerned, that he travelled all the way to the Fleet prison, wherein Dr. M'Phie was enjoying the noble game of rackets and the society of a few friends, to ask him to write an answer to the base accusation of the *Luminary*.

So the public was gradually being lashed up to talking about the crime at Kensal-

green. There were at least two people in the midst of his Majesty's gaol of the Fleet talking about it.

Three admiring hangers-on of the imprisoned genius, M'Phie, heard the conversation, or part of it, between the publisher-editor and his chief leader writer; and immediately spread the news, in the racket ground and the parts that there adjacent lie, that the whole town was talking about this crime.

"Och, moi faith!" said an Irish gentleman—there were many of that down-trodden country then imprisoned in his Majesty's gaol of the Fleet, and also sitting *in banco* in his Majesty's own Bench; but not through political crimes: rather at the instance, it is believed, of certain base Englishers who dared to trust them with goods and money—"Och, moi faith! jist to talk of Teeperary now, and the little disputes about pieces of land, and one jintleman shootin' another's middleman! Why, they are a murderous set of ruff'ns here away."

"Bedads, if it's so bad in the *subburbs*," said his friend, "it's lucky we are all quiet here."

"The King and our creditors, God bless 'em!" said the more loyal of the two, "they'll take care of us."

"And we'll let 'em," added the other, "as long as they will. But it's dreadful outside, from what the paper says."

"What does it say?"

"Whoi, that the rapparees are murtherin' the people outside the town, and the pōlicemen are thrampin' them under foot in the public streets."

"Och! thin, it's bad times in England. Serve the old divil right!"

"She's lived upon us for many a day," added one patriot, who never made it appear how the less can contain the greater.

"And you and I have lived upon her pretty well, too, so we are even," added the other, an officer who afterwards distinguished himself in the Spanish Legion, and subsequently as an officer of Don Carlos.

After having agreed to this, these gentlemen lounged in the racket yard, among gentlemen in ragged dressing gowns and slippers, smoking caps, and the remains of an elegant luxury, without, indeed, the appearance of present comfort. As most of these gentlemen asked "What news?" and as they answered by pouring into the willing ears of their gossips that which they had just heard,

the public really began to be interested in the crime; especially as amongst these unfortunate prisoners there were residing—through the faults of any other persons you like, but, of course, not their own—several men of the pen, barristers and others, who were ready to give the latest information, and additional particulars, from the most authentic sources available to them.

From the Fleet prison there emanated several excellent articles upon the subject; and as the *Argus* was an admired Sunday paper, thought to be the organ of the "*ton*, the town, and the aristocracy," the colour of these articles may be guessed.

In the meantime, Mr. Rolt is talking to Dr. M'Phie in his own little room, whence a very patient lady, the wife of the learned Theban, has retired into the bed-chamber, so that the editor may have "full swing," as M'Phie said, "in his jaw upon lit'ry matters."

Mr. Rolt read the article from the "*Loominary*," as he called it, and then looked at M'Phie. He had, of course, previously read his own, with great emphasis.

"Well, what do you think?" asked Rolt.

"Tisn't badly done," said the Doctor.

"Not a bit of it," returned the editor; "the blackguard hits hard."

"I'm not so shure that he is a blackyard, at all," said the Doctor. "If he can handle a shillelah or a pistol as well as a pen, I should not like to meet the fellow."

"He must be answered," continued Rolt.

"Get the same hand to do it that wrote your article, it will spur him up a bit. He is not a bad sort."

Dr. M'Phie was ever generous to his rivals in the trade of letters.

"He's not equal to it, my boy," returned Rolt, with a sigh.

"That bit about the Berlin gloves and the Bluchers; and the hints about the Prussian and German influence, the Leiningens—the Gleichens, he's maining—and all that, were neatly put in. I've written worse leaders myself."

"My dear boy, he hasn't the go and the style that you have. You must answer him."

"Well, I'm quite agreeable. Let me have both leaders and five pounds."

"Here is the '*Loominary*,' there the *Argus*—both cut, sir; and here is a note for five pounds, payable when you send the leader."

"Oh, by the powers, Rolt! you're devilish sharp!"

"Make your paper twice as sharp as I am, Doctor, and I'll throw in an extra guinea for two bottles of wine."

"It shall be done, sir. Make my compliments to Mrs. Rolt, and tell her that I shall be very glad to dine with her and the family, at Turnham-green, as soon as I can leave the City."

"Leave the City!" With this euphemism the learned Doctor passed over his incarceration.

"Very good, very good—ta! ta!" said the editor. "Mind, we make up on Thursday, and your matter comes on the outer sheet; so let me have it on Wednesday mid-day, at latest."

"All right, me bhoys!" said M'Phie, preparing to light a pipe.

"And let the brute have it over his head and ears."

"I'll lick into the blackyard, as ye call him, as he deserves," returned the Doctor.

"By the way, I'd give a five-pound note to know who wrote that leader."

"What for, now, would you do so, Mr. Rolt?"

"Just to do him a good turn. He could write when you were ill, and may be wouldn't be so uncertain."

"Well, I could let you know," said the Doctor, rising and shutting his door. "He's in here, and I want to do the fellow a good turn. He trayted me, sir, to a bottle of champagne the other morning, when he'd finished the tickler."

"The tickler! What tickler?"

"The article of which you're spakin'."

"Oh, indeed, then you know his name; and you will tell me?"

"It's against moi own int'rest," said the Doctor, with a twinkle in his eye; "so I should rather say money down."

Rolt reflected a moment. He might as well have two strings to his bow; and he might as well buy off his enemy. So, with little ado, he pulled out five bright gold sovereigns, and dropped them into M'Phie's hands.

"Don't tell him what I say," said Rolt. "Here's the money. I should like to see him."

"So you shall, me bhoys!" cried M'Phie, bursting into a guffaw. "He stands before you. By the holy cradle, Mr. Rolt, I'm the man meself!"

Ajax defying the lightning could not have struck a finer attitude than did Dr. Phelim M'Phie, of Trinity College, Dublin. The astounded editor stared like the proverbial "stuck pig," and then began to, half-comically, abuse his betrayer.

"Stop that, Rolt, me darlin'! Didn't you give it me behind my back? though you thought it was another hand, to be sure."

And then it was that it suddenly struck the editor that his money was well laid out, and that he should rejoice after all that the "angelic Doctor" had no rival in the field; so that the proprietors of the *Argus* might, therefore, by judicious treatment, buy up the Doctor and his expressive pen altogether.

Thus it was that the "*Loominary*" and the *Argus* finally answered each other in the most polite language; and the great *Loominary* even condescended to praise the undeniable candour and ability of its well-written and aristocratic contemporary. The public wondered, and looked on.

E D I T H.

BY THOMAS ASHE.

PART II.—CHAPTER II.—OVER SEA.

WHO is this who roams on the quiet shore of Newhaven,
Mid the white chalk boulders, the wreck and wear of the winter;
Casting wistful glances across the sea, as it whispers,
Creeping toward his feet, and seems to lure and invite him?
It is Berthold Trevor. "Shall I go?" he is saying.
"Go not: it is frenzy," is the chiding of reason.
Yet, when midnight sounded, he was away on his journey:
Leaning over the prow, he watch'd the shadowy water.
Soon the jingling bells, the busy quays, and the shipping.

But he did not tarry to wander down by the shingle.
Still, no rest: still onward, heart, so nigh to be broken.

It is eve. It is Rouen. The stars are clouded in heaven.
Dark the moonless night ; no placid silvery glimmer
On the broad Seine river shines as it flows in the darkness.
Past the ships it flows, amid the dreams of the sleepers ;
Past the lamp-lit quays, or reedy marge, where the poplars
Whisper, sad for day, along the gloom of the valley.
Him no Rouennais sees, as he roams, as a phantom,
On the banks, and shivers with chilly wind of the midnight.

Then the night brought dreams, and bitter shame for his weakness.
And when dawn broke fair, and he arose from his slumber,
" Fool ! " he cried, " forget her ? Yea," he sighed, " I will follow,
" For awhile, for pleasure, hill and vale, and the sweetness
" Of this Norman land ; then will return, and for ever
" Banish dreams too empty, and this idiot folly."
Through the sunny morning, making show to be happy,
In the tiny steamer, on, away, on his journey,
Went the curate up the smoothly wandering river.
And, if nature could make well the wounds of a lover,
She had done it then, with soft aerial distance,
With white inland cliff, and willow fringe, and the quiet
Of the green Seine isles, and sweetly hovering beauty.

By and by they came to a little town, on the margin
Of the stream, and landed. Then he strolls in the market.
In among the mills he goes, with curious glances.
But the wheels were still : it was the morning of Easter.
Well he liked to note the workmen's serious faces,
Lined with thought, and quiet. " Work," he murmur'd, " is noble.
" I, why am I idle ? Work is holiest duty.
" Yea, and bliss comes with it ; so we learn, if we try it.
" Yea," again he asked, as if in anger, impatient,
" Why am I here idle ? " But nought he murmur'd in answer.
And, ere noon, he wander'd, restless, far from the river,
Over wooded hills ; until he gain'd, in the silence
Of the vales, a hillside, where the graves, with their crosses,
Look'd to South, but caught the fading glow of the sunset.
Near is Louviers, and here awhile he will linger.

In the even roaming,—it was the day, when the Master
Rose, and angels chanted, looking down from the crystal,—
On the air he heard the sweet Gregorian music.
Through the street he went, and into gloom of the Minster
Pass'd, by saints in stone, that stood in guard in the portal.
Dim and old, the pile : it seem'd a dream and a relic
Of the years long vanish'd. But living forms of the people,—
Snow-white Norman caps, bare heads, and many a bonnet,—
Fill'd each bench and aisle. And soon the holy procession
Moved with lingering tread among the shadowy pillars,
Worn and gray with time, and looking strange with the season.
White-robed children pass'd, with childish wandering glances ;
Wreathed with roses, singing ; and in the light of the tapers,
As they moved, or paused by shrine of saint or apostle,
Flash'd, as bandish'd sword the silver gleam of the crosses.
Rose and died the chorus ; and the refrain of the voices,
All the antique hymn, the tender lingering cadence,
Moved his soul to tears. What dreams he ? Why is he melted ?

What strange echo wakes amid the gloom of his fancy?
 Nay, he must away: he cannot bear it: he wanders,
 Restless, on, through the night, to cool the fire of his yearning.
 As he gain'd a city, and, past the shivering poplars,
 Through the noiseless streets, crept on, footsore, to the hostel,
 Morning streak'd the east behind the silent cathedral,
 Like the gleam of truth behind the forms of religion.
 Long he heard in dreams the sweet bewildering music.

He awoke, ere noon, and bat-wing'd care on his eyelids
 Hung; and daylight frown'd. To him, in joy of the morning,
 Hither, thither, now, was little spirit to wander,
 Pleased with cap and kirtle, and with the cries of the hawkers.
 He, ere long, sore-footed, within the yard of the hostel,
 Slung his knapsack on. What does he say? Do you hear him?
 He is muttering low, unheeding eyes of the damsels:—
 "Tired are grown my feet, and I will away to the cities
 "Which the sea-breeze freshens, built on hills of the granite."
 Self-deceived, he yearns to reach the goal of his longing.

Fast the wheels speed over the iron road of the moderns.
 On, by lingering stream, by hill and dell, and the blossom
 Of the orchards, hinting of all the guerdon of autumn:
 Past the fields made precious with easy toil of the oxen;
 Many a nestling town, and rill, and many a ruin:
 Past Bernay, Lisieux; and, mid your willowy meadows,
 You, grey spires of Caen, which catch the brine of the ocean.
 Now, the red-ribb'd rock, and old St. Lô, and the Minster,
 Pointing heavenward ever, above the cry of the valleys.

Will he linger?—See! he stands, in wane of the sunset,
 On the hill, and watches the mists that rise in the hollow.
 There the people cower, in houses huddled together,—
 Grim, lean faces, pallid,—when the daylight is over.
 Still in misery true, as one they toil and they suffer;
 Souls brim-full of curses, but ever kind to each other.
 Denser coils the mist with smoke of many a cottage,
 Stretch'd from hill to hill; until the shadowy valley
 Seems a storm-spread sea. The sunset draws, for an omen,
 Wild weird blood-red streaks above the gloom of the hillside.
 Strange, it seems, unreal, as he beholds in the silence,
 Like a dream of hell. And still he gazes, and voices
 Come, at times, forlorn, as of the souls in perdition.
 All the misery, then, of this world, rose, in his vision:
 Phantom dreams of bliss, that are despair, and the crying
 Of the souls, unheard by the rulers hiding their faces:
 Sadness, none can utter: all man bears of his fellow:
 All the waste of labour, the sweat and grime of the foreheads
 Of the poor, held down, as with a stone, by the masters:
 All the needless woe, in eyes too sad to be lifted
 Upward toward the sun, in hearts o'erburden'd and broken.
 Then within him trembled a sudden pain and a passion
 To behold the sea, and hide away from his kindred.
 Nay, not here will peace come to his soul, that is wounded.

Morning. Jingling bells. Is it for bells he is happy?
 Crack the whip: away! Awake the horn, with its echoes.

See, the beautiful spires of Coutances, calm on the summit
Of the granite hill. Awake the horn, with its echoes.
Crack the whip : away ! And, now, the silvery glitter
Of that rock-strewn sea, and busy noise of the seaport.

MR. GOLIGHTLY ;

OR, THE

ADVENTURES OF AN AMIABLE MAN.

CHAPTER V.

MR. GOLIGHTLY CONVEYS HIS IMPRESSION OF
CAMBRIDGE TO HIS FAMILY IN A CIRCULAR
LETTER.

PROBABLY there is one thing that nearly every rightly disposed young gentleman does very soon after his arrival either at Cambridge or Oxford—that is, to write an epistle to his friends at home, containing, according to his temperament and capacity for polite letter writing, a more or less flowery description of his first impressions of University life. Our hero—whom the readers of this biographical memoir will soon know as a “rightly disposed young gentleman,” if they have not already arrived at that conclusion—proved no exception to this rule. Having laid in a stock of note paper, on which the college arms were neatly stamped in blue and red, with the words “St. Mary’s College, Cambridge,” by way of further explanation, in embossed letters underneath, he was in a position to write home with becoming dignity. He had been received into the lap of his Alma Mater on a day which the Golightlys have always regarded as a day of ill-omen for starting on a journey—namely, on a Friday ; but as the college authorities themselves had fixed that day for his reception, this difficulty could only be got over by compliance with the injunction thus issued ; Mrs. Golightly having remarked—when her natural sagacity, and a consultation of her almanac, enabled her to arrive at a conclusion—“That the seventeenth of October in that year certainly fell on a Friday, and above all things she disliked beginning anything on that day ; but she supposed her son must go, as that was the day fixed ; and all she could say was, she hoped no harm would come of it.”

The Rector and Mr. Morgan, however, having reasoned with her, she was persuaded to take a more hopeful view of the exigency which compelled her son to issue forth from her care on so ill-fated a day.

Now, nothing would have induced any members of the family at Oakingham Rectory to write a letter or sign their names

to any document on a Friday, unless under stress of circumstances ; as, for instance, the case of the worthy old militia captain, of whom it is recorded, in the family archives, that he signed his will on a Friday. But the exigency of his case was peculiar : though perfectly conscious, and, as the phrase is, in full possession of his faculties to the last, his doctors had warned him that it was more than probable he would not live to see Saturday morning. The patient here remarked, in a voice scarcely above a whisper—but his words were plainly heard by his son, who has often repeated them to the family—“That if his time was come he must reconcile himself to his fate ; but he had always looked upon Friday as an unlucky day, and it seemed likely to keep up its character to the end.”

However, the old gentleman’s prejudices were not outraged, as he survived until the Sunday, having signed a codicil to his will, on Saturday, by which he devised a certain close of land to the use of the poor of the parish of Oakingham for ever.

The poor had been overlooked in the hurry of preparing his will, for the gallant captain had a fine, old-fashioned prejudice against making his will, not at all uncommon among the country gentlemen of his day ; and he had a saying which was ever in his mouth, if any of his friends broached the subject—none of his children would have done it for the world—which saying was, “that, for his part, he would never bring himself to believe that a man would make a will unless he had a presentiment of something about to happen ; for,” he would add, wisely wagging his head, and sipping the old port that so greatly aggravated his complaint, “you recollect poor old Squire Frampton, of Frampton-in-the-Marsh ? I well remember one day, at quarter-sessions, he told me, as he stepped out of lawyer Quilpenn’s office, on the market square at Fuddleton, ‘Golightly,’ says he, ‘how d’ye do?’ and, pointing over his shoulder and laughing, says he, ‘I’ve just signed my will.’ That was Saturday : he was killed in the hunting field on the Monday after was Guy Fawkes’s day :” and here the captain was accustomed to bring his chalky old knuckles

down on the dining table with a bang that made the glasses jump. I might feel an apology was necessary for so long a digression concerning the captain; but, as the Golightlys are a very conservative family, they have many traditions in which they religiously believe; and with them, for many generations, the rule has been, "as did the father so does the son."

The immediate ancestor of the Rector had, as we have shown, the strongest objection to the performance of any important act on a Friday. The Reverend Samuel Golightly inherited the same prepossession in all its pristine force; for once, after a quarrel with a refractory churchwarden the parish had elected, the parson of Oakingham, though boiling over with rage at a letter he had received from that functionary, and though every finger itched with desire to take pen and ink and have at him—Bobbleswick his name was—let who might say nay;—the day was Friday: he waited: indignant as he was, he waited. Tuffley took him up tea to his study at a quarter-past eleven, wondering "what could keep the master up, and me up too." As the last stroke of the midnight hour, by Oakingham Church clock, died away into silence, the Rector seized pen, ink, and paper, and annihilated Bobbleswick—in the opinion of his own family: though I grieve to say irony was lost upon the churchwarden, who was one of those intelligent, honest Britons who call a spade a spade, and don't know it again as an horticultural and agricultural implement.

These prejudices against Fridays in general—derived immediately from his father and grandfather, and more remotely from many generations of Golightlys in succession—so far penetrated the mind of Mr. Samuel Adolphus, our hero, as to prevent his thinking of writing home on that particular Friday on which he first arrived at the University of Cambridge. There were other reasons in the matter, though, which would have produced a similar result in more practical and less ideal minds than that of our hero. In the first place, he had forgotten to bring any note paper with him; secondly, the shops were shut when dinner was over, and he thought of letter writing; and thirdly, the evening mail had gone out. This information was imparted to him by Mr. Sneek.

"The post goes at eight o'clock—least-

ways, without a nextra stamp, which takes 'em up to ha' past, sir."

In reply to a query from his new master, Mr. Sneek continued:

"As to note paper and envelopes, most neatly painted with the Cawllege harms, sir, is to be had at most of such shops as commonly sells it, which I would run now to get some but the shops is closed; not but what I dessay some of 'em would open; but the post is gawn. (A-comin', sir"—this observation Mr. Sneek made with the side of his mouth in common use, thrusting half his head through the doorway.) "Mr. Eustace Jones, sir, have some readin' gentlemen to tea with him, sir. His is allus teas. Inexpensive and satisfyin'."

Of this mathematical gentleman it might be said, as it was of somebody else, I believe—

"Tea veniente die, tea decedente bibebat;"

which our lady readers will pardon us for rendering thus—

"Tea he drank with the morning light:
Tea he drank till late midnight."

Mr. Sneek, the honest and praiseworthy gyp of the staircase, never lost an opportunity of impressing upon the Freshman minds that came under his notice his own notions of the undesirability of their contracting similar habits. After all, cold tea and fragments of tough muffin are poor perquisites for a gyp.

"'Xcuse me, Mr. Golightly, sir—don't be led into tea or readin', sir; but be a gentleman of sperrit—'xcuse me, sir—like your cousin, Mr. George—which I don't want no better master—and the Hon'ble Pokyr."

With these words the gyp withdrew, and ascended to the region of tea and the Calculus on the floor above.

At the risk of the imputation being cast upon me of trying to appear learned, after the manner of "Our Own" when representing the interests of England and his paper abroad, by having both Greek and Latin on the same page, I shall here remark, that the man who performs the duties and helps himself to something more than the perquisites of an indoor servant out of livery, at the two Universities, is called at each by a different name.

"At Cambridge 'gyp,' at Oxford 'scout,'
Collegians call the idle lout
Who brushes clothes, of errands runs,
Absorbs their tips, or keeps off duns."

Of the word gyp, I may remark that, upon the authority of a distinguished Oxford scholar, it is not improbably derived from γύψ, or αἰγυπῖος, a vulture. This derivation is ingenious and remarkably *apropos*, as the gyp possesses all the voracious qualities of the bird of prey in a very high state of development. And, on a kindred subject, it might be worth the attention of moralists

and social philosophers to consider the various causes which combined, in the course of centuries, to make gyps and bedmakers at the Universities, and laundresses appendant and appurtenant to chambers in the several Inns of Court, and some other places, such particularly disagreeable people to have any dealings with. Out of regard for early English wit, it may be sug-



MR. GOLIGHTLY FINDS HIMSELF AT THE FEET OF MISS JANE SNEEK.

gested that the cleanly title enjoyed by the latter was given them as a pleasing satire upon the state of dirt they have always been found in for some generations.

The various reasons enumerated above having prevented our hero from addressing his family from his new quarters on the first night of his arrival there, he proceeded to

remedy the omission on the day following. He had not forgotten his aunts' injunction at parting, to write to them as soon as he got to Cambridge. Accordingly, on Saturday he spent half an hour in the afternoon in writing to Miss Dorothea and her sister, Miss Harriet; reserving for Monday a circular letter, which should—though nominally written to his father—really be addressed to

the whole family, including his late tutor, Mr. Morgan.

The letter, bearing the words, "St. Mary's Coll., Cam.," underneath the famous arms of that royal and religious foundation, began with—

"MY DEAR FA"—when he had got thus far, our hero hardly knew how to go on, such was the effect of the *embarras des richesses* under which he laboured. However, his father's parting advice to be cool, calm, and collected under even the most trying circumstances, came to his mind at the right moment; and, stimulated by the recollection of the parental maxim, he proceeded: "You heard of my safe arrival" (of course, he did not stammer when he wrote—or sang) "in the letter I wrote to Aunt Dorothea. I must say, I like Cambridge very well, but I feel rather strange. I have not yet found out who screwed me in. I have not been screwed in since; but, as somebody is screwed in every night, I am expecting it again. Now I know all about it, I am not at all afraid; as Sneek, the servant—or gyp, as he is called—can always 'dig me out,' as they call it. Pokyr calls it 'unearthing.' He is a very agreeable fellow, but rather given to practical jokes—things I very much dislike. I am sure, I should never think of playing a practical joke upon anybody. Then why should I be joked? is a question I ask myself. Yesterday morning, having attended the early service in chapel, and breakfasted, I left the college for what I had been told was the University Church ('Varsity Church they call it, as you know). I dressed myself, as George told me, in my cap and gown. I put on bands like those you wear on Sundays—of which I was induced to purchase six pairs (they may be useful to you, and I will bring them when I come home for the vacation)—my lavender kid gloves that Aunt Harriet gave me; and, as the day was showery, I took my green silk umbrella. I noticed that I was stared at as I walked along the streets; and when I arrived at what I had been told was the University Church, and was trying to open the iron gate—which, as it was two minutes past eleven, I thought had probably been closed—I was startled by a loud laugh. It was Pokyr—who, with a friend named Blaydes, and an Indian gentleman, Calipee by name, were laughing very loudly at me. I saw at once that I was the victim of a

hoax. Mr. Blaydes took off my bands; Mr. Calipee told me to put my lavender gloves in my pocket; and Mr. Pokyr said he would take care of my umbrella—'mush-room' was the term he used. I found my umbrella was what he meant, as he took it from me. What he did with it I don't know. I have not seen it since. It had disappeared a minute afterwards, for I observed he was not carrying it. The place was not a church, but the University Printing Press. The architecture is ecclesiastical, and hence my mistake. You will say, 'Do not be imposed upon: a second time.' I promise you, I will not. Perhaps, if I had remembered your advice, I might have been more upon my guard. At the corner of a street we met a gentleman, De Bootz by name. I mention him because, as you are fond of genealogical studies, the arms of his family may interest you. Pokyr says they are on a field ermine, a boot stagnant, proper: crest, a spur; and motto, '*Usque ad finem luceat*'—'Shine to the last.' Mr. De Bootz was ahead of us when Pokyr told me this; and Mr. Blaydes added, 'I believe that man's great great great grandfather invented blacking.' If so, the arms are very appropriate, and you won't think any the worse of him for this. Mr. De Bootz took us to the back parlour of a small cigar shop in Brown-street, where we found some other gentlemen drinking beer out of a huge flagon. Here they introduced me to a Miss Bellair—the Brown-street Venus, as she is called. She seems a very lively and amiable lady, and deservedly popular, as her manners are very agreeable. Her mother was present also. It is her mother's cigar shop. After dinner, we had some wine and dessert in Pokyr's room. He says he 'always keeps a chapel religiously once a week;' so we all went in surplices, as it was Sunday. Sherry never used to disagree with me; but I felt very confused, and rather giddy. However, to keep myself awake, I read this sentence—which I found on the fly-leaf of the battered Prayer Book which was in my seat—ninety-one times during the service, keeping count of the number of the times. It was as follows:—'*Strongbeerium collegianum bibere malum est justum antequam in chapellam in eas.*' It is, as you will perceive, dog Latin; and I felt it was peculiarly applicable to me, and to sherry as well as beer; accordingly, I shall be very careful in future. I think it was the

heat of the gas and candles. With kind regards to you all, I will here close this letter."

Our hero had given a promise many times to the members of his family, individually and collectively, that he would faithfully report to them the various incidents of his life; and, as will be seen, he entered upon this course at once. But he found very soon that he could not keep it up with advantage to all parties, and therefore it has happened that this history is a biography instead of an autobiography. Mr. Samuel Adolphus had, in the next few days immediately following his Sunday visit to the home of the Brown-street Venus, so far improved his opportunities, that he already felt himself very deeply in love. With that rashness and utter regardlessness of all ulterior consequences which is characteristic of the first attack of the great passion, our hero was seated in his easy chair, turning over in his mind the propriety of at once laying his virgin heart at the feet of his bewitching innamorata, and wondering what his Aunt Dorothea would say when he introduced Miss Bellair to the party at the Rectory as his bride, when there was a timid tap at his door.

"Come in," cried our hero, his heart beating fast and nervously.

A little boy—a precocious little boy he had not the slightest difficulty in recognizing as Mrs. Bellair's errand boy—entered, cap in hand, and presented to Mr. Golightly's notice a tiny, scented, pink note.

He opened it hastily, and devoured the contents—as novelists say. These were as follows:—

"DEAR MR. GOLIGHTLY—I cannot misinterpret your conduct. Your heart is young, tender, warm. You love me. Dare I say, without for an instant seeming to throw aside the veil of woman's modesty—her brightest jewel—that, from the moment I first saw you, I felt that there was something about you I had observed in no one else? Oh! do not, I pray you, put a wrong construction on these innocent words, written without guile at the prompting of Cupid; but the constraint under which we meet in Brown-street is too great for my nerves. So many are round, and my mamma is so very watchful over her daughter's conduct, we can never be alone. Say you will meet me, then, in half an hour, at the Backs, beneath the third elm tree, opposite the gate of St.

Mary's. There no one shall hear, but the winds of heaven only be listeners to the words we speak. If I have not mistaken your feelings—come. If I have—which heaven forbid!—breathe not this confession to mortal ears, as you are a gentleman, and an ornament to that gown you wear.—Ever yours (in a flutter of hope),

"EMILY BELLAIR."

"No. 91, Brown-street."

"Is there an answer, sir, please?" asked the precocious boy. "I was to wait for an answer."

"Who sent you?" demanded Mr. Golightly, in breathless haste. "Who sent you?"

"Missis, sir."

"Wait one instant," said our hero, fumbling in his waistcoat pocket for a shilling, and nearly giving the messenger of Cupid a sovereign by mistake.

He retired to his bedroom, and read the missive again and again. He sponged his temples, heated with the delirious whirl of hope and love conflicting in his breast.

Calmer after this operation, he emerged from his bedchamber; and, addressing the boy as unconcernedly as he could, said—

"The only answer is—Yes!"

He was under the trees at the back of his college for some minutes before the half-hour had elapsed, with the precious pink note still in his hand.

True to her time, the lady came.

How was it, then, that, when the thick veil which had enshrouded her features fell to the ground—how was it that, when Mr. Golightly, on his knees, was vowing eternal love, a cruel gust of wind tore off the cloak, and revealed the form, not of Emily Bellair, but the startling truth that the illustrious hero of this history was at the feet of Miss Jane Sneek, daughter of Mr. John Sneek, gyp?

The further account of this surprising matter is too important for the end of a chapter. With it, we begin Chapter VI.

THE USE OF BALLOONS IN WAR.— PART II.

AN ingenious Frenchman, M. Bobœuf, some time since, discovered a method of discharging missiles by means of the gas in the balloon, which he compressed

in a special apparatus; and thus, as the weight of the car was diminished by that of the bullet thrown, so also the lifting power of the balloon was lessened by the use of the amount of gas which discharged it.

Such a plan, however, might bring the aéronauts into an unpleasant position: they might fire away all their gas in the action, and find themselves slowly sinking into the hands of their irate enemies below, without any means of taking flight again. On the other hand, the vapour or gas of gunpowder has been used to inflate balloons, apparently not with very great success. What special advantage this gas has over the ordinary coal gas does not appear.

Such are the only uses to which it has been proposed to apply balloons, as at present constructed, to purposes of war. Numerous other inventions have been proposed; but they are all founded on some plan for obtaining flight, either by guiding a balloon, or by means of an aerial ship, or flying machine. Of course, one of the most obvious uses to which an aerial ship could be put would be to sail quietly into the centre of a town or camp, and attack the unconscious inhabitants. Most of our greatest inventions are now principally useful according as they can be more or less easily adapted to the purposes of war. More thought and trouble have been spent on the Martini-Henry than on the spinning-jenny. Perhaps the culmination of all modern civilization, the greatest achievement of modern science, is the mitrailleuse. Consequently, if ever any attempt to navigate the air can be successful, the first application of the scheme will probably be to purposes of destruction. We shall hear of balloon Monitors before we hear of balloon mail, in any other sense than that in which those irregular supplies of letters from Paris are said to come *par ballon monté*. It is curious—as showing, amongst other circumstances, how little change there has been in this respect in men's opinions—that the Jesuit, Francis Lana—who was one of the very earliest to hit upon the idea of any scheme, like that of our balloons, for rising in the air—when he described his machine (which was something like a boat, with several copper globes, from which the air had been exhausted, fastened round her gunwale, in order to raise her into the air), should have looked upon his craft as likely to be of use chiefly in war, and

lamented the fact that it would make all castles and strongholds useless. He, of course, did not know the modern dictum, which has received so much confirmation from recent events that the easier it is to wage war, and the more destructive war is when waged, the less we of necessity have of it. But then, of course, he only lived in the dark ages, before nineteenth century civilization and breech-loaders were invented.

Unfortunately, all these schemes break down in the flying part. Nobody as yet has managed to fly—at least, more than a few yards, which has been accomplished—or to construct any machine capable of being guided in the air. A man can, by help of a balloon, rise into the air, like a cork in the water, and then drift about at the mercy of the winds, but that is all; and it seems more than probable that he will never do anything better. To prove the impossibility of such a thing is, indeed, not easy, as it never is to prove any impossibility; but there are a few obstacles in the way which seem almost insuperable.

In order to guide any machine through the air, it is necessary that it should have some motion independent of that given it by the wind—some steerage-way, at all events. It is obvious that a boat simply drifting before a current cannot be steered; the rudder in such a case is simply useless, and is only available when the boat has a definite motion in some particular direction, independent of that given it by the stream. Some motion, then, independent of the wind, the balloon must have. Again, to be of any avail beyond checking its forward movement, such power must be capable of driving the balloon faster than the wind, or else it can only be of use in perfectly calm weather. Considering the amount of force required to move a body along the ground, with the leverage afforded by the solid earth, at a pace equal to that even of a light breeze, the power required to move any object in the air, with no better leverage than that given by the air itself, may easily be imagined. Suppose that an aerial ship could be made, which would go twenty miles an hour in a perfect calm, that would be considered a sufficient feat; but in a breeze which moved at the rate of twenty miles an hour, it could only be stationary, or at most move in a direction with the wind, but not exactly before it—with the wind on her quarter, to

use a nautical expression. It is to be remembered that a balloon must of necessity be carried along entirely by the wind; so that, as regards the balloon, the wind has absolutely no relative motion. Aëronauts never feel any breeze whatever in a balloon, since it and the wind travel along precisely at the same pace. Hence it cannot sail, as a boat does, in a direction at an acute angle to that of the wind, any more than a boat can drift in any direction but that of the current. The motion of the boat is the result of two forces acting upon it; the balloon is subjected only to one. The first thing needful, then, is to impart motion to the vessel—of whatever sort it may be—which is to sail “with sublime dominion through the azure fields of air.” Until this can be done, it is hopeless to think of directing it.

This puts balloons out of the question. It will, probably, never be possible to make a balloon which can lift any engine capable of moving it. The surface of a balloon is enormous; and to drive such a large mass—which is incapable, from its nature, of receiving momentum—through the air, would require an engine of immense power, and, therefore, of considerable weight. The only way of increasing the lifting power of a balloon is by increasing its size, and consequently its surface, and consequently, again, the power of its engine. This is a hopeless dilemma. Then a silk balloon is not strong enough to resist any pressure from the air; and no other material of equal lightness and sufficient strength is likely to be discovered. Any framework which would serve to strengthen the balloon, and enable it to keep its shape, would also be heavy. Lastly, the guiding machinery must be attached to the balloon itself, not to the car—so that the ordinary shape could not be employed; and the machine would have to be fish or boat-shaped—an almost impossible form for a gas balloon.

If, then, we are ever to rival the birds, it must be by aid of some mechanical means, some flying machine. Numbers of these have been invented, but it is hardly necessary to say that none of them have, as yet, been successful. No one has yet really discovered the principles on which birds fly, or on which it will be necessary to proceed before men can do the same. Any of these machines would doubtless, if successful, be very useful for purposes of fighting, but

some few have been intended by their inventors chiefly for that object.

Amongst the most remarkable of these is one for which a patent was taken out in 1855 by the Earl of Aldborough. This invention, if it could be brought to work, would of itself be quite sufficient to revolutionise the whole art of warfare; and balloons would by this time have taken the place of men-of-war, with the additional advantage of being equally useful over land and sea, which no ship could possibly be. Then the present war might have seen fulfilled the prediction of the poet of “Locksley Hall,” who in fancy—

“Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there
rain’d a ghastly dew
From the nations’ airy navies grappling in the
central blue;
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south
wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro’
the thunderstorm.”

The specification of the patent in question describes a perfect armament of aerial vessels of warlike nature, which, probably, never existed even as models. Each of them is a sort of balloon, fitted with wings to be worked by hand and by a complicated arrangement of springs. Some are of the ordinary balloon shape, and have wings fastened to the car; others are in the shape of a boat. They are all to be raised by means of gas, and the wings are to be used only to impart horizontal motion and direction. How liable these machines are to all the objections mentioned above, is obvious.

The armament of these vessels is complete. Guns and muskets are to be so placed as to utilise the recoil—how, is not said—while explosive shells are to be dropped from them. Some are even to be thinly armour-plated at top, that they may be safely protected from the attack of hostile vessels above. To each ship one or more “pilot-boats” are attached, for the purpose of guiding, landing passengers, &c., so that no convenience may be wanted.

To ensure the safety of these marvellous ships, a fortress is to be provided, guarded by a sort of *chevaux-de-frise*, arranged like the entrance to a mousetrap, so as to allow vessels to go out, but impede the entry of any hostile ships. In order to admit friendly balloons, the stakes of the *chevaux-de-frise* are movable.

In order that there may be no misconception of the powers of these ships, a drawing

attached to the specification gives a representation of the attack and defence of a fort by two fleets of them, where they are represented as sailing about, and in vigorous conflict. Numerous other uses of them, such as dragging ships over by grappling their masts, are also mentioned.

This invention is apparently the most complete in intention of any which would apply balloons to fighting uses. How utterly impracticable it is in all its execution is obvious. One or two others of like character have been patented, but one such is enough to mention—*ex uno disce omnes*. Still it is easy to laugh at the attempt after *aërostation*. The science may, after all, but be in its infancy; and some new source of motive power may yet be discovered which may lift us through the air. Till such discovery, we must be content to go on destroying one another with the means we have: means, to judge of the present war, of very sufficient power.

RUSSIA AND THE TREATY OF PARIS.

WE sit down to write a few notes upon this subject with the comfortable conviction that the crisis has been tided over; and that this result has been effected by the firmness of the attitude of England, by the spirited tone of Lord Granville's reply to the Russian note, and by the readiness of the Cabinet to consider the grievances adduced by Russia at a general Conference of our co-signatories in the Treaty of 1856. Prince Gortchakoff saw his opportunity in the existing disturbed state of European affairs. He believed that England was pledged to a "peace at any price" policy; and probably he was also desirous of showing his own particular party in Russia that there is life in him yet. No doubt, the Treaty of 1856 has been, and is, galling to Russia; but the provisions it contains were the price of peace at a time when peace was dearer to Russia than anything else.

"Of the two chief authors of the Treaty of Paris, France lies on her back in mortal strife and helplessness. England is blowing blasts about her own providential insularity. With the victorious side Russia can exchange smiles. Now is the time—here goes! The famous Treaty of 1856, which cost England and France a hundred thousand men and two hundred millions of money, is

torn into fragments and cast to the winds." Such was the language of the leading journal on the 21st of November. Happily, now, there is every prospect of a settlement of the question without resort to arms. Although the note of Prince Gortchakoff surprised us as much as if a bombshell had burst suddenly in our midst, we need not have wondered at the action of Russia: it is consistent with the policy of the Court of St. Petersburg for above a century.

Von Sybel (vol. iii., p. 369), in relating the events which immediately preceded the Polish insurrection of Kosciusko, refers to the project of the Empress Catherine in these words:—

"The plan which was sanctioned by the Empress, and declared by Markoff to be infallible, was to take up a defensive attitude on the frontier of the country with large forces, and at the same time to deal the decisive blow against Constantinople by means of the fleet. The heart of the Osman empire being thus struck, the Russians hoped that they should possess themselves without difficulty of the dismembered limbs."

And the project, postponed in 1794, has been revived often enough in the minds of Russian statesmen and rulers since. Let us take to witness the testimony of the first Napoleon.

After his fall, and during his confinement at St. Helena, he said:—"All the Emperor Alexander's thoughts are directed to the conquest of Turkey. We have had many discussions about it. At first, his proposals pleased me; because I thought it would enlighten the world to drive these brutes, the Turks, out of Europe. But when I reflected upon its consequences, and saw what a tremendous weight of power it would give to Russia, on account of the number of Greeks in the Turkish dominion, who would naturally join the Russians, I refused to consent to it; especially as Alexander wanted Constantinople, which I would not consent to, as it would destroy the equilibrium in Europe."

On another occasion, he said:—"I could have shared the Turkish Empire with Russia. We have discussed the question more than once. Constantinople always saved it. This capital was the great embarrassment, the true stumbling-block. Russia wanted it, and I would not grant it. It is too precious a key. It is alone worth an empire. Whoever possesses it can govern the world."

At the present time, it cannot be other-

wise than interesting and profitable to consider very briefly the grounds on which we went to war with Russia in 1854; and to recapitulate the principal provisions of that Treaty which is now sought to be set aside, for no other reason than that it is distasteful to Russia.

The Russian war arose out of a collision between the priests of the Latin and Greek Churches upon the right to hold the keys and to have the possession of certain holy places in and around Jerusalem; and also the exclusive right of religious worship in others. This dispute Russia attempted to use as a handle for the destruction of the independence of Turkey. These dissensions caused an interference by the French, founded on a treaty between Francis I. and the Sultan. A firman had conceded certain other privileges to the Greeks. M. Lavallette, the French envoy, urged the claim of the Latins with an indiscreet zeal, which produced a corresponding action on the part of Russia, who sent Prince Menschikoff to demand a convention, which virtually would have abstracted a large portion of Turkish subjects from their allegiance to the Porte, and given Russia a treaty right of perpetual interference. And to support these demands she advanced an army to the Turkish frontier.

The Emperor of Russia, when in England, in 1844, had discussed the question of the destiny of Turkey with Lord Aberdeen—the then Foreign Secretary—and the Duke of Wellington. The result was embodied in a memorandum, which was afterwards transmitted to the Foreign Office, and kept secret until early in 1853. This declares the expediency of preserving the integrity of Turkey, the intention of the two Powers to act in concert if anything unforeseen should render the dissolution of Turkey inevitable: it being assumed that Austria assented to this course, and presumed that France would be unable to resist the combined action of the two Powers. Early in this latter year, Sir H. Seymour, minister at St. Petersburg, forwarded an account to the Foreign Office of a conversation held between the Czar and himself, intimating the probability of the fall of Turkey, and desiring a special understanding with England as to a concerted action in that event. The Emperor of Russia further stated that he would not permit England to establish herself at Constantinople, and that he himself would not

do so as proprietor; but hinted his intention of seizing on it as a pledge. Lord John Russell replied that there was no special crisis in the affairs of Turkey justifying the supposition that the “sick man” was on his deathbed. The foresight of the patient's friends might prove the cause of his death, for England could not consent, in good faith, to make special arrangements with Russia without communicating with the other Powers. They would thus, of necessity, become public, and would encourage encroachments by the races hostile to Turkey by which that country was surrounded, and would materially impair the power of Turkey. Recommending, also, that the Sultan should be advised to treat all his subjects with equity and moderation, which would render less necessary that protection which Russia complained of as burdensome, though no doubt prescribed by duty and sanctioned by treaty.

These last words seem to surrender the whole question nominally at issue between Russia and Turkey. The treaty under which Russia claimed was that of one made in the year 1744. On this reply being communicated to the Czar, he expressed his conviction of the impending dissolution of Turkey, and expressed, negatively, his intentions on that event. He would not take it himself, nor permit England, France, nor any other great nation to have it; nor would he permit a Byzantine empire to be reconstructed, nor such an extent of territory to be given to Greece as would make her a powerful state; nor would he permit a dismemberment of the Turkish empire into petty republics. He also stated that Austria was perfectly of accord with him; and, further, hinted that a distribution might be made, giving Egypt and Candia to England; the Principalities of Servia and Bulgaria being formed into independent States under his own protection.

Meantime, Turkey had intimated the necessity of preparing for her own defence, in consequence of the accumulation of Russian troops on her frontier. The result was that, on the 2nd and 3rd of July, the Russian troops, under Gortchakoff, crossed the frontier and occupied the Principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia: not, it was said, to wage war, but to obtain material guarantees. This, as an invasion of Turkish dominions, produced, on July 14th, a formal protest from the Porte,

expressing the intention to treat her Christian subjects with equity and moderation, and calling for the withdrawal of the force. Russia subsequently declared that the occupation of the Principalities was in consequence of the combined action of England and France, in sending their fleets to Basika Bay. It was attempted to settle the dispute by a Conference at Vienna; and a note was drawn up, to which the Czar expressed his acquiescence; but the Porte required certain modifications, which England and France ultimately admitted to be reasonable. These modifications Russia was not willing to accede to—one complaint being that it would invalidate the treaty of 1744, although professing to confirm it. Further negotiations took place, but led to no result, and the national feeling in Turkey became strongly impressed in favour of war; and, on October 5th, the Porte issued a formal declaration; and shortly afterwards, at the request of the Sultan, the fleets of England and France entered the Dardanelles: the act being explained, in a note from Turkey to Austria, "as necessitated by the hostile attitude of Russia." Shortly after, hostilities took place between the troops of Russia and Turkey, at Oltenitza; and, on December 5th, a protocol was signed by the representatives of the four Powers, protesting against hostilities, and seeking to restore negotiations on certain terms. But the sudden destruction by Russia of the Turkish fleet at Sinope put negotiation out of the question. The English fleet was ordered to Odessa, to inflict reprisals; and a joint declaration of general reprisals soon after commenced the war.

The destruction of Sebastopol and the death of the Emperor Nicholas led to inclinations on the part of Russia to terminate the war; and, towards the end of 1855, Count Esterhazy was sent to St. Petersburg with certain proposals for peace. The propositions were:—

1. Abolition of Russian protectorate of the Danubian Principalities, which States were to receive a new organization, sanctioned by the Sultan: no State to interfere in the matter of internal administration. In exchange for the places then occupied by the Allies, Russia was to consent to a rectification of her frontier, as regarded Turkey in Europe.

2. For the maintenance of the freedom of the Danube and its mouths, in accord-

ance with the Treaty of Vienna on this subject.

3. The Black Sea to be neutralized; open to all merchant vessels, closed to ships of war; and no military arsenal to be maintained on its shores. (This embodies the question now at issue with the Emperor of Russia.)

4. The immunity of the Christian subjects of Turkey.

5. The belligerents reserve the right of producing, in the interests of Europe, special conditions over and above the guarantee.

Previously to these proposals being formally conveyed to St. Petersburg, Russia addressed to her diplomatic agents a circular, declaring her willingness to come to terms on the basis of the four points defined in the Conference at Vienna; and in January, 1856, she announced her acceptance of the propositions, and a meeting of plenipotentiaries took place at Vienna on February 26th. The first business was, of course, the settlement of preliminaries of peace; and it was resolved that the commander-in-chief should conclude an armistice, to last until March 31st. The treaty of peace was ultimately signed on the 30th of March, and ratifications were exchanged on April 27th following. The parties to the treaty were England, Austria, France, Prussia, Russia, Sardinia, and Turkey.

Article 1 provided for peace between the belligerents from the date of ratification of the treaty.

2. The reciprocal restitution of conquered or occupied territories as promptly as possible. Special arrangements to be made for the mode of carrying out the provisions of this article.

5. An amnesty for all acts whereby the subjects of either State may have compromised themselves in respect to the war.

6. The mutual restitution of prisoners.

7. The admission of Turkey into the public law and system of Europe. Each of the Powers engaging to respect the independence and territorial integrity of Turkey; guaranteeing in common the observance of the engagement; and promising to consider its violation a question of general interest.

8. In case of dispute arising between Turkey and any other or others of the Powers, opportunity of mediation to be afforded to the other Powers.

9. The Sultan to communicate to the contracting parties his firman, emanating

spontaneously from his sovereign will, in favour of his Christian subjects: it being understood that this is not, in any case, to give the Powers, or any of them, the right to interfere in the relations of the Sultan with his subjects, or in the internal administration of his empire.

11, 12, 13, 14, provided for the neutralization and freedom of the Black Sea: vessels of war being interdicted, except—under article 19—as to two light vessels which each Power may station at the mouth of the Danube, to ensure execution of regulations as to its navigation.

15 to 19. The navigation of the Danube declared free, and subject to no toll or duty, except such as shall be fixed by a commission for discharging the expense of clearing the mouth of the Danube, and putting it in a navigable state.

20, 21. In exchange for places ceded by the Allies, new frontier in Bessarabia to be made, to begin from the Black Sea, and running along a course marked out and agreed upon, and terminating on the Pruth. Such territory to be annexed to Moldavia.

22 to 27. The Principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia to enjoy, under the suzerainty of the Porte, and under the guarantee of the contracting Powers, their present privileges. No exclusive protection, and no separate right of interference in their affairs, to be exercised by either of the Powers. The Sultan engaging to preserve to them an independent administration, liberty of worship: an assembly to be convoked in each province to arrange for the future organization thereof. In the event of the internal tranquillity being unsettled, Turkey to come to an understanding with the Powers as to the measures to be taken as to restoration of order.

30. The maintenance between Russia and Turkey of the state of possessions in Asia, as existing before the war. A mixed commission to be sent to carry out this provision.

Before the close of the sittings of the Conference, Count Walewski raised a discussion upon certain matters. These were:—The existing condition of Greece and the Pontifical States, expressing a desire on the part of France to terminate her occupation of Rome; and suggesting that advice should be given to the King of Naples as to the mistaken course of conduct pursued by him. He next referred to the offensive publica-

tions issued in Belgium, suggesting that a representation should be made by the Powers to Belgium of the necessity of putting a check upon the extreme licence of the press. Lord Clarendon, as to the first, declared the readiness of England to recall troops sent to Greece, and approved the intention of France to recall hers from Rome as soon as this measure could be safely taken. As to the second, he admitted the importance of the subject; but said that, as the representative of a country where the press was unfettered, it would be difficult for him to associate himself in any measures of coercion upon another country.

Finally, the Congress drew up certain resolutions concerning the laws of maritime warfare. These were:—

1. Privateering is and remains abolished.
2. Neutral flag covers enemies' goods, with the exception of contraband of war.
3. Neutral goods, except contraband of war, are not liable to capture under enemy's flag.
4. Blockades, in order to be binding, must be effective—*i.e.*, maintained by a force sufficient really to prevent access to the coast of the enemy.

These resolutions were laid before the United States Government, which refused to accede to the first (1); but proposed, in addition, that private property, except contraband, of the subjects of the belligerent should be exempted from capture.

Two difficulties arose upon the carrying out of the treaty, in regard to proprietorship of the Island of Serpents, at the mouth of the Danube, and the rectification of frontier in Bessarabia. A French map had been used at the Conference, in which a place was erroneously marked "Bolgrad" at some distance north of its real position. This matter was afterwards settled by a Supplementary Treaty, made June 19, 1857, wherein the frontier was rectified according to the spirit of the Treaty of 1856, and the Isle of Serpents was replaced under the sovereignty of Turkey.

Such, then, were the provisions of this celebrated Treaty of 1856, to obtain which cost England and France 200 millions of money; or, in other words, if Russia is to be allowed to set it aside at pleasure—a Treaty which it has cost us fourteen millions a-year to keep up, supposing that its most important clauses are now no better than waste paper. It may be well, at the

Conference which, it is said, will take place in London, to reconsider the Treaty of 1856, for the several nations to impose restrictions upon one another only for a term of years, as Mr. Mill has proposed. Clearly, however, the Treaty of Paris ought not yet, after an existence of fourteen or fifteen years, to be obsolete; but the duty of compelling Russia to respect its provisions devolves, not on England alone, but upon all her co-signatories; and it is to be hoped those nations are of this opinion. If so, the peace of Europe cannot be further disturbed by the hankering of Russia for that veritable vineyard of Naboth the Jezreelite, on which a greedy eye has so long been set.

TABLE TALK.

PROBABLY there are altogether about as many girls as boys to be educated, and there seem to be some special reasons why girls should be afforded sound elementary teaching—in those branches of polite learning, at least, which are vulgarly spoken of as “the three R’s”—even in preference to the boys: beings who, under the old order of things, were, by the orthodox of the softer sex, looked upon as their “lords and masters” that were to be, though yet in an embryo state. Woman is at present—and we may add a reverent wish that she long may be—the guiding spirit of the home. To her is entrusted the charge of instructing children in the first rudiments of learning, and of imparting to those under her care their first knowledge of common things—their right hand from their left, sweet from bitter, cold things from hot, and steps of safety from the paths of danger spread out for the sons and daughters of Eve from their earliest infancy. Therefore it seems very necessary indeed that those who are to be the teachers should walk in the ways of sweetness and light; and, as it has often been asserted that woman alone understands woman, it is to be rejoiced at that Miss Emily Davies, “spinster and authoress,” as she is described, and Miss Garrett, “M.D.,” have been elected to the new School Boards in the districts of Greenwich and Marylebone respectively.

THE NEAREST APPROACH in ancient times to a real mitrailleuse is described in a Scotch patent granted to William Drummond, of

Hauthornden, in 1637, by Charles I. Unfortunately, the account of the machine is brief, and nothing is told us of the way in which it was to be worked. It was to be called *seu currus fulminans*—in the vulgar tongue, “fyerie dragown” (or “wagown,” it is uncertain which). By its aid, “a single soldier is to be able to take the place of a hundred ordinary men.” It was to be formed of musket barrels, “conjugate,” or fastened together, apparently like the Montigny mitrailleuse; while “three, four, or even five balls may be fired in the same time as it now takes to fire one.” Some other strange weapons are spoken of in this very curious old patent—such as the “pik-karquebus,” or shooting-spear, which seems to have been a sort of musket with fixed bayonet. It is curious to notice how the spear was still the more important part of the weapon. We fix a bayonet to our rifle: the soldiers of that time were to have a spear with a shooting apparatus fixed to it. Another weapon was the *seu baculum tonitrualis*; or, in the dialect of the day, “box-pistoll, muskett-box, carrabin, or box-dragown.” Apparently, this was a sort of repeating-gun. The patent, or a copy of it, is still preserved in the Edinburgh Rolls Office; and it is also printed, with some slight variations, in an old collection of Drummond’s works, published in 1711. It is referred to in Grose’s “Antiquities,” vol. iii., and an abstract of its contents given; but no further record of the invention seems to have been preserved. Possibly there may be some further description of it amongst the MSS. which Drummond gave to the College of Edinburgh. A catalogue of them was printed in 1627, the year the patent was granted; but it does not appear to be in the British Museum—nor is the reprint of it by Mr. David Laing, secretary to the Bannatyne Club, which has only been privately circulated.

Rejected MSS. will be returned to the authors, if stamps for that purpose are sent.

The Editor will only be responsible for their being safely re-posted to the addresses given.

Every MS. must have the name and address of the author legibly written on the first page.

The authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

Cases for binding Vols. I., II., III., IV., and V., New Series, in uniform blue cloth, are now ready, and may be obtained at the office, 19, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, or through any bookseller.

ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 155.

December 17, 1870.

Price 2d.

ONE OF TWO;

OR,

A LEFT-HANDED BRIDE.

By HAIN FRISWELL.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"Look you, good Master Shirke, a man's heart is not always his own property; and if marriages be made in Heaven, there are other matches made in—"

The Adventurer, act i., sc. 3.



OUR human nature has, as Old Daylight more than once found, a very great deal to put up with. While he was doing his best to serve his Majesty in finding out the perpetrator of this crime,

the public was getting impatient, and finding fault with him.

For the *Luminary*, in a second and far more complimentary leader and reference to the *Argus*, confessed that "our contemporary, which claims to be the organ of the upper classes, was in some measure right in calling attention to any laxity which might have existed on the part of the police—at present a new force, but which would be equal to any emergency."

Since that time, a great portion of the press has found itself able to speak with laudatory terms of active and intelligent police; and great geniuses have written up the blundering efforts and chance "finds"

of the detective officer, so that he has become a hero of romance and play; but at that time it was not so.

Mr. Tom Forster—being an inductive philosopher, and making pretty sure of the threads which he gathered up, and very seldom mistaken in the clue he was to follow—did not like to be hurried.

He knew as well as most people how far that bugbear, the public, took heed of these remarkably able leaders—or, as our American cousins call them, editorials; as he knew the weakness as well as the power of the press—"which is," he said once, "like a slow match, or, if you like, a torch. It always burns, and, if you heed it, will light you; but sometimes it emits a spark which falls upon a train of gunpowder, and will blow you to shivers. The case is," continued the philosopher, "that one of these neat articles is brought before a great man. He reads it, becomes indignant at a fancied wrong, and hurries away and punishes the offender. You have no notion what good—and what evil—you gentlemen of the press do."

But, besides this trouble, Mr. Forster had another.

After he had reached home on the night of Natalie's benefit—which took place the night succeeding that on which Edgar Wade had so long an interview with Lord Chester-ton—the faith of Old Daylight was somewhat shaken in his beloved *protégé*, the barrister.

He knew that barristers were sometimes wild young fellows; and, to be sure, in those dark days, the Temple was not the studious and cloistered home of learning and virtue which it now is—when, of course, none but the steps of young men anxious to redress the wrongs of mankind, and to disentangle victims from the meshes of the law, walk its courts. But he was somewhat hurt at the concealment Edgar had practised towards him.

"Tut!" he said, when comforting himself with some of the mahogany-coloured fluid, hot water and sugar—and of the best sort—and with his red bandanna spread on his knees, smoking a pipe of consolation—"Tut! What should a young fellow like that—heir to an earldom—do with an old fellow like me?"

It would have seemed, indeed, very little, for Old Daylight believed a great deal more of his ideal than he knew of the real Edgar.

"I wonder whether he has known this Natalie long! That was the little woman that he intended his bouquet for. Well, I don't think much of her; but old eyes and young eyes are not alike. I have seen dancers! Dancers," continued Old Forster to himself, blowing a strong cloud upwards to his ceiling, "are like everything else. You may see a heap of 'em not worth a rap; then comes a genius of what they call the Terpsichorean art, and you are repaid—you've seen a dancer!" Then followed a long puff of smoke, and this reflection—"And we aint got any of 'em *now*. I wonder why young men fall in love with dancers," continued the philosopher to himself. "I never should have done so. I *loved* a gentle, low-voiced, fresh-faced, innocent little thing—and what women go through before they get to perfection on the boards is not to be thought of, poor things!—and it would have broken my heart to have seen *her* capering in short petticoats above the heads of those grinning idiots in the omnibus box. But, law bless you! there is always another way of looking at things. I suppose some men like them because they are active and muscular. All muscle, I should think, like a thin shoulder of Dartmoor mutton. But that's neither here nor there. I must find out more about it, just for Edgar's interest. He's not going to throw away the coronet of Chesterton on her, I hope."

And so the philosopher sat smoking, following out his inductive processes—determining to find out who and what Natalie was, and to pump the good manager, Dunn.

"That fellow Rolt took him behind the scenes—bless him! I wonder what poor Mrs. Rolt thought of that. But they are queer fellows, lit'ry men. They go everywhere, like police officers."

Torn with jealousy, with rage, and disappointment, Edgar did not come home

very early that night. He was haunted by visions of Natalie's smile when she had thrown him over, to be driven home in my lord's chariot. Lord Duberly's chariot and Dr. Pangloss's quotation, "*Curru portatur eodem*," came quaintly into his head, and stufig him into a jealous rage.

And so vexed by unrequited love, with despair, and with rage was he, that, when he came home very late, he was not surprised to find Mr. Forster sitting up for him, and even returned the unexpected greeting of that good friend with some graciousness.

"You're late after the opera, Mr. Wade," said the old man, holding the light above his head, and marking the somewhat disordered dress and faltering gait of Edgar.

"Yes," said the barrister, somewhat surprised. "How did you know I was there?"

"I was there myself. I am fond of good music—good music and Shakspeare's plays."

"Your taste is perfection," answered Edgar, with a slight sneer. "But it's very good of you to wait up for me."

"My taste is good enough for a plain old man. I shall not change it at my age. I find the young are passing me, and love other pursuits."

"Yes, they do say the drama is declining, and they are going in for spectacle and the ballet."

"They want something to amuse them in this frivolous age."

"Frivolous age! Good God!" said the barrister, "was there anything ever known so deadly, sombre, and melancholy? You are smoking, I perceive. I will join you. I do not feel inclined to go to bed, nor to go upstairs."

"All is well there—very much the same. Dr. Richards wonders at the vitality of his patient. Poor woman!—poor woman!"

"Did he say there were any hopes," asked Edgar—but he used the last word as if it meant rather "fears"—"any hopes of her recovery?"

"She may recover at any moment. It is not a state of coma, although she shows no recognition of anything that is passing. But this cannot continue long. Any quickening of her faculties will come through the nerves. She sees not any one who comes in the room; but it is doubtful if she may not perceive one whom she loves or hates!"

"Humanity is curious, is it not?" asked Edgar. "So is Fate—so is Circumstance: and Man is its creature."

"And its Creator," solemnly returned Old Daylight, handing his friend an excellent cigar, and filling his own pipe.

"We will not argue upon that point," returned the barrister, loftily—as if the elder man had an intellect so much beneath his own, that words were thrown away upon it. "A man cannot exactly dictate how he shall be born—say black or white."

He threw out this with an indignant toss of the chin, as if it was a crushing reply to Tom Forster; and—like many other persons in this world—was perfectly ready to argue, although he had himself declined the combat.

Mr. Forster looked at him, and said nothing; but he pushed a stiff glass of brandy and water to him.

"You will find that refresh you. You are tired, and annoyed with something."

"A man, I presume," continued Edgar, testily, "could not help being put in the situation I am placed in by his father—heir to God knows what trouble, trial, and affliction?"

"I never said that he could help that," said Tom; "but, being in for it, he can behave himself well. As for the old trumpery nonsense about the circumstance of birth, nobody but a fool supposed that a man could or should regulate that. But he can regulate what he does after he comes to man's estate. God bless me!" said Tom Forster, looking round the room, "it cannot matter much whether a man be born a nigger or a British admiral; but it does matter whether he be a good nigger and a good admiral."

Mr. Edgar Wade said nothing, but puffed his cigar gloomily.

"I have read in some old divine," continued the detective, "that if an angel from Heaven"—Tom bowed his head here, speaking as if it were customary to one of his reverential nature to show respect to Principalities and Powers—"were to be offered on earth the choice of being an emperor or a servant, he would choose the latter office, and perform his work without repining."

"That may be. It does not concern me. I hate these speculations: they prove nothing. I can only feel that I am here, kept out of my just rights, hampered with people about whom I care nothing, and disappointed in my love."

"I did not know you were in love," answered the old man. "I am perhaps foolish;

but I thought the study of the law, with, above all, the great trial you are engaged in, was enough to absorb all your energy and attention."

"As if a man could be nourished on such stuff," returned Edgar, bitterly. And then, since trouble and disappointment go far to make a man indulge in strange confidants, Edgar told his old friend of his passion for Natalie Fifine.

"You love her," said Tom Forster, in a kindly way; for the story explained many of the suspicions which had grown up in the philosopher's mind during the time that he was watching his *protégé*. "But, surely, under the altered circumstances of your fortune, you would not marry her?"

"I have chosen my part," said Edgar, bitterly. "This love is one of the circumstances that I cannot control. It masters me. Why not marry her? Did not Lord Ffarrinton—an old name, spelt like the Ffrenchs' name with two Fs—did not he marry an actress?"

"Yes," returned Tom; "but I have my prejudices. Lady Ffarrinton was an actress of great merit, a lady of education, and much personal beauty; but, excuse me, she was not a French dancer."

"Nor was she Natalie Fifine."

Mr. Tom Forster said nothing; but, with a sigh, recalled the adage—

"Where love's in the case,
The doctor's an ass."

His ideal was slowly melting away before him.

"Could there be," thought the romantic old dreamer, "a more enviable position, for a young man of talent and ambition, than that of filling the place of an English nobleman, full of opportunities of resuscitating the ancient glory of his race; of leading—nay, of wielding the proud democracy which of late had shown so great an ambition and so marvellous a power? And here, this young fellow, brought up in a lower sphere, and educated so that he could fully appreciate his advantages, was about to throw all away on a dancer!"

"And she," continued the old man, "I think you said, seemed to show a preference for Lord—Lord—"

"Lord Montcastel," said Edgar, with something like an oath which would carry anything but good fortune to that amiable and eccentric Irish peer.

"A man old enough to be her father," said Tom Forster. "I have seen his lordship before to-night. But then, he has a title, which at present you have not. And the young lady is ambitious."

"Poor Natalie!—she works, she tells me, for the sake of an old father and mother, and is full of devotion to them. How beautiful such a devotion—how different from the sordid selfishness of the world!"

"It is a beautiful thing to witness," returned Mr. Forster, drily; "and is perhaps more frequently heard of than seen. But I hope you are not deceived."

"Few people can deceive me," said Edgar Wade. "I have been brought up in a hard school, and that has sharpened my wits. I have cast in my lot. I will do anything to obtain Natalie. She must only be cajoling that villainously ugly old reprobate, with his high cheek bones and his ginger whiskers."

The conference was at an end; and Mr. Edgar Wade, still gloomy and full of disgust, threw the butt-end of his cigar into the fire, and stalked off to bed like an ill-used man.

As Tom Forster divested himself of his clothing, and put himself to bed, he kept revolving on the new complexion which the episode of the night had given to matters. Edgar had a plain right to fall in love with anybody; but Mr. Forster had so identified him with a noble career, which he hoped he would have run, that he felt the step Edgar had taken to be something like a blow and a disappointment.

"'Man is born to trouble,'" said the philosopher to himself, in a desponding voice, "'as the sparks fly upwards.' He was a wise man who made that queer simile. Here am I, an old fellow who had performed that difficult task of living for another, and of absolutely forgetting myself—and a pretty mess I have made of it. Cast in his lot, indeed! There are two things I don't like about her—she is a foreigner and a dancer; and though she may leave off her trade, she can't get over her breed."

And the prejudiced old party, placing his head and his bandanna on the pillow, soon forgot himself otherwise than unselfishly and in sleep.

"Oh, Natalie! Natalie! can it be possible that you don't love me?" murmured the bar-rister; "and after all that I have done for you—and when Fate was about to turn the

golden side of Fortune's shield towards me!"

And then he thought of the complication that he was in; of the desire that Lord Chesterton had exhibited of seeing the unhappy woman who lay so ill not far from him; of Lord Wimpole, whom he had promised to defend; of the pressure of that business, and yet of his overwhelming desire to forestall Lord Montcastel; and of his growing suspicion, which he could not master nor cast out, of Natalie's falseness.

"It is enough to make a man mad," he said. "One might almost believe there was a devil, and that he mixed in human affairs! What a terrible position is mine." (It is quite plain that Edgar Wade, clever and generous as he was, could feel for himself as well as for others.) "These matters come upon us when we are so tied and hampered. But it is late, and I must sleep."

And to sleep he endeavoured to compose himself; saying, as he slept—"It will but make matters worse. The old nobleman is already half demented: he must not see Mrs. Wade."

CHAPTER XL.

MR. SCOREM MAKES HIS DEBUT, AND IS HIMSELF TAKEN BY SURPRISE.

POOR Mr. Checketts was disconsolate. A whole day passed, and the greater part of another, and yet his master did not return. There was something so peculiarly depressing and mysterious in this, that Checketts consulted Mr. Gurgles; but received from him nothing but of a proverbial and prophetic character—which, truly, did not comfort Checketts, being of a shadowy nature, while the food demanded by the truly British mind of Checketts must necessarily be solid.

"Mr. Gurgles," said Checketts, with a sigh.

"Sir," said Gurgles, "you were about to consult me. 'Truly,' as the editor remarks, 'there is a price in the hand of a fool for wisdom, and the way of transgressors is hard.'"

Checketts could not for the life of him see what those mystic sentences, of which he by no means disputed the truth, had to do with the matter; so he was silent and meditative.

"It's all very true," said Gurgles, thinking he had shut up his companion; "yes,

very true; 'the beginning of strife,' he said in another article, 'is like the letting out of waters.'"

"I wish I could let out at somebody," muttered Checketts, viciously. "What I want you to tell me, Mr. Gurgles, is this—what have they done with my lord?"

"Truly," returned Mr. Gurgles, in the same misty way, "'the crown of a wise man is his riches:' and again he tells us, 'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.' We are born to disappointment, my young friend."

Hope deferred! The homely truth fell upon the ear of poor Checketts with a mournful sound. The great deep was broken up; the house of Chesterton had been entered by the police; the aristocracy had been defied; and the grand old Earl—who, as Checketts thought, could do anything—was, as Gurgles said, nothing better than "a broken reed, or a lodge in a garden of cucumbers."

"He is an original man, that Mr. Gurgles," said Checketts. "He is deep—so deep!—but he confuses me. He has a gigantic mind, no doubt; but he is beyond me." Here the faithful servant fell again to meditating on his master's fate; and at last got so nervous, that he could not stay indoors, but preferred a request of Mr. Roskell for leave of absence.

That being granted, although it was late in the afternoon, Checketts went down to the Temple, with a vague idea of calling upon Mr. Edgar Wade; but not having the courage to do so—for the barrister had impressed him with a sense of fear and of power—he wandered round and round the plashing little fountain, and looked over the garden to the placid river, glittering and shining in a mild October evening.

While he was thus engaged, looking dreamily askance rather than before him, he was nearly knocked down by a person hurrying out of the very door he lingered about; and, even with the blow, he was conscious of a faint smell of apples.

"Beg pardon, sir, I'm sure," cried Scorem, for it was he; "beg pardon." The clerk, studying his speech with the absorption of a born orator, had hardly noticed where he was running.

"Don't mention it," returned Checketts, rubbing his shoulder.

"Hallo!" cried Scorem; "the gentleman from Chesterton House, I see. Do you want Mr. Edgar Wade, sir?"

"Not particularly," returned Checketts, confusedly. "I wanted to know if he's heard anything of Lord Wimpole, d'ye see?"

"He will communicate, sir," said Scorem, officially. "He is sure to do so: he is a gentleman of eminent business capacity. A wonderful man, sir. He was in the Robing Room."

"What's that?" asked Checketts.

"Why, where barristers put on their war paint—the gowns, bands, and those wonderful wigs! Ah, sir, you should see my governor in 'em; he looks beautiful. A fine forehead, has he not?"

"I did not see it as I knows of."

"You are not a physiognomist, sir, I am afraid," said Scorem.

"Well, I have never even been that way," returned Checketts, thinking that Scorem alluded to some strange country.

"Nor a politician, perhaps."

"No; I leave politics to great people, sir," returned Checketts, mildly. "Whatever my master thinks, I know is about right, for he's one of the best of men."

"Noble fellow!" cried Scorem, grasping his hand; "you are a Tory of the old school. You detest Whiggery and jiggery, snobbery, jobbery, and robbery."

Checketts smiled, and said, faintly, that of the two he was a purple rather than a blue and buff—such being the colours of the respective parties in his time; and upon this, Mr. Scorem embraced him. What said that patriot?

"What will you take to drink? Let us cement our friendship."

With that marvellous freemasonry of honest souls by which they recognize each other, Mr. Checketts had at once admired and liked the barrister's clerk; and, feeling that he wanted a less prophetic and obscure friend and companion than Gurgles, he said immediately—

"Well, sir, I'll take anything you are so good as to offer me."

"Spoken like an officer and a gentleman—like a patriot and a Conservative. Come along, sir!"

In this manner the melancholy Checketts was beguiled into drinking a glass of excellent ale—for Mr. Scorem knew his houses, and was on excellent terms with the young ladies, in huge bows and gauze turbans, who poured out the nightly ale for his delectation. These damsels Scorem addressed

in a fatherly way, as if much learning had added a weight of years to his noble forehead. The effect of this was that all the girls laughed with much gusto; for, with all his wisdom, Mr. Scorem looked but young, not being quite twenty.

"Well, my darling," he would say, "you are glad to see the old man again. You are looking blooming, my daughter; but your father—that is, myself—wishes that you were married and settled."

"You are *such* a *one*, Mr. Scorem—always poking your fun."

"No such thing, my juvenile flower," the clerk would answer, with a solemn face. "Age has its privileges. Might I ask whether you have made it up with the stage-coachman?"

Wherever he went he was a favourite; and at the tavern he called at with Checketts, his first action was to pull out a fine apple, and present it to the young lady.

"My aunt," he said, "miss—who shall be nameless; but who, I need not say, looking at her nephew, is well advanced in years—sent me, from her villa at Kingston-on-Thames, this charming Blenheim orange."

"Horange, Mr. Scorem! why, it is a hap-pie," said the young lady, shaking her turban at him. "You are so funny."

"That's what it is called," returned the clerk, politely lifting his hat. "Bless you, this aged individual knows every apple, from a British cat's-head to a Siberian crab; from a Kerry pippin to a Quarrendon; and from the Summer sweet, which first ripens, to the Russeting, which is not ripe till mid-winter. Apples, miss, are my study—apples and the ladies."

Here, lifting his glass, he drained to his new friend; and then added, with a weary sigh, as if bitter experience had oppressed him—

"And, I'm bound to say, I get much more satisfaction from the fruit than"—here he winked at the barmaid—"the flower."

"Oh, go along with you, do!" giggled the pretty girl, catching at the compliment—as what woman will not?

"That was rather neat," continued Scorem, without a smile on his countenance. "I may say, very neat—for an old one. Ah! Mr.—I did not catch your name—Checketts—oh! I remember—ah! Mr. Checketts, hard work, late hours, the study of the law and politics, soon turn a young man into an old 'un. Will you take another glass?"

"With pleasure, sir," returned Checketts. "On'y you see that *I* am to have the honour of paying for it *this* time."

"Pardon me, sir," said Scorem, raising his hat, "you are *my* guest!"

Checketts, not to be behind the polite clerk, raised his beaver as well, and said—

"I have been, sir, and you shall be mine." The ale had warmed him and raised his spirits.

"Neat—very neat," murmured the clerk, who, to say the truth, expected nothing less. "After this, sir, I lie at your mercy." Here Mr. Scorem struck an attitude, like Mr. Kean in "Richard the Third," and said, in a tragic voice, "Do your work," so comically, that Checketts and the barmaid burst out laughing.

"Renew the potation, sweet damozell!" said Scorem, solemnly. "Your father feels his inner man renewed. I can meet my opponent on the Hustings. I can lay him flat on the floor of the House."

"Are you in the House?" asked Checketts, simply.

"Sir, I have not arrived yet to that honour, but I am certain that my place lies *there*"—he pointed in the direction of the Houses of Parliament; "but cruel fortune forbids me. But, sir, if a common blacking manufacturer may represent Preston, as does Mr. Hunt, why, sir, should not I in after-years—if the old man survives so long—defend my country in that hall of eloquence, freedom, liberty, and the British Constitution?"

After this peroration, Scorem grew communicative; and owned that, if not a member of St. Stephen's, he was looked for with anxiety at "another place." By this parliamentary expression Scorem indicated the Lumber Troopers' Hall; and, in a very few words, as they finished the second glass of good old ale, invited Checketts to hear him speak.

The ale, the good-fellowship, and a certain admiration which he had for his new companion, made the groom of the chambers accept the invitation frankly; and in due time the two new friends wended their way down Fleet-street, turned round the corner of St. Dunstan's-passage, and, diving down what seemed to Checketts a curious network of courts, entered a smoky old tavern where "another place" was held.

The origin of the ancient guild of the Coggers, and fraternity of the Lumber Troop, is, like that of the Freemasons, lost in an-

tiquity. As Scorem said, as to the origin of old families, "whenever you can't find it out, it is *mist*;" but the pun was not appreciated by his companion.

Some antiquarians held that Cogers' Hall was so called because the Cogers were a kind of Alsatian freebooters, and that they derived their name from *cogere*, to compel; since they compelled their friends and enemies equally to deliver up their purses. Others said Coger came from *cog*, to cheat—as to cog a die; and others went to the slang "codger," and said that the club was originally that of the Queer Codgers, from Spanish *coger*, a catcher—a fancy slang for a set of rustic boon companions. Similarly, the Lumberers, or Lumber Troopers, were variously defined; some saying that they were a kind of mercenary transport corps to the City Train Bands; and others, that they were an ancient, honourable, and valorous fraternity.

However, great or little, the Cogers had fallen—like the Knights of St. John, who held their revels in tin helmets, with wooden battle-axes covered with lead foil, at St. John's-gate—to a merely drinking and smoking club, for which a show of an intellectual character was put forward as an excuse for meeting. But the innocent Checketts, acting upon the *omne ignotum* principle, felt as much gratified when he entered the mystic gate of the hall as a gentleman does when he is first introduced into the House of Commons. Let us add what is the simple truth, that, at the club attended by lawyers' clerks, reporters, and tradesmen, one often heard very much better speaking, nobler sentiments, and wider truth, than one does in the House of Commons.

A cloud of smoke, a pleasant smell as of rum, brandy, and lemons, a sort of appetising and punchy flavour, a chink of glasses, and the sound of cheery voices, broke upon Checkett's ear as he entered.

Mr. Scorem was received with applause—and many had come to hear him; and these were the better sort of members, for the clerk was upholding the losing side. Manchester massacres, Birmingham and Spa-field riots, and many a sign might at that time have been read to prove that the British public was getting the bit into its mouth, and would have its way. But this has little to do with our story.

The President—a heavy man with a negro face and thick pair of lips, with chin closely

shaven, wearing spectacles, and with his eyes half buried in the fat of supra-orbital space—cried, "Hear, hear! the leader of the opposition, gen'l'men," when Scorem entered; and the clerk, proud of the recognition, grasped the Chairman's hand, and introduced his friend.

"Proud, I'm sure," said the Chair, "to make acquaintance of the friend of one so eloquent."

"You do me proud, sir," returned Scorem. Catching sight of another friend who recognized him—"Ah! Mr. Slipper, how are you, sir? Really, we shall have a night to-night, sir: there's Barnett Slammers, of the *Luminary*. Shall we have a report, sir?"

Mr. Pumps, the Chairman, believed that we should—the eye of the press, he said, was on us! He had heard it whispered—but he was afraid that it was not at that moment probable—that Mr. Rumford Coaster and Mr. Rolt would come down and listen.

Scorem rubbed his hands with delight; ordered hot rum and water for himself, and cold brandy for his friend, and then sat down; while Mr. Pumps, in a steady flow of eloquence—which said nothing, in a pompous way—opened the debate by telling the club what it very well knew.

Mr. Checketts was delighted with the club. All the members looked as wise as the seven wise men of Greece, and as solemn as owls. Their minds evidently were digesting great questions. They were all for freedom, reform, liberty, and brotherhood; but it was astonishing how these brothers bullied the waiters—how one scolded the poor wretch because the water was too hot; and another, because the gin was too weak.

"Tell the landlord I'll take my custom away, sir! By George, sir! look at the attraction the Cogers are to his 'ouse—he ort to serve us for nothin'."

"Bedad!" retorted the waiter—carefully, however, to himself—"how glad the maist'r 'ud bay if he did; shure, all that he does is to run into debt wid him."

So, also, when the Ministry was accused of speculation, and public faith was pronounced the basis of civilization, Mr. Pumps had forgotten the numberless little bills he had neglected to meet.

But this is neither here nor there. The debate proceeded. Mr. Flux—Mr. Chatham Flux, we beg pardon—eloquently opened his case; showed that the Whigs, or, indeed, Radicals, were the good angels, and the

Conservatives the bad demons of the country; and then, directing his looks towards Scorem, proceeded to demolish him with withering sarcasm. All was most properly done. "Sir! I have yet to learn," "My honourable friend," and other House of Commons phrases, abounded; and at the end of the speech, when Mr. Flux sat down, Scorem looked so despicably small that Checketts felt for him.

But not for long. Scorem got up, pulled at his coat collar like a barrister does at his gown, and, fixing his eye on Mr. Pumps, who was smoking a dry pipe to look like the other sacred fathers, proceeded in his answer. He warmed with his subject; and when he had finished, Checketts felt that there never was such a clever fellow in the world, and that Flux was demolished for ever. The house rang with applause. Mr. Slipper said it was a great night. Pumps proposed his health, and compared him to Demosthenes; and Barnett Slammers slapped him on the back.

"Look you here, old fellow; if you were a barrister, by jingo, I'd give you a brief to drag to justice the murderer of that poor woman, whose case I've got in hand."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Slammers; praise from you, sir, is praise indeed. That woman, you mean, of Kensal-green?"

"Yes, the very same."

"Now, who did it, I wonder? Now, I

can tell you more than any one about it, because I've been just engaged in pumping the Inspector."

Here the good-natured Slammers, glad to find a listener, drew his chair between the friends, and told them, who were not unwilling to listen to so great a man, the whole history of the case.

"Then it was done by a young swell who smoked good cigars?" asked Scorem, refreshing his parched throat with one of his favourite Blenheim oranges.

"So it seems, from what I can learn."

Poor Checketts felt sick and dizzy, and complained that the smoke and excitement disagreed with him.

"Have another glass," said Scorem. "If you wait awhile, we shall have a little harmony."

"No, thank you, I couldn't, sir; I must go home. On what day did you say it occurred, sir?"

"The twenty-ninth—Michaelmas Day last—about nine o'clock, perhaps," said the reporter, proud of being the depositor of that which no one else knew.

"My!"—then he paused—"my eye!" cried Scorem, staring as if he saw a ghost. "No, it can't be—it's too absurd." It was his turn to be surprised now, and to find that rum and water, old age, and excitement can have the most mysterious effects, even upon the strongest constitution.

E D I T H.

BY THOMAS ASHE.

PART II.—CHAPTER II.—OVER SEA. (*Continued.*)

LINGERING, 'mid the shells. The lip of waves that are quiet.
Sea-beat rocks, fantastic, with all the wear of the ages.
Sunset. Glamour. Stars. The mystic murmurs of nature.
Unresolved resolve, and nigh-won goal of his wishes.

Morning. Jingling bells. Is it for bells he is happy?
Crack the whip: away! It is a wild fascination.
Little bells, ring gaily! ring, O bells of the horses!
Ring, o'er long-back'd hills, and ring in many a hollow:
Bells, to him too sweet! The heart beats loud in his bosom.
Noon: they climb the steep. It is the hill of the Doctor,
Oft so well recall'd in the friendly bar of the Heron.

He is here: yea, me! Thus reason panders to folly.
They,—but folly's foils; sea-longing, smile of the landscape;
Misery's haunted eyes, the music's lingering sadness.
He is here: yea, me! Thus folly parleys with reason.

Fool! if he should meet her!—what is it then he is seeking?

Does he know? does he ask? His look is fever'd and restless;
On, through square and street he wanders hither and thither.
Every woman's face strikes through his soul, as he wanders,
Indefinable hope and indefinable terror.

Is she changed? Will tears rise in her eyes to behold him?
Will she be alone? Will she go by as a stranger?
Will the ancient wrong flush up again in her forehead?
Will she, looking sad, with looks that crave his forgiveness,
Press his hand, and ask him "how are all in the village?"
Is she dead?—What dreams! what dreams in dreams! but she comes not.

Daylight wanes apace, as he stands alone on the terrace
Of the people's garden, anigh the boughs of the lindens.
Far beneath the tide is dropping low in the river.
Sounds of hoofs, far off, come up to him from the valley:
Or some damsel's song, or vesper bell; or the whistle
Of a bird. More still, more sweet for all, is the silence.
Clear and calm is the air; and o'er the stream and the ocean,
Dazzling eyes, too sad, the light, of many a colour,
Gleams and burns and dies. You seem to hear in the stillness
Waves lap Mount St. Michel, but that is only a fancy.
Look again, all changes: thick are falling the shadows
O'er the new-leaved woods, that stretch away, in their beauty,
Far as eye can wander, hiding many a château.
One shows yet, aflame with gold in every window;
Strange his eye should note it: even now it is darken'd.

Near the gardener stole:—"Saw you, Sir, now, in your journeys,
"Many a scene like that?" Then, he,—"not many a sweeter
"Would you see, young man, if you should journey for ever."
"Who might live," said Berthold, "up yonder, there, in the château?"
Since his eye had mark'd it. Then, as he carelessly noted
Women, there, below, who spread the nets of the boatmen
On the small stream's marge, scarce he remember'd his question.
But his face grew hot, and his lips were pallid and quiver'd,
As he heard once more the hated name of the Frenchman.
"Leastways, his the château," said the gardener, eyeing
But the dense dew falling: "though I say that he lives there,
"That he scarcely does. They stay awhile, in the summer,
"Wife and he, sometimes, to make a change for the children.
"He is southern blood, and he lives away by the Garonne;
"Like a prince, they tell me." The old man, ready to chatter
Till the stars grew bright, stared in amaze, when the stranger
Forced a cold "good even," and slunk away from the garden.

"Is she well? Is she happy?" She is well: she is happy.
What then, now?—Nay, weeping? Nay, is there more, in the future,
He would fain unravel? The while the stars in the heavens
Moved in mystic dance to the celestial music,
He, with love-led feet, about the shadowy mansion
Moved; and saw the blinds drawn as for death, and the faces
Of shy phantom children peer, and round by the laurels
White skirts glance and flee; and still at times, in the darkness,
Rang and died away the mocking semblance of laughter.

Morn: he will be gone. Why linger more? It is over.

Nay, return! No more his feet are eager to wander
 In the pleasant land. And nothing, now, that he looks on,
 Will to him bring joy. Has he a thought? it is only
 To be still again in the little house of the curate,
 Where his dog will miss him. Hill and wandering river,
 Tinkling rill and wood. He leans, forlorn, in the twilight,
 By the blasted keep, that dreams of glittering battle,
 While the Vire, impatient, roars below in the valley,
 By its mills, as when, beside it, many a chorus
 Roar'd, more loud, for you, and died in many an echo,
 Jolly Basselin. Night, with its wildering phantoms:
 Fleckless morn, again. All as before: and the falling
 Of the dark: and Caen; and spires, and bells; and the jostle
 Of the thronging folk: but he forlorn. And the breaking,
 Like tale told too often, of golden day: and the steamer
 Down the Orne: and nets; and sunny sea; and the headlands.
 So the Seine-mouth bar, and the little harbour of Honfleur.

PLANT NAMES.

AMONG the many aspersions which are cast upon scientific men by the public at large, is that of an undue fondness for long words and hard names. The aspersion may be sometimes deserved; but it certainly, in the majority of instances, is uncalled-for and unreasonable. Botanists and horticulturists especially are taxed with attempting to render their science "caviare to the general"—in speaking of their floral favourites by Latin names which, say objectors, can never become popular, and only frighten people from commencing a study which involves the use of such terms. The late Thomas Hood, in one of his most amusing papers, declares that, if gardeners really loved their plants, they "wouldn't call them by such hard names," and cites *Tacsonia pinatistipula* as an example of the terms he objects to; while a more recent writer pathetically asks, "Can you imagine a man going a-wooing with a *Delphinium donkelærii* in his button-hole?" And yet, without the slightest sympathy with those "who *Allium* call their onions and their leeks," the advantage of having an object named in a language which is the language of science throughout the world, is not to be overlooked. Expressive as our common English names, with their various poetical and romantic associations, are to us, we must remember that such names would be absolutely meaningless to the unlearned as well as to the scientific of other lands; and, just as we should hardly enter into the appropriateness of *Macpalcxochitlquahuil*—by which name the Mexicans call the *Cheiroste-*

mon, or Hand-flower tree—they would fail to appreciate the sentiment conveyed in our Day's-eye. We have no fondness for those who pedantically use scientific terms for the purpose of showing off their own knowledge—which is probably very superficial—and of astonishing their listeners. No one but a snob—for there are snobs even among naturalists, although Mr. Thackeray omitted them from his book on the genus—would speak of natural objects by their scientific names to any but those who were as fully able as himself to comprehend them. But we are anxious to show that, in many instances, the objections to them result from prejudice; and to explain a few of those in common use, so that those who know them may also know a little about their meaning.

To begin with, the mere fact that many of such names are, as we have said, "in common use," shows that, after all, they cannot be so very difficult to acquire. But it is simply the fact, that our commonest garden flowers at the present time are known by their Latin names. For instance, we have in our fields and hedgerows several wildlings which we call *Cranes'-bills*; and in our gardens their first cousins, if not their brothers and sisters, abound: but here we call them *Geraniums* or *Pelargoniums*—words having just the same meaning as *Crane's-bill*. But if any one were to speak of a *Tom Thumb* or a *Mrs. Pollock* under the latter, its proper English name, we imagine that considerable astonishment would be excited even in the minds of those who set their faces against "long words." Equally in common use are such words as *Calceolaria*, *Rhododendron*, *Cycla-*

men, Fuchsia, Dahlia, Wistaria, Laburnum, Chrysanthemum, Lobelia, Crocus, Erica, Deodara, Dianthus, and a whole host of others, even if we confine ourselves to common out-of-door plants; while our green-houses swarm with species for which we have no English equivalent whatever. *Calceolaria* we might—did we wish to invent an English title for it—fitly designate “the Shoemaker flower,” as it takes its name from the Latin *calceolarius*: here reference is made to the lower lip of the blossom, which, inflated, elongated, and turned downwards, bears some resemblance to a shoe. We trace a similar name, from a similar resemblance, in the Lady’s Slipper (*Cypripedium*), several species of which are called Moccasin flower in North America. Rhododendron, from the Greek, might be rendered Rose Tree. Fuchsia introduces us to a very large class, which may be called commemorative names; and this one, in particular, was so called in honour of Leonard Fuchs, a celebrated German botanist of the sixteenth century, whose “*Historia Stirpium*” yet remains to us—a marvel of diligence—containing plant-portraits which surpass in accuracy many of the productions of later times. There are purists who object to this connecting of plants with people; but there is much in it to commend, besides the handing down to a grateful posterity the names of those who have worked in intimate relation with the subject of their labours.

Admitting, as we do, that a lovely genus among “beautiful-leaved plants” is not enhanced in its attractiveness by being called O’Higginsia—the O’ has now, by common consent, been abandoned, but originally formed part of the name—there is surely something touching in the connection of the great Linné with the plant which he himself selected to commemorate him—“a humble, despised, and neglected Lapland plant, flowering at an early age.” Dahlia brings to our memory another Swedish botanist, a Dr. Dahl, a pupil of Linné: the name should not be pronounced Da’hlia, by the way, but Dah’lia, as there is another genus called Dalea, which lays claim to the former pronunciation. Wistaria was named in honour of one Caspar Wistar, sometime a professor of anatomy in Pennsylvania. Lobelia commemorates the worthy Dr. Matthias de L’Obel—or “Lobelius,” as his name was Latinised—a physician and botanist of note, who was attached to the court of James I.

There is something pleasant to such as know anything of the persons to whom plants have thus been dedicated, in being reminded so constantly of the doings of those who have gone before us; and, on this plea alone, we should be sorry to see this style of name discontinued, ugly as *Schlagintweitia*, *Schlechtendalia*, *Schkuhria*, *Schleichera*, and a fearful number of similar “jawbreakers,” may look and sound. But these commemorative names are not always complimentary. An insignificant little chickweed-like plant was named *Buffonia*, in reference to the insignificant attainments of Buffon in botanical science. *Hernandia*—a tropical genus of trees with magnificent leaves, but extremely inconspicuous flowers—recalls to us Hernand; who was engaged, on liberal terms, to investigate American botany, but the result of whose researches was very small. Such satires are, however, rare, and it is well that they are so. Our flower-teachers, with their many sweet emblems and memories, should only recall to us the good qualities of our ancestors, and should not be selected to record *en permanence* the follies and weaknesses which should be written in the sand. Far prettier is such symbolism as we find in the genus *Bauhinia*, selected to bear the name of John and Caspar Bauhin—two celebrated botanists and authors of the sixteenth century—on account of the curious twin-leaf, emblematic of the united labours of the brothers in the cause of science.

But we are wandering away from the hard names which are in common use. Chrysanthemum, another Greek contribution, means the golden flower—a title appropriate enough to the common yellow marigold of our corn fields, if less applicable to the Chinese inmate of our gardens, which botanists tell us has no real claim to the name. Deodara—a Latinised form of a native Indian word, signifying, like Theodora, “the gift of God”—is a title well bestowed upon the beautiful tree which bears it. Cyclamen—from the Greek *kyklos*, a circle—is so called from the circular method in which the flower-stalks are curled, both before and after blossoming. Again, from the Greek *crocos*, saffron, we get our name Crocus; and from the same language comes Dianthus, the flower of the gods.

So far we have only been referring to the plants and the names which “everybody” knows. Did space permit, we would gladly touch upon some which, although by no

means uncommon, are not in such general use as those we have already cited: we would show how the old mythologies, as well as the worthies of more modern date, have lent their grand names to simple flowers; how Neptune yet remains as a water god in the curious floating Neptunia; how Circe has given her name, though not her magic power, to the humble *Circæa*; how Daphne is still represented by the laurel-like shrub into which she was transformed when flying from the pursuit of Apollo; how Achilles, the invulnerable, is commemorated in the Achillea, which our fathers believed in as "a sovereign herb for woundes." But such associations those interested will be able, with a little trouble, to trace out for themselves. We cannot, however, resist quoting a charming passage by Mr. Grindon, when referring to one of these classically named plants, the *Andromeda*:—"In the days when the gods sat upon Olympus, the virgin *Andromeda* was chained to a rock in the sea. The waves beat her feet; the winds tossed her ringlets; hideous creatures, thrusting great heads out of the water, filled her soul with direst terror. Then comes to the rescue gallant Perseus, who, cutting the bonds which held her, and driving away the monsters, leads the virgin home in love and triumph. So, in the early spring, this little moorland shrub is found on its heathery knoll in the midst of the swamp; it puts forth its flowers, surrounded by water and uncomely animals; they droop, as did the virgin's head upon her bosom. By and by comes Perseus, in the shape of summer, dries up the wet, and enables our little *Andromeda* among the wild flowers to lift up her head as a fruitful mother—botanically, to hold up those beautiful capsules of ripe seed which announce August." The *Narcissus*, the *Centaurea* (recalling Chiron the Centaur), the *Nymphæa*, the *Lysimachia*, the *Gentiana*, the *Atropa*—all these, and many more, bring back to us, by their names alone, memories of the times departed and of the days gone by.

SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO.

ONCE threw a pearl before a swine—who complained, as he dropped the water slowly on his absinthe, that it was a whole hour to dinner—by quoting,

"Man never is, but always to be blest."

That the line was new to him did not surprise me, for I knew my pig; but that he should notice it, rout it, grunt upon it, was curious, as being contrary to the ordinary habits of the animal.

"There is more sense in that than in most things you say," he observed, and very justly. "While taking my soup, I am too often thinking of the fish. Instead of giving myself up entirely to enjoyment of the fish, I will glance at the *menu*, and anticipate that to be derived from the *rissoles*, the *croquets*, the *vol-au-vent*, the *quenouilles*; and so on, all through dinner. Nay, even while sipping the first glass of my favourite *Chambertin* at dessert, I have found myself positively longing for the fragrant coffee and soothing cigar which were to follow."

"And what," I asked, "do you think of over your cigar?"

"Next day's dinner, of course! What else is there to think of? What an absurd question!"

Up to that moment I had always imagined that the gourmand, when in good health, and dining well, formed an exception to the ordinary run of his fellow-creatures; and found himself, at meal times, entirely absorbed in the blessed present. I was mistaken, you see. And, on consideration, the idea was a shallow one, for a gourmand employs his mind to minister to his sensuality, and the mind can never be entirely absorbed by the present. On the rare occasions when we are so engrossed as to lose all sight of the next minute, bodily necessities have utterly overpowered the higher nature. When hunger and thirst reach a certain pitch of painful intensity, a man may forget that he has to die in an hour if food and drink are placed before him. Or, when we are extremely fatigued, rest may completely content us: all thought of the future is an exertion; only let us be quiet and do nothing, plan nothing, hear nothing, know nothing.

"There is no joy but calm."

Even slight weariness will produce this feeling in some constitutions, if combined with tobacco. But, to sum up, you must knock the mind on the head, either with physical emotion, or physical exhaustion, or an opiate, before you can help living more in the future than in the present.

There may seem to be many exceptions, but they melt when handled.

A child at the pantomime tastes as exquisite pleasure as mortals are capable of; but he is looking on all the time to the punishment of the wicked uncle; the triumph of the good fairy; the beatification of the pretty prince and princess. In reading an interesting book, we are anticipating up to the last page; while admiring a picture or a landscape, we are watching for fresh beauties to come out; and be it remembered that the next half-second is as much the future as the year four thousand.

But when we quit this minute examination of our mental condition, and, removing the microscope, take a more general view of human nature, the inevitable law which forces us to look forward becomes more apparent. It is not necessary to choose an example among the heirs to great wealth—which is naturally attended by luxury and *ennui*—or from the ranks of the poor, whose condition is so barren of enjoyment, that, if it were not for hope, the burden would be more than they could bear. Let us take a child born in the position most favourable for happiness—with a fair start in life, that is, but a necessity for some personal effort if he would not fall out of the race.

His home is made a little paradise for him. He loves his mother, his nurse, his father. If contentment were possible to mortals, one would think that all his desires would be eminently conservative—at least, until the age of the passions. But no, the fledgeling is restlessly peeping over the edge of the nest, wondering when the time will come for him to try his wings by himself. How delightful to be grown up; to sit up every night as long as you like; to go perpetually to the play; to have unlimited access to the store-cupboard; to know no stint of jam and toffy. Yet this adult existence seems so very far off, that he can hardly be said to realize the ever attaining to it at present. What he more immediately looks forward to is going to school, like his elder brother, or some acquaintance. Poor little son of Adam!—he is soon allowed to pluck of the tree of knowledge; and then he finds that the garden he has left, and can never re-enter, was Eden. Never had he anticipated the most promising children's party with a thousandth part of the impatience at time's slow flight with which he now looks forward to the holidays. This feeling becomes deadened with time. Other cherries

bob before the lips of the lad. He looks on to the getting into the next form; to being free of fagging; to having a fag himself; to being chosen one of the eleven or of the eight—according to his idiosyncrasy and the school ambitions. But, whether he fails or succeeds in these objects, their importance pales before the promises of pleasure, excitement, and, above all, independence held out by approaching manhood. He next goes up to a university; or becomes a medical student; or is articulated to a solicitor; or is submitted to that process—which savours somewhat of Liebig and preserved meat—of being prepared for the army. A happy period of his existence, indeed, this; but the one in which he is looking forward most perceptibly, for an examination looms largely at the end of a short course. That passed, he finds himself struggling in the sea of life. If he feel for the bottom with his feet for a moment, the waves will go over his head—stronger swimmers will push before him. Nothing for it but to strike out for the future. The morrow may bring him fresh briefs or patients; the next post, an advantageous offer; the next *Gazette*, a step; the coming Saturday, a favourable review. What is the success of to-day but a stepping-stone?

Then woman enters into his life, supposing she has hitherto kept out of it. Love is a fever of anticipation until he knows that it is returned: one long dream of the future, up to the day when it lands him in that married state in which he fondly expects that the present will be all in all to him. Vain thought! A happy married life is made up of plans for the future. Then children come, and the tune commences *da capo*, only set in a different key; for the hopes he once entertained on his own account are now transferred to his little ones. It is their infantile pleasures, their success at school and college, their professional career, their hymeneal projects, that form the principal interest of his life. And if he live to see his grandchildren—*da capo* for the third time.

It would obviously be tedious to take a representative member of every variety of the human family, and follow him through his career as minutely as we have this favourable sample of the professional man. Every sir and madam who reads this knows whether the very mainspring of his or her life is not the expectancy of something which may

happen next year, or month, or week, or day, or minute. Perhaps, alas! you may even be longing to get to the end of this article—which professes not to startle with anything new, only to chat of what is familiar. Well, it is consoling to reflect that you thereby afford me an excellent illustration. Poets, philosophers, and moralists have alike preached and written up the virtues of contentment; but what would become of civilization and human progress if every mortal on the ladder suddenly stopped climbing, turned about, and sat down placidly on the round he had attained? People, too, who are neither poetical nor philosophical sometimes groan drearily over the restlessness of their neighbours. They have no patience with their fellow-creatures who desire to improve their condition; and object to the education of “the lower orders,” because they fear that a knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic will make them dissatisfied with their positions in life. As for servants who try to “better” themselves, they foam at the thought of them. Oh no, these sentiments are by no means obsolete. Certain papers have lately been full of letters—for the contents of which the editors disavow all responsibility—containing them. But then these indignant mortals do not extend the application of their non-progressive theories to themselves and their friends. On the contrary, their personal comfort is all they are thinking about; and they are like those folks who always shove themselves into a good position, and shout, “Don’t push!” to the crowd behind.

Of course, the word contentment is taken above in the sense of an apathetic satisfaction with the present and indifference to the future—a theoretical state of mind happily rare amongst sane and sober mortals. Interpreted in a looser and more practical manner, as a cheerful acquiescence in the proverb, “What can’t be cured must be endured,” by no means incompatible with a healthy ambition, it is as necessary to human happiness as hope herself. But as for a stagnant mind, it is of low organization. The good labourer would like to be foreman; the good farmer, farmer; the energetic farmer, landowner; the useful landowner desires to enter Parliament; the working M.P. aspires to place—to the peerage, to a higher grade therein. Do these last objects of ambition seem puerile? Our great-grandfathers thought distinctions between earl

and marquis the most grandly important of human affairs; our great-grandsons will, perhaps, be unable to comprehend how intelligent beings could bother their heads about titles which conferred no real authority. Yet what does it really matter whether we run after a fox, a cricket ball, a money bag, or a coronet, so long as we pursue something—so that to-morrow may bring us nearer an object? I remember reading an article in the *Saturday Review*, I think, some years ago, in which tobacco smoking was defended on the plea that his pipe was an innocent thing for the poor man to look forward to; and the clear-sightedness and sympathetic humanity of the remark struck me very much, as it is undoubtedly by such little things that the toil of the poorest is principally alleviated.

In spite of spasmodic and temporary early-closing movements and short-time strikes—which, by the bye, never affect the patient, undemonstrative masses of the very poorest—the whole tendency of the age is to get the utmost amount of work out of every man. There are no village May-poles now; shooting at the butts is for the middle classes, at lowest; football is an amusement for gentlemen only; Plough Monday is but kept up in certain country towns for begging purposes. Almost all the old holidays have been swallowed up. Thank God, the poor still have Sunday to look forward to. I am no great advocate for opening places of entertainment on that day of rest. Simple cessation from toil is quite pleasure enough, I expect, for those who most need the respite; and the clamour about dullness is raised by folks who have plenty of opportunity for amusing themselves from Monday till Saturday. But I speak diffidently.

The poor man does not always content himself with looking forward to his pipe, his dinner, his pint at the beershop, his Sunday’s holiday. Sometimes, as he splashes away at a wall, or sits cross-legged by his goose, his hopes soar to a political millenium; and, when his crude day-dreams find utterance, politicians shake in their shoes. And serve us right; for surely we might find means to teach all who desire the information, what they really may look forward to with safety.

Remembering that an object upon which to steer is absolutely necessary for every man’s happiness, we should be sparing of

our satire "on the vanity of human wishes." Mrs. A. devotes her life to getting into what she considers a "better" set; Lord B. impairs his fortune in pursuit of the modern philosopher's stone—endeavouring to dig money out of the "turf." Well, they might spend their lives better, perhaps—and worse.

The most fortunate people are they who look forward to a goal which is to be won by their own honest exertions; less happy are those who find themselves placed in a position which causes them to look out with perpetual interest for the deaths of their fellow-creatures. Yet what thousands of amiable people, who would not harm any one for the world, are waiting—in defiance of the proverb—with hopeful toes, for dead men's shoes! Those who have an interest in a tontine, for example, should really take shares in a life insurance company, in order to balance their homicidal aspirations; clerks in public offices cannot grieve very heartily over the demise of their superiors; officers of the army and navy are easily consolable for the results "of a bloody war or a sickly fever;" and even a curate cannot be expected to weep very bitterly over the fresh grave of a rector who has kept him an unconscionable time out of *his* living.

Yes, men must have something to look forward to. Our hopes may be blighted, our affections withered, and we may say that our lives are in the past. But are we, then, exceptions to the rule? No; we are looking forward to the grave.

Must not this necessity of anticipation be an attribute of immortality? Analogy cannot show us an instinct that is without a purpose. The imprisoned bird of passage, when he is in confinement, beats his wings against the cage. Surely it is *something*, not *nothing*, towards which we blindly tend.

MR. GOLIGHTLY;

OR, THE

ADVENTURES OF AN AMIABLE MAN.

CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH IT IS SATISFACTORILY EXPLAINED HOW IT CAME TO PASS THAT MISS JANE SNEEK APPEARED IN THE PLACE OF MISS BELLAIR.

IN the last chapter of this eventful history, our friend and able coadjutor, "Phiz," favoured us with the portraiture of Mr. Golightly at the feet of Miss Sneek, the only daughter of the worthy personage who introduced himself as Mr. Sneek, gyp, and

whose Christian name of John was at the same time imparted by the communicative Mrs. Cribb.

It remains for us, in accordance with the promise which brought our chapter to a sufficiently exciting conclusion, to commence the present one by clearing up this mysterious substitution of one young lady for another, by a full and complete explanation of what took place, both before and after, as well as on the momentous occasion itself.

We will plunge at once *in medias res*—or "begin in the middle," as the little boy remarked when he bit the rosy-cheeked apple. Our hero, as has before been recounted, was at his post—or, rather, tree—some minutes before the time fixed for his meeting with Miss Emily Bellair by the writer of the pink note. He had no particular difficulty in discovering the spot indicated in the billet, as there were only three trees opposite the gate of St. Mary's College which opened on to the Backs, and as those three trees were, though stripped of their leaves by the rough autumnal blasts—there had been a high wind ten days before—unmistakably elms. Indeed, it only required such a knowledge of arithmetical science as will enable a man to count three correctly to discover which of those elms was the third elm. Mr. Golightly possessed the requisite knowledge; and, with characteristic promptitude, began to count the trees. Here he found himself on the horns of a dilemma. Counting from left to right, there stood the third elm. Counting from right to left, *there* stood the third elm. Metaphorically speaking, the trees changed places by the process; for No. 1 became No. 3.

Revolving this matter in his mind, he happily thought of a not very new, and perhaps not very true, classical quotation, which he applied to his own case; and saying to himself, "Under the middle tree you will be safest," he stationed himself under the spreading branches of elm No. 2. The trees being only a few yards apart, he could easily see all three from the spot where he stood.

However, he did not stand still more than a second or two. His feelings were wrought up to fever heat by the missive he held in his hand. Accordingly, he calmed his agitated breast, though only in a slight degree, by pacing up and down the gravel

walk in front of the elm trees. In his fond clasp he still enfolded the pink note; and, while he waited for the writer, he read and re-read it several times.

The principal objects that were conspicuous in the scenery by which he was surrounded were the noble trees of stately growth which form the long avenue at the backs of the colleges. And, as he did not know from which point of the compass the fair Miss Bellair would approach their appointed trysting-place, our hero strained his eyes in his efforts to make their vision penetrate farther into the fast-gathering twilight of the autumn afternoon than any lover's eyes, constructed upon the common optical principles, were capable of doing.

At length—for, to the imagination of love, time flew that afternoon with very faltering wing, and seconds seemed hours, and minutes days and nights—as Mr. Golightly was very intently gazing in one direction, his quick ear detected approaching footsteps in that opposite—soft footfalls, but quick. Oh, thought of rapture! Was it Miss Bellair? He wheeled round suddenly, in an imposing, military manner. He rather regretted that he was not in full academicals, as she had said the gown was an ornament to him—or stay, that he was an ornament to the gown he wore. Which was it? There was no time to decide; for there, advancing with a step and mien worthy—as our hero thought—of any fabled fairy princess, came a lady down the walk from the college which he himself had trodden, muffled and closely veiled, with a modesty as charming as it was becoming to the most graceful and candid of her sex. The lady was close to him. Mr. Golightly was near-sighted—a distinction he inherited from his mother; but there could be no mistake, it was the figure of Emily Bellair. He felt somewhat embarrassed. He had never been placed in similar circumstances before. Somehow, he wished he had had a few minutes longer to think over some neatly turned and appropriately poetic speech. His heart went pit-a-pat with irregular beatings. His throat felt dry. His voice seemed to have tucked itself away in as distant a place as it could. His courage, however, did not for one instant fail.

"A-h-m!" said he—"a-h-m!"

Was it possible that, through her thick veil, Miss Bellair did not recognize him? It seemed almost as if this were the case,

for she continued her walk, and actually passed him, though at a slower pace.

Equal to this emergency, and breathing an innocent imprecation upon thick veils, Mr. Golightly instantly placed himself at the lady's side. They walked onwards for a few steps in silence.

"A-h-m! a-Miss Bellair—may I venture—that is, may I dare to—t-a-take the liberty of addressing you as Emily?"

"What does this mean?" said a musical voice, in its softest and most dulcet tones.

Fearing he had proceeded too hastily in the matter, and asked his first question too abruptly, Mr. Golightly continued, in his most captivating manner—

"Pray pardon me, Miss Bellair; but, from the terms of that note which I hold in my hand"—here our hero pressed his hand, with the precious note in it, to his manly heart, in the most approved style of half-hoping, half-doubting lovers. And, except we believe that the language of love rises untaught to the human lips, we may wonder where Mr. Golightly learned these arts.

"What does this mean?" again the lady asked, with soft accent.

She stopped, and looked, from under her veil, full into our hero's face.

"It m-means," replied the gallant Golightly, construing her question as a rebuke for his own mistrustfulness, and an intimation from the lady that apology was quite uncalled-for—"It means that I am f-fascinated by your—your charms, m-my dear Miss B-bellair."

"Mr. Golightly," said the lady, softly, "there is some mistake."

"Not the l-least mistake in the world," replied Mr. Samuel Adolphus. "My intentions are most honourable. L-let me call you Emily—d-do?"

The lady moved a pace or two forwards. Mr. Golightly placed himself elegantly upon his knees immediately in her path. His right hand covered the button of his coat that was over his heart. His hat and the pink note fell on the gravel path together.

"Em-Emily—you do not refuse me that privilege?"

"I'm generally called Jane, which is my name," the lady was saying, when a sudden gust of wind blew off her veil, and revealed to our much-astonished hero the features of Miss Sneek.

He was completely dumbfounded—to use a Scotch phrase—by the shock his asto-

nished nerves received. He looked down, abashed, at the gravel, trying to collect his thoughts and recover his self-possession. When he looked up again, and was about to offer an explanation of his conduct and account satisfactorily for his present attitude, the lady was gone. Miss Sneek had fairly taken to her heels and run.

"Gr-gracious!" said Mr. Golightly, faintly.

He was preparing to rise, and looking about him for his hat and the pink note, when he felt a gentle knock at his back. Startled and alarmed, he looked quickly round, and, to his utter confusion, beheld Mr. Pokyr's tall and athletic figure immediately behind him, with his hands spread over him in an attitude of benediction. At a few paces from Mr. Pokyr were three other gentlemen, Mr. Golightly had no difficulty in recognizing as Mr. Calipee, Mr. Jamaica Blaydes, and Mr. De Bootz. One or two others were there, also, with whom he was not personally acquainted.

"Mr. Golightly, sir," said Mr. Pokyr, sternly, "pray explain yourself. What is the meaning of this unseemly attitude?"

Mr. Samuel slowly rose, and stared vacantly around him.

"Put on your hat, sir."

"I-I don't know what I've d-done with my hat," Mr. Golightly replied, placing his hands on his head, to assure himself it was not there.

"Is this your property?" asked Mr. Blaydes, holding forth to view a pink note, somewhat the worse for wear.

"I-it certainly—that is, it w-was," replied our hero.

"I move that it be read," remarked Calipee, talking as if he were at the Union on a Thursday night.

"Have you any objection, Golightly?" asked Mr. Blaydes.

Our hero was now fairly surrounded by his friends.

"I would really r-rather you would not," said Mr. Golightly, plaintively.

"I think we must read it," said Pokyr.

Had Mr. Golightly's frame of mind been more calm, he might have perceived that, as his friend Pokyr carried his threat into execution, he did not require to refer much to the document itself: he seemed to know the contents almost by heart. This, however, our hero failed to observe; being, not unnaturally, absorbed in the peculiar circumstances of the situation. The letter

was read from beginning to end by Mr. Pokyr—the reader being many times interrupted by the gentlemen above-named, and by several others who had joined them—accidentally, of course. These interruptions consisted chiefly of cheers and congratulations. Under different circumstances, Mr. Golightly would, with his natural politeness, have acknowledged these marks of attention and esteem; as it was, he stood in the midst of the little knot of admirers that surrounded him, simply stupefied.

"All this must be explained," said Mr. Pokyr, when he had finished reading the note. "I must take care of this epistle myself."

"Others are interested," said Mr. Blaydes. "Other men are in love with Miss Bellair."

"They will be jealous, Golightly."

"There is Tommy Chutney, over head and ears in love," said Calipee, mournfully.

"Put your hat on, Golightly," said Pokyr. "It is disgraceful to see you out here without a hat."

"I wish I could," replied the hero of this history, looking appealingly round for his hat, but altogether unsuspecting of foul play.

"There is the dinner bell," said Pokyr. "Come back to your rooms for your cap and gown. Did you come out without your hat?"

"Cer-certainly not," replied Mr. Golightly, more hurt than indignant. "I had it on, of course."

"Where is it, then?"

"Come, that won't do for us, Golightly," said Mr. Blaydes.

"Where did you lunch? and what was the tippie?" asked another of his friends.

"I am p-placed in an awkward pre-predicament," Mr. Golightly began.

"You are, undoubtedly—especially as it is not improbable the tutor saw you."

"We saw a Don in the distance."

Mr. Golightly was taken under the protection of Pokyr and Blaydes, and, followed by his other friends, was walked off towards his own rooms, which were not many yards distant from the scene of his discomfiture.

"You are a model freshman," said Blaydes.

Mr. Golightly felt he was not.

"Why did Venus fly from Apollo?" asked Pokyr.

"It w-wasn't Miss Bellair," said our hero, apologetically.

"Not Miss Bellair—who, then?"

"The gyp's daughter."

"Sneek's?" said Mr. Pokyr, sternly. "Golightly, you are a disgrace to us! What can you see to admire in her?"

"But I don't admire her."

"Then why were you on your knees?" urged Blaydes.

"I will explain all," said our hero, taking refuge in his own rooms, and heartily wishing he could find some excuse for not going in to Hall to dinner.

"Yes, we demand an explanation of this affair," said Mr. Pokyr. "An explanation is the least you can give us."

"Moët with it, I vote," said Mr. Calipee, emerging from his rooms in cap and gown.

During dinner, Mr. Golightly was made the butt of many harmless little pleasantries; and the pink note, and various not very accurate versions of the affair of love, went the round of Mr. Pokyr's set. Our hero retreated as soon as he had swallowed some mouthfuls of dinner: it became apparent to him that he was being rallied upon his late adventure.

He made his way across the "quad," and, rushing up his staircase, gained his own rooms, pulling to the door after him—or, as the phrase is, "sporting his oak"—for the sake of privacy. He felt it necessary to be alone, that he might devise some scheme of action worthy of himself and his father's son.

But he was mistaken: he was not the only occupant of his room. Near his fireplace stood Mr. Sneek, in an unusual and defiant posture. The weight of his rather corpulent person was thrown upon his right extremity, while his left ditto was slightly advanced. One hand was behind his back, the other pulled a curly lock of hair that graced his classic forehead.

"Good hevinnin'," said Mr. Sneek, taking the initiative in the discussion.

Mr. Golightly forgot his recent interview with Miss Sneek for the moment.

"Evening, Sneek," he said, in answer to the gyp's salutation, and without noticing the tone of mingled injury and defiance in which it was uttered.

"Good heve—nin', sir!" observed Mr. Sneek, with increased emphasis and rising colour.

"You have brought up some coals? The coal-scuttle was empty before dinner, I know," continued Mr. Golightly, glancing nervously at the receptacle for his coals.

He recollected his little affair with Mr. Sneek's daughter; and, with an unerring instinct, he felt sure her papa had come with the intention of asking an explanation, or "kicking up a row." Mr. Golightly did not, at this early period of his undergraduate career, know of that speedy way out of almost all Cambridge troubles, where only a "cad's" wounded feelings are in the case. He was ignorant of that healing balm—that salve of boundless power—that silver key, potent to open every door as any fairy "open sesame." Had he fortunately known of this magic talisman, it would have materially relieved his feelings; as it was, he felt considerably embarrassed as he seated himself on the edge of his sofa.

"There his coals in your box, if you please, sir," said Mr. Sneek, giving the curl a pull, and making a low bow. "Hand there is, likewise, coals in your gyp-room, sir; hand, I 'ope, as long as you keep on this staircase, coals—hif required—will allus be found at 'and. But it is not of coals I wish to say a word or two, sir—with permission"—here Mr. Sneek bowed lower than before—"and not taking no pertickler libatty, I 'ope, sir."

The honest man smiled within himself—"tickled inly with laughter," in fact—when he had brought this speech to a satisfactory conclusion. He eyed Mr. Golightly, his master, as a snake might view a fine plump pigeon before he swallowed him up. His master devoutly wished that he had not "sported" his door, but left it open. He wanted Pokyr or his cousin George to come in to put the gyp to flight. But the door was fast, and assistance could not come. This fact was not lost upon Mr. Sneek.

In turn our hero bowed, as an intimation to Mr. Sneek to proceed.

"The subject I should wish to mention, sir—under permission, sir—is delicate to a parent's feelin's."

Here Mr. Sneek sighed heavily—threw the weight of his body on his left leg—which bent and bowed slightly under it—advanced his right foot to the position his left had lately occupied, rolled his eyes about in an alarming manner, and placed the disengaged hand upon—the place where his heart might be supposed to be.

"G-go on," said his master, nervously; as one who would say, "I deserve it all."

"My daughter, sir, she says to me, when I was quietly a-taking my pint of buttery

beer, usual at tea, she says to me—rushin' in of a sudden, and puttin' her mother into a state as nothin', I assure you, sir, on my word, but six of pale brandy neat got her right again—she says to me, my daughter says—'Father.' 'Well, Jane,' I harnsered. 'Mr. Golightly, the new gentleman on your staircase, have behaved most extraordinary; and father,' she says—with your leave, sir—'I think the gentleman's mad.'

"M-mad!" ejaculated our hero. "No doubt—no doubt."

"Mad?" says I. 'Mr. Golightly aint mad, not in the least'—thinkin' the gal was making game on me. 'Well, father,' my daughter says, 'he went right down on his knees.'"

"Too true," sighed Mr. Samuel.

"Now, sir," said Mr. Sneek, with much dignity, "my feelin's as a father—and as a parent—was hurt. 'Jane,' I said, "your character is beyond dispute.' With permission, sir, may I ask the meanin' of this extraordinary conduct on your part towards a innocent and inoffensive young person?"

Mr. Golightly gave his gyp the best explanation he could of the affair.

"Oaxed is what you've been, sir, and no mistake; but does that pour comfort into a parent's wounded bo-som, or restore a daughter's feelin's?"

After some broad hints from Mr. Sneek, our hero perceived that a tip would put all right. He gave it readily. Mr. Sneek pocketed it with equal readiness. Holding the door ajar, he said—

"Which, sir, you've behaved in the matter like a genelman, and I am satisfied of your havin' been victimised. I hope I shall always show my gratitude. Shall I shut the door, sir?"

"If you please."

With an expression of delight upon his features, the gyp did as he was directed. He was just humming a favourite air when he confronted his daughter. The hum gave place to a long, low whistle.

"Halves, father," said Miss Sneek, holding out her hand, and looking majestically inexorable.

"Halves—what do you mean?"

"I've been a listenin' outside. He's gev you a sovereign. I know he has, so don't deny it, for it's no use."

Mr. Sneek vowed and protested all the way home, but to no purpose. He found himself in the position of one of Byron's

heavy fathers, whose strong-minded daughter thus addressed him:—

"I knew your nature's firmness.
Know your daughter's too!"

Like that lady, Miss Sneek was not to be put off with promises—to come due at the end of the term. All she vouchsafed by way of reply to her father's eloquent protestations was said in one word—

"Halves."

TABLE TALK.

THE ELECTION of Misses Garrett and Davies not improbably marks the beginning of a new era in the relations between the sexes, as far as deliberative assemblies are concerned. We are sure that the gentlemen who form the new school boards will listen with patience and courtesy to what these ladies have to say upon the various educational topics they will be called upon to consider and discuss; and we hope their suggestions will be found of use in helping the boards to arrive at a practical solution of the many and considerable difficulties with which their onward career is studded. If the names of the elected candidates—as is the case in most instances with the metropolitan boards—were not of themselves a guarantee for the observance of the common rules of decency at the meetings of the committee—if, in a word, the metropolitan district boards of education were to be conducted like some metropolitan vestry meetings and meetings of the guardians of the poor, the presence of ladies might do good, by imposing some restrictions upon the playful badinage of members.

MISS BURDETT COUTTS declined to be placed on the list as a candidate for election, partly on the ground that she thought ladies were out of place there. However, we have seen Miss Garrett and Miss Davies elected; and here we know how far we have got towards the "government of the future." Ladies sit on an equality with the opposite sex on the London school boards. But what is the case in America? Two ladies, Victoria C. Woodhull and Tennie C. Claflin, editors and proprietors of a paper—which they send us weekly—advocate the equality of the sexes in language more strong than decorous. Of these two, Miss Victoria C. Woodhull is a candidate for the Presidency! She says:—

"In my address to the people, published on the

2nd of April last, announcing myself a candidate for the Presidency of the United States in 1872, I called their attention to the disorganized condition of parties, and briefly commented upon the issues which were most likely to require a settlement by that election. I alluded to the aspirations of woman for complete recognition of equality of right, socially and politically, as *intended in her creation and announced by Divine word that she should enjoy*. I stated that these aspirations had caused the question to exist, whether this equality should be longer denied, and that its issue would be tried and settled before the next Presidential election."

1872 will not, but 1972 may, see a lady at the head of affairs in the United States. Let us take care, though: Miss Victoria Woodhull might urge that the case of Great Britain could not very well be quoted as a precedent unfavourable to her own chances of success as a ruler.

IT HAS BEEN STATED, we believe with perfect truth, that in the streets of London, in the course of a year, more persons are knocked down and killed, or more or less maimed and disabled, than are similarly injured by all the railway companies in the same space of time. And, further, it is stated that the number of persons actually killed in the streets has amounted, on an average, to something like one per diem. No doubt, one of the causes of this lavish and unnecessary sacrifice of life is the great carelessness of foot passengers when crossing the street. Again, another prolific cause, constantly operating for mischief, consists in the number of old and feeble persons, or young children, always in the streets; both of these classes being incapable of taking proper care of themselves when crossing the roadways. But the grand cause of these accidents—compared with which all others are insignificant—is the utter recklessness of drivers; and the magistrates cannot be too severe in dealing with the very common charges of "reckless driving," and having "run over in the streets;" for it should be well understood that the roadway is as much the property of the man on foot as of the man in a cart. A bad feature in the case is, that drivers do not see this. On the contrary, they seem to think that they alone have a right to the roadway, and that her Majesty's lieges may be driven over at their will and pleasure. The law is very clear. The man who is walking has as much right to the road as the man who is driving; and, upon occasion, the law will protect him in the enjoyment of

that right. Here is an instance. The other day, at Lambeth, a tradesman at Peckham, was charged with assaulting a gentleman with a whip. The facts were simple enough. "After hearing evidence for the defendant, Mr. Ellison (the magistrate) said it was with difficulty he restrained himself from sending the defendant to prison for the assault. The defendant seemed to think that, because he was driving, he had a right to the road; but he and others must learn that pedestrians had as much right to the road as persons who were driving, and must be protected. Persons in vehicles had no more right than persons walking." Well done, Mr. Ellison! But you omitted one part of your duty: the defendant richly deserved a week in prison and a whipping into the bargain.

THERE ARE SOME things "our own correspondent" does not tell us clearly. Although he sends off, *par ballon monté*, a despatch as often as circumstances permit, we do not know as much as we wish of the daily life of the unfortunate Parisians. From another source, however, we learn that the allowance of meat at the end of November was only thirty-five grammes—equal to one and one-sixth ounces—per diem per head for adults, and half that amount for children. The correspondent of the *Food Journal* sends over a few interesting particulars, which we quote, of the state of Paris. He says:—

"The idea that two millions of people, a large number of whom have ample means, should find themselves rationed like soldiers and paupers, is so novel that nothing but the actual experience of the fact can bring it directly home to the mind. That people who are accustomed to delicate eating, to every culinary luxury, who *fast* on delicious fish, the freshest of eggs and vegetables, water-fowl and splendid fruit—say once a week—should now *feed* every day on an ounce or two of any kind of meat that they can obtain—beef, horse, &c.—is certainly an extraordinary form of sybaritism of the nineteenth century."

The consumption of horse-flesh is, of course, almost universal, and even the subject of puffing:—

"A horse butcher the other day exhibited the following placard:—'Horse of the first quality, from the stables of the Comte de Lagrange.'"

The writer says:—

"Some persons prefer it to beef, from the gamey flavour which it possesses, and compare it to *chevreuil*—the small doe venison of France—which certainly scarcely deserves the name; others particularly dislike it for the same reason. This is, however, simply

a matter of taste. As good, wholesome food it has been universally eaten; and the soup made from it is declared by every one to be superior to that from beef."

Smaller game, however, is not neglected by these masters of the culinary art; and dishes indigenous to China now find favour in the most civilized capital of Europe:—

"Cat is eaten and sold openly; and although I never had the pleasure of partaking of a civet of the kind—to my knowledge—I can assure you that cats are relished by a good many people, and are quoted at 6 francs each, while dog is quoted at 4 francs the half animal. One journal declares that more than 24,000 cats have been sold and eaten. A student in medicine sent the following note to a friend:—'Come on Saturday to my rooms and eat a broiled cat, seasoned with pistachio nuts, olives, gherkins, and pimento, and washed down with Chablis.' After dinner we will drink some Rhenish wine to the indivisibility of France.' At a good house the other day—the house of a *gourmet*—the bill of fare was: *filet de cheval rôti, escaloppes d'anon*, plum pudding, *au graisse de bœuf*."

ON THE SUBJECT of prices, this correspondent—to whom we are indebted for the best account of the food supply of Paris which has reached us—says:—

"Bread is plentiful and cheap; ham, 6s. 8d. per pound; Lyons sausage, 12s.; a turkey, 52s. 6d.; a rabbit, 15s.; an eel, 15s.; a plate of gudgeons, 5s.; twelve eggs, 3s. 10d.; a cabbage, 15d.; a bunch of carrots, 2s."

The prices of delicacies are enormous: a *pâté de foie gras* costs 45 francs; and a turkey with forcemeat, 55 francs. This was on the 25th ult.; now, in all probability, these prices are nearly doubled. But the beleaguered citizens bear up bravely—as yet. The writer in the *Food Journal* says:—

"In the midst of all our annoyances we have our jokes. When dinner is ready, some one is sure to say, 'To horse, ladies and gentlemen, to horse!' Stories are told of commanders of besieged towns who presented to their guests, as choice dishes, a roast cat, garnished with a dozen of mice and a *salmi* of rats. The following is one of a dozen *vers-de-table*:—

'Manger du rat, du cheval, ou du chien,
Cela nous repose,
Quand on l'ignore, ce n'est rien;
Quand on le sait, c'est peu de chose.'

A woman is detected stealing out of a house with something hidden under her shawl; she is arrested, and a fine cat found upon her. 'Oh! pray do not expose me,' she cries, in a plaintive voice; 'it is for a poor sick friend!'"

HAS IT EVER OCCURRED to any one to remark how great a number of the works of fiction with which modern society is deluged owe their being to Scotch parents?

I do not mean authors of established fame—Smollett, Scott, Galt, and Ferrier in the past; or Macdonald or Oliphant in the present—but modest persons who, blushing to find it famed, conceal their identity under a feigned name or an anonym. Internal evidence proves, to anybody who reads with the smallest attention, the *habitat* of a great proportion of these writers. Setting aside all those who assert their nationality by putting into the mouths of their inferior characters what, to our ignorance, is an incomprehensible patois, but which they delight to call "Doric," we apply to the remainder one unfailing shibboleth—this is the inability under which even well-educated Scotchmen labour of apprehending the distinction between volition and futurity in the use of the auxiliary verbs. It is true that the same difficulty is experienced by the natives of a sister kingdom, though they may be otherwise good speakers and writers: Mr. Lever, for example, and Miss Kavanagh, both of whom are above par as regards novelist style. The latter, indeed, seems so fearful of the misuse of that unruly *will*, that she carries the abnegation of it to an extreme; and her characters talk of themselves as if, like the Turk, they felt borne away by an irresistible destiny in every, the smallest, action of their lives. A gentleman who is invited to accept of refreshment will answer, "I *shall* take only one glass of wine;" another being asked to visit an invalid friend will say, "Tell her I shall come directly." But with all this the children of Erin and Caledonia do "wear their rue with a difference." It is difficult to *explain* exactly how, but every Englishman can *feel* it: they do not err in exactly the same way.

TO TAKE A LESS superficial test: the Irish, as Dr. Johnson said, "are an honest people—they never speak well of each other;" but the Scotchman, even if he call himself by the pseudonym of John Bull, will be sure to betray his identity by the glorification of some Scotchman. Creators of their own *dramatis personæ*, they cannot resist making them redound to the honour of their beloved country. Again, the *mise en scène* is unmistakably provincial. The actors in these dramas keep queer hours and have odd meals; mountains and heather play a considerable part in the landscape; and great contempt is expressed for those who dare

to call wild hyacinths *bluebells*—as is always done in England. One characteristic of their books is, that the hero is seldom represented as a handsome man. To do them justice, personal beauty in the male sex is as little regarded as it is rare north of the Tweed. The ideal of the contemporary novelist is a strong, rugged, bony being, with hard features, and—as it strikes us effeminate folk—rude manners; but whose innate power, tenacity of purpose, and uprightness of character always secure to him everything he tries to get, including the affections of all the young ladies, rich and poor, pretty and plain, good, bad, and indifferent, whom he may condescend to notice. The heroine, on the other hand—a Maggie or a Janet, for the most part—is always a daisy or a violet; a sweet, unpretending, retiring creature; but who invariably succeeds, in the third volume, in ousting her beautiful, brilliant, rich, and worldly protagonist—an English girl—from the coigne of vantage she occupied in the first and second, and gaining the prize for herself by that steady persistence which leads so many of her countrymen on to greatness.

THESE VARIOUS INDICATIONS may, I think, justify me in holding the opinion that the works in question emanate not only from Scotch *land*, but from Scotch *women*. The problem remains, To what is this owing? Moral philosophy has taught us to look for imagination more especially in the South, and for fancy in the North. But if there is no great amount of the former, neither is there any striking preponderance of the latter, in the flood of generally amiable tattle which pours into the book market: it rather gives the idea of being written as Cydon whistled. Very likely, Cydon whistled sweetly! Perhaps the closer social restrictions our Northern cousins have imposed on themselves drive their women more into wandering at their own sweet will in the inky rivulet; perhaps the sparse population, cutting them off from much diversity of society, puts them upon creating it for themselves—as children, who have no baby brothers and sisters to look after, play most with dolls. But there is a graver aspect of the matter. What if it be a deep-laid plot? The stream, though not apparently powerful, is continuous; unlike the water supply of London, it is always laid on. It dribbles on us perpetually, from weekly and monthly

magazines; it filters from the press in single, double, and triple volumes—from the humble shilling tale to the full-bottomed thirty-one-and-sixpenny novel; and constant dropping, we know, will hollow the hardest stone. The wary Prussians before Paris know that women and children, gathering cabbages outside the walls, may be sent out to mask a sortie in force. What if the Scotch ladies are put forward with their tempting and innocent story books merely to enervate and undermine our intellects; and then, when the insidious work is completed, the horde of four million hardy heroes whom they worship should rush from their fastnesses, drive from their supremacy the twenty million of emasculated Southrons, and take away our place and nation? Let England look to it!

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from Glasgow, calls our attention to a recent note in "Table Talk" in which the name of Dr. Strang, formerly City Chamberlain of Glasgow, was, in error, printed "Strong."

ON DIT, that the author of "Ecarté"—the piece which was performed amid a perfect storm of laughter and hisses the other night at the Globe Theatre, an experiment which has not since been repeated—was Lord N——y, a nobleman not unconnected with the proprietorship of the theatre.

The New Volume of ONCE A WEEK will commence Jan. 4th, 1871.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—After Jan. 1st, 1871, ONCE A WEEK will be increased in size from 24 to 32 pages.

While the character and general contents of the Magazine will remain unchanged, the additional eight pages will enable the Editor to introduce several new features of interest to his readers.

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

ON SILVER WINGS, a New Serial Tale of great interest, by the Author of "*Joyce Dormer's Story*" (ONCE A WEEK, 1867), &c., &c., will appear on Jan. 4, and be continued weekly.

Mr. Hain Friswell's ONE OF TWO will be continued.

THE CAMBRIDGE FRESHMAN.—Under this title, Mr. Golightly's further Adventures (with Cuts by Phiz) will shortly appear.

Several short Stories, and many Articles of more than common interest, will be published in the New Volume.

The authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 156.

December 24, 1870.

Price 2d.

ONE OF TWO; OR, A LEFT-HANDED BRIDE.

By HAIN FRISWELL.

CHAPTER XLI.

"THIS IS MY STORY. LET ME PLAINLY SPEAK."



BROWNJOHN had travelled so fast, that he had overrun his own letter; and therefore, after quietly lodging his little company in warmth and safety, contented himself by sending another missive by the two-penny post—a great boon to Londoners—by which he informed George Horton, Esq., that

he had got his bird, and that he believed it would all turn up in the right way.

He saw his friend, Mr. Stevenson; and that officer, who had already taken his side—as we all do, whether the question be one of love or war—looked very glum as Brownjohn sketched the cunning quiet of the old man, the near “toucher” he had had in capturing him, and the readiness in which the supposed culprit was found to get to sea.

“You found nothing on him?” asked Stevenson. “No corroborative evidence—eh?”

“Not likely—that’s another business.

You see, he was away from us four days, and had plenty of time to get rid of anything. That will turn up in due time.”

“I hope it will. It somehow always does. See how that man Edwards managed to fix Mr. Arthur Thistlewood and company,” added the Inspector.

“Mr. Edwards was a spy,” returned the Bow-street runner, with an adjective applied to the last noun which we will not repeat. “I scorn such business. Give ’em all fair play, say I, however bad they may be.”

“Well, we have got a riddle somehow, and I hope one of you will get well out of it, that’s all.”

“Never fear, my son,” replied Brownjohn, confident of having held his clue pretty tightly; and having done all, according to the rule of thumb, that an honest and not very scientific police officer could be expected to do.

As these two were talking thus quietly, who should come in, from his office in Homer-street—where he had been for letters—but Mr. Tom Forster.

“Mornin’, sir,” said Brownjohn.

“Good morning, my friend.” This was said with a polite and distant bow.

“You’ve got your man, I hear, Mr. Forster.”

“We have a person on suspicion; but time only can tell us if it be *the* man.”

“And I’ve got mine—that sailor fellow; and the tall boy will be here in a moment to recognize him.”

“How do you know it is the same, if you picked him up at a distance?”

“Bless you, he does not deny it, sir. I’m not likely to catch hold of the wrong bird. I aint no speculative amatoor,” answered Brownjohn, with a laugh.

“Let those laugh who win,” interposed Mr. Inspector, severely. “However, it is a fair race, gentlemen. One of them will swing some of these fine mornings.”

The police officer spoke thus lightly, for in those days hardly a Monday morning passed by without some one swinging for sheep stealing, burglary, forgery, or other crimes against property; and to hang a man for murder was but a light thing. Professionally, too, these gentlemen looked at a race which must end in taking the life of some fellow-man in an artistic and interested way, just as sporting men look at the race between two noble horses, uncertain which will win.

"Hallo, here's the beak," said Brown-john; and Mr. Horton entered.

"You have got your man, then, Brown-john?" asked that functionary, hopefully.

He had begun to believe, against his own conviction, that Philip Stanfield might prove to be innocent.

"Yes, sir, after a long chase. We were on his track the whole time, but somehow he managed to give us the slip."

"All's well that ends well," said the magistrate, cheerily.

But although he spoke cheerily, he looked very ill and fagged. He had conquered his love but by an effort, and he felt for Winnifred as much compassion as the most tender father could have done. So quietly he entered his office and sat down, exchanging a few words with Mr. Forster—and those few words did not seem to exhilarate him.

"Bring forward your man, then," he said. Oh! how weary he was of his profession—always meeting with guilt, finding that goodness and virtue were so rare, and that weakness and wickedness were so common.

"Aye, aye, sir," said the Inspector; and in a few moments the Père Martin stood where Philip Stanfield had stood before him.

There was something humorous—but of the humour that inclines to pathos rather than to merriment—in the manner exhibited by the Père Martin as he stood in the little room, patient, exalted rather than cast down; humble and very respectful, and yet proud—with the self-confident air of innocence he knew so well how to wear, in the smile which played upon his sea-beaten countenance.

He was a fine specimen of one of those hardy French sailors born on the northern coasts of France, who are as simple and kindly as they are brave. They lead a life of danger and hardship without repining; they live without luxury, rear their children

on the gains of a hardly paid industry; attend to their priests, and pray to the Virgin regularly; enjoy their short holidays with their wine, their omelettes, and perhaps a fat hen added to their soup; grow gradually into old age, and seem to perish without regret, if they are lucky enough to escape the storms which vex their iron-bound coasts.

When the old seaman entered the room, he saluted all respectfully, and turned to the magistrate with a pleading smile, as much as to say—"Look here, my good seigneur—I am poor, and without a friend. Don't bear too hard upon me, for I am a stranger."

"Have you an interpreter for him, or shall I speak in French?"

"There is no need, M. l'Avocat," said the Père, in good English. "I have spoken your tongue since a boy. I have fished upon your coasts, and worked with your brave sailors—sea *dogues*." Put aside the accent, the tongue was good enough.

"You will understand all we say?"

"Without doubt. You will not detain me long."

"We hope not," said the magistrate, kindly enough; "but we have a grave charge against you."

There will be no need to reproduce every question and answer. The old man again showed his profound grief when he heard of the death of his wife, but persisted that he knew nothing of it.

"But you were with her upon that day, and the last person seen near the house."

The sailor smiled, as much as to say, "That may be."

"But that does not prove, M. l'Avocat," he said, "that I struck the blow. Why should I kill her? I loved her, sir—loved her. Do you know what love is?"

Mr. Horton did not care to answer that question but by another.

"If you loved Estelle Martin so much, how is it that you and she have lived separately so long? She has resided some years at Kensal-green, and you have been but once or twice near her."

"It was because I loved her that I left her," said the sailor, paradoxically. "A man cannot live with a wife he loves, if his honour forbids him."

"Love and honour! A poor fisherman absolutely understanding and talking of such abstractions," thought the magistrate. "Now, if I looked upon the poor as some

men do, I should at once condemn this man as a liar and a hypocrite." But he gave no tongue to his thoughts, saying merely, "Go on, tell us all you know of this."

Brownjohn rubbed his hands quietly.

"That is the way to catch 'em," he murmured. "Give 'em rope enough, and they will hang themselves. How many a fellow has tied the knot under his left ear with his own tongue!"

"The Widow Martin," said the old fellow, with a sigh, looking down at the ground, and then at his own strong hands, "was no widow at all—she was my wife."

"We know that," thought Brownjohn. "How tedious these old fellows are! I'd cross-question him if I was the beak."

"It is thirty years ago, monsieur, since I fell in love with her. She was a fine, beautiful girl—as beautiful as are our girls by the sea coast. We call them the *belles anges de Normandie*. She walked like a gazelle, trippingly. She had a carriage like a hawk; eyes full of wit, brightness, and fire. I fell in love with her. Alas! what could I do?"

"What, indeed," thought the inductive philosopher, "but do as you did? Women are too strong for us."

"My father did not like the family, and warned me against her. But I thought he was wrong. I have learnt, monsieur, now I am a father myself, that fathers may be sometimes right."

The magistrate nodded his head.

"However, I told him that, if Estelle was headstrong, that marriage would tame her; that I was young, and had saved some money, and had a nice boat. I courted her, and she received me as she did *les autres*."

"She had other sweethearts, then?"

"Yes—would that some one else had been the *fiancé*! However, we were promised to each other. I bought her some long gold ear-rings, and a beautiful cross of gold—for she was fond of church then; and"—here the old fellow heaved a pathetic sigh—"we were married. We were happy for a little time; but love, Monsieur l'Avocat, is always one-sided, like a boat in a gale of wind. Either the husband loves too much, or the wife does. With us, it was the husband. I fancied that I could have managed Estelle, and have made her obey me. I found, however, that she made me obey her."

"You're not the first husband who has found that," returned the magistrate.

"No, sir—I am not the only unhappy man, I dare say. When the wife rules, the house is badly governed."

"The old fellow's not such a fool, after all," said Mr. Tom Forster to himself. "Well, perhaps it is lucky that I did not marry."

"You see, Estelle was too fond of pleasure and of dress. I do not blame her, poor thing. The fisher folk have a hard life. She cared little for the boat—a beautiful boat, named after her: it is patched, and worn, and old now—and wanted to go to fairs and *fêtes* and dances. I was foolish, and let her go. I was young and thoughtless. Pleasure, and fairs, and *fêtes* do not earn money, but make one spend it. We grew poor. I borrowed money from my father, the old Père Martin. I am the Père Martin now."

There was a pathos in the words which others besides Mr. Horton felt—notably the inductive philosopher. How few of us like to stand alone! The boy who fancies that his father is a great and happy man hardly realizes the fact that his father feels that he is alone, with none to advise him, and with all looking to him for assistance and advice; that he stands facing the dark future, the first in the course of nature to be pushed off this narrow strip which we call Life, into the unknown ocean that surrounds us, which we name Eternity.

"Well, well," said Mr. Horton, kindly, "pray get on. I suppose you must tell your story your own way."

"Certainly, monsieur—it is the best," said the simple old fellow. "I regret that I have no father to help me now. I need one as much as ever. See you, now, how helpless I am!"

Was this cunning or simplicity, asked the magistrate of himself as the old man, in a garrulous way, babbled on. There are some men always ready to ask the world to take care of them—to thrust themselves upon its charity—and to leave to others that which they should take upon themselves.

"We are all helpless enough," said the magistrate, aloud, in a voice of rebuke, "if we give ourselves up to weakness or to sin; and as for a Father, both you and I have one, if we look to Him."

"Pardon, m'sieur—you have well said,"

answered the accused. "When I said I had no father, I should have said, except *le bon Dieu*—except *Notre Père*." He reverently crossed himself at the name, and went on. "The old father lent me money, and also some reproaches. I repaid him neither. One was soon spent—the other I forgot. What then? We wanted more money. The father had not any more to lend us—and, indeed, soon died, leaving some of his money to a good priest, and some to my brother. The money was better there than in my hands, for nothing prospered. I sold *Estelle*—"

"Your wife?" asked Mr. Horton, with a start.

"Pardon, m'sieur, we are not permitted to do that, as you others, in your Smith-field. I mean my boat. With that money we lived for some time; when *Estelle*, my wife, reproached me, called me a weak fool, and said that if I could not get money, she would. She was *un esprit fort*."

"Quite a Lady Macbeth," thought Old Daylight to himself, reverting to his favourite dramatist. "How well *he* knew women."

"We then had a baby born—a little girl. I was terrified by my *Estelle*'s threats, and asked her what she meant. She laughed, and told me that some friend of hers, whom she used once to flirt with—"

"Pray come to the point," interrupted the magistrate. "Your story is somewhat long."

"I must tell it my own way," said *Père Martin*, respectfully, but very firmly. "This is the point."

Then he continued.

"This friend was a certain M. Gustave Flahault—a Belgian, I believe—*un brave homme*, very well formed, clean, and gentlemanly, who was valet to a great English nobleman—Milord Chesterton."

Mr. Horton looked much more satisfied. Here was some connection with some persons in the record of crime, at least.

"This Gustave had visited us in our cottage; had noticed us in our fall and our poverty; and had proposed to *Estelle* that she should nurse the child of this great nobleman, and thus add money to our poor house. He was a very kind man, no doubt, but he brought misery to me."

"Did you know him? Is he alive?" asked the inductive philosopher, with great eagerness.

"Alas! monsieur, it is many years ago. He is dead. Well, after a time I agreed. I was fond of my little child, my sweet *Estelle*—as fond as I was of my boat. I have never had such a beauty since."

"As the boat or the child?" inquired the magistrate.

"Alas! as either. One I sold, and the other died. Poor *petit ange*! she is in Heaven now, and sees her poor father. Oh, sir, if you can understand the heart of a poor father when he sees his own child and that of another man drawing sustenance from his wife's bosom; when he finds the one indulged in luxury, and preferred before his own; when soft clothes wrap the one, and but coarse rags the other; when one grows fat and lusty, coarse and strong—while the other pines away and slowly dies, fading before its father's eyes; its little hands becoming so light—so light and thin; its little cheeks so white and transparent, its eyes so large and wide! *Pauvre petit ange*! it knew me and loved me, I am sure; for many a time have I rocked it to sleep on my bosom, while the usurper slept at its mother's breast. To see it die!—to reflect, M'sieur l'Avocat, of the difference between rich and poor—we who are equally the children of the same God; to know that one little flower was of the softer and gentler sex, more weak, and needing more care—*une petite vierge*, like the Mother of God herself; that the other was, or would be, a man—a man strong, rich, powerful—and because of this, wicked; and that one was pushed out of life by the other! Ah, m'sieur!"

"Some would have felt that to be foster-mother to a nobleman's son was an honour," said the magistrate.

"But, m'sieur, we, *nous autres*, do not feel it so. They take all. Why take our children's milk and the bosoms of our wives? But there was one thing more bitter still. My child, my pure dove, my *Estelle*—I thank the *bon Dieu*!—had been offered to the priest, and had been born in wedlock—blessed at God's altar: a blessed sacrament I have purely kept. The other—the invader, the interloper—was the child of a nobleman, it is true: he was but—*un bâtard*!"

The old fisherman lifted his head as he spoke, and Old Daylight and the magistrate no longer felt his story dull as he continued.

CHAPTER XLII.

LE PERE MARTIN CONTINUES HIS NARRATIVE.

THE old sailor looked round the bare official room, as if he had relieved his mind, and continued the recital of his troubles.

"My mind misgave me when the valet, Gustave, made this proposal. But poverty cannot choose what it shall do, Monsieur l'Avocat, and I consented. Estelle was joyous. She said we were doing no more than many people in Normandy did, and that it was always lucky to get the nurse child of a great person. The English milord, too, was said to be very rich, as all the English are. And yet I have found many poor persons in England. Well, the child was brought. I have told you the result. My child died, but the *nourisson* lived! This seemed rather to please Estelle. She cared little for me now, and was often out on a visit with M. Gustave and the great nobleman who was the father of the child, and who was very fond of it."

"The Earl of Chesterton?" asked Mr. Horton, knowing what the answer would be.

"The same, Monsieur l'Avocat. I was tired of home, and was very unhappy. It seems to me to be the fate of those who are not beloved in return, that they should love their wives or husbands more and more."

"It is very likely," thought Old Daylight. "How madly in love is Edgar with that Frenchwoman, and she does not seem to care much for him! Tut, tut! what a world of trial it is! Nothing could be better devised than it is for *that*."

Mr. Horton, on his part, quite agreed with Père Martin, and let him talk on in his own way, in this curious defence of his, taking notes now and then. When he did so, the old sailor spoke more slowly, so as to politely aid the magistrate.

"Well, I could not stand this; and with the money my wife got and some I borrowed, I bought another boat, and went to sea. Although the boat was blessed by the priest, she did not prosper. I had named her *Estelle*—perhaps that was the reason. I came back in two or three months, and found the *nourisson* quite a brave boy, and Estelle in a pretty cottage and gaily dressed. When we had got comfortably seated by her stove, I saw from her affection that she wished me to do something for her. She need not have shown me any more, for she knew that I

would do anything. I would have laid down my life for her. Presently she told me that she had been to see the mother of the little baby, the *nourisson*—that is foster-child, as you call it—and that she was a beautiful young woman who had been married by the left hand—as they do in Germany; but that, though the marriage was good, the poor, dear child would not succeed his father. 'Poor thing!' said I, looking kindly at it; but I thought of my little Estelle. It was a fine, beautiful baby—fair and large, like your English children; while mine was small, and of a beautiful, rich, dark complexion, poor thing! The little fellow stretched forth his fat arms towards me and smiled.

"See, Achille," said my wife, 'he loves you already. Will you not help him to his rights?'

"What rights?' I asked. '*Ses droits!*—are not *ses droits* all wrong, poor child?'

"Oh! those cursed rich people," said Estelle, 'how they will rob the poor, and make laws of marriage for themselves and not for us.'

"We need not speak against them, Estelle," I answered; 'they, too, are our brothers.'

"Well, we can help this poor babe, at least," she answered; 'I love it as my own, and it will be a lord some day'—here Mr. Horton and Old Daylight listened with intense interest—"and I shall have been its foster-mother, and we will both be rich, and you shall have your boat a thousand times better than the one you have, with others to work for you.'

"But my poor little daughter—she is gone.'

"Bah! how foolish of you. We shall have other children—a son—some day, no doubt," returned Estelle, with a laugh.

"What she said was very true, monsieur," interjected the old fisherman, gravely. "We had another child, a son. He is alive still, and wishes to marry a poor and good girl. That was why I went to his mother to beg her to give him some portion for his marriage, or a little *dot* for his bride."

"And to do a little smuggling too, you old sinner," thought Brownjohn to himself, "if all be true that César Negretti has told me. Well, time will bring all things to light. He seems to be bamboozling the beak, with his long yarn. Dang it! a seaman, somehow or other, whether he is a

French salt or a British tar, can always beat your landmen to fits, the way he manages his jaw tackle."

"Umph!" thought Old Daylight, "the old fellow has clearly accounted for his motive, at any rate. Is he innocent, so much as he says he is?"

"In that, I did not succeed, sir; and I was going back empty-handed—for Estelle did not improve as she grew old. Few women do."

"Right you are," thought Brownjohn. "The old fellow knows his way about town, I dare say."

"But this has little to do with the present portion of your story. What was your wife's proposition?"

"Well, m'sieur, she had an idea that, as that child was a Frenchman, born of a French mother, on the French soil, and under a French flag, we should do him right. His father, it would seem, was very fond of him, and not so fond of the *légitime*. It was proposed by M. Gustave Flahault, inspired without doubt by the father, that we should, by some means, meet and exchange the children."

"What children?"

"Ah! I had forgotten to tell you. This Lord Chesterton—that great English nobleman, a mighty prince in his own land—had been obliged, by the laws of his country and the truly British phlegm of his father—cold and haughty sire of a proud race—to marry an English miladi; therefore, having done so, he did not love her. You see, there is the same fall for rich and poor in the way of love. I loved Estelle, and she did not love me. This poor lady, doubtless, loved her lord, and he did not love her. We play at cross purposes in this life—at *Colin Maillard*! catch who catch can—and then where are we?"

This question, put chiefly to himself, not being answered, the old fellow continued his story.

"The matter had been fully arranged between M. Gustave and my wife. We were to have three thousand francs for the business, and a small pension beside; for the milord was rich, and could pay for his wickedness. You see, the child of the woman he so loved—for he did love her with all his heart, this proud milord!—was to be taken home by the nurse, instead of the child she nursed; for both were boys, and there was but a few days' difference

between their birthdays. Poor children! they were unconscious of all this. What does it matter to one in the cradle whether he is peasant or milord? What will it matter when we are in the grave?"

"What, indeed?" thought the magistrate.

"But I was not then a *philosophe*. I could not consent that the child should be wronged.

"Oh, Estelle," I said, 'why did you tell me all this? I will not consent.'

"Then it shall be done without you."

"*Bien*, why did you not do it, then, before I came home, and never tell me anything about it?"

"So I should have done, only you returned just as we were preparing."

"It is a wicked thing."

"You are mistaken. What the lord has done is a wicked thing to our poor *compatriote*. Is she not as good as any Englishwoman living? I hate them—the calm, cold blondes, with their long *boucles* of hair, and their mincing gait and small mouths."

"Then she ran about, calling out, 'Mamma, mamma,' like an English Miss, till I laughed very much to see her so merry. At that, she called me a '*petit bonhomme*,' and came on my knee, and kissed me; and, *enfin*, I consented to her plan!"

Old Daylight at this heaved a sigh of satisfaction. The old sailor had gone on so straightforwardly, that there was every probability now of his coming clean out of the mire, and leaving the interesting Brownjohn in the hole.

That individual, whose belief in himself never wavered, was interested in the story; but not knowing so much of its truth either as the magistrate or his rival, he kept wondering when the point of clearance, or rather of conviction, would come. For come it would, in Brownjohn's simple creed.

"You consented," said the magistrate, severely, "to a very deep piece of villainy."

"I know that, monsieur; but what was I to do? My wife would have managed it without me."

The simple way in which this was said rather annoyed the magistrate, who was losing his faith in this ancient mariner with such deep feeling and such weak resolve.

"He is like a Macbeth in humble life—more like him than ever," thought Old Daylight. "The immortal William, when he made a type, cut it so well that every one that follows cannot be mistaken."

"And did this plan succeed?" asked the magistrate.

"You shall hear, *mon maître*. The plan was this:—The nurse of the young milord was to meet—by accident, of course, and led by Gustave, the valet—our little *nourisson* and my wife, Estelle, at a little cabaret near some village on the sea coast. For milord had his wife cunningly brought over from England, and the children were dressed alike to every stitch—their robes, hats, everything they wore. This was well ordered and managed by Gustave. When I consented, my wife was at peace, and pretended to love me for a few days. I often think that if I had not humoured her wickedness, but had been strong, and had beaten her, she would have loved me better."

"That's a dangerous experiment," thought the magistrate, "to beat a woman into love; but the simple lower class believe it, and they are nearer nature than we are, and may be right."

"If you had given your wicked wife a precious good drubbing," thought Old Daylight, "and made her carry the brat back to Mr. Gustavus—that wicked serving-man—all this would not have happened, and I should never have known Mr. Edgar Wade."

"But, *voilà tout!* it was written in the Book of Fate, in which the Great Napoleon—who was a wiser man than I—believed," said the old seaman, as an excuse, "and Estelle would do it. Well, as I said, before the day arrived she made much of me, and she sometimes let me have the baby to nurse and take with me. I was a great, big fellow then, m'sieur, and but a poor nurse; but, as I walked along the sea shore with the little child, I thought for many an hour on the wickedness I was to consent to, and begged my wife not to do it. But what could I do? She was a woman of an iron will, and she determined to work out her own affairs. She laughed at or cajoled me; and I saw it was no use. Then it was that I was guilty of a trick towards her—but let that pass: she had her secret, I had mine! Well, the day came—one of the many days on which we watched and waited, waited and watched. At last, upon this day—it was the *Dimanche*, when we ought to have gone to mass, and amused ourselves like good children afterwards—we were walking, and a storm came on, threatening rain. We took shelter with the child in the cabaret; and, presently, in comes M. Gustave, as pleased

and as pleasant as any gentleman could be; and, after a time, the *bonne*, in her Normandy cap, and the pretty, smiling babe—so like the one Estelle held. The women, of course, began to talk—when will they not, my faith?—of children and of dresses. The children were so much alike. Then they told each other how old they were, and again—great heavens!—how my Estelle did lie!"

The old man threw up his hands in innocent amazement at the recollected perjury of his wife.

"The weather got darker, as if it was angry with the wicked plot. M. Gustave cared not for this; but sent for wine, and made the women drink. He plied the nurse well; and then he offered that we should be nurses, and take the poor babes for awhile; and the women ran giggling away upstairs. Presently they came down; for a storm had commenced, and M. Gustave was quite prepared to give the wrong baby to each. I had noted him. The storm—for we had thunder and lightning—the noise of the elements, the confusion of the wine was enough to have dazed the young nurse; and while she was trembling at the lightning and stilling the babe—which had begun to cry—the valet threw a cracker into the fire, which exploded and nearly frightened us to death; for we thought a thunderbolt had fallen. I was very angry. Perhaps you have observed, Monsieur l'Avocat, that a brave man is angry when he has been frightened: he is angry that he has permitted himself to be so. I was terribly frightened.

"*Tonnerre de Dieu!*" I cried, 'give up, Monsieur Gustave—I will not have it;' and I drew my clasp knife.

"Have what, you fool you?" he cried. 'You are not half the man your wife is. *Tais-toi.*'

"I will not," I cried. 'Give back that child.'

"What child, Achille?" said my wife. 'Alas! he is mad—my husband is mad—and he thinks of our little Estelle.'

"The name made me madder.

"No, I don't, woman," said I, rushing at her to take the child and give it to the nurse, who stood terrified at the quarrel. I had forgotten the knife in my hand, and I looked dreadful, no doubt. All that I recollect was a cry of 'Murder!' and my wife held me back with her strong right arm, while she

held the baby in her left. I heard, too, the valet, Gustave, say in a low voice to Estelle—for he was as cool as a stone—‘This is beautiful. Your good man is mad drunk.’ And then I felt a blow behind the right ear, and fell forwards over a bench. When I came to my senses, my wife was bathing my head with vinegar, and weeping over me; for there were people in the room.

“‘You fool,’ said she, in a low tone, ‘you nearly spoilt all—did he not, M. Gustave?’

“‘Yes; and nearly frightened that nurse to death. He could not have done better,—he acted admirably,’ said the valet, laughing. ‘I hope I did not hit him hard.’

“‘And the little child—the young milord.’

“‘Hush!’ said my wife.

“‘Oh, let the interesting creature speak, Madame,’ added the valet; ‘he could not have served us better. The storm is over, and the child and nurse are safe at home.

I procured them a carriage to take them to milady, who must be terrified.’

“‘And you will hold your tongue, you fool you, will you not?’ said Estelle.

“‘I groaned within my heart; but, fool as I was, I had a secret still.’

“‘The children were, then, changed?’ asked Mr. Horton, eagerly.

“‘I can’t say. I was senseless, Monsieur l’Avocat. I did not see them given back. It may be, and it may be not. But I have a sure way of knowing them; and as my wife is dead, perhaps my great Lord Chesterton may help a poor man, if he will tell his secret.’

“‘Will you tell me privately?’ asked Mr. Horton, eagerly.

“‘I don’t know, Monsieur l’Avocat,’ returned the old seaman, with the same sweet smile and imperturbable innocence. ‘I have nothing with that now. You question me as to the murder of my wife. Of *that*, I will tell you all I know.’

E D I T H.

By THOMAS ASHE.

PART II.—CHAPTER III.—LITTLE ETHEL.

IT is high flood tide: fresh comes the breeze from the river:
Bright the sun looks down on the little harbour of Honfleur.
Now it yields to Berthold a bitter pleasure to linger
Still awhile in her land, before he leave it for ever.

All the morn he wander’d,—and it is pleasant to wander
In that peaceful region,—along the shore or the hillsides.
There are winding vales, the wind lulls in, by the orchards
White with apple bloom, around the homes of the peasant.
There are shady lanes, the chaffinch loves, and the linnet.
There are wooded hollows, you may find, and be lost in,
Where the birds sing best, and wood-doves murmur contented;
Where, through some blue gap, as blue as wing of the swallow,
Ships go by, to bear their freight o’er many a billow.
There are wind-swept heights, with whin in bloom, and the heather,
Where you dream, and hear the gray gull’s cry o’er the water.

Thus awhile there stole a softer humour upon him.
Nature touch’d his heart; as sunbeams, falling in winter,
Touch the ice, and melt it into tears for a season.
Seem’d his love, for a moment, but as the dream of a dreamer.
He, but half unhappy, and pleased, returning, to linger,
Sat to rest awhile, a little tired with his ramble.
Not a sweeter spot could he have chosen to rest in.

As you climb from the town, between the rows of the houses,
Crazy dim old houses, in awhile they are ended:
Then the road grows steeper, and you must toil in ascending;



Once a Week.]

[December 31, 1870.

“WHEN I CAME TO MY SENSES, MY WIFE WAS BATHING MY HEAD, AND WEeping OVER ME.”—Page 448.



But fair elm trees keep the heat away, and the hillside
 On the left hand shields you. Thus you climb to the summit,
 Cool with elms and beeches, and dim in glare of the noonday.
 On the level top is fair green sward, and the benches,
 Placed by many a bole, are cut and carved by the pilgrims.
 Many pilgrims seek the little shrine of the Chapel
 Of our Lady of Grace, you see mid green of the branches.
 Women sit here, knitting, by their wares,—for the pious,
 Crosses, rosaries, books, and shells and toys for the children.
 On the steep slope edge, to catch the eye of the seamen,
 As they drop down tide, to fish, or fare o'er the ocean,
 Stands the Calvaire : hither mothers come, with the loved ones ;
 Teach the little hands to make the sign of religion,
 Teach the little knees to kneel awhile in devotion
 To the Lord, the Son, and Mary, Israel's Lily.
 Here you sit, and watch the sails go by, and the water
 Murmurs far below, and blue and calm is the river ;
 And the sunshine gleams on white cliffs over the Channel,
 And Le Havre, dimly, meets the eye in the distance ;
 Then away to the left, and smooth'd of every ripple,
 Spreads the fair pale light and dim horizon of ocean.

Here he sat, and dream'd of dim-grown days, and the changes
 Time will bring about ; and, now and then, in his dreaming,
 Mark'd a child of seven, a little girl, by the beeches,
 Peering round for flowers : and she was clad in the homespun
 Which the poor folk wear, but had an air that was gentle.

By and by, as taking but little heed of his presence,
 To the bench she stole ; and soon spread o'er it her plunder,—
 Violets, windflowers, and primroses, and the treasure
 Which the spring time hoards in woods and shadowy places.
 She began to sort them, and neatly binding together
 Those not soil'd or broken, she laid them where he was seated :
 Then, with voice as sweet as birds that sadden at even,
 Spake, not looking up, as if she knew that he watch'd her :—
 " These are for mamma : I am so glad : what a number !
 " Violets, of all things ! for you must know that she loves them
 " Best of all. How lucky ! Now mamma will be happy."

With a glad surprise he bent an ear to the music
 Of his English tongue, heard in the land of the stranger.
 So he took the flowers, and, leaning o'er them, he answer'd,—
 " Does she? so do I." " O yes," she said, " and I wonder
 " Who does not ! what scent !" then with her delicate fingers
 Pluck'd the heads off many that lay beside her, rejected ;
 Shaping letters with them. " There," she said, " do you know it ?
 " Do you know my name ? But you be quiet a minute :
 " I will make it for you. Letter E,—that begins it :
 " T, H, E, then L : but I suppose you can spell it.
 " That is all : now read it : there it is : LITTLE ETHEL."

Then she left the flowers, and came and lean'd with her elbows
 On his knees, and scann'd his pale face o'er, and was silent,
 With her thoughts, awhile : but he was charm'd with the strangeness
 Of the large brown eyes, so sad and dreamy and absent ;
 All too sad and absent, for a child, for the summers

She had known, so few. But, with her survey contented,
 Little Ethel smiled: she said—"I knew you were English.
 "So are we. Mamma is. I am, too.—Did I tell you?
 "My papa is dead. Is yours?" He tenderly kiss'd her:
 "Yes," he said; and, thinking, scarcely seem'd to remember
 When he knew her first, he seem'd so long to have known her.
 "That is why you are sad," with look of sorrow she whisper'd.

Berthold did not answer, but with his hand, that was gentle
 As a woman's, softly smoothed away from the forehead
 Of his new-found friend the loose brown hair, for it wander'd
 Wild, and seldom heeded. "Yes," he thought, "you are pretty,
 "Care-worn little face;" and mused, and seem'd to remember
 Such a face, but could not. And then, because she was silent,
 He began to chatter, asking many a question,
 For he lov'd to hear the sweet low voice, as it murmur'd
 This and that, confiding. "Do you know how I like it,
 "Talking here?" she said. "We are so dull. You have never
 "Come before up here, or I should surely have seen you;
 "For I come here often. And, yes, indeed, it is lovely.
 "And it makes me well, mamma says. Now, I must tell you,
 "I am not so strong, and ill sometimes in the winter.
 "I come all myself: she sits at home with her knitting,
 "All day long. She paints. O you should look at the pictures
 "Which she does: such dear ones: full of roses and lilies!"

He awhile was happy with the smiles and the prattle
 Of his tiny friend. The bitter load of his burden
 Still a child could lessen. He was not wholly forsaken
 Of the God who keeps His dear ones tender and simple.

PAPERS OF POSTERITY.—No. II. THE SPORTS AND PASTIMES OF OLD ENGLAND.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—A second paper is here—if the Editor may be permitted the expression—disinterred from the future of ONCE A WEEK. The date of the following is November 5, A.D. 2270. It belongs to a period which will be found by the historian of posterity keenly curious in the annals of the past. Some slight alterations have been made, but they are merely verbal, those words which are not yet invented having been taken out, and those in use at the present day substituted. The style is untouched.]

THE frivolity of our ancestors, especially those of the nineteenth century, is nowhere more apparent than in the accounts—sparse and meagre, it is true—which have come down to us of their favourite amusements. A little work recently published by Mr. Strutt, the well-known antiquarian, gives us an opportunity, while we recommend his book, called "Sports and Pastimes of Old England," to make a few extracts from his description, and a few remarks of our own.

The active amusements of the period may be divided into two classes: the first, and

perhaps the more important, embracing those games which required skill of hand and eye; and the second, the amusements of society. The games of the former class were nearly all played with some kind of ball; and men were found—incredible as it appears—to spend the whole of their lives, till age prevented them, in endeavouring to acquire dexterity in one game; while crowds of persons found their means of livelihood in their skill. Thus, we have references in Thackeray's novels to the long practice required to make a billiard player; and we find the satirist solemnly warning the youth of England against playing with those who *put chalk in their pockets*—apparently a kind of secret sign or token among the men who made money by their skill. These would naturally avoid playing with each other. And here we must find fault with Mr. Strutt. In his zeal to let nothing escape his antiquarian research, he gives us almost every reference which has been made in the literature of the century to that one almost universal pastime; and it detracts from the interest of his book to find ourselves stopped



Once a Week.

[December 24, 1870.]

"I knew you were English.
So are we. Mamma is. I am, too.—Did I tell you?"—Page 450.



by explanations of terms, peculiar to this game, which have now lost all their importance. The name of one Roberts occurs very frequently in connection with billiards; and Mr. Strutt, by the exercise of a good deal of ingenuity, and out of very slender materials, has constructed a life of that player with a vividness and colour quite remarkable. Roberts—whose birth, parentage, and Christian name are now, presumably, for ever lost—was he who carried to its highest point dexterity at billiards. Some of his feats read as marvellously as those recorded of ancient combats. Thus, to pass over things clearly fabulous and childish—stories how he, holding the cue in his mouth, would drive the balls round the table into any pocket he pleased—it seems clearly proved that he spent five days and five nights in a continuous “break”—*i.e.*, without missing his stroke, during which three of his opponents killed themselves in despair; and that, to the admiration of the world, he won the game on the morning of the fifth day. But for these and the full particulars of his life and death we refer to the original volume. Perhaps, after all, Roberts is the typical billiard player—an ideal, but never a real person.

Cricket, another sport with the ball, but played in the open air, was called the national game of Englishmen. It had in it an element of danger, the ball being whirled through the air with the velocity of artillery. To avoid the shock, in case of being struck—which would, probably, have caused certain death—the players went into the field padded to the eyes, and armed only with a flat club, with which they warded off the ball as it was thrown at them. Contemporary pictures represent two youths standing in wild affright, armed with this weapon of defence, while another is engaged in throwing the ball at them. Close to the defender—if one may call him so—is a wicket, or set of bars; and behind them—stooping down, in hope to avoid the impending blow—is a wretch, who was probably stationed there, in conformity with some barbarous custom of the time, for punishment. For, if the ball is not warded off with the club, it must go through the bars, and strike the helpless victim behind. Spectators—whose countenances show either sympathy with the sufferer, or eager and even cruel expectation—are standing round. The rules of this game, in which there can be no doubt that the

loss of life was considerable, are now lost. One of the balls used in these contests is still preserved, and is now in Mr. Strutt's private collection. It is as hard as iron, and nearly as heavy.

But, perhaps, the most curiously interesting of the sports of the time was a game called croquet, which seems to have been unknown till about the middle of the century. From illustrations of the period, Mr. Strutt has discovered several important facts. First, that everybody played at it. Secondly, that its real object was—we hardly expect to be believed—not to show dexterity or skill, or to win money, or to gain distinction; but to *promote courtship and marriage!* Young ladies were, by its means, introduced to eligible *partis*; and, under cover of a pastime, the most serious matrimonial arrangements were discussed and entered into. We have so materially simplified all these things, since the establishment of the equality of the sexes, that we can hardly understand the circuitous way in which the question of marriage used to be approached; and it strikes us with a sense of humiliation to realize that there was a time when ladies were forbidden to take the initiative, and the whole subject was enveloped in a conventional haze of mystery, uncertainty, and bewilderment, that represented, or was supposed to represent, the presence of the deepest passion. Mr. Strutt's remarks on the subject are worth quoting:—

“We must not forget, in approaching the nineteenth century, that, removed as it was from the chivalrous times, it belongs still to the romantic period: that period in which woman—now the prosaic and matter-of-fact half of creation—was represented as the poetic and unpractical sex. She was still a kind of toy—the ornament of the world. For her sake, and not for use, society, which then meant idle wasting of time, was constituted. And we can never understand the period without realizing how society was then conducted. . . . Foremost among their frivolities was a certain summer game, called croquet. . . . Let us imagine a croquet party assembled. The scene is on a lawn—one of those useless appendages to the house which would now be devoted to the cultivation of domestic vegetables. The materials for the game—consisting of hoops, mallets, and wooden balls—are on the ground. The guests are arrived, and play begins. But, commenced with the appearance of vigour, it soon languishes. The players are all youthful, and of both sexes. Little by little they drop off into pairs; and, leaving the balls lying idly on the ground, they retire to garden seats under the trees, provided for the purpose, where they sit side by side, whispering into each other's ears. Those whom fortune denies the participation of these follies go on with the game, but with soured looks and discontented hearts, and

generally end with quarrelling over the rules. And by the time the evening falls, and it is time to separate, long strides have been made to the completion of the arrangements for more than one match. The mothers the while look on from the windows, well pleased to see their daughters engaged in pursuing the real object of the meeting. . . . This was so well understood, that the comic papers of the day are perpetually satirizing it. Nevertheless, the institution was popular, and refused to be put down by satire."

Passing over Mr. Strutt's enumeration of the other games of the period—which may be consulted by the curious—we proceed to consider his account of the "athletics" practised about the middle of the century. It appears to be now a well-established fact, that the whole youth—or, at all events, the better sort of the youth—of England were, between the ages of sixteen and six and twenty, bound, by a kind of tacit law, to make themselves as strong as possible. There does not seem to have been any reason—at least, no adequate reason has yet been discovered—for this curious practice; but there is no doubt that every possible means were adopted to ensure its continuance. At the public schools, learning was either abandoned altogether, as some say, or—which is more probable—it was put into the background, to permit more time for the active exercises of the body. Prizes of silver cups were constantly offered to those who ran the longest and fastest, to those who could jump highest and farthest, and to those who could pull boats along with the greatest swiftness. At the universities, while the pretence was still kept up that they were seats of learning, it is now certain that not one-tenth of the students ever read anything; the whole life of the rest being entirely given over to the development and culture of the body. And here, as Mr. Strutt points out, they carried their hobby to an extreme: the exercise they took and the fatigues they underwent were injurious, rather than beneficial, to the system; the after-history of these young athletes proving that moderation in fatigue is essential to the welfare of the body. What, perhaps, gave the system the most fatal blow was the rude trial by which it was brought home to England that, if she would retain her superiority, she must be, at least, as well educated as Germany. Then the public schools resumed their functions. It was no longer found necessary for a young man to begin his education when he left school, under a private tutor. The undergraduates of the

universities began to feel that, if they did not wish to study, the atmosphere of the place would prove uncongenial to them; while boys were no longer encouraged to spend three-fourths of their school time in the playground, and one-fourth of their whole time in vacations.

Cards, of course, formed a considerable portion of the amusements of the period. Of all the games played at the time, the two most in vogue appear to have been one called *bézique*, and one called whist. The former was the game of society. Ladies were proficient in it; and it had disciples who even went so far as to assert that its discovery filled up a previously aching void in the human round of pleasures. Whist, on the other hand, was a game for men's clubs: there were, as yet, no clubs for women. It was a curious combination of skill and chance. Large sums were sometimes staked on it, and many thousands of men had no other object in life than to play it. Like opium-taking, it sometimes became a consuming passion; and we find reference in many writers to the nightly practice of four old men to assemble round a small green table, and—while caring nothing at all for the value of their stakes, which were generally small—would fight for the victory with all the keenness with which they had once, perhaps, fought on an Indian battle field.

We regret that Mr. Strutt, in his chapter on the other popular games at cards, does not appear to us so accurate as in those from which we have made extracts. Thus, ingenious as his theory is, it hardly seems to us proved that there was a third game, more popular still than these two—one spread over the whole area of the English-speaking world. He calls it "blind hookey;" and confesses his inability to comprehend either the rules of the game, the derivation of the word, or the reason of its popularity. From a careful consideration of all the documents that he has brought forward, we are disposed to think—an opinion which we advance with some caution—that the term was a slang or cant phrase, and the game was nothing more than that called in the upper circles *bézique*; and it was a favourite amusement, under this name, of the navvies and common labourers of the docks and White-chapel, sitting under their verandahs in the cool of the evening, while their wives played the piano to them, and the children gam-

bolled about their feet. Several pastoral poems of the time seem to favour this view.

We look, however, with most amazement on the extraordinary views once held by our ancestors on the subject of dancing. In the nineteenth century, dancing was of two kinds—that performed at theatres, and that at private houses. The dancing of society, joined in by the youth of both sexes, consisted chiefly of the old Teutonic waltz. Clapping each other by the waist, the pair whirled round and round to music, till—giddy, trembling, and breathless—they sank upon couches prepared to receive the exhausted. After a few moments' pause, they rose again, and once more commenced the wild gyration—again resting, and again waltzing. The older members, meanwhile, looked on approvingly, according the meed of praise to that couple who should keep up longest, turn round fastest, and steer the clearest of other competitors. There was, therefore, in the dance, as understood by society, nothing graceful, nothing poetical. What was sought was the excitement of rapid, rather than the grace of rhythmic, motion. This was, doubtless, attained; but at what a cost! And it is very odd that we should now be adopting, as a punishment for our prisoners, what was formerly the recreation of society. Our ancestors, in that athletic age, made their prisoners jump up and down on a kind of wheel, for so many hours at a time—a punishment greatly enjoyed by the young and active, and dreaded only by the fat and heavy criminals.

But the true theory of dancing has never wholly been lost to the world. While in the meetings of society our forefathers were content with a whirling motion, that had nothing to recommend it but excitement; they used, in order to enjoy the spectacle of true dancing, to repair to public places of amusement, where musical and graceful dancing was provided for them. The dancers, who were nearly all young girls, do not seem to have enjoyed the highest social position; though their society—as appears from contemporary records—was greatly sought by young men of fashion and wealth. It may possibly, as Mr. Strutt felicitously suggests, have been sheer envy on the part of the waltzing ladies that led to what was evidently a breach of good-fellowship between them and the ladies of the ballet. The latter could do what the former could not; and, in the universal competition for

the prizes of beauty, what chance would the ordinary accomplishments of singing, playing a piano, and talking volubly, have against the art and mystery of the poetry of motion? The subject, however, ramifies into so many questions, that we are compelled to abandon it without further comment; only, we would observe, that we do not see any cogent reason to believe, with Mr. Strutt, that a whole quarter of London—one near the Regent's Park—was given up to the ladies of the ballet.

But how strange it is to reflect on the march of civilization! What a contrast between the bright and airy assembly rooms of the present day, where we have so many improvised ballets, in which every lady takes her part as a matter of course, and every man below forty or so, with those small and stifling salons of our ancestors, where two hundred people were invited to rooms which would only hold fifty, in which couples—panting, tired, dishevelled, even bleeding—might be seen tumbling against one another in their vain efforts to go round and round!

An inexorable Editor—even ONCE A WEEK, though enlarged upon the old copies still existing of the nineteenth century, can only grant a certain space—warns us that we must close our notice of this review of an interesting page of the past. We do so with real regret. The contrast between these old times—which Mr. Strutt has placed before our eyes with so much vividness and clearness—and our own is so striking, that, as we shut up the volume and look around us, a new world is before our eyes. We enjoy life—our ancestors endured it. We dance for pleasure, take exercise for pleasure, play games for pleasure, have matches of skill for pleasure; while they did all these things with toil and the sweat of the brow. England, as was said even at a time before the period treated of by Mr. Strutt, took its pleasures sadly. In the nineteenth century, its pleasures were very sad. Behind social intercourse lurked the danger of incautious matrimony: behind games of skill lay the perils and discomforts of hard and desperate training: behind cards were possible losses of money. Their dances were like the rush of a whirlwind. Their cricket fields—especially those well-known plains or level encampments known as Parker's Piece and Lord's—were mere battle fields of danger, owing to the hurtling of the balls. Their

billiard tables were haunted by needy men, who carried chalk in their pockets, and wanted to earn a dinner out of your unskillfulness. Their social intercourse was a crowd and a jumble; and only at their theatres could you find, separated from the ordinary world by a broad line, those true poetesses of nature, who, by pantomime, imitative action, and graceful motion, have since been able to teach mankind the loftiest lessons of morality and ethics. Whether their functions then were the same as now may, perhaps, be open to doubt.

CHRISTMAS DAY ON SUNDAY, 1870.

RISE in joyfulness and splendour,
Twofold splendour, Christmas morn;
Somewhat of an Easter glory
Shines upon thy happy dawn.

Came a band of shining Angels,
Where the Shepherds watched by night;
Where the women wept and waited,
Came an Angel robed in light.

Angel anthems now are ringing
Round the Saviour's cradle bed;
Angel voices still are singing,
"Christ is risen from the dead."

We are waiting, cradled Saviour;
On us may Thy light be poured;
Lead our hearts from earth to heaven—
Risen, Re-ascended Lord!

MR. GOLIGHTLY;
OR, THE
ADVENTURES OF AN AMIABLE MAN.

CHAPTER VII.

IN THIS CHAPTER, OUR HERO MAKES THE ACQUAINTANCE OF A DESCENDANT OF THE IRISH KINGS, WHO SOUNDS THE BUGLE OF WAR IN HIS EARS.

IT was not at all likely that a gentleman who had always inculcated in the mind of his son and heir the necessity of punctuality and promptitude to success in life, in all its multifarious walks, would long neglect to reply to his son's first letter from the University. Guileless, but not unambitious, the Reverend Samuel Golightly, rector of Oakingham, had, from his son's earliest years, laid himself out to form his character upon a model after his own heart. This model, as we stated in a former chapter, was a bold mixture of Chesterfield engrafted upon Bacon; and although, as a father, it was the Rector's first wish and most darling hope that his son should become a man of the world, after his own peculiar ideal conception of that character in its perfection, still, as a parson of

the Church of England, orthodox and brimful of belief in all things of authority—as was the old lady of North Wales in the favourite, but now somewhat worn and trite anecdote—the Reverend Samuel Golightly proposed, within his heart of hearts, to add to the compound of character above mentioned a third element—namely, a loyal and pious devotion to Church and Queen. As all our readers are very intelligent ladies and gentlemen, we need not now say how far the Rector's wishes were gratified in the result. The development of our hero's character is a matter of which they will best judge for themselves. We have before hinted that Mr. Golightly, senior, entertained in his full mind, now more pregnant than ever with great thoughts, the notion that his son and heir would become early in life a distinguished man, and that some of the superfluous *éclat* arising from his doings in the great world of men might happily be reflected upon his father. We claim for this notion, on behalf of the genial rector of Oakingham-cum-Pokeington, no extraordinary measure of originality. Many fathers have entertained similar opinions of the genius of their respective progeny, both male and female: opinions which have in various instances met with a greater or less degree of realization, according to the circumstances of their peculiar cases; for, as I have often heard the Rector observe, and notably on occasions when after dinner he tells the tale of his having been attacked by the favourite bull of the tenant who farms his glebe land, "Man," he is in the habit of saying, "is, after all, but the creature of circumstances. I might not have been alive now to tell you the story had it not been for Presence of Mind and a green gingham umbrella, which I commonly carry when walking in the fields in bad weather. By the bye, gingham is a fabric which every day is less used among us." For such—if, in this hypercritical age, I may be permitted to make use of an ugly word—is the universality of my friend's mind, that it is no unusual thing for him to drop from metaphysical speculation or polemical discussion to the common objects of everyday life; *exempli gratiâ*, as in the present instance from Presence of Mind to gingham gowns: as he himself observes on such occasions, "One thing very often suggests another." And this many-sidedness—so to speak—of the Rector's mind the better fits him for his duties in the high calling of a country parson: for

though in the pulpit he treats often enough of a Sunday of those holy mysteries of our faith, which to his judgment the most require exposition and explanation at his hands, yet on the other days of the week he is never unwilling or unready to enter into the most minute details of domestic economy which are necessary to the welfare of his flock. Yet both in the pulpit and at the cottage door the Rector ever speaks with the conscious authority of the Church, but with all the kindness of the truest of friends; and, not to speak too disrespectfully, his portliness of figure and almost episcopal bearing greatly enhance his qualification for performing the former of these functions to admiration. The sentiments he utters to this day among his parishioners, when they consult him upon their worldly affairs, are, as nearly as may be, the same as those with which he enlightened them when first he was inducted into the living of Oakingham, upon the nomination of the honoured gentleman and soldier, his father. And in the Church his sermons are year after year identically the same; for, by an ingenious device of overturning an old oak cabinet with silver inlaid rims, which is an heirloom in the family, and is believed to be made of the very Oak which providentially lent its friendly shelter to King Charles, and is turned to this reverent use partly on that account, the Rector contrives to begin on the first Sunday in January of every year with the sermon he preached on the first Sunday of the January of the year preceding it. And so he goes through his stock *seriatim* and in their proper order, only writing a new one and substituting it for one of his old ones on such occasions as he touches upon politics in the pulpit, which indeed are very rare. These discourses, together with three he has preached before the Honourable the Judges of Assize at the county town, when his brother, the Squire, was High Sheriff of the county, he intends some day to publish under the title of "Sermons for Special Occasions," by the Reverend Samuel Golightly, B.D., Rector of the parish of Oakingham and rural dean. All these sermons are very sound in their theology, and safe guides against heterodoxy, heresy, and all schism. It has often been remarked that the best sermons preached in the parish church are the Sunday afternoon discourses of Mr. Morgan; and the Rector is very ready to give honour where honour is due, and feels no jealousy whatever at his curate's success.

We have been gossiping sadly in entering upon these family details; but our excuse is that the Golightlys are a family in which the son so commonly takes after the parent, that, in affording this information concerning some traits of his father's character, we are really helping our readers to appreciate the peculiarities of the son's, the afterwards-to-become-famous hero of this history. We have said that Mr. Golightly, senior, hoped to have some little share of his son's honours reflected upon himself. The question which arose was one which, at first sight, appears very easy of solution—how was the Rector to connect himself with his son? How was the world to know, unless duly advertised of the fact, that the Samuel Adolphus Golightly, of the University, the Bar, and the Senate, was the son of the Rector of Oakingham? After some days had been devoted to the study of this problem, the reverend gentleman was struck with the happy notion of applying to his copy of Lord Chesterfield's writings for assistance out of his difficulty. He had hardly done more than warmed his feet at his study fire, and read a few favourite passages, when he felt himself the subject of a thrill that vibrated from his toes to his spectacles. Here was the very idea. It had come, like the inspirations of all true genius, unexpectedly and in a moment. In this way it first crossed the Rector's mind—

"Why not 'Letters from the Rector of Oakingham-cum-Pokeington to his Son at the University'? Why not? Why, of course. I wonder it never struck me before."

Mr. Golightly rose, divested himself of the loose coat he wore in the study, put on his black swallow-tail, and went down to the drawing-room without more ado, and there intimated his intention to his family, though only in a sort of mysterious whisper—for the idea was as yet very new, and hardly matured in his mind.

"I hope you will not overwork yourself, Samuel, my dear," said his wife; "that is all. I am afraid, if you are so very active in the parish affairs and with Sunday duty too, it is almost too much. I am sure, I wish you had not left off hunting; and I have often said so."

"But, my dear, I weigh nearly sixteen stone, I'm sure."

"But look at Squire Potterton—he weighs nearly twenty, I know."

"I am not Squire Potterton, my dear," said the Rector, quietly.

"I hope, if ever they are printed, it will not be at your own expense, brother," said Miss Dorothea, who was a very careful spinster in all money matters. "Think of that gentleman you once had here as *locum tenens*, when you were away. Poor man, he was always talking of the expense he had been put to over a volume of sermons; and at last he had to give them all away, except the boxful he kept for himself."

"Time will show," said the Rector. There was a triumphant twinkle in his bright eye as he went upstairs again to his study.

This little domestic incident had occurred some months before our hero quitted the bosom of his family to be received into that of Alma Mater. He was spending a week at the Hall with his uncle and cousins at the time. The distance between the Hall and the Rectory was not great enough to allow his father to begin then. Accordingly, the first of this remarkable series of letters—which was begun with the intention of connecting the talents of the parent with the reputation of the son—was deferred until the time of which we now write. In the hands of our professional story-tellers, long letters at frequent intervals between the heroines and their confidantes are often the most boring parts of stupid books; therefore, I shall at once set the not unreasonable apprehensions of my readers at rest on this score: the Rector's letters do not appear set out at length, as an ingredient portion of this history; but of these famous productions we only have occasion to give one or two, which may well serve as a sample of the rest: for, as my friend the Rector says sometimes—and notably of one family in the parish, in which all the children are much alike in feature and character, having indeed what in that part of the country is called Apple Dumpling faces—"Ab uno disce omnes," making use of his Latin, in which he has the repute of being a proficient, in such cases as he finds the vulgar tongue insufficient to express all the meaning he desires to convey. The noble Stanhope began to write his letters to Stanhope, junior, when that envoy extraordinary in embryo was in nankeen breeches and a blue coat with gilt buttons, at the early age of five. The Rector of Oakingham felt that, as a system of social philosophy, his letters would suffer from his first beginning to write them when

his son had so nearly arrived at man's estate; but as they had never been separated from each other for more than a few days at a time, and often on such occasions only an adjoining parish divided them, Mr. Golightly the elder said that, up to the period of his son's leaving home, the labour of epistolary correspondence would have been in some degree supererogatory.

The first of these letters is given to the reader just as it reached Mr. Golightly, junior, at St. Mary's, word for word, and without alteration or addition of any sort. "My dear Son," it began—the Rector decided upon this form of commencing his letter after much debating in his own mind, for he was well aware that his prototype always began his epistles with "My dear Friend," but the Rector felt that the custom of this age would hold the latter style cold: therefore his decision.

"MY DEAR SON—In these parts, removed alike from the bustle of commercial Marts, the ceaseless intrigues of Courts, and the elevated disputations of those ancient seats of learning and seminaries of sound knowledge and religious education, in one—and not the less distinguished—of which—for their merits are equal—you are now happily located, we are still engaged in the same dull round of ephemeral and hebdomadary duties and pursuits in which you left us. But you, my dear boy, move in a more extended and spacious sphere; therefore, I beg of you, lose no opportunity of making yourself intimately acquainted with the manifold passions, peculiarities, and desires of Man the microcosm—"

"The phraseology is almost Johnsonian," Mr. Morgan said, knowing that when the Rector, who was reading the letter to him, came to a pause, he expected a compliment.

Mr. Golightly smiled, bowed, and went on—

"Lose, then, no opportunity of mixing with men of all sorts and conditions; for I specially desire you to possess *les manieres d'un honnête homme, et le ton de la parfaitement bonne compagnie*—and this is the surest way to acquire them. I have no doubt the heat of the candles affected you in the College chapel. I have often noticed a change myself when, on a Sunday afternoon in winter, Bumpy—as you always called the beadle when you were a child—lighted the four candles to warm the air a little above the

pulpit, and to enable me to see my book. But in the matter of drinking wine, be cautious, leave port to us old fellows, and adhere strictly to the lighter beverages of France and the Rhine. *Vinum Mosellanum est omni tempore sanum. Vinum Rhenanum* is probably the same, and *sana mens in sano corpore* the result of drinking sound and light wines. Lastly, remember my advice, and try to be at all times cool, calm, collected, and to rise equal to any occasion. Timorous minds are much more inclined to deliberate than to resolve. Let not little things disturb your equanimity. *Æquam memento rebus in arduis servare mentem*: be neither transported nor depressed by the accidents of life.

"P.S.—All desire their kindest regards. Have you called yet on Mr. Smith?"

This letter—in the matter of quotation, at all events—was not a bad imitation of the distinguished man whose Letters have handed his fame down to the memory of posterity.

Our hero had just finished the first perusal of this powerful letter, and was somewhat astonished at the way in which his Fa could "come out" upon occasion; further, he was just going to reach down his dictionary, for the purpose of aiding him in making a rough translation of the several classical quotations—for the predisposition of our hero's mind being rather mathematical than classical, he was not a "dab" at translation at first sight—when there was a very loud knock at his door, and—without waiting for any "Come in," or other form of polite invitation to enter—in walked Mr. Pokyr and Mr. Blaydes.

"I think, if I were you, I would advertise for them," said Mr. Pokyr, in a confidential way.

"Advertise for what?" inquired Mr. Golightly, innocently.

"Why, for your hat and your umbrella, of course," replied his friend, with decision. "You haven't found them?"

"N-no—I have not—that is, yet," said our hero, at first despondingly, and then more hopefully of the recovery of his chattels.

"The question I ask is, where are they?" observed Mr. Pokyr.

"Precisely what I say—where can they have got to?" said Mr. Blaydes, in his turn.

"Gentlemen," returned Mr. Golightly, with the preoccupied air of one who had

exhausted all speculation on the painful subject—"Gentlemen, I have asked myself that question."

"And echo answered 'where?' I suppose," said Pokyr. "Golightly, my dear boy, you must advertise for them. It is the usual thing, is it not, Blaydes?"

Mr. Golightly understood Mr. Blaydes to corroborate the statement of their common friend.

"Cambridge is a queer place. You must try to conform to ye manners and ye customs of ye place and period, or you will be thought singular," said Mr. Pokyr.

"I wish to do so—in all things, I'm sure," responded Mr. Golightly—who, so far in his undergraduate career, had found many things new to him. "My Fa—that is, my father—often said to me, 'Do not be a round man in an angular hole'—his friends laughed—"or stay, I would not be quite sure," our hero proceeded; "perhaps it was 'an angular man in a round hole.' It was one of those two, I'm sure. Yes, it was. My Fa used to say, too, 'At Rome do as Rome does.' He once visited Rome, Pokyr. He means, of course—"

"My dear boy, of course we know what your dear Fa means. Don't explain."

"But to come to business," said Mr. Blaydes, joining Pokyr in interrupting our hero's anecdote of the Rector.

"Ah! business," said the latter.

"Advertisements, you know," said Mr. Blaydes.

"Yes—in what paper?"

"On small handbills, I advise," said Pokyr.

"I don't know what is customary; in fact, I am not ashamed to confess that I never wrote an advertisement for lost property in my life."

"Perhaps you never lost anything before."

"Oh, yes!—very often—I often forget things—my purse, you recollect, the day I came."

"I recollect—I recollect," said Pokyr, hastily. "But there is no time to be lost: the bill ought to be printed to-night. I'll get it done for you. Now, let us have pens, ink, and paper."

Our hero produced his desk.

"You dictate—I will write. Fancy you are Napoleon the Great, and I am one of your sixteen secretaries, all writing at once, and dash it off like a man."

"No—you flatter me, Pokyr. I'm not

like Napoleon the Great. You don't think so."

"What shall I write?" asked his friend.


"I-I leave it all to you."

Without any trouble or apparent mental effort, Mr. Pokyr composed the following handbill:—

LOST,

BY A GENTLEMAN OF ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

A HAT and an UMBRELLA.

 THE FINDER WILL BE LIBERALLY REWARDED BY THE OWNER.

APPLY TO THE PORTER AT THE GATE.

"Bravo," said Jamaica Blaydes.

"That seems capital, I think," said the gentleman most intimately concerned. "Shall I get them back, do you think?"

"Sure to do it, my dear boy," exclaimed his friend Pokyr. "A bill like that must be seen. We'll print fifty of them."

"Cambridge is a very honest place," observed Mr. Blaydes. "The only reason that you have not had them back is, in all probability, because the finders don't know where to take them."

"In-deed," said Mr. Golightly, opening his eyes.

"Ya-as," said Pokyr, rising, and—what I believe is termed—tipping the wink to Mr. Blaydes.

"Please to read it again," said Mr. Golightly, in his usual irresistible way.

"Certainly—with pleasure, I am sure. Charming little bit of composition, isn't it? You read it to the gentleman, Blaydes. I don't like reading my own things—never did justice to them in my life."

"Have you written, then, Pokyr?" asked Mr. Golightly, in astonishment.

"Every member of the Cutlet Club writes," was the epigrammatic and only reply of the Honourable John Pokyr.

This was strictly true—they wrote their names in the members' book. But I do not think that, if a duly elected member were unable to do this, he would on that account be refused admission.

Mr. Blaydes, having cleared his throat, and adjusted the collar of his coat, now read the handbill as set out above.

"There, that will do," said the clever author, rising, and shouting across the quad to his servant, who was just then passing—"Smith."

"Yes, sir," touching his hat to the man he recognized as his lord and master.

That gentleman flung the window open, and dropped the "copy" down to his valet below.

"Tell the fellow to have it done to-night. Print fifty of the first edition."

"One moment before he goes," said our hero, nervously. "What is '*liberally* rewarded?'"

"Handsomely."

"I mean, how much?"

"Oh, they'll take anything you like to give them," said Pokyr, in his offhand way.

"But I should not like to give very much, and I should be sorry if they felt disappointed, or that I had not acted up to my word," was the scrupulous rejoinder.

"What's your mushroom worth?"

"My umbrella was given me. A guinea, perhaps. Yes, I think it would be a guinea at Fuddleton, you know."

"Oh, say five and twenty bob, out of respect for the donor's feelings. And your 'tile'?"

"Ten and sixpence, I think."

"One fifteen six, then. Well, say you gave double the value—three pounds: never mind the 'tizzy'—that would be liberally rewarding the finder."

"It would indeed," sighed our hero, apprehensively. "Stay, I would rather not have the bills printed, I think."

"Don't name it; take you a week to write them, if you had Sneek and Cribb to help. They can go down to my tick."

"I don't mean that, exactly. It's the reward. Pray stop your man!"

"He's gone—there by this time. Now we'll help you to drink a glass of your father's capital Madeira."

After dinner that evening, Messieurs Pokyr and Blaydes, accompanied by De Bootz, Browne, and Calipee, strolled into Green's to pass a social hour over the board of green cloth at the game of pool, a diversion at which the players have been likened to the most rascally of pirates, as all their fun consists in "taking lives." Here the gentlemen above named found their friend Fitzfoodel and others of their own particular set already busily employed.

"Where is the Captain to-night? 'Pon my honour, this is the first time I ever came into this room when there was a pool on, and he was not in it."

The speaker was Mr. Pokyr; and he had scarcely uttered his remark than, through the oval pane of glass in the door—on which was painted in white letters, "Please wait for the stroke"—a nose was visible—a very red and pimply nose. It was the Captain's nose.

"Talk of an angel and —" said Mr. Pokyr, as the Captain entered the room. The Captain was a gentleman of about forty summers. His name was O'Higgins, and he had more than once told most of the people he knew that his family estates were to be found spreading their broad acres over a large part of the west of Ireland. Why he was called the Captain it is difficult to determine, as he had never been in any army. Possibly it had been originally conferred upon him for the reason that the descendant of the ancient Irish kings should have, even in the land of the domineering Saxon, some courtesy title to distinguish him from other men. How it was he came to settle in Cambridge was another inexplicable mystery. Nobody could account for his preference for the flat scenery of the Fen districts over the wild and magnificent landscapes, the castles, mountains, forests, trout streams, and deer parks of his ancestral property. Another feature in his character was, that he either employed a most negligent person to collect his princely revenues, or his tenants lived rent free; for it is certain that no portion of his extensive rent-roll ever found its way into the pockets of the royally descended owner, the contents of whose capacious pockets generally consisted of pieces of silver known in the profession as billiard sixpences—these being coins that were sixpences once, but, having seen many years of active service, had arrived at an intrinsic value of about threepence a-piece, and passed current at the nominal worth only as "lives" at pool. Pokyr called them the last of the silver plate of the O'Higgins family; and it was not strange that the silver possessed by the representative of that ancient race should show signs of wear and tear. It is a fact, nevertheless, that how often soever the Captain disposed of them, they always sooner or later found their way back to him, as they were current nowhere else. For the rest, he was a very tall man and a very stout man, and wore a velvet coat, and a huge watch chain credulous Freshmen looked upon as gold. Pokyr said the Captain's nose had cost more to colour than all his own meerschaums put together, and that was saying a great deal.

Something of the general character of Timothy Fitzgerald O'Higgins, Esq., of Mount O'Higgins, in the county of Galway, may be learned from another remark of Mr. Pokyr's—namely, that the Captain was "a fellow who smokes his cigars very low; and they have all been given him into the bargain, you know." For this observant young gentleman had often seen the Captain sucking his Havannahs down to the last quarter of an inch, and then reluctantly parting with even such small stumps. From this it will readily be inferred that the Captain had not enjoyed as many of Fortune's smiles as a royal personage ought to receive.

"Late to-night, Captain," said De Bootz, as the scion of royalty removed his brown velvet coat, and hung it carefully on its accustomed peg.

"It's late I am," replied Mr. O'Higgins, finding the key of his case, and extracting thence his own private cue.

"Where have you been, Captain, if it's a fair question?" continued his friend, De Bootz.

"I've been to the Union. Chutney took me to hear him speak."

"What was the row?" asked Pokyr.

"Sir, the subject of debate was, 'That the abolition of the practice of Jewelling' (duelling) was creditable to English Societee.' Affirmative, Mr. Grenville, of Caius; negative, Mr. Chutney, of St. Mary's; and now," said the Captain, "you know as much as I do myself about it. I won't be the one to catch myself there again in a hurree."

"Why, Captain?"

"Sir, there's a draught in that Strangers' Gallereee enough to take a man's head off. And I wanted to join you; for, on me honour as a gentleman, I lost money here last night."

"Oh!" from several players.

"The last ball is yours, sir," said the marker.

"Would Chutney show fight?" asked Pokyr, suddenly, after the Captain had made his first stroke.

"Well, I don't know; but if tark goes for anything in *this* countree, he's the very brath of a boy, and no mistake at arl about it."

After their play was over, Mr. Timothy O'Higgins went, in the company of Mr. Pokyr, to pay a visit to Chutney's rooms.

The result of the interview was that, in the morning, just as our hero was contemplating the nicely browned mutton chop which had just been placed on his breakfast table, he

was startled by a most martially executed rat-tat-tat-tat at his door.

"Come in," he cried.

And in walked the Captain.

With his usual politeness, though considerably astonished, our hero rose to inquire the purport of this unexpected visit. Before, however, he could ask any question, the stranger began the conversation.

"Mr. Golightly, I believe?"

That gentleman bowed in acknowledgment of his patronymic.

"Allow me, sir, to interjuice meself—me name is O'Higgins."

"Mr. O-O'Higgins?" said our hero, rather nervously and very inquiringly.

"The O'Higgins, sir, is me prawper title; for me fawthers bore it bee-fore me."

"Indeed, sir," said Mr. Golightly to The O'Higgins.

"To be brief, sir, I am the bearer of a message from me friend, Mr. Chutney, which you'll do well to attend to at once, for it won't keep at all!"

"S-S-Sir!" exclaimed our hero, "I haven't the pleasure of knowing Mr. Chutney, though I have heard my cousin and—and others mention his name."

"Indeed, sir—then ye soon will have," said The O'Higgins, waving his hand *à la militaire*; "for I may tell you, me friend Chutney is not the man to be throifled with; and, as he has favoured ye with his address at the head of this"—here he handed a letter to our greatly astonished hero—"I'll just leave ye to answer it as soon as ye conveniently can. Mr. Chutney will be found at home all the marning."

And with this remark, and a military salute, Mr. Timothy Fitzgerald O'Higgins took his departure.

TABLE TALK.

THE PARISIAN JOCKEY CLUB, up to the date of the abnormal state of affairs in the "most civilized city of Europe," enjoyed a world-wide reputation for the excellence, the perfect taste, and the epicurean splendour of its dinners. If our memory serves us, the cook at Windsor Castle and the cook to the Paris Jockey Club are brothers, and the latter wrote a cookery book—quite a *livre de luxe* in all respects—which his brother domiciled in England kindly did into the vulgar tongue, for the benefit of us culinary barbarians. This club determined upon having a

dîner de siège, which should consist of all the articles of food now in use among the inhabitants of the ill-fated city. The *ménue*—which we give as a pendant to our quotations from the *Food Journal* last week—was "composed" by Baron Brisse, a famous epicure; and, on the authority of the *Times*, was as follows:—

"*Hors d'œuvres*, radishes, herring *mariné*, onions *à la Provençale*, slightly salt butter, gherkins, and olives. First course:—Soup of slightly salted horse, with vegetables; ass flesh cutlets, with carrots; mule's liver *sauté aux champignons*; horse's lights, with white sauce; *carp à la matelotte*; fried gudgeons; celery heads, with seasoning. Second course:—Quarter of dog braised; leg of dog roasted; rats cooked upon the ashes; rat pie, with mushrooms; *eel à la broche*; salad of celery and small salad. Dessert:—Dutch cheese, apples, pears, marmalade *au Kirsch*, *gâteau d'Italie au fromage de Chester*."

This extraordinary dinner was served in one of the leading restaurants of the *Chaussée d'Antin*, and is stated to have been a complete success. This satisfactory result must have depended principally upon two circumstances—the novelty of the dishes, and the perfect way in which they were served. "Leg of dog roasted; rats cooked upon the ashes; rat pie, with mushrooms." Depend upon it, the dog's leg was disguised with sauces, and that there were more ashes and mushrooms than rat flesh in the two succeeding dishes. At least, we will hope so. Very small quantities of very unusual articles of food may, probably, be made most palatable in the hands of a good cook, with ample means at his command for flooding them in highly flavoured and piquant sauces and gravies, if the eaters are ignorant of what they contain. Although their cook had all these ingredients for disguising the inherent nastiness of the dishes his patrons called upon him to serve, the gentlemen of the Paris Jockey Club had the disadvantage of knowing of their presence; and, for that reason, we do not envy them their gastronomic feat, about which they will all talk as long as they live to recollect it.

THE PALACE OF ST. CLOUD was the last residence of the Emperor Napoleon before his departure for the seat of war. He left a good many things behind him, which his successors, the gentlemen of the Republic, have overhauled. Among these things, the despatches, from June 29th to July 24th, are of the greatest present interest. They have been arranged in order of date, and published in France and England. The

men who now govern France represent that the war was the Emperor's, never the people's. These documents prove that, at all events, all over France—north, south, east, and west—the prefects and other authorities declared, in the strongest terms, that all France panted for war:—

"To his Majesty the Emperor, at St. Cloud.

"Paris, July 6.

"Receive my most ardent congratulations. All France is with you. The enthusiasm is universal.

"PERSIGNY."

Emile Ollivier says, at the bottom of one of his despatches to the Emperor, "One heart beats in this nation." We print only two of a large number of congratulatory despatches. They will serve as a very good sample of the rest:—

"The Prefect to the Minister of the Interior at Paris.

"Perpignan, July 15.

"Great excitement prevails here in consequence of the last intelligence. War with Prussia is fervently wished for by the whole population. Our soldiers will this time celebrate the Emperor's festival of the 15th of August in Berlin. No one doubts the favourable issue of the war. Confidence prevails everywhere, in the towns as well as in the smallest villages."

Marseilles was of course true to its turbulent prestige. As Mr. Dickens said truly enough in "Little Dorrit," the people of Marseilles were "always allonging or marching;" or, in a word, onging in some form without waiting for much provocation.

"The Prefect to the Minister of the Interior at Paris.

"Marseilles, July 16.

"A great manifestation has just taken place. The people are parading the streets with drums beating and flaming torches. About 10,000 or 15,000 people are singing 'Reine Hortense' and the 'Marseillaise.' The cry of 'Long live the Emperor!' 'Down with Prussia!' 'To Berlin!' resounds on all sides. The multitude is as if electrified. No disorder."

And this, say Monsieur Gambetta and Monsieur Jules Favre, was solely the Emperor's war. All France hated the notion. Either the Ministers of the Republic or the Prefects of the Empire have a habit of indulging in a species of rodomontade—as old Squire Western said—which might as well be called by a shorter name. In fact, the war has been, on the French side, a campaign of rodomontade. It began in braggadocio, but its bitter end is humiliation indeed for poor France. English opinion was thought important, as this note of the Emperor's shows:—

"To his Excellency the Minister for Foreign Affairs at Paris.

"St. Cloud, July 26.

"Have you contradicted the draught of Benedetti's treaty published in the *Times*? "NAPOLEON."

And the following is a sample of a good many offers the Emperor had made to him for a kind of war made easy, which were about as valuable for killing Prussians as the old-fashioned device of putting salt on a sparrow's tail is for catching that wary little bird:—

"To the Emperor Napoleon III., St. Cloud.

"Clermont-Ferrand, July 18.

"Grant me an audience, and I will place at your disposal an infallible and immediate means of conquering the Prussians. "MAUDEMENT."

Where are the Olliviers, the Gramonts, the Persignys, the Maudements of the Empire now? Never was crash so complete. The Empire collapsed like a pricked bladder. The only pleasing chapter is the faith and womanly devotion of the Empress. She writes to her husband:—

"The Empress to the Emperor at St. Cloud.

"Cherbourg, July 24.

"We have seen the squadron under sail. I accompanied it to the open sea. Great enthusiasm. It was glorious. I return to set off at once. Beautiful weather. "EUGENIE."

To her mother in Spain:—

"Countess Montijo, Caza del Angel at Madrid (Registered).

"St. Cloud, July 17.

"Louis will in a few days go to the army with his father. I wish you to send him your blessing before his departure. Do not be uneasy. I am perfectly quiet. He must do his duty, and bring honour to his name. I write to you by post.

"EUGENIE."

The old lady sent the blessing by post; and the grandson telegraphed in return:—

"To the Countess Montijo, Madrid.

"Saint Cloud, July 18.

"Thank you, dear grandmamma, for your telegram. I hope it will bring me luck. I write by post to-day. "LOUIS NAPOLEON."

Poor boy!—he was just setting out for his "baptism of fire," and the winning glory for his maiden sword. Then, the eye of France was upon her son. And now?

VICTOR HUGO AND THE BALLOON has been a latent joke in several quarters. But although it has been hushed up in Paris, and in those of the principal cities of France in which it got wind, the story has, nevertheless, found vent in a Guernsey paper (*Le Guernesiais*), to the no little amusement of the inhabitants of that island, and those among whom the paper circulates. Our readers will remember how we lamented, in a previous number, that so great an author as Victor Hugo should not have exerted his

energies and eloquence in exhorting the Parisians to look the bitter facts fairly in the face, instead of blindly and wilfully repeating all sorts of vain defiance, threats, and hopes as vain. But Victor Hugo fell at once into the vortex, and went to and fro, preaching and parading the same extravagances. General Trochu soon found that all this was becoming troublesome, inasmuch as it kept up a continual excitement in directions which he was not prepared to realize, or at that time attempt. He therefore invited the great author and orator one day to luncheon on a *ragoût* of fancy dog, with a delicate *fricassée* of drain-rat to follow—and, of course, very choice wines; after which, he proposed a stroll down to the quarter where a balloon was about to ascend for a voyage to Tours. On the way, General Trochu expressed his extreme regret that some eloquent man did not arise, in each of the great provincial cities, to exhort the inhabitants to the most vigorous resistance. "And who," said the General, as they approached the balloon, now swinging by its last cords, "who could do this so well—who could inspire their patriotism to the utmost height so effectually as the illustrious author of 'Nôtre Dame' and 'Les Misérables'? Suppose, monsieur, you were at once to step into that balloon!" There was a pause. The great author reflected. He then said that he thought his proper place was in Paris, and that he was ready "to die upon the ramparts." Concerning which, *Le Guerne-siais* humorously—and somewhat irreverently—remarks, that "Victor Hugo was too old a bird to be caught with chaff or lime" (*bourde*, humbug; or *glu-perfide*).

IT NEVER RAINS BUT IT POURS, and Misfortunes never come singly, are proverbs handed down to us by our grandmothers; and they have, taking the first in its bad sense, a common meaning. It would seem that it is so with accidents, as they are called—often with a ghastly impropriety, the enormity of which grows upon one as each morning's paper adds the names of fresh victims to the list of the dead. These calamities seem often to occur in groups; and December of 1870 is not the first month of December which has been fruitful of such tragedies. The subject of the recent railway collisions and factory explosions has recently had very full discussion in the columns of our contemporaries. It is not our

intention to add any note of ours on the general matter at issue between the companies and the public, their victims; or to pretend to decide, on imperfect evidence, between what are known as the block and the permissive block systems. We leave this to the Board of Trade. It is clear, however, that the railway authorities will have to do something to satisfy public opinion, and to allay the growing feeling of insecurity which has taken hold of the public mind; and it is rather more than probable that that something will be a thing every company dislikes more than any other thing—namely, laying out money. But they must make up their minds to it, and give travellers the security of better signals, plenty of them, more men to manage them and the points, and the block system in some form or other. But the object of this note is to urge on everybody interested in safe travelling the necessity of insisting upon double chains or "couplings" to every carriage, truck, and van of the companies' rolling-stock. This precaution, with breaks much more numerous and powerful than those at present in use, would prevent at least half the "accidents" that occur.

WASTE OF LIFE—independent of what is going on through wars and railways—is at all times likely, from the gross mismanagement or utter carelessness of those employed in collieries and manufactories. The descriptions given of the charred remains of a number of young girls and women, from fourteen to twenty-four years of age; and of the scattered arms, legs, heads, and blackened bones—which none of their weeping relatives could recognize—are too sickening to be dwelt upon. A stove with lighted coals had been deliberately placed in the vicinity of various portions of gunpowder! "The arrangements," says the *Daily News*, "seem to have been of a kind to *court*, rather than to avoid, danger." A reporter to the same paper says:—"In fairness to Messrs. Ludlow, it should be stated that they have promised to pay all expenses connected with attendance on the sufferers at the hospital." It is earnestly to be hoped that a jury, "in fairness" to the human victims, will state something else.

NOTICE.—After Jan. 1st, 1871, ONCE A WEEK will be increased in size from 24 to 32 pages.

An Illustration, printed separately on Toned Paper, is published with the present Weekly Number.

ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 157.

December 31, 1870.

Price { WITH SUPPLEMENT, } 4d.

ONE OF TWO; OR, A LEFT-HANDED BRIDE. BY HAIN FRISWELL.

CHAPTER XLIII.

"*Claudio*. Doth Heaven interpose for things of earth?
Sometimes the levin-brand strikes down the good,
And spares the guilty standing by his side!"

The Avenger, act v., sc. i.



ELL, presentiments and dreams are fine things," said Old Daylight to himself one morning as he was dressing, and carefully wrapping round his neck the many yards

of white handkerchief which strangulation-civilization then demanded of a man.

It will be remembered that one of the grave charges against a noble poet, made slightly anteriorly to this, was that he wore no necktie. It need not be said that, if Mr. Tom Forster, when he was in trade, had dared to perpetrate such an eccentricity, he might just as well have shut up shop. There was, however, no fear of this. Mr. Forster only allowed his thoughts to go free. The outer man was rigidly groomed and kept in order. Not a string, nor a button, nor the hair of the beaver hat—regularly purchased at Messrs. Hall's, of Regent-circus, then a grand new place—was allowed to be out of place.

"Presentiments and dreams are very fine

things; but I'm staggered if I know what to make of those warnings a fellow gets that are neither one nor t'other. Of course, I knew that this old fellow would not turn out the man; but I didn't know that he would have such a finger in the pie. There, I think that will do."

Here he finished his toilet, having adjusted a cravat, of the size and weight of a large dinner napkin, in a very careful style, and having achieved a bow in the cravat of which he had reason to be proud.

"And after all, what a little world it is that we live in! Here's an old French fellow—one would have thought hundreds of miles away from *our* business—intimately 'allied'—as they say in his beautiful and expressive language—with one of our first families."

He paused a little; then continued—

"And here am I, as plain and as prosaic an old file as ever wore Hessians polished by Mr. Hunt's blacking, living in the same house with a young fellow who, as Mr. Rolt says in one of his leaders of some one else, is 'the centre of a network of romance.' Romance!—it's all about us, on'y people don't and won't see it. One man walks the streets with his eyes shut; by comes another, and he sees. This number two tells number one what he sees, and number one tells him that he's a liar, or a romancing, or something of that sort. 'He that hath eyes to see, let him see.'"

The old gentleman was near enough to the spirit of his quotation, but not to the letter, and was puzzling himself in a mental induction.

"Presentiments and dreams! What are they? Half the times that they come, we take no notice of them. What can I do with those half-formed warnings that are neither? Something—"

But that "something" was so unformed, that he could not put words to it. He was not satisfied with the turn things were taking, and merely put off his vague presenti-

ment with the assertion that there was something in the air—something which boded no good to him.

To Winnifred, on the contrary, her dream—by no means a vague one—carried hope and determination.

After breakfasting, and finishing her toilet, she sought Lord Chesterton; but, withholding from him any hint of her dream, told him that her first duty was to seek her husband.

How to do so, she hardly knew. Ladies in those days were considerably more helpless than they are now; and although Winnifred was an active young woman, full of spirit and determination, it was no little trial to her to have to go on a journey from one part of the town to another without aid or companion.

Lord Chesterton, with that miserable inaction which a want of faith induces, did not even seem to know what had become of his son. He was perplexed beyond measure, and quite unable to advise his daughter-in-law.

"Yes, my dear," he said to that lady, "of course it is your duty to seek out Philip; but I don't know how to tell you in what way you are to proceed."

"I think I can find a way," said Winnifred, with simple determination. "We must consult Philip as to what steps we are to take."

The Earl passed his hands over his eyes in his weary way. He did not clearly see how he was to advance.

"Had we not better leave this all," he asked, "to Mr. Edgar Wade, who has so kindly promised to undertake it for us? He was here with me till very late at night, and was, I can assure you, casting about on all sides for the best means of defence."

But Winnifred did not appear satisfied with Edgar Wade's defence.

"We can, surely," she said, "consult others!"

"Whom else?" asked the Earl, wearily. "We must debate this family disgrace with half the town!"

"Not so, my lord. There is Mr. Horton, who knows as much, or more, than we know, and who will be sure to give us the best advice."

"Alas! he is bound by his office to take a view which is antagonistic to our own."

"Not so: an impartial view, if you like. Mr. Horton is a just man. I would trust

my life, my honour, even my Philip, in his hands."

"Perhaps you are right, my dear," returned the Earl, dreamily. "You may go to him. I cannot accompany you myself, but Mrs. Preen or Mr. Roskell shall accompany you."

It was not from any disrespect to Mrs. Preen, but rather that Winnifred was weak enough to feel that the presence of a man was somewhat of a protection—for which feeling, no doubt, the masculine part of the second sex of man will thoroughly despise her—that Mr. Roskell was summoned to provide a private, but hired vehicle, to take Winnifred to Mr. Horton's office.

Roskell creaked up the stairs, looking as usual. Although severely exercised by the cloud which had fallen upon what he called "our house," that worthy retainer was too well bred to let any one see that anything was the matter. He had thrown an amount of cheerfulness into his honest face which did both Winnifred and the Earl much good to see. He entered at once into the business, and was, indeed, glad to do anything for the fair young lady who was Philip's wife. There was so much movement and cheerful willingness about him, that the Earl could not help noticing it, and, with a little alteration of Wolsey's celebrated speech, saying to himself—that if he had only served Heaven with half the willing alacrity that his servants showed to him, this trouble would not have so plagued him now.

It was arranged, therefore, that Winnifred should go and consult Philip, while Lord Chesterton remained at home awaiting Edgar Wade.

"The carriage waits, my lady," said Mr. Roskell, shortly.

The time did not seem long. Nothing had since passed between father and daughter: the Earl had been determinately silent, and Winnifred held him in too much awe to question him about matters which were so near to her heart.

In those days, when miniature broughams were not, and a one-horse close carriage would have been looked upon with scorn and reproach, it was rather difficult to pick out any vehicle which did not look tall and imposing; but Roskell had managed to secure a doctor's town chariot of a dark colour; and mounted on the box beside the driver, and armed with a huge umbrella to hold

over my lady in her passage to and from the coach, he formed an appropriate body-guard. He somewhat resembled the fatherly head butler or steward to whom sometimes was entrusted the task of taking "Missee" to school; and, to tell the truth, he was delighted to fulfil the honourable office, for he was tired of hearing the mournful vaticinations of Gurgles and the doleful remarks of poor Mr. Checketts.

Mr. Horton received the young lady with that courteous politeness, that deference to woman simply because of her sex, which then existed, and which is now a thing of the past. Of course, if we look at it philosophically, this charming manner, which then distinguished the true gentleman, was only a refined and elaborate insult, intended to put woman in mind that she was not a man. But in those days ladies did not view matters through that dissolving glass of all beautiful illusions, which we call "Social Science:" rather should we not call it *un-social science*?

Winnifred gathered comfort from Mr. Horton's looks, though he had little himself. He told her that a second person had been arrested—

"The real murderer?" cried Winnifred.

"That remains to be seen," returned the magistrate; and his answer told the young lady that nothing had yet been "elicited"—to use a phrase which was a favourite in the elaborate articles of Mr. Barnett Slammers.

"Was there a murder at all?" asked Lady Wimpole, as if a bright idea had occurred to her. "It might have been a suicide!"

Mr. Horton shook his head. The evidence, which he well knew, did not admit of that—indeed, it all pointed to one person; but the magistrate was not cruel enough to tell Winnifred *that*.

"And where is Philip, my husband? I must see him, and at once."

"Lord Wimpole was safely 'lodged' with a friend of his," returned Mr. Horton, taking the liberty to give Captain Chesman the brevet rank of "friend."

"I must see him," persisted Winnifred.

Mr. Horton shook his head.

"Listen to me," said the lady, looking very calm, and putting the auxiliary verb last, as we all do, Gentle or Simple, to give force to her sentence: "unless I am kept from him by main force, see him I will."

Upon this, Mr. Horton struck his colours; and, under pretext of giving Winnifred a

letter of introduction to the gallant Waterloo officer in command of his Majesty's strong-place at Clerkenwell, wrote out an order for her admission to visit the *détenu*.

"You will promise me not to stay long?" said George Horton, looking into the young, clear eyes of Winnifred, with all his old love purified and refined into the sublimated essence of true friendship. "For your own sake—for mine—for *his*."

Aye, that was the more potent syllable! Winnifred gave her promise; and attended to the coach by the magistrate, who saw with pleasure her body-guard mount the box, she drove rapidly away.

Philip, it needs not to be said, was delighted at the sight of his wife. He had a very comfortable room—the very one that Captain Essex had occupied; but as there were bars to the windows and bolts to the doors, nothing could persuade the lady that it was not a dreadful place.

"My darling," he said, looking fondly in her face, and taking her soft arms from his neck, so as to clasp both her hands as he sat by her side on the sofa. "My darling, I'm so happy."

"Oh, Philip," she said, "how can you be so cruel, to be happy when you are here, and away from me?"

"Because you come to me, my wife," he said; "because you prove your love."

"Why," she said, smiling, with the tears standing in her eyes, like sunshine peeping through clouds of rain, "every woman would do that for her husband."

"I believe they would, dear," replied he, lifting her hand and kissing it with a sweet respect. "They are so good if we only knew it and only trusted them. But now I have proved what was only theory, you know. And we jealous men are so foolish as to ask proof of that of which we are most certain—of the goodness of women—and of God!"

"Hush!" she said, kissing his lips, so as to stop his mouth. "Yes, He is good, my Philip. He will not desert us, though He has plagued us with this trial."

"Thought us worthy of trial, you mean, Winnifred. How many men pass life without any great sorrow and any trouble?—ordinarily successful, petted with the good things of the world, because they are unable to bear sorrow. And ours, after all, is but little."

"Oh! Philip," said the wife, "you teach me how to bear sorrows."

"If I do, my love, that is as it should be. I am the head of this sad household, which has nothing left but what sits here: us two, Winnifred. And this, too, makes me happy. After this trial, my dear, if all proves well—as I hope it will—we will go to America, to that far-stretching country where Man—great only by himself, with no false honour from the o'erprized deeds of those who lived before him, not mounted high upon the accident of birth—can lift his forehead to the morning sky which bends o'er half a world of free-born men owning no masters but themselves and God!"

He rose as he said this, proudly and with determination, and seemed to Winnifred a firmer, stronger man than she had seen him.

"We will, darling—we will," she said, catching a little of his enthusiasm.

"And we shall need no adventitious aid to make us known and honoured. No people will come to us to bow down to place and not to us; no one will feign a love because we have a high-born name. Our honest deeds shall be our ancestry."

"My noble Philip," she said, "my knight, my true one. You do not mind this cruel blow. How great, how good of you!"

"Not so, my wife," throwing so much love in the name that she rose to him, and placed her heart against his to catch some of the enthusiasm of his deep affection. "You do not know what a coward I was; how, on the night he told me—"

"He? You mean Edgar Wade?"

"The same—who, if all be true, is the right Lord Wimpole."

"It cannot be true," murmured Winnifred, "it cannot be true. I do so hate and dread that man."

"Alas! my darling, you must bear the trial well. I am afraid it is true. Let it be so: we will at least argue as if it were. Those papers were not forgeries, nor did the Earl of Chesterton deny them—he could not do so."

Winnifred shuddered at the thought. How complicated was the mesh which held her love in prison and in danger.

"But I must confess, my love," continued Philip, "that on that night on which I first heard all, I was shaken and dismayed. You only gave me true courage. You only, in consenting to be mine, disgraced and disinherited as I was—"

"Disinherited, my dear," she answered,

pressing more closely to him, "but not disgraced."

"Made me feel," he continued, as he looked into the two deep wells of love she called her eyes, "how high I yet stood, even when I had fallen."

It was his turn now to press her closer to him. Their voices—full of deep affection—had sunk to a whisper: they spoke little and they spoke low. Not one word was said of guilt, or of the dreadful trial which awaited them, then. Their happiness was supreme. They had gone through the fire which makes love pure, and had stood the test.

"Oh, Philip," murmured Winnifred, after a time, "I never felt so happy in my life."

"Nor I," he answered, softly. "Till now, I did not even know what happiness was like."

After some time—a short time, perhaps, but Love made it remembered as a long, long space—she said—

"He is to defend you, Philip. Can you trust him, dear?"

"God will defend us, Winnifred," he answered, as if they were both upon their trial.

"Yes, love—He will not desert us; nor," she added, with a single sigh, "give us further grief."

"Except for our good," said Philip, cheerily. "Sometimes He wills it so, that we may bear all well, and yet not escape. But bear up, and hope for aid and comfort—hope for it, darling! Why, we have it in our love."

The allotted time was up: how quickly it had passed! Captain Chesman, with a military step, and with quite sufficient noise to make his guests aware that he approached, opened the door as if to ask some trivial question. Philip took the hint; and Winnifred, far more sustained and happier than when she came, left her husband where he was so securely lodged and so well looked after.

She hurried back to the carriage, attended by the faithful steward; and was happy in the recollection of every word and look of Philip, until she was driven into the courtyard of Chesterton House.

"Was the Earl at home?" she asked of Mr. Checketts, who received her.

"Yes, my lady; and in close consultation with Mr. Edgar Wade."

"I will go and see them."

"He was not to be disturbed."

"Never mind that. Tell him I come directly from Lord Wimpole."

"Aye, that I will," said Checketts to himself, as he hurried up the stairs.

CHAPTER XLIV.

DR. RICHARDS ELECTRIFIES HIS PATIENT.

THERE are very few men bold enough to face the consequences of their own acts, and the timidity which guilt or folly breeds has this peculiarity, that it increases with the length of time which has elapsed since the committal of the crime or folly. Thus sin, which "drags at each remove a lengthening chain," has also the miraculous power of making the chain stronger as it grows longer. Even the virtuous Mr. Eugene Aram, it is said, manifested a great deal of horror and alarm at entering the cave wherein the bare skeleton of his victim lay. For Time, that eater of all things, had refused to digest the horrible lump of guilt which Mr. Aram presented to him. And although the noble historian of that Poetic Murderer—who loved the Beautiful and worshipped the Ideal with the gains of murder in his pocket—does not mention this fact, it is none the less true. Indeed, had he spoken of this, his book would have been more moral than it is. For to us quiet people—who dare not murder to do good, and who try to keep our hands from picking and stealing, even though the purpose of such larceny be to clothe our naked minds in the long and trailing garments of the Beautiful—there is some consolation in the reflection that the evil-doer never gets the better of the man he wrongs—nay, that he gets the very worst. In short, it is comfortable to reflect that an error, as Fuller has it, can never by increase of years become Truth, but "rather the more damnable error;" and that the father of all lies and errors—or, to speak more plain, the Devil—is an ass!

This may be a mean and sordid reflection, but to people of lowly mind it is a comfort; and such persons will not be surprised to learn that the Earl of Chesterton was by no means unwilling to listen to the advice of his son—whom we know as Edgar Wade—and to keep away from visiting that cunning and deceitful creature who had so long kept him from his rights.

Edgar Wade had returned to the subject when he again visited his father; and he had thrown out, in his casual yet effective way,

the hint that it would be useless to see this poor lady until the dreadful accusation now hanging over the house was dismissed.

"Perhaps you are right," said the Earl. "Whatever is right I am willing to do. We have enough sorrow and trouble on hand."

"Quite so, my lord; quite so. But it is astonishing how these troubles will pass if we take them one by one."

"One down and the other come on, as we used to say at Eton."

The old words came back to the poor nobleman, and brought with them some slight remembrance of his youth.

"Exactly. When a man is attacked by three men, if they will only observe *that* rule of honour, he will conquer; for, if he be strong, he may endure and be more than a match for them singly. I merely mention this in regard to something you said yesterday. The subject was hardly worth recurring to. The poor lady is, besides, dreadfully ill."

Dreadfully ill, indeed!—barely clinging on to life, the body living but on the mind: living, as it will, mysteriously, for some purpose; for Dr. Richards—a man of science rather than of faith—had pronounced her scientifically dead for some time. There was something puzzling and even annoying to the good doctor in the fact that she had not died. It was as if Babbage's machine had given one of its curious leaps and had missed a very necessary unit, after having been irrefragably right for millions of figures.

"I am deeply grieved to hear it," said the Earl, slowly, and in a low tone; as if, while he was speaking, he was realizing her position.

His mind flew back to the days when a cloud would seem to have fallen on his life if Eugenie were but ill; when, if even her finger ached, his would have ached also; when, if the doctor had told him that her life were in danger, he would have turned cold in dread, and have watched and prayed night and day at her bedside.

And now she was alone!

Alone! save for one whose presence made her seem more solitary still. A nurse, whose hire was her sense of duty—who would carry the few pounds she had earned to her convent, for her account in Heaven—who, while she tended her, said prayers, and was engaged in "making her own soul" while her patient lay dying—who looked upon her attendance as an extra penance, and who might be

more holy, but was not half so comfortable nor comforting as one of the homely old nurses—widow and else—who hire themselves week by week, and who pour out gossip, hope, and consolation with each draught they give.

How utterly alone was Eugenie!

Son and *husband* had fled. Youth and beauty had gone, too; as if they were like human friends, and kept with her only while all was sunshine weather; and helplessness, sickness, and worn age—a sad Trinity—sat at her couch and waited on her days. How many a woman's fall is like to hers! To how many are the few short fleeting years of youth the only time of happiness and love!

"I am very much grieved to hear it," repeated the old Earl, more sadly.

"She played the game that women often play," returned Edgar, thinking bitterly of his own love, "and lost."

"Lost!—indeed she did. In the game of life, women often do lose, matched against man—such men, too, as there are," returned Lord Chesterfield, warmly. "I have wronged her. I should beg her pardon, if I should wish to die in peace."

"I am afraid," returned the barrister, "that your lordship thinks more generously than the world does. You may depend upon it that men are, on the whole, worsted in their dealings with the sex; though they would have us believe otherwise. But," he added, seeing that the Earl was silent, "Mrs. Wade has been so long speechless, that if you were to see her, your visit would be thrown away."

The Earl shuddered as his son said this; and it was at this juncture that Winnifred entered, having heard the last sentence.

As there was little love lost between the barrister and the lady, for the very good reason that he had attacked her husband's interests—for it cannot be supposed that instinct or perception had anything to do with the matter—it was enough for Winnifred to understand, which she did at once, that Edgar Wade had been persuading the Earl to stay away, to make Winnifred urge him at once to see her.

It was, therefore, with a little rising at her throat, and a quick and hurried movement, that Winnifred, gaining the Earl's side, spoke and said—

"Mr. Wade will excuse me, I am sure; but time presses. I have been to see Philip

—she added, "Lord Wimpole," in a patronizing and explanatory tone, to the barrister—"and he is so happy, my lord. I went to comfort him, and he comforts me."

"I am glad his lordship has such good spirits," said the barrister, drily.

"He is full of hope and faith, my dear lord," said Winnifred, not heeding the interruption. "He knows that this foul accusation will soon be disposed of."

"I wish he would tell us how," retorted Edgar. "I confess that, from the view the law is likely to take of it, I am puzzled."

"He wishes you—I am sure he wishes you," urged Winnifred, again appealing to the Earl—"to bear up, and to be of good cheer. All will yet be well. And Mr. Horton, too, he by no means desponds; and he is a brave and skilful man, one of experience and knowledge."

"We are, indeed, glad to hear it," answered the barrister, somewhat cheerfully. "I shall be delighted to be counselled by such a man as Mr. Horton."

Winnifred ignored him, but was still fondling the hands of the Earl between her own, and evidently making up her mind for an effort.

The effort was made: its result was a little white lie—the whitest, surely, ever made for the sake of a husband!

"And—I really must not forget his one earnest *wish*"—she had desired to say message, but by the wisdom of woman she was counselled to a subterfuge—"it was, that you should at once see Madame Wade."

Edgar started. For a moment, his large dark eyes seemed to close and grow smaller. Then he spoke—

"We have been talking about that," he answered. "I fear it would be injudicious for the Earl to do so."

"I do not see that," said Winnifred, eagerly. "She may know something about this."

"She cannot. The very news of the crime smote her with this strange disease. She has been unconscious ever since."

Winnifred steeled her heart against the barrister. Unconscious! she did not believe it, and was almost saying so. She doubted every word that man said.

"She may appear unconscious," she answered. "Perhaps she has no one to whom she cares to speak, poor thing!"

The tone of pity brought back his sad recollections to the Earl. After all, Winni-

fred's suggestions were not unlikely. Her secret discovered—all passing from her—and she alone bearing the weight of guilt: it was not unlikely.

"I have not been neglectful of her, madame," returned the barrister, haughtily. He could see that between him and Winnifred there must be a passage of arms. "I have done all that can be done. She is attended by the best physician—my friend, Dr. Richards—and a fit and proper nurse, one skilled in nursing—a religious lady."

"I beg your pardon," said Winnifred, eagerly. "I am so glad that the poor lady is well looked after."

Edgar Wade bowed, stiffly and grimly, at this little *amende*.

"I know Dr. Richards very well," said Winnifred; "he used to attend my aunt, Lady Guernsey. He is a very skilful man, indeed; that will be all the better. We will come and see her, and at once—will you not, my lord?"

"As you will, my dear," said the old nobleman, rising. "I am ready."

Winnifred saw that her point was won, and rose to go. Somehow, Edgar Wade—of course, in the interest of his client—was very unwilling that this interview should take place.

"This interview, my lord," he said, "will be very *mal à propos*. I do not myself see what good can come of it, nor how you intend to approach one who is so seriously ill—who is, in fact, unconscious."

"Then there is not a moment to be lost," said Winnifred. "Your reasons, Mr. Wade, make rather for than against Lord Chesterton's visit. He would bitterly regret during all his life if he did not now go and see her. In a very short time it may be too late; and then, whatever his desire may be, how strongly soever he may wish and pray to see her, it will be useless."

"Too late—too late," thought the old nobleman; "too late to see my Eugenie! What would I have said if I had heard those words long ago?"

Then, turning to Winnifred, he spoke—

"You are right, my dear—let us come at once. The carriage is ready. We can drop Mr. Wade at Mr. Horton's house in Wim-pole-street, if we go that way."

"Very good," said the barrister, without appearing chagrined. "At the worst you will only have lost your time. I presume that her nurse will not allow her to receive

a shock that can be at all harmful. I only regret that your lordship, who must be full of one trouble, should undertake another."

"Lady Guernsey used to say," said Winnifred, as the three passed down the wide staircase of the house, preceded by Mr. Roskell, who had a carriage duly ready—as all things were in that well-managed house—"that troubles always came thick and three-fold; and that the only blessing of that was, that one drove out another."

"That was taking rather a cheerful view of matters, for her ladyship," returned Lord Chesterton. "I suppose they do—I suppose they do."

Mr. Wade probably thought that upon this matter his old friend would have quoted Shakspeare—

"When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions."

But he contented himself with sitting in silence and in gloom at the back of the family chariot, which rolled softly onwards to Wim-pole-street.

Arrived there, he duly stopped at Mr. Horton's modest house, and the coach took on its freightage to Queen Anne-street.

The eccentric old gentleman who owned the mansion was not at home; and the eager and intrusive housekeeper, who watched his outgoings and his incomings with so much anxious care, flew up to the street door when she heard the ponderous knock of the Chesterton footman waking up the echoes of the tall house and the quiet street.

"God bless the man!" she cried, "he will knock the house down. That comes of the old gentleman not allowing me to tie up the knocker with a black kid glove. He says it's unlucky. Not more unlucky than a white kid, I'm sure. One brings death and the other life—leastways, they shows as death or life have been visitin' the 'ouse. And which is luckier? Says he, 'No one comes 'ere with their thunderin' knocks,' an' he's no sooner turned his back on the 'ouse, but here they is. Well, that's a fine chariot—too fine for the doctor. Besides, he's here."

This she said as she ducked on the landing to get what she called a "squint" through the windows at the side of the door.

The footman announced the Earl in so subdued a way—as if conscious of having made by far too much noise—and that

nobleman and Lady Winnifred entered in so gentle a way, that the housekeeper was mollified, and set no bar to the entrance of the nobleman and the lady to the chamber of the sick woman.

"She was very ill," she said, in one of those dreadful whispers which echo so, and which seem to float about a sick house—"very ill, indeed. The doctor was stoppin' with her some time this mornin'. He had brought a hinstrument with him."

There is something terribly vague and horrible about the word "instrument," when used in connection with an invalid. Poor Winnifred shuddered as if it were a guillotine; but it was nothing half so dreadful. Dr. Richards, eminently in advance of his medical brethren, had merely brought a galvanic battery—a somewhat rude instrument compared with our finer pieces of mechanism, but one which was sufficient for his purpose.

So it was, that when, full of dread and tremor, the Earl and Winnifred crept upstairs into the chamber of the sick, which lay at the back of Edgar Wade's study, they found the Sister of Charity slowly dropping her beads, and looking with wonder on the stout, earnest, rough-haired little doctor who, with his battery on the table, was prepared to strike the spark. Two bent and twisted wires ran from the table to the hands and the head of the invalid, who—pale as death, her beautiful black hair streaming on her pillow, her hands white as paper and as thin as those of a skeleton—lay quite motionless on the bed.

"Stop a bit," whispered the doctor to Winnifred, as she entered first. "Stop a bit"

—he spoke as if he had known her for years. "Now, you are just in time to see a wonderful experiment—that is, if you have never seen it before. I could not have found a more beautiful subject." The doctor used "beautiful" as "fit." "There she is, neither alive nor dead: hasn't spoken for nearly a week. You see that wire round the back of her head? There's where I think we shall do good. But quite a chance. Never was such an excellent chance for proving Galvani's theory, that 'electricity is life.'"

The Earl's heart beat violently, his head was bent down, as he entered the room of the dying woman.

As he did so, the disc of the electric machine was whirled rapidly round, and a little sparkle fluttered, like a blue Psyche, for a moment on its edge.

The invalid shuddered, and, with a slight start, spoke in a voice so low, so tremulous, and so plaintive, that from the eyes of Winnifred and the Earl tears fell; while the Man of Science and the Woman of Religion looked on with stoical indifference, saving that Dr. Richards' face seemed lit up with joy at the success of his experiment.

"Oh, Philip!—my old love! I have waited long for this. *You have come at last!*"

"You see, the eyes don't open. She knows you, sir, evidently. That's hardly electricity—that's a more delicate and more subtle fluid yet, that touches her brain—that's the secret of that much-maligned physician, Dr. Mesmer. Here, Nurse—wine! wine! Pour a glass of champagne down her throat—don't give her broth and slops—and we will save her yet!"

E D I T H.

BY THOMAS ASHE.

PART II.—CHAPTER III.—LITTLE ETHEL. (*Continued.*)

THUS the noon wore on; and by and bye little Ethel

Thought of home. She said, "I must go, now. Are you sorry?"

"I believe you are. And I am, too.—Are you going?"

"Which way? This? Come, then." She took the hand of the curate;

And, beside him skipping, never silent a moment,

Led him down the hill. And when they came to the houses,

Down the street she pointed:—"That is where we are living,"

Ethel said, "three steps, and such a crazy old window.

"It is poor, you know; but we shall live in a better,

"When mamma grows rich. I wonder, when." So he kiss'd her

On the thin small lips, and made as though he would leave her.

"Good-bye, then," she said, "but come again in the morning.

"Will you?" "Yes," he promised, and yet the promise was broken.

Why? Well, hear. He follow'd. It was a whim or a fancy;
Idle. Yet he follow'd. She disappear'd through the doorway.
He was sadder, then; yet but as one who is sadder
When the sunshine hides too soon in rainy November.
Not a thought had he of nearing change, of the blossom
Of his fate, to open into flower in a moment.
Not a pulse beat faster, not a stir or a tremor
Of the soul, fore-hinting. All was cloud in his future,
Not a touch of colour relieved the gray of existence,
As he saw by chance the sidelong face through the window.
Yet he knew it,—well. How many changes of seasons,
Pass'd o'er it! what care! what unread pain! Yet he knew it.
White his lips as ashes, as fast he fled, with the terror
Of a strange new fear,—lest she should flee, and escape him.
But she did not see him. And now he knew little Ethel,—
All the mournful story. It flash'd on him as the lightning.
Yea, perchance he wrong'd her, who in soul was as spotless
As the Maiden Mother. But in his heart he forgave her
All things, done and undone. Love is a god in forgiveness.
So this letter sped, neath stars and moon, o'er the billows,
Like a flame to thrill the weary silence of Orton:—
“She is here. Come quickly. She does not know I have seen her.”

Thus it was that the curate broke the word of his promise.
Much he long'd to go; he long'd to see little Ethel;
Long'd to hear her prattle, and in its sound to remember
Sounds of other days; to see again, in the glitter
Of her sad sweet eyes, a light now faded for ever.
But he dared not; thinking, “it may be that the mother
“May come, too, to look at this mysterious stranger.”
So all day, till even, along the shore of the river
Roam'd he, southward, shunning any chance of a meeting.
On the shingly beach he sat, and play'd with the pebbles,
Like a child, content, and watch'd the curve of the ripple,
Dreaming happy dreams of better days in the future.
But at night, when darkness screened him well,—as a lover
Is more happy, knowing he is near to his mistress,—
Paced he, breathing quicker, to and fro by the window:
Yet in soul was loyal, never pausing a moment
By the ill-drawn blind, bright with the flare of the lamplight.
What would he have seen? He would have seen little Ethel,
Watching woodlogs blaze upon the hearth, with her elbows
On her knees, her face between her hands, and her forehead
Hid with dark brown hair; there, on her stool in the corner,
Deeply pondering why he did not hold to his promise;
Sad for love so flouted, and hardly learning endurance:
And the mother sitting, with a tear on her eyelid,
As she work'd, with thinking of the Spring in the village,
Making glad the woods around the home of her girlhood.

Morn once more, and noon, and sailors' cries, and the vessel
From Le Havre, bringing all the curious faces:
So, wayworn, sad-hearted, the rector landed in Honfleur.

Till the dark they waited; but when the tide in the harbour
Lapp'd the piers, fast-rising, and now the lights of the vessel,
Mix'd with moonlight, shone, and made a show of departure,

Then the rector, quickly, pass'd alone by the houses;
 Found the one, and enter'd, and at the door of the lodger
 Paused, and held his breath; then, gently turning the handle,
 Unannounced, pass'd in; and stood there, smiling, and looking
 Like some heavenly saint, with mild wide eyes, in a picture;
 Stood there, saying only, softly murmuring, "Edith."

Starting up to her feet, as if a moment she doubted,
 One wild look she gave him, full of strangeness and terror.
 Then a sudden change pass'd o'er her face, as she saw him
 Moving towards her, smiling, very silent, and holding
 Both hands wide, to clasp her as a child to his bosom.
 She, with joyful cry, fell on her knees by the father;
 Hid her face in her hands, and sobb'd "I pray you forgive me!"
 And the deep sobs shook her, and she trembled and shiver'd,
 As one out of whom goes forth a demon of evil.
 Gently then he raised her, and kiss'd her, tenderly saying,—
 "I am come for you. The steamer stays in the harbour.
 "Come, the tide is full. You must not linger a minute."

Edith did not speak, but calm'd herself with an effort.
 Now once more she put a little bundle together;
 Drew some money forth, and, from a niche by the curtain
 Of the bed, a brooch, and folded all in a letter;
 Then, with pencil, quickly, wrote the name of the woman
 Of the house, who loved her, and left it there on the table;
 Quickly clad herself, and clad the child, and was ready.
 Softly forth they stole, and crept along through the shadows.

Moonlight on the sea: the stars are fair, and a softness
 In the air broods light and full of promise of summer.
 Berthold leans, and dreams, and still beside him, in silence,
 Little Ethel wonders at the roll of the water.
 Edith sleeps below, while the rector silently watches.
 Berthold has not seen her, and yet she knows he is with them.

"Speak now," Ethel whisper'd, "tell me, where are we going?"
 Berthold said, "to England." In a moment she answer'd,
 "O I am so glad! for I have wanted so often
 "To see England. Shall we,—do you know? will you tell me?—
 "Shall we see the church, and pretty graves, and the lady,
 "In the little village where mamma was so happy?"
 "Yes," he said. Then, Ethel,—“Shall we see uncle Berthold?”
 What a sweet surprise ran through his veins as he listen'd!
 Weeping fast, he answer'd, with a quiver of pleasure,
 "I am uncle Berthold;”—sobbing low, in the darkness.
 She, in France, unfriended, had thought of him as a brother.

MUSIC FOR CHRISTMAS TIME.

IN accordance with our usual practice at this season, we propose to present our readers with a brief review—or, more accurately speaking, a *catalogue raisonné*—of the fresh pieces, vocal and instrumental, published by the principal houses with a view to meeting the demand for new music, which

at no time in the year is greater than at this social and festive season. Few things, perhaps, sooner reflect the important events taking place at home or on the Continent than the sheets of the music publishers; and, accordingly, we have many compositions this year which derive their inspiration or *motif* from the French and Prussian war; and also from a much more agree-

able topic, the approaching marriage between her Royal Highness the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne.

The music of the season is generally very good—dance music only, we think, showing a falling-off on the results of previous years. We shall proceed to mention such pieces as, in our judgment, are deserving of a word or two of commendation from us, selecting them from the pieces sent us by various firms; beginning, in alphabetical order, with the music sent us by Brewer & Co., 23, Bishopsgate-street Within. "Just before the Battle, Mother," a descriptive fantasia on the popular Christy's Minstrels' song, is a transcription for pianoforte by Mr. John Pridham, presenting the air in an effective and by no means difficult fantasia. Then, by the same composer, we have a piece of the old-fashioned "Battle of Prague" school, such as our mothers used to practise before breakfast at the Miss Pinkerton's of their day. It has plenty of drums and trumpets to enliven it, and is illustrated with a rather grotesque portraiture of the Emperor Napoleon and the King of Prussia. On a more agreeable theme we have "The Princess Louise," a bridal waltz, with likenesses of the Princess and her husband elect on the cover. "Princess Louise Polka," by W. C. Smallwood, is a piece similarly suggested. "Au Revoir," a pretty *morceau sentimental*, written by C. A. Ehrenfechter, has a *cantabile* movement very pleasing and full of melody.

Published by Duff and Stewart, 147, Oxford-street.—"Under the Shadowy Lindens," a song for contralto voice, by C. H. Marriott, words by Miss Lond, at first sight appears not very seasonable; but a good song is always in season, and this is both simple and pretty. "La Penna," by Principe Giuseppe Poniatowski, has Italian words only. The music is within the reach of most voices. "Palestine" is the title of a stirring *marche militaire*, by E. L. Hime. Of a higher class of music are the "Aria, Larghetto, Gavotta, and Corrente," selected from Martini's sonatas for the pianoforte, and arranged by Carl Bauck. This piece has received the favour of more than one of the continental Conservatoires, and deservedly, for it is good music throughout. "Classical Treasures," No. 1, the "Kyrie" from Haydn's beautiful "First Mass;" and No. 2, the "Laudate Dominum" of Mozart, both transcribed for pianoforte by Theodore

Trekell, retain all the features of the originals, and will be appreciated by all lovers of those great masters' works.

A. Hammond & Co. (Jullien's), 5, Vigo-street, Regent-street, send us "Pearls of Dew," "Early Morning," Glöckchen," and "Mountain Life," four pianoforte pieces composed by Gustav Lange. Of these, we like the first-mentioned best; though "Glöckchen" is a very good mazurka. They are all brilliant arrangements of melodies, displaying, as distinctive features, passages of great effect; but still, being completely under the hand of the performer, are quite within reach of the executive skill of every player. "The Empress of my Soul," and "The Beggar Woman," two songs by C. Gounod, possess considerable merit. The latter, for contralto voice, has words of pathetic feeling set to a plaintive air. We have received, also, new editions of several old and tried favourites, such as "We miss thee at home," the popular song of John Barnett; and some excellent sets of waltzes by Gung'l and Hertel, of which we have spoken very highly on a former occasion.

From Hopwood & Crew, 42, New Bond-street, we have, in very pretty and appropriately designed wrappers, "A Welcome to the New Year," a seasonable ballad, which is in the repertory of the Christy's Minstrels; and a good comic song, "Trifles light as air," in that of Mr. Harry Clifton. This is one of a class of "refrain" songs. In the case before us it is—

"Just follow my prescription as the only cure for care,
And you'll find that all your troubles are but trifles
light as air."

The panacea recommended is to "meet them like a man"—not bad advice. One word for "Songs of the Season," a charming waltz on popular airs, written by Charles Coote, jun.

Lamborn Cock & Co., 62, New Bond-street, publish some first-rate music, both in the way of songs and arrangements for pianoforte. Of the contributions to war music, we have a fine production of Sir Michael Costa's, a hymn composed in honour of King William, and in every way worthy of the victorious prince to whom it is inscribed. Words, both in German and English, are given; but the translation is rather a weak rendering of what we may suppose to be the original. Kahlenberg's war march, "Die Wacht am Rhein," appears to unite all the qualities which such an arrangement should possess.

"The Gondola" is a delicate and beautiful romance for pianoforte by W. Macfarren. Trezell's "Remembrance of Wales," a fantasia, and "Scattered Rose Leaves," a *morceau elegant*, are distinguished by brilliancy, without any features of great difficulty. In the way of dance music, the "Cambria Galop," by W. C. Masters, will certainly become a popular favourite. Twelve melodies of Dr. Sterndale Bennett, arranged as duets by Calcott; and another composition for four hands, the "Spinning-wheel Chorus"—from the "Flying Dutchman" of Herr Wagner—deserve very honourable mention at our hands. At the present season, vocal music is in great request, and we can recommend the quartetts, "Under the Maple Tree," and "Waken, Lords and Ladies gay," as effective and pleasing four-part songs. Also, "The Primrose" and "Sing merrily all," two pretty trios; and, as duets, "A Brownie wooed a Fairy," and "Out in the Sunshine"—the latter by Ciro Pinsuti, the former by Henry Smart. As solos, "The Petrel's Warning," by the same composer, is a pleasing song, with a carefully written accompaniment. "The Maiden's Surprise," a ballad by Arthur O'Leary; a patriotic song, "England, the Shelter in the Storm!" by John Hullah, for baritone and contralto; Mrs. Bliss's plaintive and prayerful "Miserere Domine;" and Balfe's "Phoebe the Fair," for soprano—are all of them, in their respective styles of vocal music, excellent songs, and certain to be listened to with pleasure wherever they are sung.

From Metzler & Co., 37, Great Marlborough-street, we have a standard edition of the "War Songs of France and Germany," which is a marvel of cheapness, containing, as it does, eight national songs, with words and music, for a shilling. "The Uhlan Galop," and "Versailles," a fantasie Française, owe their origin to the Prussian invasion of France. The "Lorne Quadrille," in a pretty cover, on which the arms of England and of the Campbells are blazoned, is a good dancing quadrille on well-known Scotch airs. "Come in," a galop by A. Riedel, is lively and full of "go."

G. R. Samson, 33, Castle-street, Regent-street, is the publisher of "Twilight Fancies," twelve pieces for the pianoforte, composed by Edmund T. Chipp. They almost all illustrate some poetical quotation. Thus, for instance, No. 10, "The Rivulet," derives its *motif* from the line, "Wanton and

wild, like childhood, laughing as it went." They are simple little pieces, and seem very well adapted to the wants of beginners. A good song is "A Jewel is my Lady fair," by Henry Purcell, the melody of which is in the old-fashioned style. The words speak for themselves—

"A Jewel is my Lady fair,
The Queen of grace and beauty;
And where she treads each blossom rare
Bows down in humble duty."

"Moonlight" is a simple but effective mazurka, by Robert Samson.

John Shepherd, 20, Warwick-lane, forwards to us "The Odds," a spirited galop, called after the very successful play of that name, and written by the *chef d'orchestre* of the Holborn Theatre; also "The Odds Quadrille," with the great railway train scene on the cover, from the pen of the same composer. Both galop and quadrille are worthy of commendation at our hands.

From Weekes & Co., 16, Hanover-street, Regent-street, we have received, among other pieces, "The Silver Water Lily" and "Mai-Blümchen," the latter by F. d'Alquen, the former by J. Parry Cole, which show considerable facility on the part of their respective composers in writing passages which are effective and graceful without being difficult. "Life's Seasons" is a pleasing song, written by G. A. Beecroft. For one shilling, the same publishers offer to their juvenile supporters the songs from that charming children's book, "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." The clever words are set to music by William Boyd. Mr. Lewis Carroll has added some new words to "'Tis the Voice of a Lobster." The last verse is now—

"I passed by his garden, and marked with one eye,
How the Owl and the Oyster were sharing a pie;
While the Duck and the Dodo, the Lizard and
Cat,
Were swimming in milk round the brim of a hat."

Four choral songs by Edward Dearle, Mus. Doc., are worthy of special mention:—"Sigh no more, Ladies," "The Break of Day," "Linger, O gentle Time," and a sacred song—which may be either sung as a solo or a quartett—"Nearer, my God, to Thee." Two ballads by the same composer are very melodious and pleasing:—"My fond Good Night," and "I should like to know," in the words of which there is some touch of humour.

B. Williams & Co., 19, Paternoster-row,

forward to us, with other pieces, three very seasonable Christmas songs:—"Jolly Christmas Weather," by J. N. Crouch; "Here's Christmas Come Again," composed by W. Rush; and "A merry Christmas and a happy New Year," words and music by J. W. Rhodes. "Little Blue Eyes" is a sprightly polka for little fingers to play; and "The Rhine," by Alfred Mullen, is a suitable companion dance tune. Two sacred songs, "He brought me through many Waters," by W. H. Gill, words by J. E. Carpenter; and "Simply to Thy Cross I cling," by W. West, are full of religious feeling, and present upon their wrappers coloured lithographs of the two well-known pictures after which the song is called.

Joseph Williams & Co., 24, Berners-street, and 123, Cheapside, send us the "Louise of Lorne" quadrille, by W. H. Montgomery, on Scotch airs, beginning—appropriately enough—with "The Campbells are coming;" a brilliant piece for pianoforte solo, on Danish airs, by Harold Thomas; several additions to the list of war music—"The Fall of Strasburg," a descriptive military piece; "The Mitrailleuse," a smart galop; "The Red Cross," Lancers, by W. H. Montgomery, the popular writer of dance music; and two pianoforte arrangements, by Arthur Grenville; "Die Wacht am Rhein," on the German national air; and "The Danube," an effective and sparkling mazurka. Lastly, let us mention "The Bachelors" as a good comic song, introducing many popular airs, and celebrating the glories of a bachelor life:—

"Oh, a Bachelor, a Bachelor, how happy must he be;
A welcome guest at every feast, what a lucky dog
is he."

Until he grows old—

"When all alone he learns to groan,
For one to make his tea."

MR. GOLIGHTLY;

OR, THE

ADVENTURES OF AN AMIABLE MAN.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN INTERMEDIATE CHAPTER BETWEEN THE ONE
BEFORE IT AND THE ONE BEHIND IT.

THE society which constitutes the little world within the walls of a college is marked by divisions into large parties and small parties, pretty much after the same fashion as the society in the great world outside. These parties, again, admit of minute

sub-divisions into cliques or sets, consisting of a more or less limited number of gentlemen whose tastes, habits, and pursuits may be said to be sufficiently alike to give them objects of interest in common. There are political parties, who fight great battles, with great eloquence, in the college debating society; where a promising spirit of rancour is fostered between the sons of Tory fathers and the sons of Whig fathers, tending to maintain the integrity of the line which divides those great sections of the nation, on the existence of which, as we all know, the stability, prosperity, and happiness of these realms so largely depend. There are likewise parties in boating affairs, in cricketing, and athletics; and tremendous contests take place, once a term or so, when one party proposes that Mr. A. should be first captain of the boats or president of the athletic club, while the other promotes the candidature of Mr. B., and a battle royal ensues between the supporters of these gentlemen. There are parties, too, in matters of more serious concern than those above mentioned—religious factions, who come out in all their might and glory at the end of term, when the election to the offices of precentor and committee-men of the choral society take place. There are, on the one hand, the gentlemen who fit up their gyp-rooms in the loveliest way conceivable, as little oratories, with real kneeling-desks in carved oak, and imitation of stained windows, with shaven-crowned saints, and brazen candlesticks with charming wax candles in them, and brazen vases for flowers, and censers for burning frankincense and myrrh and incensing the rosy-cheeked little choir boys, in their short white surplices, edged with Nottingham lace, and their purple cassocks made on the most approved pattern. True, this use of their gyp-rooms may make it a matter of necessity that their cups and saucers and commons should be kept in what was constructed for a coal-box, and their coals in a box ottoman in their bed-rooms; but of what account are the vanities of this world?

Arrayed in opposition to them, we find a party of gentlemen who regard musical services with absolute horror, and in whose eyes any ecclesiastical habiliment more *prononcé* than a Geneva gown is an abomination, and a potent source of mental and moral disquietude. And of all the battles fought to advance party interests, the hottest

and liveliest ones are the contests between these extreme divisions, who are in the daily habit of saying very unpleasant and uncomplimentary things the one of the other. Happily, at these choral, but anything but harmonious, meetings, there is always present a third party, holding in its hands the balance of power, and looking moderately at all things, and at all men in a spirit of charitable consideration.

Again, outside the walls of particular colleges, and drawing their numbers from the whole body of undergraduates, are other clubs and societies, in which the battles of the parties are fought with more or less energy, according to circumstances.

The Lyceum, the Cutlet, the Drag have their members, who form themselves into special sets upon some unascertained but surely operating principle, like Darwin's theory of natural selection. It was to what was known as the "tea drinking" party of the Cutlet Club that Horatio Clive Chutney—more familiarly termed Tommy Chutney—belonged; whose communication, conveyed by the trusty hand of The O'Higgins, had thrown our hero into such a state of nervous and apprehensive expectation in our last chapter. The epithet "tea drinking" may be thought to carry with it its own explanation. Briefly, it arose from the practice or custom of certain refined and rather young lady-like members of the club drinking tea at half-past four o'clock, alternately in each other's rooms; and, in fine weather, airing themselves afterwards on the King's Parade, with flowers in their coats.

Mr. Chutney, though a native of India, was looked upon as a true Briton—for he was of English extraction, though very dark in colour; and it was he who, with something of implied contempt for the darker side of human nature, bestowed the sobriquet of "Nigger" upon our friend, Mr. Calipee.

Chutney had acquired considerable notoriety in the Cutlet Club by the peculiarly happy knack he had of bestowing nicknames upon the honourable members of that society, which stuck to them in spite of their efforts to sink them in oblivion. On this account, Mr. Chutney was looked up to with considerable fear and respect by all those lucky individuals upon whom he had not as yet tried his powers; while, on the other hand, those gentlemen for whom he had acted the part of a second sponsor, as a matter of course, rarely let an opportunity

pass of recording the opinion that they "didn't see much in Chutney." Mr. Fitzfoodel, a great rider, he had at once dubbed "Jockey;" Mr. Calipee, as before mentioned, carried about everywhere the addition of "Nigger"—like Sneek's traditional suit of black, it fitted to a T. Upon a mighty athlete, whose name was Johnstone, Mr. Chutney conferred the sobriquet of "Jumper," and Jumper Johnstone he is known as to this day. A Quixotic gentleman, of ancient lineage, in whose high bridge and defiant nose the Indian saw a resemblance to an eagle's beak, he christened "the Bird;" and behold, "Call upon the Bird for a song" was a common demand at the meetings of the club, for the youthful Quixote had a tenor voice. More unpleasant to bear up against were such nicknames as "the Cow," bestowed by this Adam of the Cutlet Club upon a youth who had very large black eyes, a vacant stare, and a most unchristian gait. The vasty deep was laid under contribution by the mother-wit of this bestower of epithets to furnish one appropriate to a South country gentleman who had a Somersetshire accent, and one day, after a club dinner, told the same anecdote about a big "vish" many more times than sobriety would have dictated; so he was called, after his story, the "Big Fish," or "Fish," ever afterwards—though the point of the tale has not yet been caught. The "Female Monkey," too, was answered to and politely acknowledged by another Mutton Cutlet—why, Chutney only knows. And little did poor Mr. Samuel think, when his cousin, Mr. George, took him, on that ill-fated Thursday night, to pay his first visit to the Union, that the debate to which he listened with so much interest was so soon to take such a seriously practical turn. Introduced by his cousin, he paid his fees and inscribed the honoured name of Golightly—preceded by Samuel Adolphus, and followed by St. Mary's Coll.—in the books of the Cambridge Union Society; and speedily found himself one of a crowd of young men in the large and lofty room in which the debate on the practice of duelling was proceeding, with unflagging vigour, among both "pros" and "cons."

Mr. Samuel Golightly's intelligent and expressive features sparkled with more than usual animation as he cheered the gentlemen who opposed the practice as "unworthy of a great, a progressive, and a civilized nation." While following the lead of others,

he used his lungs with melodious effect in shouting "No! no!" and "Question," when the opponents of the motion affirmed, with eloquent vehemence, that the "abolition of this practice in England had left us without that means of satisfaction in the last resort which one gentleman had had a right, from time immemorial, of demanding from another. Mr. President—in refuting the wholly untenable arguments of the supporters of this motion, we point defiantly and triumphantly to the example of France; and will honourable gentlemen affirm that France is not a civilized country?"

"Yes," cried our hero, boldly, joining his own with other manly voices; for, through the mazes of the logic and rhetoric pressed into their service by the Opposition, let it be recorded that Mr. Samuel distinctly saw the light of day. He little thought how soon he would be called upon to sacrifice his own convictions to other people's notions of honour! All debates come to an end in time; and this one, after raging hotly for above an hour and three-quarters, terminated in a division; the result of which, when announced to the House by the President, appeared to be—for the motion, seventy-two; against it, seventy-one. The result was received with deafening cheers, in which the voice of Mr. Samuel might have been plainly heard by those near him. Mr. Chutney and his party left the House, defeated but not disgraced. They had lost their cause by a very small majority. The victors laughed, of course—"let him laugh who wins"—and the losers consoled themselves with the recollection, pleasant in their memories, of the good fight they had made; while the moderate thinkers were quite content, calling to mind that line—

"Which country members always cheer at,
'Palman qui meruit ferat!'"

And so the honourable members—both debaters and non-debaters—wended their way, upon their several businesses intent: some to "sap" at Sophocles or Tacitus, some to "grind" Optics or the Calculus for the triposes. More humble men—owning to the possession of that honest thing, the 'Poll mind'—to work religiously at those horrible first six books of the immortal Euclid, though hardly from pure inclination—

"Renouncing every pleasing page
From authors of historic use;
Preferring to the letter'd sage
The square of the hypotenuse."

Others, again—and among them our friends Calipee, Pokyr, and the members of the Cutlet Club—generally not being of the kind the poet describes when he has in his eye the man—

"Who sacrifices hours of rest
To scan precisely metres Attic;
Or agitates his anxious breast
In solving problems mathematic"—

devoted their energies of an evening to the pleasures of pool, the wild excitements of unlimited loo, brag, bézique, or blind hookey; thinking that reading at night was a bad thing for their constitutions. Others, again, moved off to spend social evenings in their own rooms, in the milder dissipation of tea and talk. Little coteries gathering themselves together to discuss the next great party *coup*, and plan the destruction of their opponents' schemes. And, after all, it seems a good thing that the academical year is divided into three terms, with good long slices of vacation intervening—for in the recess party animosities are forgotten, and men meet again friends at the beginning of the fresh term—or college society might not be the pleasant thing it is.

It has been said of a great living statesman and orator, that he is in the habit of calming his mind, after an exciting debate in the House of Commons, by reading for two hours from the English poets before retiring to his virtuous repose—an innocent and commendable practice. Young Chutney, whose mind was excited by his rhetorical efforts, and by the result of the division on the motion he had that night opposed at the Union, was engaged in the operation of calming himself down again to his normal pressure. But he adopted a different method from that mentioned above. He retired to his room, and was sucking vigorously at a very large pipe, and taking sherry cobbler with it, when The O'Higgins and Mr. Pokyr, accompanied by Mr. Calipee, called upon him.

"I congratulate you, me friend, on your illoquence, your logic, and your facts," said the first of these gentlemen, when they entered. "It reminds me strongly of what I have heard before, in another place," continued Mr. O'Higgins, waving his hand grandly. He did not specify the locality; but may be supposed to have referred either to the Rotunda or his own ancestral halls, at some grand gathering of the Chiefs.

"I was compelled to leave your handsome edifice as soon as ye had done speaking yourself, for I—"

"Had other fish to fry. Eh, captain?" said Pokyr.

"Me boy, you've hit the mark," replied The O'Higgins, with all the happy candour of his nation; "for, on me word as a gentleman, I lost money in that room last night."

"You've got your losses back, with interest."

"Ah, you're after joking me, Pokyr, you are," said the Captain. "No, I like a man that can tark loike me friend; and, bedad, act up to arl he says, on occasion, bedad. And where's the man who'll say that Chutney is not a man of his word?"

And Mr. Timothy O'Higgins looked round him with an air which plainly said, "I should like to see him."

"Awfully sorry I missed the treat, by Jove," said Pokyr.

"Just like my luck—forgot all about it," observed the fat Calipee.

"Sit down, and have some liquor of some sort," said their host, rising. "I don't think I did badly—in fact, everybody says I did very well."

"And ye mane every word ye said, and there's a clean breast to the matter," volunteered The O'Higgins.

"Of course I do," said poor little Tommy, unsuspectingly falling into the trap that his friends had laid for him.

"And ye'd fought. I knew you would. I said to me friend Pokyr—let Calipee correct me if I'm wrong, and every word is not the truth—I said, in the billiard room, before all, 'Me friend Chutney is the man to protect his own honour, and wants nobody's help in the matter—that is, if tark goes for anything in *this* countree.' Didn't I?"

"And what did we say?" asked Messrs. Pokyr and Calipee, in their turn.

"Deed then, and you said the same as meself," replied The O'Higgins.

And the three gentlemen seated themselves, and made themselves as comfortable as they could.

"Let me offer you a cigar?" said Chutney.

"Thank you, I prefer a pipe just now," replied Pokyr.

"No—not that one," he added, as Chutney handed him a mammoth meerschaum.

"Oh!" replied Chutney, "it's the jolliest pipe—"

"Yes," said Pokyr; "but, as I look upon all pipes, more or less, as levers for loosening teeth, I should prefer something smaller."

Chutney's stock of pipes was large. A chibouk was found to suit Mr. Calipee, a meerschaum for Mr. Pokyr; while The O'Higgins was accommodated with a prime Partaga, which he liked so very much that he was prevailed upon to put three or four more in his case. The business of their visit then became apparent. Nothing was clearer than the fact that Mr. Samuel Adolphus Golightly had presumed to fall in love with a lady for whom Mr. Chutney avowed the greatest regard. This was at once voted insufferably presumptuous in a Freshman. The same Freshman had likewise made the lady ridiculous in his attentions; and a great deal more to the same effect.

"Now, me dear son, tell me, are ye the man I thought you were?" said The O'Higgins. "He's hardly worth powder and shot, bedad; but honour, Mr. Chutney, is honour—at least, it was when I used to sit down to me dinner every day in Kildare-street, except when I was dining at the Viceragal Lawdge, which was often enough, bedad. Teach him a lesson. Don't kill him, you know; but just wing him. Bedad, it's manny a man I've winged meself!" said the Captain, "to say niver a word of thim I've left dead on the field by dozens at a toime."

Here the Captain took a pull at his brandy and water.

Pokyr and Calipee felt it a duty to take all he said on this subject seriously.

"I would not give a halfpenny for a fellow that preaches what he does not practise—by Jove, I wouldn't," said Pokyr.

And the result of the visit was, that the three guests persuaded their host—who was an excitable and easily managed youth—to send that note to our hero of which Mr. Timothy Fitzgerald O'Higgins was the bearer.

PARIS, DECEMBER, 1870.

THE VOICE OF THE NIGHT.

Arise, hollow-eyed and forsaken,
 Arise from dreams splendid and vain;
 The dawn is at hand, to awaken
 Thy children to batt'e again.
 Art not wearied of passion and splendour?
 Was there nothing but semblance and show?
 Oh! Paris, once true and once tender,
 Lament thy old nobleness now.

PARIS.

I am haunted, and a voice
In the darkness cries aloud ;
And the forms of bygone joys
Across my eyeballs crowd.
Strange whispers wake me—what is this ?
Alas ! I dreamed that, as last year,
Once more the passionate music-bliss
Thrilled through me, and the past was here.

VOICE.

You drowned, in the whirl of your dances,
A voice that would never be mute ;
But dead are illusions and fancies,
And hushed is the song of the lute.
Gone, gone, is your holiday lover,
And silent the hymn of your praise ;
And only around you there hover,
Accusing, the Spectres of days.

PARIS.

My children perish on my walls,
My children perish for my sin ;
No sound of music in my halls,
No joy my palaces within.
Without, the hosts expectant wait,
My little ones with famine cry,
My heart is broken with my fate :
So let it break, and let me die.

VOICE.

You danced, with a gibe at things holy,
A jest at things lofty and pure ;
There was nothing but scorn for the lowly,
But scorn for the poor who endure.
Go, think of the years of your glory,
Then make up the tale of your lost ;
And on each battle field of your story,
Count up, in your tears, what it cost.

PARIS.

I wake from dreams : the coloured veil
Drops now, and all the world is gray ;
Accusing women, wan and pale,
Weep where their children used to play.
Forgive me, thou, best blood of France,
Forgive thy mother's sin and shame,
Forget my teachings : so, perchance,
Restore in time my trampled name.

VOICE.

Is there hope ? Look to suffer more sorrow,
Make ready thy daughters for tears ;
And for many and many a morrow,
Weep still for the wasting of years.
See, see, a new day ; but 'tis breaking,
Beyond the close ranks of thy foe ;
Oh ! bitter and sad the awaking,
My Paris—arise to new woe.

TABLE TALK.

AT Christmas time it is seasonable to consider the etymology of the word Christmas. Although it is at once evident that the derivation is Christ's mass—*Christi missa*—yet it must be borne in mind that this name was applied to the festival at a much earlier period than that in which the word

"mass" was given and limited to a certain office or service of the Roman Catholic Church. The *missa* of the primitive Church was the name given to every part of Divine service, and was not reserved for one portion of it ; and, originally, it was restricted to the termination of such service, and the dismissal—*missio*—of the catechumens and worshippers with such words as "*Ite missa est.*" The termination *mas* was also used for other seasons besides Christmas—such as Candlemas, Martinmas, Michaelmas, and Lammas ; and for the last-mentioned word, Dr. Johnson, rejecting the derivation of Lamb-mass and Loaf-mass, considered it to be merely a corruption of Lattermath, as marking the season—August 1st—when the second mowing of grass might take place. The derivation of the termination *mass* from the Hebrew *missach*, "an oblation," brings us to the Saxon *messe*, and the old French *mes*, "a meal or repast," which is still preserved to us in the terms "an officer's mess," and in "messmate" and "messing together." So that, in every way, the word Christmas means Christ's festival, whether the festal celebration be a sacred service or a social meal ; and the highest and best celebration of the day seems to us to be a combination and mingling of the social and sacred character of the season.

THERE IS A CAPITAL STORY—and, if old, it is, like Christmas, none the worse for that—of a certain eastern potentate who happened to have several foreign Ambassadors at his Court during Christmas. The season was not held in that country as in ours ; nevertheless, it was a period of festivity, and the Sovereign invited all the Ambassadors to dine with him ; and being of a pleasant turn of mind, his Majesty requested that each of the Ambassadors should send to his chief cook a recipe for some special or favourite dish of his own country. The English Ambassador—after dismissing the thought of roast beef as something sure to be spoiled, as the peculiar art of "roasting" was not understood in that country—settled upon a Christmas plum pudding for his special dish. Accordingly, as soon as he had taxed his memory to the utmost—from boyhood upwards—he sent in his list of ingredients for the best possible pudding of that unrivalled class. Flour, water, suet, butter, raisins (stoned), and currants (well washed) ; and large quantities of candied

orange, lime, citron, and lemon peel; cinnamon, cloves, and caraway-seeds; sugar, salt; almonds, both blanched and burnt in sugar; two inches of minced-up vanilla, two glasses of old rum, six glasses of brandy, a thimbleful of noyau, a quarter of a pound of preserved ginger, a handful of dried apricots, a few tamarinds, a tumbler of bottled porter, and three smoked sprats, boned and pounded—the sprats, of course, to be first scraped and their heads and tails cut off. He thought there was nothing else. Few ambassadors, his Excellency flattered himself, would have remembered so many things. Some housewives might even dispute one or two of the ingredients, as not in accordance with their experience—the bottled stout, for instance; but this our Ambassador—it must be admitted—had learnt in Germany. Well, his Excellency described the several quantities of all the ingredients as well as he could guess, and how they should be mixed, and how many hours the pudding should boil—all night, in fact, with a culinary nurse to sit up with it, to prevent it from getting burnt, smoky, or receiving injury. On the appointed day, after all the other Ambassadors' dishes had been presented and duly appreciated by the guests, let the reader judge of our British Ambassador's dismay when he saw his national plum pudding brought in—not steaming upon a great, embossed, silver salver, but all swashing about in a huge soup tureen! His Excellency had forgotten the pudding-cloth!

SPECIMENS OF WAR SECRETS will prove somewhat edifying, if not amusing. Thus, the Berlin Correspondent of the *Times* has assured us—and therefore the world at large—that Forts Valerien and Issy would be the first attacked. The *Standard* expresses a doubt as to whether General von Moltke would confide his plans to any journalist. If he ever did, this would cure him of the imprudence, one would think. The Correspondent of the *Standard* carefully informed us of the sudden arrival among the French of an immense number of new Chassepôts. He adds that he does not yet know the strength of Bourbaki's army, "but he has learnt something about its composition;" which, accordingly, he gives. The Prussians must feel thankful for such polite attentions, whether intended or not. The Correspondent of the *Daily News*, in allusion to the forthcoming

sorties—those which have recently taken place—warns us—and therefore the Prussians—that there will be various sorties made from points which he names: "but of this you may be certain, that every sortie *save one* will be a feint." He then states very clearly the point at which the great sortie in force will be made. As all this is collected from one and another on the spot, independent of personal observation, is it not surprising that no one ever denounced this assiduous gentleman as a spy of the most dangerous quality? One of the Correspondents, now among the besieged in Paris, gives a careful account of all the barricades that have been constructed, where they are, and of what strength; and concludes by describing the localities where mines have been made, the amount of powder they contain, and the secret process by which they are to be exploded. The *Standard*, in speaking again of Bourbaki's army, seems desirous—even in contravention of the general tone of that very paper—to put the Prussians on their guard; for he says:—"We know"—the italics are his own—"from the best authority, that"—and here he states the various forces. On the "best authority," too! Whose? But the very able and most assiduous Correspondent of the *Daily News* surpasses all others in the frankness of his admissions. Alluding to a most important movement that was expected on the part of the French, he says:—"I button-holed pretty nearly every member of the staff"—the Prussian—"and put it to him, in the most moving way, that, if he had any secret reason for this conviction he would confide it to me." This was very likely! In this case, he would at once have made it public, and the French would have seen it wise to alter their plans. Surely, it was fortunate that our friend did not fall into the hands of Marshal Le Bœuf at the period when hanging or shooting depended upon a flourish of his bâton!

An Illustration, printed separately on Toned Paper, is published with the present Weekly Number.

NOTICE.—After Jan. 1st, 1871, ONCE A WEEK will be increased in size from 24 to 32 pages.

ON SILVER WINGS, a New Serial Tale of great interest; by the Author of "*Joyce Dormer's Story*" (ONCE A WEEK, 1867), &c., &c., will appear on Jan. 4, and be continued weekly.

The authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

Dec. 31,]

CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT.

[1870.

CHRISTMAS DAY AT JAWLEY'S.



It was Christmas Eve, and Tom Jawley and I were brushing our coats and putting on our hats, preparatory to leaving business for the night.

Tom and I were fellow-pupils at a firm of architects in Gracechurch-street. Tom was about sixteen, and lived with his parents at Anerley, somewhere near the Crystal Palace.

I was an orphan, and occupied furnished apartments in Cecil-street, Strand.

It was rumoured about the office that Jawley's father, although very well off, was a miserly old hunk; and some of the clerks hinted darkly that Tom's life might be compared to that of a toad's under a harrow; that he was half-starved, and obliged to go to bed at eight o'clock in the evening; but, from the glowing descriptions of home and home comforts given by the young gentleman himself, I discredited the rumours altogether.

"Ah, Bob!" said Tom Jawley to me, just as we were starting, "I wish you weren't going to your uncle's to-morrow, but would come down to our place instead, and see how we keep Christmas Day. The governor's rather close-fisted at times, and keeps me very short of cash; but, at any rate, he knows how Christmas ought to be spent. You can't manage to come down, I suppose, can you?"

"Thank you, Tom, for the invitation; but I can't, indeed. I always make a rule of spending Christmas Day at my uncle James's."

"Well, if you can't, you can't, old fellow.

So good night, Bob, and a merry Christmas to you."

"Good night, and the same to you."

And after shaking hands heartily, we parted for the night.

When I reached home I found a letter waiting for me, the handwriting of which I immediately recognized as that of my cousin Emily. The contents were as follows:—

"DEAR ROBERT—You will be sorry to hear that dear papa is taken seriously ill. He has been greatly overworked lately, and the medical man advises him to rest for a day or two. That being the case, we must put off our usual family gathering until New Year's Day. I hope you will not be disappointed; but, among your large circle of acquaintances, I have no doubt you will not be at a loss where to spend to-morrow. I will write to you again in a day or two. Pray excuse this hasty scrawl.—Your very affectionate cousin,
"EMILY."

It was a disappointment certainly, to say the least—especially as I had, for some weeks, looked forward to the pleasant party at my uncle's, and it was then too late to invite myself elsewhere. All of a sudden, Tom Jawley's words flashed across my mind. Why not go there? True, I wasn't expected; but what did that matter? An extra guest could make no difference to people who kept up Christmas as Tom said they did. To Jawley's, then, I would go. Tom Jawley would no doubt be delighted to see me, and I should soon feel at home with the old folks. Having come to this determination, I went to bed and slept soundly.

The next morning I was up betimes; and, having breakfasted, I proceeded to array myself in my best attire. While dressing, the thought struck me, "What time do the Jawleys dine—early or late?" Not knowing the hour, I determined to be at their house early. Accordingly, I left home a little after twelve o'clock, walked leisurely

to London Bridge, and took a ticket to Anerley.

The address Tom had given me some time before was No. 4, Bathsheba Villas. As I was a stranger in that locality, when I turned out of the station I was undecided which road to take.

"No doubt," thought I, "Bathsheba Villas are well known about here. I'll ask somebody to direct me to them."

Presently I saw a labouring man, with a pipe in his mouth, coming towards me.

"Can you direct me to Bathsheba Villas?" I asked.

"Never heerd the name afore," the man answered, sulkily, and passed on.

I went back to the station, and asked the ticket collector if he knew them? He had lived in the neighbourhood for years, but was unaware of their existence. This was discouraging. For the second time I quitted the station, and took the road to the left at a venture.

After I had walked about a quarter of a mile, I met a policeman. He was the man to know them, if anybody did.

"Do you know Bathsheba Villas anywhere about here?" I inquired.

"Bathsheba Villas?" said the official, pushing his hat off his forehead, and scratching his head as he did so. "Bathsheba Villas! Fancy I've seen the name somewhere about, but blest if I know where. Bathsheba Villas! Anyhow, they aint on my beat."

This was really disheartening—the more so as a drizzling rain was beginning to fall, and I had left my umbrella at home.

"Hi! you boy!" shouted the policeman, addressing the youthful assistant of a neighbouring publican. "Where's Bathsheba Villas?"

"Up by Todds's brickfield," returned the boy.

"Ah! to be sure," said the policeman, apparently struck with an idea. "I know'd I'd seen the name. Anyhow, it's a goodish step from here."

"Is it very far?" I asked, timidly.

"It's a matter of nigh a mile, I should say, sir. Keep along this road till you come to the Brickmakers' Arms, and the first turning to the right when you've passed it will take you to Todds's brickfield, and you'll see Bathsheba Villas just afore you. You can't miss 'em—they're a row of new houses, and aint been built long. Good morning, sir."

I thanked the policeman for his courtesy, and followed his directions implicitly. I passed the Arms, took the first turning to the right, and presently found myself in a semi-clayey, semi-sandy region, which I took to be the confines of Todds's brickfield. If I had had any doubts on the matter, they were soon removed; for, after passing sundry heaps of ashes and coal dust, I suddenly came upon two huge stacks of burning bricks, and the air was redolent with their suffocating and unpleasant smell. Skirting Todds's domain, and picking my way along the road, which was ankle deep in mud—for the weather was damp, and it had been raining heavily in the night—I soon saw a row of gaunt, unfinished, and cheerless-looking semi-detached villas, standing by themselves. A direction post in the middle of the road—if such a quagmire could be dignified by the title—informed me that those wretched-looking habitations were the Bathsheba Villas I was in search of. Only four of the houses appeared to be tenanted, the remainder being simply skeletons.

"Can it be possible," thought I, "that this is the home that Tom Jawley is always boasting about in the City. Surely, I must have mistaken the name."

One! two! three! four! No, there was no mistake about the matter; for on the garden gate of the fourth house was a zinc plate, with the words "Mr. Jawley" engraved thereon. Sick at heart, cold, wet, and dispirited, I at first thought of turning back, and retracing my steps to the station.

"Courage, Bob, courage!" something whispered to me. "Don't be downhearted; perhaps the interior may be better than the outside. The Jawleys may turn out to be very jolly people after all, even if they do live in this suicidal place. So here goes."

I opened the gate, walked boldly up to the front door, and knocked. I waited patiently for some five minutes; and not being answered, knocked again. The sound of a door chain being unfastened within struck me as being rather inhospitable; but at length, after much fumbling, the door consented to open, and a slovenly-looking girl with a dirty face appeared.

"Is Mr. Thomas Jawley—*young* Mr. Jawley—at home?" I asked.

"I think he is. I'll go and see, if you'll wait a minute," was the reply.

"Tell him it's Mr. Simpkins—Mr. Robert Simpkins," I said.

"Simpkins?" said the girl.

"Simpkins," I returned.

"Very well," said the unwashed—and immediately disappeared, leaving me standing on the mat, and with the door open. In a few minutes she returned.

"Mr. Thomas is in; please, sir, will you walk into the drawing-room?" Saying which, she opened a door, and ushered me into a faded and dingy-looking apartment on the ground floor. There was no fire in it; and its aspect was so utterly chilling and comfortless, that I positively shuddered as I sat down on one of the chintz-covered chairs. In a moment or so, Tom Jawley entered the room, looking—as I thought—quite the reverse of pleased at seeing me there. The first words the young gentleman uttered were—

"Oh, you've come, have you, Bob? I didn't at all expect to see you here to-day."

"Didn't you, Tom?" I said, pretending to think he was joking. "Why, you pressed me to come down, last night, you know."

"Oh, yes, I know I did, Bob; but—but—"

"But what, Tom?"

"I didn't think you'd come. I thought you were going to your uncle's, or I shouldn't have asked you."

"In that case I'll go back at once," I said, rising.

"No! no! I don't mean that, Bob; you'd better stop, now that you *have* come. I'm very much pleased to see you; but Dad's in his tantrums to-day, and—and—mine is a miserable home, Bob." And the poor fellow almost burst into tears.

"Cheer up, Tom," I said, by way of keeping up his spirits, although my own were sinking considerably below zero. "Cheer up, I can understand it all."

At this juncture the door opened, and a sour-visaged and somewhat elderly lady entered, who, upon seeing me, bowed with almost freezing politeness.

"My mother," said Tom, introducing the acid-faced to me. "Mr. Simpkins," he added, turning to her. And again the walking vinegar-cruet bowed stiffly.

"Tom!" said the lady, in a severe tone, after a pause, "it is really very thoughtless of you to invite people down, and say nothing about it until they come."

"I didn't invite him," said Tom—giving me a look as if imploring me not to betray him.

"I was not invited, madam," I said. "I took the liberty of coming unexpectedly."

"In that case," said Mrs. Jawley, "you must excuse us as you find us. Dinner is ready now, Mr. Simpkins; and when we are alone, we generally take our meals in the breakfast parlour. Tom, will you show your friend the way downstairs?"

And the old lady sailed out of the room.

"I'm afraid the dinner is no very great things, Bob," said Tom, as he led the way down the kitchen staircase, which was very dark and steep. "Take care you don't bump your head against the beam," he continued; "stoop, and you'll be all right. I'm used to it, but it's awfully in the way."

When I reached the door of the breakfast parlour, I heard the voice of Jawley, senior, interrogating Mrs. Jawley thus—

"Who did you say it was?"

"Mr. Simpkins, a friend of Tom's."

"Oh! a friend of Tom's, is he? Why didn't Tom say that he was coming, eh? Confound that boy, he's—"

"Hush!" said Mrs. Jawley as I entered the room.

In an arm chair in front of a scanty fire—so placed, that it prevented any warmth being felt in any other part of the room—in a dirty dressing gown, and with an old greasy velvet cap on his head, sat Jawley, senior. In reply to my respectful salutation, he turned half round on his seat, looked at me for a moment, growled out something which sounded like "Good day!" and never said another word to any one until the dinner was served. And such a dinner! As soon as we were all served by Mrs. Jawley, who did the carving, the old gentleman shifted his position to the end of the table, and eat his food in utter silence. Another sour-faced matron—who I soon discovered was Tom's aunt—sat opposite to me at table; and, with the exception of Tom, who every now and then gave me a nudge with his elbow, and whispered something, scarcely a word, unconnected with the dinner, was spoken by any one during the meal.

Dining alone in a chop-house on Christmas Day is not a very enjoyable proceeding;—I have done so before now, so can speak from experience;—but, in comparison with that awful day at Jawley's, the chop-house dinner was the height of joviality. Dinner! It was a dinner! It consisted of roast beef, vegetables, and plum pudding.

But the beef was tough and stringy, and floated in a lake of greasy water, which Mrs. Jawley—I suppose, out of courtesy—called gravy. The potatoes were cold, and only half cooked. The beer was flat and physicy. And the pudding—what shall I say of the pudding? Simply that it was a mockery to call that attenuated, low-spirited, pale-complexioned, suet-dumplingy affair a Christmas pudding. This pudding—to its credit be it recorded—seemed to feel its position acutely, and strove to hide itself in the remotest corner of the dish, about seven sizes too large for it; while the small handmaiden cast many cannibalistic glances at me during the time it was being served, as much as to say, “There’ll be none of it left for me.” After dinner, Tom and I retired to a remote corner of the room near the window, and conversed together in whispers, until old Jawley suddenly broke silence by saying—

“Tom, why don’t you do something to amuse your friend? Perhaps he’d like a game of draughts.”

Tom made no reply, but immediately produced a draught board; and we sat down and played six games, all of which I won—which was rather monotonous, as I soon discovered my opponent was totally ignorant of the game.

After about an hour of this pleasant and exhilarating occupation, Tom whispered—

“I say, Bob, don’t you think we’d better go out for a walk? Dad won’t allow me to smoke at home.”

“Just as you please,” I answered, feeling resigned to anything; so out of doors we went.

All that damp and miserable Christmas afternoon we wandered about the margin of the brickfield, and finally took refuge in one of the deserted brickmakers’ huts, when I produced two cigars, and we sat down on a truss of decaying straw, and made ourselves as comfortable as we could under the circumstances. Tom was loud in his apologies for his parents’ conduct to me, but I felt too miserable to reproach him for having decoyed me down to Bathsheba Villas by false pretences. All that I said after a time was—

“Tom, I think I shall go back to town by the next train.”

“Nonsense, old fellow,” was his reply. “You must go back with me, and have a cup of tea before you start.”

I thought to myself, “If the tea is anything

like the dinner, I can easily dispense with it altogether;” but, not wishing to hurt Tom’s feelings, I assented to his request.

“I perceive, young gentleman,” said Tom’s aunt, addressing me as I re-entered the room, and putting her handkerchief to her nose as she did so, “that you have been indulging in that disgusting narcotic, tobacco.”

I acknowledged the accusation feebly.

“It is an unhealthy, wasteful, and degrading habit,” she continued, “and the smell of it always gives me the headache. Don’t come near me, if you please.”

I murmured out something like an apology for my offence, as I saw that it was useless to attempt to vindicate it.

“What is your opinion of tobacco, brother?” she asked, turning to Jawley, senior; but the only reply that gentleman vouchsafed to give was a loud snort, whether of approval or disapproval I am unprepared to say. Very shortly after tea, I rose to take my departure.

“May I offer you a glass of beer before you start?” asked Mrs. Jawley, suddenly seized with a fit of hospitality.

“No, thank you, madam,” I returned, for the recollection of its flavour at dinner time was almost too much for me. As I buttoned up my coat, and quitted Jawley’s house that evening, the first ray of pleasure I had experienced since the morning shot through me. I walked briskly to the station, and in less than three-quarters of an hour reached London Bridge. As soon as I arrived home, I threw myself into an easy chair and lit a cigar, thinking, as I did so, that I had never spent a more miserable one than that Christmas Day at Jawley’s.

THE CHRISTMAS WAITS.

“Hail, Father Christmas—hail to thee;
Honoured ever shalt thou be!
All the sweets that love bestows,
Endless pleasures rest on those
Who, like vassals brave and true,
Give to *Christmas* homage due.”

FRIENDLY greetings of the stereotyped phrases, “A merry Christmas to you,” “The compliments of the season,” &c., are passing round from friend to friend, and from rich to poor; the postman delivers at each door dozens of letters with little cock robins on the envelopes, enclosing cards of Christmas greeting or invitations to some of the festive dances and merrymakings for which Christmas time is of old famous.

The shops are filled with Christmas presents and sugar plums, to tempt every one to open their purse strings and feel generous at this time of year, even if they do not at any other time.

Newspapers are full of charitable advertisements imploring the benevolent to subscribe to soup kitchens, and to give Christmas dinners to the poor; and churlish and hard-hearted indeed is the person who can refuse some little help at this season, when all hearts should open with thankfulness and kindness.

Tables are reeking under the weight of turkeys, plum puddings, and mince pies; champagne corks are popping about; old port of fifty years' vintage is produced in honour of the day "when social friends their social friends invite to share the feast;" snapdragon, blind-man's buff, and hunt the slipper, are rife among the children. The Christmas tree, with its mantle of starry lights and pretty gifts for great and small, is gleaming on the drawing-room table in many a house, where the children are all anxiety and delight to know who will be the lucky elf to draw such and such a coveted bauble hanging on its fairy-looking branches. Servants open the door to the expected guests, with their palms ready to receive the hoped-for Christmas present; the joyful church bells "their tuneful peals resound;" carols are being *yelled* about the streets. Herrick sings—

"What sweeter musick can we bring,
Than a carol for to sing
The birth of this our heavenly King?"

Which is better in theory than practice; and at night, even, when peace and quiet might be expected to prevail, still Christmas sounds are heard: the Waits are going their midnight rounds. Who has not heard of the Waits; and how many a one has awakened from his slumbers with a groan, and perhaps a strong epithet, on hearing such sounds in midnight's dark hour?—never giving thought perhaps how old and time-honoured a custom sanctions the musical Waits at Christmas. I love to hear the Waits; and I own I have laid awake for them, and even begged some kind light sleeper to come and wake me when the burst of this nocturnal music should fall upon his ears, fearing to miss them.

Though Christmas customs have been much talked and written about, I think very little of the origin of the Waits is known;

and perhaps, at this season of the year, some account of their history may not be unwelcome to the Christmas reading public.

If merely the antiquity of a practice could be its justification, the Christmas Waits have incontestably that plea to offer in their favour; for there is the highest probability of the custom having existed in this island, even to the time of the Druids.

Among them, it was the practice to celebrate their festivals at night; and these assemblies, whether of religion or of mere merriment, were promiscuously called Wakes, from their being nocturnal; and the summonses to these celebrations were given by musicians going the rounds, their music being considered an invitation for all to attend.

The Waits were minstrels at first annexed to the King's court, who sounded the watch every night; and in the towns, paraded the streets during winter, to prevent theft, &c., as is still the custom in the North of Europe. Previous to 1253, the City of London was subject nightly to murders and thefts, occurring even among the nobles; when at that time, Henry III. commanded watches to be kept in the cities and borough towns; and processions used nightly to walk through the principal thoroughfares, and in the procession were the Waytes of the City. A regular company of Waits was established at Exeter, in 1400; and, though suppressed by the Puritans, they were restored in 1600.

That the word Wait originally meant a musician—or rather a player of wind instruments—is clear by its use in the romances of King Alexander and Sir Eglamour; though, at some subsequent period, it came to mean a hautbois.

Minshaw gives Waites, a wind instrument—*vide* hautbois. It has been considered as a corresponding word with the Scottish Waitte—meaning wandering, or roving about from place to place, in allusion to the "minstrales" of the country—a class, nearly three centuries ago, under the patronage of the civil corporation of Glasgow, and clothed at the expense of the town in coats of blue.

In London, to denote that they were the Lord Mayor's music, the Waits anciently wore, for a badge on the arm, a kind of medal tied with ribbon.

In Italy, just before Christmas, minstrels—or mountaineers—from Calabria enter Rome—and are to be seen in every street,

saluting the shrines of the Virgin with their wild music, with the traditional fancy of soothing her, until the birth-time of her infant at the approaching Christmas hour. They are called Pifferari, and play a pipe very similar in form and sound to the Highland bagpipe.

There is little to be said of the poor Waits of the present time, whose performance on wheezy and cracked instruments is by so many voted as a nuisance to be exploded.

Their custom is to begin with the Hundredth psalm, or some slow melody, from which they start off into some popular song of the day—"Champagne Charlie," "Up in a Balloon;" or a valse which, some six seasons past, was to be heard in aristocratic circles.

Still, in spite of this, "Long live the Waits," say I, and all other ancient Christmas customs; and, in conclusion, I pass to my readers the greeting given by these poor frozen-out musicians from each corner of the street, as they move off—"A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to all."

CLEVEDON CHIMES:

THEIR CHRISTMAS PEAL FOR 1870.

CHAPTER I.

THE bells of the village church of Clevedon were ringing out for morning service one brilliant August day; and, mingling with their pleasant tones in the hot, lazy air, the voices and songs of the reapers, as they gathered in the golden corn, sounded like fragments of a grateful song.

Clevedon was a small village about twenty miles south of London, so primitive that one could quite imagine it to be at least fifteen times that distance from the great metropolis; and so exquisitely beautiful was its wooded scenery, its lightly swelling downs, and magnificent trees, that a painter might well have chosen it for the model of a perfect English landscape.

There were very few homesteads in Clevedon, and those few were far apart and solitary, yet all in keeping with the country round. They were old-fashioned homesteads, with gabled roofs and rustic porches, and large commodious rooms, and betokened plainly the well-doing of the various owners.

Far back from the broad, high Portsmouth road, in its park of vast extent, and surrounded by its ancestral trees, stood the Manor of Clevedon, where lived the Squire

—the largest landowner in the county—and his little daughter, Sybil.

Close to the square-towered church of Norman architecture which faced the village green, the white stone Vicarage, with its battlemented front, looked out from a wealth of foliage and luxuriant garden on to the silent homes of all the holy dead. Here lived the clergyman—a widower for many years—and his only child.

Squire Clevedon—as the country people usually designated the owner of the Manor—looked oftener at Miss Rachel Grey in church than at any one or anything else, so rumour said. Be this as it may, Miss Rachel was totally unconscious of it at this period of our story; and if it ever occurred to her father that the sweet face he loved so well was an object of attraction to his rich neighbour, the Squire, it was only as an unpleasant thought to be dismissed, as soon as entertained, into the vague uncertainty from whence it had sprung.

The present owner of Clevedon, it must be explained, was a very recent importation from nobody knew where. To judge from his sun-burnt countenance, one might naturally conclude that the greater part of his life—which had, perhaps, extended over some fifty years—had been passed under southern suns: otherwise, all knowledge of his antecedents was merely chimerical. He had succeeded to the Clevedon estates—which were entailed—as the nearest relation of the late owner, although the relationship was somewhat remote, being only a cousin in the fourth or fifth degree. He was not a popular man with his tenantry: this is not to say that he was hard upon them, or ground them down to his own estimates of what rents in such a flourishing place should be; but he exacted his "pound of flesh" with scrupulous precision, neither more nor less. Strict, unwavering justice was the rigid rule by which he measured out his duty to his fellow-man. There was no blending, in his inflexible heart, of the mercy "that blesseth him that gives, and him that takes"—no reflection in his stern, proud countenance of the gentle virtue that "is an attribute of God Himself." It may be asked, could his own life bear the test of the harsh, uncompromising rule he laid down for others? There are few lives that could, we think. But, to have justice on *our* side, we must first read to the end of the story before we proceed to pass judgment on the Squire.

The Vicar of Clevedon next arrests our attention; and, in the study of his character, we may come to understand the aversion such a nature as his would have to the harsh cynicism of his neighbour. If it be a failing with some mortals to be unexceptionably charitable and forgiving towards their fellow-creatures, Mr. Grey possessed that failing in all its fullness. If it be an encouragement of vice to hold out the ready, helping hand of brotherly love to wretched roadside outcasts, Mr. Grey encouraged vice in no limited degree. Simple obedience was the law of his simple life. What the Master taught with loving earnestness, the servant learned with unquestioning faith. Where the Leader had gone before, the soldier surely followed. The Great Light had shone in the midst of a great darkness. Should not the reflection of that light endeavour—though, at best, it could be but faintly—to shine in the yet undissipated gloom? And yet, Mr. Grey was fallible. How he was most so, we shall better learn as our tale goes on.

Softly and sweetly the chimes of Clevedon were floating on the August air, the day on which I purpose this story should begin.

The Vicar and Miss Rachel, the Squire and little Sybil, the two old ladies from Brierly Grange, accompanied by three neat maid servants, a poor blind man who had once been gardener at the Vicarage, and the clerk, formed the somewhat limited party of worshippers that entered that August morning the House, which loving care and reverence had made so fair and beautiful to look upon. The blind man took his accustomed seat just under the pulpit; the two old ladies, with their maids, filled a bench not far from him; Miss Rachel knelt where the colours from the great East window fell in their mellowed brilliancy on the white folds of her dress, and softened the sunlight of her waving hair; the clerk betook himself to a peculiar structure of carved oak, close behind the south-west door—which eccentric-looking domicile he had, with some difficulty, reserved to himself when the church had been resealed some years before; the Squire sat where he could obtain the best view of Miss Rachel Grey; Sybil knelt by his side; the Vicar rose from his kneeling posture in the reading-desk, and the Holy Service began.

Let us look on the faces of some of these assembled few, while, for a brief hour or so,

they are withdrawn from the outer world. There are but few traces of coming age as yet apparent in the blackness of the Squire's thick hair; but there are lines on his brow, and a gloom in his proud, dark eyes that tell of wounds received in life's sharp conflict—wounds that, for all the Spartan cloak thrown over them, are unhealed and smarting still. He was tall—perhaps a little over than under six feet in height—broad-shouldered, strong, and straight. His forehead was square and wide, and his eyes large, black, and luminous, with a smothered fire away down in their depths, that inspired fear as much as admiration for their undeniable beauty. His nose was of the perfect Roman type; his face oval; the chin massive and finely turned, denoting strong will and determination; his teeth white and even; his mouth well cut and resolute, yet almost entirely concealed by a heavy black moustache. His was a singular stamp of beauty—a face we see but once in a lifetime—a never-to-be-forgotten face, yet ever floating and vanishing away as we strive to see some faint resemblance of its rare beauty in the mass of humanity around us, like the spirit in Dante's Paradise.

And the Vicar, as he knelt in the quiet church, and prayed with his clear, low voice so earnestly—what a contrast was the holy calm of his countenance to the world-marked one of his neighbour! His hair—now partially gray—had once been bright and brown, like his daughter's; his eyes, undimmed as yet by coming age, were dark and gray, like hers, too; the forehead was broad, the nose straight; the mouth delicate, yet firm in its expression; the whole character of the countenance beautiful in its benignity and gentleness, though united with resolution. He was not a very tall man, yet strongly built and well made, and stately and erect in his bearing.

We need but to glance at Rachel Grey, after this description of her father, and we see how like she is to him—the same features, the same expression, the same colouring; though in her, being a woman, all more refined and delicate.

We turn now to little Sybil, with eyes so dark and lustrous, and the rich, deep colour under the olive-tinted skin. She is like the proud, tall man beside her—not in the sternness of his beauty, only in the beauty itself. There is a softer, better look in the child's face than in his—a look that seems to re-

flect something of the spirit of Miss Rachel. Her hair is brown, and dark, and long; and the child is slight, though tall for her age, which perhaps is about twelve years.

The soft August air came floating in through the open church door, laden with the pleasant, far-off murmur of the reapers. No one in that little band of worshippers—not even the watchful, never-to-be-taken-in clerk—seemed to notice that over that open doorway there flitted every now and then a dark shadow. Sometimes it swayed forwards far into the church, then suddenly vanished, only to reappear and disappear again as suddenly. Once, when the wary clerk had turned round to the East, at the Creed, the substance from which the shadow emanated came bodily into the aisle, seemed to listen to the wonderful words, seemed to be trying to utter them—vaguely, indistinctly, imperfectly; failed utterly towards the close, cast a dreary look around, stole forth again into the golden sunlight.

Presently the prayers ceased; there was a stillness for a few minutes, broken only by the footsteps of Mr. Grey as he slowly ascended to the pulpit. Then came the simple words of his sermon: they told the story of the Great Love; they urged what our lesser love might do for one another; and, as he spoke, the shadow crept back to the doorway, and streamed far into the church. After a little time, all heads were bent for the blessing: earnestly and lovingly it was given. Then came the last hush; but, when all rose to go, the shadow had gone from the doorway, and the sunlight strayed down the aisle without check or hindrance.

The Squire whispered to Sybil that he was going to walk home with Miss Rachel Grey, and that she was to return to the Manor by herself; then hastily walked out of the church, leaving the little girl alone in the porch. The child stood still for a moment or two, watching her father down the churchyard path, walking rapidly, to overtake Miss Grey. A sad smile flitted over the bright little face as she saw him, with haughty look and gesture, repulse a poor wayside wanderer who had approached him, as if to solicit charity. Sybil's was a tender heart; and, just at this moment, it was dwelling on the words of Mr. Grey's sermon. "I wish father were not so hard," she said mentally, as she walked out of the churchyard over the village green, and entered the park. Strolling leisurely under

the trees, listening to the drone of the insects in the scented air, with that pleasant song from the harvest fields falling ever and anon on her ear, the child was unaware that she had been followed; and was much startled when, on hearing herself addressed, she hastily turned, and beheld the vagrant who had been repulsed by her father. He was a man perhaps a little over thirty, tall, and powerful-looking, with brown, waving hair, and dark, brilliant eyes. He spoke quickly and eagerly—

"Pardon me, lady!" Then, seeing the child shrink from his approach, as if with fear, he retreated a few steps, and, endeavouring to calm down his excited manner, continued—"Will you tell me the name of this village?"

"Clevedon," replied Sybil, timidly.

"Clevedale?" repeated the man, who had heard but imperfectly, the child's voice was so low; and he bent his head forward, to listen more carefully.

"Clevedon," iterated Sybil, in a louder tone.

The vagrant made a rapid step forward, and put his hand to his brow—a well-shaped hand it was, betraying but few traces of manual labour. A second or two he looked thoughtfully down the long park glade, then asked, without raising his eyes—"Does the clergyman live at the great house up there?" and he inclined his head towards the Manor.

"No," said Sybil. "He lives at the white house, near the church. Do you want to see him?"

"Who was it that waved me off like a dog just now, over there by the graves?" continued the wanderer, not noticing the child's question. "The dark, proud-looking man who came out of the church, and was walking quickly after a lady dressed in white. Did he go to church to learn to treat a fellow-creature like that? I wasn't going to beg of him."

The man was excited now. He knitted his brow fiercely, and leant it heavily on his clenched right hand.

Sybil did not reply at once; but, on his repeating his question with greater eagerness, she said—

"It was the gentleman who lives at the house in this park. It was Mr. Clevedon."

The vagrant walked quickly, rapidly down the glade, then stopped, and slowly retraced his steps to the child, who by this time had

taken from her pocket all the money she had with her, a bright half-crown.

"Little girl—little lady," said the man, looking far away through the long vista of trees; but before he had said any more, the child dropped her little offering lightly into his hand.

The man started, looked down at the shining coin in his half-closed hand, changed colour, was about to murmur something like thanks; when, suddenly fixing his keen dark eyes on Sybil's face, he asked quickly "if she knew Mr. Clevedon?"

"I am his daughter," replied the child, quietly.

The vagrant drew his tall form to its full height. Sybil wondered how any one so wretchedly clothed, so utterly destitute as this poor creature was, could look so stately and grand.

"Take back your gift," he said, loftily, giving back the half-crown to the dismayed child. "I am very wretched, and hungry, and miserable; but I'll never touch that!"

He was turning away; but the great tears in Sybil's eyes stopped him for a moment.

"Don't be hurt, child, because I won't have your money," he said, in quite a gentle tone. "You meant it for kindness, and God will bless you for it. It's all the same to Him, you know; only, you see, I can't take it."

Then, with his proud mouth trembling with some ill-concealed feeling, and his haughty head erect, he strode quickly away from Sybil down the glade, and soon was lost among the trees.

CHAPTER II.

THE night had come—the glorious August night, with its unspeakable purity and calm. Slowly the spirit moon rose in the pale blue far-off sky, like a sainted abbess, followed by a scattered train of meek and holy stars, the nuns and novices of Heaven's cloisters.

Under the elm trees, in the Vicarage garden, stood the Squire and Miss Rachel Grey. They were talking of Sybil, and of the unchildlike life she led at the Manor; of how many years had passed since her mother died, that she did not even remember her; and Rachel was wondering where that dead mother's grave could be; where she had lived, and where Sybil was born: for on all these points the Squire was singularly uncommunicative.

Once or twice, in the course of that evening, there had seemed to be some words hovering on Mr. Clevedon's lips to which he gave no audible expression: they came suddenly, as if prompted by some impulse of the heart; but no voice could he find in which to give them utterance. He knew that he should either gain much or lose much by speaking those words aloud, and some indefinable foreboding inclined him to the losing side. It was pleasant to have the friendship of any one so pure and true as Rachel Grey—pleasant for him, and everything for his child. It would be more pleasant still to have her love as his wife; but, in asking for that, he ran the risk of losing all. He was not sure what her feeling towards him might be; but he felt inwardly persuaded of the Vicar's, and might not the child be influenced by the parent? So the Squire reasoned with himself, and so the time passed by.

They were still talking under the elm trees on the lawn, when the Vicar came quickly out of his study, and joined them.

"I am called suddenly to a very sad case," he said, hurriedly. "Are you inclined to walk with me?"

This was to the Squire, who was not at all inclined to leave Miss Rachel alone; but he bowed his assent, and, excusing himself to the lady, walked quickly off with the Vicar, down the lane that skirted the gardens and meadows belonging to the Vicarage.

"There has been a poor man found in the ruined barn, near the Grange," said Mr. Grey to his companion, as they hastened along. "I have only just heard of it. They tell me he is very ill—perhaps dying. He is quite a stranger. One of the unfortunate class of tramps, I fear."

"Scamps would be the better term, don't you think?" remarked the Squire, dryly.

"I cannot say," returned the Vicar, in a curt, cold tone. And then, more gently, he added, "It is not for me to judge."

"You will send him on to — Union, I suppose," continued Mr. Clevedon, mentioning the name of the nearest town.

"No, decidedly not," replied the Vicar, with great energy. "I object far too much to our workhouse system to avail myself, in the least degree, of its cold charity. No, the poor fellow must be cared for *here*. It will not be much tax upon us to support him till he has quite recovered—should he not be so near death as we now fear; and if he dies,

it is but little to give him a grave in our churchyard."

The Squire had no opportunity of making further remark just then, as they had arrived at the ruined barn; and, entering together, the brilliant moonlight, shining through the broken rafters, discovered to them the tall form of a man lying on some straw that a kind farm labourer had hastily gathered together—on first finding him in his wretched condition—before going to inform the Vicar. Mr. Grey bent gently over the prostrate man, and earnestly regarded him a few moments without speaking. Brown, waving hair shaded a brow that betokened no mean intellect; dark, brilliant eyes stared vacantly from their sunken sockets, betraying that that intellect was now behind a cloud. Fever-flushed, sinking, starving, almost at the lowest ebb, the haughty vagrant that had refused Sybil's gift not many hours before—the wavering shadow that had hovered and flitted about the doorway of the church in the bright morning—was now lying low enough indeed.

"What is he muttering about—what does he say?" asked the Squire—for the parted lips of the outcast were moaning some unintelligible words.

Broken, vague sentences they were; haughty refusals of proffered help; vain attempts to utter a childish prayer that, perhaps, long ago he had learnt to pray at his mother's knee; futile endeavours to rehearse coherently the solemn words of the Creed; low, faint murmurings; hopeless efforts to rise and pursue his wandering way.

"I must go home at once and send down for this poor fellow," said the Vicar to his companion. "Will you stay here till my return?"

The Squire gave his assent, and Mr. Grey walked quickly from the scene of suffering on his errand of mercy.

Ralph Clevedon leant against the broken doorway, and the moonlight fell full on his dark, handsome face. A strange position for the wealthy landowner, he was thinking, to be watching by the side of a wretched outcast—one of a class with whom he had no sympathy, and to whom his rule, of *justice* never seemed to have any reference.

A low yet sharp cry from the interior of the shed startled him from the reverie into which he was falling; and, quickly re-entering the broken doorway, he saw that the sick

man had half raised himself from the ground, and was regarding him with a look of defiant pride. One hand was raised with haughty gesture to wave him off; the hot lips were parted to utter these words—

"I will not have your help."

Then defiance, pride, intelligence, faded from the brilliant eyes; the upraised hand fell helplessly down; the words became confused, then indistinct; he fell back on the ground with low moans of pain, and the cloud that had shrouded his intellect became more dense than ever.

But the Squire, standing by the side of this poor creature, looked down upon him with all the haughtiness and scorn gone from his proud countenance, and remorse and suffering having taken their place!

Ralph Clevedon strode out of the ruined shed into the still August night, and from the depths of his hidden nature there burst a groan of pain—pain, not caused by the sufferings of the beggar he had left alone, only by the look on that beggar's face as he sank helplessly back on the ground. For he had seen a likeness in this vagrant—this castaway of society—a strange, wonderful likeness he had seen to one who had long since ceased to walk with him along the beaten track of his life, who might still have been walking there, if—if only— Ah! that little word "only;" containing, oftener than we think, the history of a lifetime!

Ralph Clevedon was not singular in having his deepest feelings stirred by this chance expression in a stranger's face. We all see these likenesses as we go through life—the striking likeness, in some stray waif of humanity, to a being who has been the embodiment of beauty to our souls.

Once or twice he stole back to the ruined barn, and looked down into the face of the prostrate man—as if to seek that look again; and each time he shuddered, and hastened out into the moonlight.

When the Vicar returned with the assistance he had procured to convey the sick man to the Vicarage, he was too much occupied to observe the hastiness with which the Squire took his departure, and that he was not the self-possessed man of the world he had always known him to be.

But little Sybil, who was waiting to wish him good night, thought he was strangely absent, and almost cold in his manner; yet afterwards, when she was lying more than half-asleep in her little white bed, she had a

dim perception of him bending over her in the moonlight, with a tender look on his face she had never before seen; and then, as her thoughts and sight became confused by the sleep that was so fast binding her in his fetters, the form of her father, as he paced up and down the room, seemed to bear a strange resemblance to that of the poor wanderer she had spoken to in the park that morning. The haughty head, the defiant aspect, the courtly bearing, were all the same—all the same! The gaunt look of suffering, the poverty, the rags, were only wanting in the child's uncertain vision to complete the picture.

Undoubtedly, the Squire's usual self-possession had utterly forsaken him this August night; but it is only fair for us to measure him by his own rule of justice, and totally acquit him from any sympathy with the tramp. Indeed, the poor, wretched man, his utter destitution, and his sickness perhaps unto death, formed no part of the Squire's perturbed thoughts.

* * * * *

More than three months had passed away since the August moon looked down through the broken rafters of the ruined barn, and beheld the good Vicar in his work of love.

The summer was dead and buried; and from their distant home the heavy snow clouds were slowly coming to make shrouds for the autumn flowers. Clouds of change, too, had come from their shadow-world, and settled on the faces of some of the few who gathered in Clevedon Church that bright, gone-by morning.

The Squire had become morose and sullen; the Vicar pre-occupied by some secret anxiety; Rachel pale and sad-looking; Sybil's life more lonesome than ever. Time had only dealt gently with the roadside wanderer.

It would be difficult to recognize in the handsome man that was sitting, one afternoon late in November, in the Vicarage library, bearing in his stately carriage the unmistakable stamp of high birth—it would be very difficult to recognize in him the poor, wretched vagrant that had cast himself down to die that August night. Yet it was he, restored to health of mind and body—clothed, grateful, happy. From the first moment that the Vicar had looked down on him in the ruined barn, he was aware that no common beggar called for

the exercise of his charity. There is an indescribable something about people of gentle or noble birth that separates them as completely from the commonalty—the *canaille* of society—as a range of mountains may separate one nation from another. It may be that necessity has placed them on an uncertain footing between two classes; it may be that the slights of Fortune's favourites fall thick and fast, where they are so sure to be keenly felt; but, although they may pierce the superior atmosphere that surrounds these most distinct beings, they can never dissipate it. Rocks, they may be, that the waves of little-mindedness and ignorance fruitlessly endeavour to wear away—yet rocks they nevertheless remain.

The Vicar was also sitting, that same November afternoon, in his library. His right hand closed over a letter he had been reading, his left shading his eyes from the bright firelight.

"I am troubled," he said softly, as if to himself. "I do not see my way."

The young man, who had been reading near one of the windows, quietly closed his book, and came round to the fire.

"Is it about me you are troubled?" he asked, quickly.

"No," replied Mr. Grey, raising his earnest eyes to the brilliant dark ones of his guest. "No; I am not troubled about you. I believed implicitly all you told me of yourself, before I sought the proofs, which were all-convincing. You will return to the world to-morrow all the better, I trust—nay, indeed, I am sure—for the sharp discipline you have undergone. I have every faith in you. Be honourable, earnest, patient, and forgiving"—the Vicar dwelt long on this last word—"and the rugged path may be made straight for you yet. No; I am not troubled about you."

The young stranger would fain have inquired into the disquietude of his kind, good friend, but that he felt it would be intrusive.

The silence that fell on them in the darkening room was broken by a tapping at one of the low French windows. The Vicar started nervously, and half looked round.

"Who is it?" he asked, quickly.

"The child from the Manor," replied the young man; "come, I suppose, to say good-bye to me. She knows I am going to-morrow."

"You had better tell her all," said Mr.

Grey. "Sybil is a sensible child—loving, earnest, true; *her* influence may work what *ours* never might."

There was a slight hesitation about the stranger as he listened to these words; but, by and by, when the Vicar looked into the drawing-room, on his way back from seeking his daughter, he saw the child and the wanderer sitting side by side in the bright firelight, the one listening wonder-struck to the long life-history the other was recounting.

But now Mr. Grey was again in his library, and again his right hand was folded over the same letter. Opposite to him sat Rachel—changed since the August morning, pale and sad-looking. The date on the letter was not recent—perhaps some two months back. The Vicar glanced at it nervously; then looked long into the fire; finally, fixed his gaze full on his daughter's face.

"We have been strangers, Rachel, for two months or more."

"Yes, father."

Then they relapsed into silence.

Awhile after, Mr. Grey spoke again; but his voice was low and trembling—

"You remember that I received this letter from Mr. Clevedon in September. You know its contents. The time that we took to consider on the matter expires to-day. Have you decided?"

All these sentences were uttered with extreme difficulty; and never once did the Vicar raise his eyes to his daughter's face, until her calm-toned reply fell on his ear—

"Yes, father, I have decided that your reply to that letter shall be a refusal."

A cloud seemed to pass off Mr. Grey's face; but, a moment after, it gathered more gloomily than ever; for, in the silence that followed Rachel's speech, he perceived that the shadow of a great sorrow had fallen upon his daughter.

"You love him, my child!"

These were the words that came from the Vicar's saddened heart; but they pierced the barrier of estrangement that had grown up of late between father and child, and made them one again. He rose, and walked over to where his daughter was sitting, with the great, unbidden tears falling over her clasped hands.

"Rachel, dear one! This has cost you much. Only tell me why you refuse?"

"For many reasons: one, that my acceptance would make you unhappy. But that is not the greatest. In following out the natural dictates of my heart, I must live for this world alone. I have chosen not to do so."

The Vicar gently passed his hand many times over the soft brown hair of his child, grateful that she had decided, of her own free will, as he had prayed she would—mournful, as he thought on the dreary life-struggle that lay before her.

"We are no longer strangers, Rachel; eh?" he asked softly.

"Oh no, father; never again! I only felt I had better strive alone. Now it is all past. You will write to-night?"

"Yes. Some day, Rachel, when you are better able to bear it, I will tell you why we may both be thankful for the decision you have made to-night."

"You have learnt something about him lately, father—I am sure you have! and you like him none the better for your knowledge?"

"Have patience, child. Wait till you can listen calmly. I will tell you all then. You can wait, Rachel?"

"Yes, father."

Then she quietly passed from the room to her own chamber; and the Vicar took up his pen to reply to the Squire's letter.

Later on in the evening, when the child had returned to the Manor, not quite the same child as when she left it—for Sybil bore a woman's mission with her—the wanderer was once more standing by the library fire, talking to his benefactor.

"I am to come back at Christmas, you tell me," he was saying.

"Yes," returned the Vicar. "Yes; I have a golden dream for that blessed time, and you are one of the creatures that people it. You must not be wanting then; and—"

But the Vicar stopped, and a shade came over his brow—for there was a stern, dark figure in the picture he was portraying to himself that cast a great shadow over all that golden dream.

"You have told the child?" he asked presently, when the shadow on his face had passed away.

"Yes," was the reply. "Now, all we have to do is to hope and wait."

"And trust, and do our best," added the Vicar, gently.



Once a Week.]

[December 31, 1870.

“ There broke upon mine ear
The cadence of a chanting I had heard long, long ago.”—Page 506.

Then they cordially shook hands, and separated for the night.

* * * * *

Sybil went home from the Vicarage with her heart full of a great work. Child as she was in years, she was yet old enough to comprehend, to their full extent, the difficulties that lay before her. Sorely was her little head puzzled how the mighty undertaking was to be effected; but, long before she reached the Manor, her woman's nature told her that love must work it all—strong, patient, enduring love, that overcomes all obstacles, that reaches on, and never loses sight of the end from the very beginning. But it never occurred to her that her mission was to begin from the very moment she entered the drawing-room of her home.

Leaning against the mantelpiece, scowling darkly down into the glowing fire that was burning on the bright steel hearth, was the Squire, apparently not the most amiable of men just at that moment. Sybil went softly up to him to say good night, as was her wont, the unpleasant expression on his face seeming to warn her that that would be her wisest course at present; but she was startled when he said, suddenly, almost sharply—

"Can't you stay *one* minute with me? Am I an object of aversion even to *you*?"

"Oh, father! father!" cried the child, twining her arms round one of his, and speaking with all her heart in her eyes and words.

There was a magic in her thrilling voice. The scowl passed off from the Squire's face. He took his little daughter in his arms, and kissed her.

"Sybil, you shall be a woman to-night. You shall sit by the fireside with me, and we will talk. We want no one else to make our home happy, do we, Sybil?"

"Yes, we do," replied the child, earnestly, looking into the glowing fire, and thinking of her mission.

"Yes, we do," echoed the Squire, in a low, sad tone, looking also into the fire, and thinking of the Vicar's letter that had come to him that evening.

"Father," said Sybil, after a little while, "did you ever see the—the—gentle—the poor man that Mr. Grey has been so kind to, that has been ill at the Vicarage such a long time?"

"Yes, I saw him once—the night he was found, I think it was. What about him?"

And the Squire knitted his brow at the recollection of that night.

"Were you ever kind to him, father? Did you ever send anything to help him?"

"No; I never encourage vagabonds," was the cold, decided reply.

Sybil's heart fell; but she determined to try again.

"He is going away to-morrow," she said, "for he is strong and well now. And—father—he is not a vagabond!"

She looked so pleadingly at her father as she spoke; but again his hard words fell like cold water on her warm feelings.

"Going to beg about the country again, and impose on soft-hearted people, is he? or to the workhouse—which?"

"Oh, father!" and there was indignation in Sybil's large dark eyes; but she suppressed it in a moment, for her father had a right to say what he liked. "He is going to be honest and true," she said, simply; "and going to look for something he lost a long time ago. Don't you hope he will find it, father?"

The Squire gave a short laugh.

"I dare say he will find himself at Millbank or Portland before very long," he said.

Did not a face that had long been hidden from him, that used once to brighten his fireside as Sybil did now, rise from its grave, and reproach him for his cruel words? It would seem not, for there was a half-sneer on his handsome mouth as he spoke; and when he thought on that dead face, the Squire never sneered.

"Father," said Sybil, after an interval of silence—branching quite off from her previous subject of conversation, and speaking with a sort of awe in her voice—"was mother *very* sorry to die?"

"No—no; not at all—not at all!" The Squire spoke shortly, but in subdued tones.

"Was I the only little child she ever had?" asked Sybil, with the same earnest manner.

"Oh, no! there were two or three others, but they all died long ago—long ago."

"Perhaps, then," said the child, tenderly, "she was very glad to go and live with them; but how could she like to leave you? I never should."

The Squire smiled sadly.

"Perhaps you will think differently some day, Sybil. I shall tell you more about her when you are older; you may think then that she *was* glad to leave me."

No scorn on the Squire's countenance now—no sternness, no pride; the hallowing influence from a distant grave had stolen over the hard lines time had left on his handsome face, and had given it a strange, soft beauty.

They both looked into the fire, lost in thought: Sybil puzzling herself how she was to carry out her undertaking; her father living in the bygone years, with that haunting face his only companion, excluding all others—even Rachel Grey's.

Sybil felt she must go on now with her work; and, finding that talking of her mother seemed to soften her father's nature, she determined that she would speak oftener on the subject than she had hitherto done. She would not be only the petted child, she would be his friend, his companion; she would speak of the dear lost one to him, and so, in a manner, bring her presence back; and then, by degrees, he would become less hard and stern, and by and by he would listen to her mission. Thus the child reasoned with herself in her simple heart. She had no experience of human nature, no knowledge of the crooked bye-paths it so often takes to obtain its ends; she could only see, with the eyes of her deep love for her only parent, that keeping his sorrow to himself had made him cold and stern. Now she would share it with him, and then, perhaps, that grave would not seem so far away; and the mother she had never known might come nearer to them in spirit, and so would help her in her work.

With this resolve in her mind, Sybil rose to say good night. She would not say too much at once, she thought; and, besides, her father was beginning to frown again, for his thoughts had reverted to the Vicar's letter.

"Good night, my little one," he said, tenderly, holding her before him by her two hands. "Sybil, child, you are all in the world I have to love."

"All, father?" said the child, inquiringly, the greatness of her mission overflowing her heart, and her soul in her eyes.

"All!" repeated the Squire, turning sadly away, and thinking of Rachel, and the still, dead face.

* * * * *

The snow clouds had come at last. They had been a long time on their journey—so long, that the last flower of autumn had faded

and died away before they brought their shroud for the poor, weary earth. The first white flakes fell in the third week of December, just seven days before Christmas. When Sybil drew aside her curtain one morning, and saw the glittering frost-world spread out before her, she was more than glad; for the child had been longing for a real old snow Christmas, such as she had read of in books, but had never yet seen.

The time was drawing very near now for the Vicar's golden dream to become a bright reality or a painful delusion; for the child's mission to be fulfilled or dispelled; for the wanderer to find what he had so long lost, or to lose sight of it for ever; for the cloud of separation that had gathered between the Squire and Rachel Grey to be dispersed, or deepen into the darkness of a night that has no stars. Sybil had been busy, since the time she undertook her work, in breaking up the hard ground of her father's heart; and any one who knew the Squire well—but, alas! they were few—might have seen that her strivings had not been in vain. Outwardly, he was unchanged; but the sorrows of his past life had lost some of their bitterness since his child had brought them from their hiding-place, and smoothed away the roughness of their sharp edges. The tenant of the distant grave had a sort of visible presence in the old Manor. She looked out of Sybil's eyes; she spoke in Sybil's voice. It was not his child sometimes, the Squire thought, that changed the harshness of his speech into more gentle language, or the scorn of his wintry smile into a more genial expression of countenance; it was the spirit of his dead wife that spoke to him through Sybil, and stirred the faded leaves of better feelings that had long lain withered in his heart, until they almost seemed green again.

How such a nature as Ralph Clevedon's could love twice may seem incomprehensible, if we give the subject but a passing thought. We will, however, pause a few moments; and, looking down into the secret depths of the human heart, we find that two strong affections in a lifetime are not incompatible with intensity of feeling. One may be formed when the spring-tide of life is ours in all its freshness; when the bloom and colouring on the fruits and flowers we gather delight our eyes; when we look on the world around us through a reflected light, and all is rosy, golden—all bright,

beautiful, and short as an Arctic summer. There has been a great reality in this earth-vision; it has left its stamp upon us, whether for sorrow or joy; it comes back for a few swift-passing moments, when we toil through the noontide heat of life's steep high road; and is as beautiful, and as fleeting, as the last rays of sunset on a mountain top.

We descend into the valley. The shadows become gray and long; there is light still in our hearts, but it is not sunlight—that gilded the pinnacles and minarets of the Palace of the Past our poor humanity raised fondly to ourselves; it set long ago, perhaps over a cold, deep grave; or, worse still, over neglect, scorn, pride, misunderstanding!

We travel on; our hearts are weary—they are human hearts still; they pine for human love: it is not enduring; it is not satisfying; it is not perfect—but it cheers us, helps us on. We look not so much to the outward beauty as to the inward spirit: we find it pure, calm, true. We are not dazzled; we see so plainly now, with that sober light that has surrounded us since the sun went down. We perceive the husks with the pure grain, the weeds and tares with the golden corn: we treasure the one; we are lenient towards the other. There is so much waste land in our own natures, that we do not seek for the highest cultivation in those of others. We are forbearing, yet we love strongly and deeply; for now, with our sight made clear, we can see the *foundation* of our affections; and so we build up a structure that lasts to the end: and thus the night of our second love becomes holier far in its calm starlight than that bright, warm sun-vision that went down while it was yet day. And thus with the Squire!

CHAPTER III.

ONCE again the chimes of Clevedon are to fall in sweet-toned melody on our ears, ringing in the Christmas Feast. The earth is very white and pure; the short December day has drawn to its close; Night, with her diadem of stars, is enthroned in the limitless sky; and the cold, still air is waiting motionless to bear on its spirit-wing the first glad peal of joy. All day long, Sybil and Rachel have been busy in the beautiful church with clustering holly, and rich, rare flowers. Their work is now completed; they have gone to their separate homes, waiting, like the silent air, for the first sweet

tone of the chimes to call them to join in the Christmas song.

The Vicar and his daughter are standing by the library fire, talking earnestly together, whilst they wait for the wanderer to accompany them to church. It is eight o'clock in the evening. Rachel is not much altered since we saw her last, except that, when in her father's presence, she is always cheerful. Mr. Grey looks sadly anxious. He has been talking to Rachel about the story of the wanderer, which she has known some time now, and the reason he was doubly thankful she had refused the Squire. She has listened calmly: she believes her father; she believes the stranger; but she also believes better things of Ralph Clevedon than they do.

Sybil has been talking to her all day long of her father; has told her he is changed; that he talks oftener of her mother, and sometimes of the children, who all died so long ago; that she had heard him wish they were not all dead. "But he is quite sure they are," the child had concluded. "I have asked him many times, and he always says they are."

"You have done much, my little child," said Rachel, at parting. "Sooner or later, your reward will come."

The wanderer is by himself, in his room, looking out in the starlight on to the frost-jewelled earth. Shadows sweep over the snow landscape before him—shadows of his past life. Some are cruel, some are kind, some make him groan in anguish of spirit: they are the shadows of past misdeeds! There is one, frail, wavering shadow a long way off, where the snow and the sky seem to meet; and, as the wanderer looks on it, and thinks that perhaps but for him that shadow might have been a bright reality to-night, there comes a dimness over the brilliancy of his eyes, and he turns from the window, and joins the Vicar.

Eight of the clock this same Christmas Eve: Sybil, wrapped up warmly in the drawing-room, waiting for her father to take her to church. Her little heart is beating high, for her mission will end to-night. With her own hands she piles great logs of wood on the already glowing hearth, then draws three chairs in front of it. The Squire laughs softly behind her. He has entered the room unnoticed.

"One for you, and one for me. And the third, Sybil? Oh, silly little Sybil! put it

away; there is no one to fill that chair, child!"

"Let it remain, father," Sybil says earnestly. "Christmas is a wonderful time; it may be filled before the fire goes out."

"As you like, my little one; our fancy will fill it many times when we come back, I dare say. But, come now—I hear the chimes."

The frost-powdered trees glitter and sparkle in the still starlight as the Squire and his little daughter walk down the park together. The child stops once, as she passes the glade where she first saw the vagrant, takes a deep breath, then walks quickly on.

They are very near the church now. "Father!" Sybil says, stopping suddenly, and looking straight up into his face, "mother is looking down on us. Father, listen to me. Did *all* the children die—all?"

"What do you mean, child? I don't understand you," replies the Squire, nervously.

"All mother's children, all your children: did they all die? Was there not *one* left besides me? Quick, father, say; mother is looking down on us!"

"O Sybil! Sybil! I wish I could tell you yes. I wish I could say, for *her* dear sake, there was one alive—one besides you left to me; but I cannot; they are all, all dead."

"Oh, father! 'they are now passing through the porch.' Dear father, this is the night the Christ-Child came. What did He bring with Him?"

The Squire has no time to answer; but, as he and his little daughter walk up the church aisle, the choir is chanting, "Peace, goodwill towards men."

* * * * *

The short, bright service is over; the song of praise is hushed; one by one the lights are extinguished in the church, and the congregation is scattered far and wide—all but the Squire and Sybil, the Vicar, the wanderer, and Rachel.

"Come, father!" said the child, softly; "come, now. I have something to tell you out of church."

She took his hand, and drew him gently down the aisle. He passively submitted; but, when he reached the outer air, he stopped, and, by the faint, uncertain light of the stars, Sybil saw he looked pale and disturbed.

"What is the matter, father?" she asked, timidly.

"Nothing—nothing. Who is that stranger with Miss Grey? Does he care for her, and she for him?"

The Squire was speaking at random, and the child was bewildered. She did not understand him.

"The stranger—who is he?" iterated Mr. Clevedon.

Voices were heard close behind them in the church porch. Before Sybil could reply, the Vicar came up to her father, and spoke—

"This is Christmas Eve, Mr. Clevedon. We keep it in the old style. Will you come home with us to-night, and bring the little one?"

A strange invitation, and given at an odd time. Mr. Grey had not anticipated a very cordial acceptance of it, but he was not prepared for the cold refusal that fell from the Squire's lips. Alas! for his golden dream!

Sybil held one of her father's hands in both hers so tightly—

"You must go—you *must*!" she whispered eagerly.

He snatched his hand from her slight grasp, and, bowing coldly to the group, turned to go towards the Manor. Alas! for Sybil's mission!

Two or three steps, and the soft touch of a woman's hand on his arm again arrested him. It was Rachel.

"You will come home with us, Mr. Clevedon?" she said, in her calm, earnest voice. "The past must be forgotten to-night. There is a great blessing waiting for you in our home. You will come?"

For one moment their eyes met in the uncertain light. The Squire was satisfied now, even if Rachel would never be his wife: he knew she loved him.

"Yes, I will come," was his reply.

They walked home in the starlight all together—the Vicar, and the stranger with Sybil holding his hand, leading the way; Mr. Clevedon and Rachel Grey following.

"Who has the child been walking with?" asked the Squire. "Who is your guest? You have not told me his name."

They had reached the Vicarage now, and were standing on the threshold of the drawing-room. Once again Rachel's hand was laid on his arm. There was a dead silence in the room as she said in her calm voice—

"Sybil has been walking with her brother."

The strong man trembled visibly. He leant against the doorway for support.

"No," he said—"no. The dead never come back. Sybil has no brother."

"Oh, father! yes—they are not all dead, the children—"

"Stay, dear child," said Rachel, with her hand still on the Squire's arm. "Mr. Clevedon, I have told you all the truth. It is very startling, but I am sure you believe me."

"All dead—all dead—only Sybil left. You are mocking me!"

The Squire still stood in the doorway, staring vacantly before him.

"No—not *all* dead: one other left, so near you now. Look!" and Rachel pointed with her disengaged hand towards the stranger.

Mr. Clevedon followed the action with his eyes; and, as he did, the vacant look faded out of them, and he fixed their earnest gaze full on the wanderer's face.

"This is the blessing I said was waiting for you in our home to-night. You must not turn it away from you, but accept it."

"Accept it," repeated the Squire, vaguely, as Rachel, lightly pressing his arm, turned away as she concluded speaking.

"Oh, father, yes!" cried Sybil; "they—"

"You do not remember me," said the wanderer, coming forward and interrupting the child; "you do not remember me, because you have never seen me since I was far younger than this little one. You have thought me dead these many years—but I have been living out the bitter punishment you inflicted on me when you cast me off for my first folly, without once seeing me, or giving me a chance to retrieve my good name—you—"

He was interrupted by the Vicar, Rachel, and Sybil withdrawing from the room, leaving him and his father alone.

"Go on," said the Squire, in a thick, low voice, when the door was closed. "I know you now. Don't spare me: your mother's face looks out of yours. Go on—tell me all."

"I have spoken too bitterly," said the young man. "I have said more than I intended. You must forgive me, father. I have suffered much."

"Suffered much," echoed the Squire, groping his way to a chair as if he could not see, and sinking into it. "So did she. She died of suffering: her heart was broken."

"Father, *why* were you so hard with

me?" The wanderer's voice trembled as he spoke. "I was but a boy. I was led into error: I gambled, I forged. You might have saved me, father. You had never seen me since I was a little child—you knew nothing of my nature: I don't think it was a bad one; but you would not let me come out to you in India; you cast me utterly off, and said you would never see or own me again. I was very proud. I had repented bitterly and sincerely of my fault—had humbled myself to you as I could to no one else—had sought your pardon and your compassion; but to no purpose. I have never forgotten the harshness of your reply, that came so many, many thousands of miles: 'You are no longer my son: you are quite dead to me. I know no more of you for ever, from this day. I have no forgiveness in my heart for you.' You remember these words? Ah, I am saying too much again."

"Not too much, not too much," groaned the Squire. "Go on—tell me more."

"You did not address me by any name," resumed the young man. "I no longer belonged to you. I do not know that you had a right to free yourself so completely of me, for I was but a youth. But I took you at your word: I was no longer your son. If you could have given me all the wealth you are possessed of now, I would not have touched it—would not have forgiven you your harshness. I joined a reckless set: I went from bad to worse. Sometimes I won largely—oftener I lost. At one time I would have plenty; at another, be in extreme want. Years passed in this way. I had come to the last stage of wretchedness—I was longing to die; when, one day last August, I passed through this village. I was very weary. I had long been without food. I heard the church bells ringing, and they seemed to bring back the time when my poor mother used to take me to church with her, and teach me to be good and true. I stood out in the porch, and listened to the prayers. I stole in once, and tried to say the Creed; but I had almost forgotten it. Then I listened to the sermon, but I could not quite believe it—it was not meant for a castaway like me, I thought. I wandered down by the graves. I wanted to know the road to Portsmouth. There was a gentleman coming from the church: I asked him. He waved me off—he thought I was begging. That gentleman was—"

The wanderer stopped suddenly. The Vicar had told him to be merciful; and, in his bitterness, he was forgetting the good advice.

"The gentleman was—" echoed the Squire, in a concentrated voice.

"You," returned the son, as gently as he could. A groan burst from the father's heart; then, a moment after, he sprang to his feet.

"I see it all now," he said, walking rapidly up and down the room in his excitement. "You are the stranger I watched by in the ruined barn, that August night. I thought you a beggar, a common tramp. But, as you lay there, there came such a wonderful likeness into your face of your dead mother, that it has haunted me ever since. I had no sympathy with you, I tell you honestly. I am by nature hard and cold, and I looked upon you as on any other vagrant. I did not recognize you;—how should I, when I believed you dead? For listen: after you had that last letter from me—that even now I would give all I possess to unwrite—your poor mother faded silently away, like a wounded flower. At last, they told me she was dying. I felt it to be true. It broke down all my hardness, all my bitter resolves against you. I left no means untried to discover where you were. I even left your dying mother to seek you myself—but to no purpose; you were utterly lost. I returned, only to see her die, and to tell her you were dead before her; for, from what little I could discover about you, I had every reason to believe that you were dead."

The Squire paused a few moments, then continued—

"Yes, I see it all now. My own child has been indebted to a stranger for greater charity and love than I thought existed in the world. And Sybil—her eagerness to know about the dead children, and her earnest manner of late—I see—I understand—she has known about all this. She thought I deceived her to-night when I said they were all dead. Poor little girl!—she has worked bravely and well. All have worked well—only I have failed! You shame me—shame me!" The Squire shaded his eyes with his hands: his cold, hard heart was softened.

"Tell me," he went on to say presently, "how you made the Vicar understand about all this."

"I told him, when the delirium had left me, and I was strong enough to talk a little," replied the young man—"I told him I was your son. I kept nothing back from him, but told him the whole story. He believed me. I was not satisfied with that: I told him how he could find proofs of my assertions, by going to the town where my mother lived when in England. He went, and found them; but he dreaded your harshness. I hoped nothing from you. I was only eager at first to get well, and go away again on my wandering life. But illness softens one; and the good influences with which I have been surrounded lately, and the kindness I have received from strangers, have done much towards restoring my better nature. The night I was found in the barn, I had a few moments of consciousness. I remember seeing you in the doorway. I was afraid you were going to help me in some way—"

"You need not have feared," interrupted the Squire, sadly. "I have never helped any one in my life."

"I should not have known you," resumed the wanderer, "if it had not been for the child. After you waved me off, in the churchyard, I followed her into the park. I asked her the name of the village. I was struck by the name. I asked her who was that proud, dark man that had waved me off, by the church. She replied that it was Mr. Clevedon, and that he lived at the house in the park. I had not recognized you—I had never seen you since you sent me to England, a boy of six or seven; but, long ago, I knew from my mother that you were heir to some large property. I remembered that the then owner was not likely to be alive now; or, if he were, he would be a much older man than you. I felt convinced that I was near you. My heart was very bitter: I thought of all the past, and what I might have been. I was sick and weary, too—I had long been without food. The child gave me a half-crown. For a moment I was grateful to her; then a strange, undefined suspicion came into my mind. I asked her if she knew Mr. Clevedon;—she said she was his daughter. My whole soul rose against her gift. I gave her back the money. I walked quickly away, with a burning fever in my head and heart. To what had I come—to be relieved like a common vagrant by my own sister, on my own father's land! It was more than my

nature could endure. There is nothing so galling to a proud heart as receiving favours or patronage from those whose equals in point of birth we know ourselves to be, yet from whom we are separated by the chasm of worldly wealth or present position."

The wanderer paused. Was he the better, he wondered, for the sharp discipline he had undergone—as the Vicar hoped he was, when he returned to the world? No; we are never the better for recalling or dwelling upon old wrongs and injuries: it only nurtures in us the desire to measure out to others what has been so unsparingly meted to us.

"You have not told all," said the Squire. "What did you do, where did you go, when you left the child?"

"I wandered about the fields and lanes hopelessly, recklessly, seeking only for some hiding-place in which to die. I found the ruined barn; I sank down on the ground; the sights and sounds around me became dim and confused. I remember opening my eyes once, and seeing my mother and a little child kneeling in the bright sunlight—the child was like what I used to be, and she was teaching him to pray. I tried to follow, but I had no power of speech. My eyes closed, and there seems a great blank, except the few moments of consciousness I had when I saw you in the doorway—until I awoke one day, and found myself here. I have no language to express the feeling in my heart towards Mr. Grey."

He ceased speaking, and stood by his father's side, looking into the fire. A little face appeared between them—it was Sybil's.

"Father," she said, softly, "I am not the only one in the world you have to love you now, am I?"

The Squire drew her closely to him, at the same time taking the hand of his son in a firm, warm grasp.

"The past must be forgiven between us," he said, with deep feeling. "I do not say forgotten—there is only a half-truth in the old aporism; we can never *forget* whilst reason is left to us, and it may do one of us good, perhaps, to remember a little—but *all* is forgiven on my side, and on yours too, I trust?"

"Yes, oh yes!" replied the wanderer, in broken accents, returning the clasp of his father's hand, and kissing Sybil's upturned face.

"Christmas *is* a wonderful time," murmured the child, thoughtfully.

"It is indeed, my little one," said the Vicar's voice behind her—"wonderful to all of us, though in different ways. I have judged you harshly and wrongly, Mr. Clevedon," he continued, turning towards the Squire. "I am sorry for my prejudice. How completely I am divested of it now, I think Rachel will be better able than I to tell you presently."

They all gathered round the hearth, a happy, smiling group—so much to hear, so much to tell, so much for which to be grateful. Their voices were lowered, and their faces took a sadder turn when they spoke of the tenant of the distant grave; but their gladness was not taken away by doing so, only chastened. She could not be forgotten on such a night as this.

"Her memory will ever live in my heart," said the Squire to Rachel, when the others had withdrawn, and they were alone together. "She was all the brightness of my early life. We never forget the freshness of the first morning of spring, though the summer heat has scorched up all its blossoms; and so it comes that we cling with greater tenacity to the few stray flowers we find in the autumn of life, and perhaps we gather one before the winter closes in upon us. They are very rare and excellent sometimes, these flowers that come in the autumn, Rachel."

"Are they as much loved, though in a different way, as those that come in the spring?" asked Rachel, in a low voice.

The Squire took both her hands in his, and looked straight into her truthful eyes.

"I think—Rachel—I think—I hope—I am saying what is true when I tell you they are *quite* as much loved;—at least, with me it is so. You believe me, Rachel?"

"Yes"—and her heart was in the tone of her voice, though it was still low.

"And you give me, in return for this, your young affections, in all their purity and freshness. Is it so, Rachel?"

The reply was lower than ever.

"I love you with *all* my love," she said.

There was a short silence; then the Squire spoke again.

"You wished your father to reply to my letter as he did, because you thought me hard and worldly, and cruel towards *her* about my son?"

"I did not know the story of the stranger

then," replied Rachel; "but I—" the words failed her: she could not go on.

"You believed the other of me?" asked the Squire, quickly.

Rachel shaded her face from him with her hands as she replied—

"I am afraid so."

"But not now, Rachel—not now? Quick—say!"

"No, never again," said Rachel, with her face no longer shaded.

"In the coming time," said the Squire, presently—"in the coming time, Rachel, when you are my wife, will you wish it otherwise than that I should still remember my children's mother?"

"When you forget *her*," was the reply, "you will cease to love me. Could I wish that?"

The Squire was satisfied, and Rachel's patient trust and faithful affection more than rewarded. Christmas, as Sybil said, was a wonderful time.

When Mr. Clevedon, the wanderer, and the now happy child had returned to the Manor, although late at night, the fire was still bright on the hearth, and the three chairs were standing before it as they had been left.

"I was right, father," cried Sybil, joyfully; "there *is* some one to fill the third chair before the fire goes out!"

There might have been four placed there, the Squire thought; but he only said, as he kissed his little daughter—"Sybil, you were well named."

THE CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THE poet of "Paradise Lost" tells us how the first Christmas Carol was sung:—

"His place of birth a solemn angel tells,
To simple shepherds keeping watch by night;
They gladly hither haste, and by a quire
Of squadron'd angels hear His carol sung."

We may also note the derivation of Carol, although that is another word on which much difference of opinion has been expressed. The Greek word *kara*, "joy," would seem to be its root; and to this the Saxon word and the old French *carolle* agree, meaning a song of joy. Another derivation would make the word come from the Latin *cantare*, "to sing," and *rola*, an interjection of joy. But all derivations agree in making the carol to be "a festal chanson," a song of exultation and joyous mirth.

THE WAITS.

In a dull night of December, when the last decaying ember

Of the fire was faintly flickering, with a random sort of blaze,

Throwing weirdly round the room, forms fantastic in the gloom,
Sounds of music, all untimely at this recreant hour, came.

An hour or so, meseeming, in my chair had I been dreaming,

In the late night all sedately of the Christmases long gone;

Thinking of the years gone by—how alone in them but I

Remained of all the throng of friends departed one by one.

When this sound of distant singing—faint, sweet echoes ever bringing,

Strangely, softly at this hour, all across the silent snow—

Woke me almost with a fear, till there broke upon mine ear

The cadence of a chanting I had heard long, long ago.

Till aroused from my half-sleeping, I knew that they were keeping

The vigil quaint and olden that our Fathers kept before,

In the days when frost and snow, through their coldness were aglow

With the warmth of fellow-kindness, in the lusty days of yore.

Then memories, rare and olden, of youth's gala moments golden,

Thronged upon me with the fervour of a long forgotten time;

And the midnight singers' strain brought all back to me again,

Loved voices lost for ever with a many-changing chime.

Old faces, with the greeting of many an ancient meeting,

Looked on me, bright and cheery, with the old familiar gaze;

And through the ghostly gloom, fell about my curtain'd room

Old footsteps known and welcomed in the long departed days.

But most of all up-beaming, with the tender love-light streaming,

Like a burst of April sunshine from her angel eyes of truth,

Came the sweet, immortal smile of a maid for whom awhile

My life was life ecstatic, in the morning-tide of youth.

Till this music heard so quaintly, on the midnight falling faintly,

Fell away into the distance like a passing spirit song;

And my vision of the past faded slowly out at last,
And I knew that I alone remained of all the vanished throng.

The authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

TO OUR READERS.

WE have to congratulate ourselves upon the increasing popularity of our Magazine during the last twelve months, evidence of which we find in a steadily rising circulation. Encouraged by many expressions of esteem, which show us that our efforts to provide the public with high class but thoroughly readable literature are supported and appreciated by our numerous subscribers, we have determined on increasing the size of the weekly numbers of ONCE A WEEK—namely, from Twenty-four to Thirty-two Pages.

In our New Volume, which will commence on January 4th, 1871, Mr. Hain Friswell's clever and exciting story, "One of Two," will be continued; and there will appear a New Story, of great interest, entitled "On Silver Wings," by the author of "Joyce Dormer's Story," "Baffled," &c., &c. "On Silver Wings" will be completed in the volume.

We have also several new features to introduce, which we believe will be acceptable to our readers; and we need hardly add that our general articles on the various topics of the day, and in all departments of literature, science, and art, will be supplied by the ablest writers upon their several subjects, whose contributions originally created, and have since maintained, the prestige of ONCE A WEEK.

December, 1870.

D

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

AFTER JANUARY 1, 1871,

O N C E A W E E K

WILL BE INCREASED IN SIZE,

FROM

Twenty-four to Thirty-two Pages.

While the character and general contents of the Magazine will remain unchanged, the additional Eight Pages will enable the Editor to introduce several new features of interest to his Readers.

"ON SILVER WINGS,"

A New Serial Tale of great interest, by the Author of "Joyce Dormer's Story" (ONCE A WEEK, 1867), "Baffled," &c., &c., will appear on Jan. 4, and be continued weekly.

MR. HAIN FRISWELL'S

"O N E O F T W O"

Will be concluded in the New Volume.

THE ADVENTURES OF

"Mr. Golightly ; or, the Cambridge Freshman,"

With Many Illustrations by Phiz,

WILL BE CONTINUED.

OFFICE, 19, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.



**University of Toronto
Library**

**DO NOT
REMOVE
THE
CARD
FROM
THIS
POCKET**

**Acme Library Card Pocket
LOWE-MARTIN CO. LIMITED**

